



Download from  
**Dreamstime.com**

This watermarked cover image is for previewing purposes only.



11188345

Ralf Kraft | Dreamstime.com

# Captain Scrotum And The SS Thrust chapter 2

By rbo

Published on Stories Space on 22 Jul 2016

Wow a Dead body, guards have been dispatched, and his uncle is out side... whats he going to do?

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/humor/captain-scrotum-and-the-ss-thrust-1.aspx>

Chapter 2 Hide the body. "Lilly!" Scrotum shouted while panicking, "How long will it take the cleaning bot to clean this mess up?" "I'm sorry sexy ass. I am not programmed to move dead bodies." Scrotum rushed over and picked up the dead woman, "Now you clean and I will hide her." Scrotum shouted to Lilly. "What every you desire hot stuff," Lilly replied back. Scrotum staggered down the corridor. He had picked the body up upside down so that her knees were resting on his shoulders and her head resting against his groyne. Even in his panicking state, he couldn't help the erotic thoughts of a naked semi-warm woman pressed against his body. "Where the fuck am I going to put her?" he asked himself as sweat poured off his brow. He staggered down the steps and into the cargo bay and looked around. Apart from the 3D sexy pictures on the wall and his favourite wanking chair, it was empty. Anyone would see her if anyone came in here. The food storage room was next, "I'll put her in the freezer!" he said out loud, but when he finally got to the freezer and manoeuvred the door open, he stopped dead. A wall of pizzas stood in his way, "Oh you got to be kidding me!" He moaned again as he tried to close the door with the dead woman against the pizzas but it was impossible. The com switched on, "Scrot are you there?" He had to answer make an excuse so his uncle didn't come aboard until the cleaning bot had finished and he had hidden the body. "I'm here, give me ten or fifteen minutes Uncle Dom, I'm naked." He said out loud, the com relaying what he said to his Uncle. "It takes you fifteen minutes to put on a pair of pants?" Dom asked, unsure why Scrot sounded so panicky, he didn't want him to try and fix Lilly. Knowing Scrot, he would surely break the computer, and he didn't want to buy another AI, they weren't cheap. "Err I can't find any," Scrot shouted back as he picked up the woman and carried her into the engine room. He was hoping he could dump her into a fuel pod, or even into the core, but all the fuel pods were full, and the core couldn't be accessed with the engines online "Override, Override!" Scrotum shouted panicking having run out of possible hiding places. "I'm sorry gorgeous. The radiation levels are too high. You would fry yourself." "I don't care!" Scrotum shouted at Lilly. "What are you trying to override Scrot?" his uncle asked, with concern in his voice. "Nothing... nothing important Uncle Dom!" Scrotum shouted having forgotten the com was still on. He toned down his voice. "I'm sorry my sexy lover, access denied. It's too dangerous." Lilly stated. "I'm coming in," Dom shouted getting anxious. "No just wait one minute Uncle." Scrotum shouted back as he waddled back up the stairs carrying the dead body. He entered his bedroom threw back the sheets and placed the body down and pulled the covers back over. He then tore off his bloodstained clothes throwing them into the laundry basket and quickly got dressed {going commando as he couldn't find any underpants} He opened the bedroom door only to see his Uncle standing on the other side. "Err hello Uncle. How are you today?" Dom looked at Scrot. He looked

sweaty. He glanced over his shoulder into the bedroom and saw a woman in his bed. "Oh, you don't usually have female company, Scrotum. Not at this time of the day, and certainly not sleeping in your bed, they often leave after fifteen minutes don't they?" "Ha ha ha, your such a kidder Uncle Dom," Scrotum said with a laugh, even though his uncle was right." "Maybe you can introduce me?" Dom asked with a smile. The smile faded from Scrotum's face, last time he had introduced a potential girlfriend to his uncle she had ended up sleeping with him. But this was not the time to dwell on such matters. "She's a heavy sleeper," Scrotum replied, "and...and she's been ill. You see we drank too much, and we were up all night and... and... she's married!" Scrotum cried as he tried to sound convincing but his uncle shook his head, "Listen, Boy, if she didn't want to sleep with you, you could have just said." "She did," Scrotum lied... "Err I've seen her naked." He added. "It doesn't matter to me nephew, as long as you are happy and don't kill yourself it will be all right." "Yes, Uncle Dom." "So let her sleep, you and I can go into the guest quarters and talk about your ship and Lilly. Scrotum's eyes opened wide, "No! Err no... err no..." we should... err... go to the cockpit. I'll explain everything there." Dom looked confused but followed Scrotum to the cockpit. As soon as Dom sat down, Lilly announced: "The room is all clean my sexy hunk, may I massage your balls now?" Scrotum closed his eyes and took a deep breath before reopening them, only to see his uncle grinning. "So... what have you done to Lilly?" He asked. Scrotum decided the truth was the best option, with head hung low he replied, "I bought a sex program and installed it on the computer but the new program mixed with Lilly's AI, and now she talks like that." "I know, I knew months ago, Lilly sends me reports on your ship once a day, and suddenly she was talking dirty to me in the reports... I ran a diagnostic last time you were on the station. Nothing serious is effected except the voice protocols so you can keep your Lilly. I'm sure she will cause you as much trouble as fun. Now you have to live with it." Scrotum looked surprised, partly because his uncle had known and was keeping track of him and partly because he wanted his uncle to fix Lilly but also wanted him off the ship so he could get rid of the body before the imperial guards turned up. "Thank you, uncle, is that all?" "No, it's not. Look, son," the smile from Scrotum faded, when Uncle Dom called him son it meant a long lecture. "I have to say that I feel you can do more with your life, I know you wanted to be a famous pirate, but if you got a job you could have more ..." Suddenly an alarm sounded, "Apologies you sexy men, but a General Knob is asking to speak to the Captain of this ship. Shall I patch him through my hunky sexy captain." Scrotum thought about it for a moment continue the get the job lecture or talk with someone who may suspect he had killed someone. {It was a tough choice.} "Ignore him, Lilly." "Yes my eye candy," Lilly replied. "Why does the head of the Imperial security force in this sector want to talk to you?" Scrotum was silent. He couldn't think of a reason except for the dead body laying in his bed at that moment and Scrotum didn't want to tell his uncle about that. "Did you try and download more illegal porn?" A light bulb went on in Scrotum's head, "Yes, why yes Uncle, I'm sorry." "Don't apologise to me. Know this, if you end up locked up again don't expect me to pay your bail," Dom replied testily before standing up. "You look after yourself, and if that woman friend of yours needs somewhere else to stay, send her to my office," Scrotum noticed his uncle was suddenly in a hurry to leave since the Imperial security captain's communication. Not that he was complaining he needed his uncle to go so

he could hide the body better. The alarm sounded again, "I'm sorry big balls, General Knob is on the com. again." Dom rushed out with a quick "Good luck," leaving Scrotum to deal with the General. "Put him on monitor two Lilly." "Yes sexy boy," Lilly replied, before Knob's face appeared on the small screen to the left of the steering wheel. Scrotum knew he was an officer in the Imperial guards due to his uniform. "This is Captain Scrot of the S.S Thrust. How may I help you, Sir?" "Captain, This is General Knob of the Imperial serious crime force. We had a report of a search for an unknown dead woman's identity come from your computers I D. Scrotum bit his lip, nervously glancing at the doorway to the bedroom, "No, no. No stabbed women here Knob...Sir, I mean General Sir!" Knob suddenly looked very thoughtful, "Stabbed?" he asked. "Think fast," Scrot thought to himself before adding, "No shot women or hung women either." "Are you saying there are three dead women there?" Knob asked. "No, none dead just one sleeping," Scrotum said, "Had a night with her last night just couldn't remember her name," Scrotum lied with a sheepish grin. "Right, of course. We are running the woman's I D through the database but no matter what the outcome I think we will come down and run a quick search of your ship." General Knob said. "You don't have to... Sir," Scrotum quickly tried to reply, but the monitor had already gone blank. "What a Knob!" Scrotum said out loud before realising his name. "Knob the Knob ha ha," he giggled at the fact he had thought of that but soon had to admit that would be the least of his problems. He had to find a better place to hide the body before the Knob came aboard! Scrotum entered the bedroom only to see a woman kneeling at the side of the bed praying "Err excuse me, what are you doing..." The woman stood and looked at Scrotum. She was hot. Scrotum could feel a boner forming in his trousers. He grinned as he eyed her slowly up and down. She looked very familiar. She wore a short top and hot pants, white leather boots, and had a gun in her hand... The grin suddenly faded from Scrotum's face, "SHE HAS A GUN IN HER HAND!" Scrotum took a step back "Please don't kill me!" he begged, trying to work his way out of the room. The woman looked at the short chubby man who wore combat trousers and a T-shirt. "How did she die?" She asked. Scrotum suddenly realised the woman was identical looking to the hot woman in his bed. "I thought you were dead," he looked over at the dead body, "I mean you are dead... how did you do that?" "She is my sister." "Oh, I'm sorry," Scrotum replied, genuinely meaning it. "How did she die?" the woman asked again. "I don't know." Scrotum replied, glancing from the dead girl to her sister. "Did you kill her," the beautiful sexy woman asked, raising the gun." Panic entered Scrotum's mind, "I found her dead in my other bedroom. I woke up with a hangover, and I don't know how she got there. I don't think I stabbed her when she was alive, all I did was to put her in the bed to hide her." Scrotum answered quickly. "Her body is still warm Rigor is only just starting to set in. She hasn't been dead for long." The woman holding the gun said. Scrotum opened and closed his mouth a few times, not sure what was going on. "Lilly? Is there anyone else on the ship?" he asked. "No sexy, scans show only one life sign," Lilly replied, "Well at least whoever killed her is gone," Scrotum said before he realised there should have been at least two. He looked at her suspiciously, "Why don't you register on the sensors?" "I have a jammer device in my forearm as did my sister." Scrotum could see tears forming in her eyes. "I am the last. All of my sisters are now dead, which means the hunter will now be looking for me. "Hunter?" Scrotum asked. "I am a whorea," "A whore?" "A Whorea!" "A

Whore!" "No," The sexy young woman stated, stamping her foot, "A Whorea. Let me explain." {who is this sexy woman, and what is a whore? Find out in the next exciting chapter... on the next page}

Chapter 3 Whorea's and Whore's