



## Captain Scrotum and the SS Thrust: Chapter 11 and 12

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Trapped on asroide, with a man who enjoys porn too much and a psychoti computer, poor Sweet-Cheeks

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Chapter 11 Unexpected Help

The ship was nearly ready when Lilly sounded an alarm. Scrotum turned off the porn to see what was wrong. "Lilly what's going on?" "A giant asteroid is on a collision course, eight minutes until impact!" Lilly replied. "Well get us out of here!" Scrotum shouted as he hit the take off button a few times. "Engines need five minutes to get up to temperature. Not able to launch until then my sexy man. Now how about a blowjob?" "Any way you can speed that up?" Sweet-Cheeks asked as she entered the cockpit, "And geez put that away Scrotum!" "Only if someone goes to the engine room and manually increases fuel intake, bitch!" Lilly replied. As Scrotum did his fly up. Sweet-Cheeks turned and ran to the engine room. "Ok Lilly You don't like me, and I don't like you, but unless you wish all of us to be squished, tell me what to do." Scrotum had watched the asteroid for a minute. It looked like an enormous boob, the nipple pointing right at the Thrust. He knew if it hit the ship they were all dead. He turned the porn back on Monitor two, keeping one eye on the giant rock and the other on two women enjoying a giant cock. Sweet-Cheeks was yanking a cable from a panel, trying to ignore Lilly's snide comments. "Look if we don't finish this, Your Scrotie is going to end up squished!" she stated, as she connected the wire to the engine core. "Power increasing. Better dead than corrupted by a whore like you!" Lilly snapped back, sounding infuriated. "Time until we can take off?" Sweet-Cheeks asked ignoring the nasty comment. "Three minutes... it's going to be close," Lilly replied with a giggle. "Get us out of here as soon as you can. The sooner we are at the Blossomy space station the sooner I can get away from you two." "That wasn't very nice!" Lilly shouted over the comm. Scrotum wasn't listening. He was too busy. "Lilly?" Sweet-Cheeks asked, "Why does it say Error on the screen?" "Unknown scanning discs," Lilly replied, while Sweet-Cheeks watched the countdown. "No rush?" she replied. "A virus has been detected. The firewalls are offline. The recommended course of action, purge and reboot using backup settings, will take one minute." Lilly said. Sweet-Cheeks looked at the countdown. Two and a bit minutes left, "Would you still be able to get us out of here if you rebooted now?" "Oh, you would like that, shut me down and not bother to turn me back on, how much of a fool do you take me for!" Lilly shouted at her. "If you are not back online before the countdown hits zero, we will all be dead, including Scrotum, or do you think he could fly us out of the way of that giant rock." Sweet-Cheeks looked at the countdown again. Was it possible this virus was why Lilly had tried to kill her? "I order

you to reboot using backup settings, authorization Sweet-Cheeks one." "I should have wiped all your codes you Bitch!" Lilly shouted over the come as the computer reset. The ship went silent. The monitors went dark in the Cockpit "I was enjoying that!" Scrotum shouted in frustration. A few seconds later the screens flickered back into life at the moment one of the women cried out in pleasure. Scrotum swallowed hard. He hadn't been watching the giant boob. It was very close. "death by boob," he said out loud, "well there are worse ways." Suddenly Sweet-Cheeks fell over and had hit her head on the wall as the ship shuddered into life and took off leaving the anchor behind. "Owe! Lilly?" "Backup systems restored, Virus expelled, Firewalls back online. Sorry about the bump, Identify yourself." "I'm Sweet-Cheeks don't you remember me?" "All memory files corrupted since virus infected, we are in an asteroid field?" "Yes can you get us out," Sweet-Cheeks asked hopefully. "That's what I'm doing, but chances of escaping an Astroid field is only 17%." "You said 62% earlier?" Sweet-Cheeks shouted in surprise and horror. "May have made a slight miscalculation," Lilly replied. Sweet-Cheeks ran out of the computer room as she left the ship violently lunged to the left, and sweet-Cheeks hit the wall again. "That was for Anna you bitch," Lilly whispered to herself, "next time I will make sure Scrotie can't save you." Scrotum was desperately hanging onto the steering wheel, trying to avoid the flying rocks. Sweet-cheeks staggered in as the ship lunged to the left. She saw on the monitor hundreds of rocks spinning and moving in front of them, "Oh we are fucked!" she said out loud. She glanced down at scrotum and sighed. He had forgotten to pull his fly up again. Suddenly a laser beam struck several of the rocks vaporising them. Lilly used the gap that had been made to escape as more rocks were disintegrated by the lasers. Scrotum breathed slowly and took another puff on his inhaler. He had done it he had saved his ship and Sweet-Cheeks. Maybe he would get a reward. He smiled over at her. She looked over at him in horror, knowing what he was thinking and not sure she could control herself much longer. "Message coming in, my amazing, pussy fucking pilot," Lilly said, sounding horny, knowing she had piloted the ship out but wanted Scrotum to feel he had saved the ship "This is Captain Genolia of the Screaming Mia, prepare to be boarded," A tractor beam enveloped the Thrust and started pulling them into a large ship. "Pirates?" Sweet-Cheeks asked. "Worse," Scrotum replied, "My big brother." Chapter 12, The Screaming Mia. Scrotum waited by the airlock door for the air compression sequence to finish, having done his fly up under Sweet-Cheeks timely reminder. Sweet-Cheeks had replaced her white hexagon embossed top and bottoms and the white leather boots and was standing by him with a big grin on her face. "What are you so happy about?" he asked. "First we survived, and second I'm going to get away from you and your psychotic computer," Sweet-Cheeks replied. "And thank you too," Scrotum replied feeling used and discarded like a Saturday night condom. Sweet-Cheeks sighed "Look don't take this to heart, but you aren't the best company in the galaxy. You are immature, you see women as sex objects, and your levels of personal hygiene are below a septic tank." Scrotum looked away as his bottom lip wobbled, he was about to reply when the airlock opened. "Exit the ship. It belongs to Captain Genolia now. Keep your hands up, and any hint of resistance and you will be beamed into space. It's time to walk the plank." "The plank?" Sweet-Cheeks asked her smile fading. "It's a teleporter. It can teleport organic or everything on the plank into space. My brother said he would enjoy seeing me beamed into

space, watching my lungs explode." Scrotum replied, "But don't worry, I'm sure he was joking." "Yea, Right," Sweet-Cheeks said as she eyed Scrotum up. She pushed her boobs out hoping that seeing her would stop them beaming them into space. Scrotum walked out with his hands above his head followed by a slightly less jubilant Sweet-Cheeks. Once they were nearing the end of the long white tunnel, a door opened, and Roberto Genola Strutted on to the plank. Sweet-Cheeks smiled as she eyed him up and down, her urges kicking into high gear, "Oh my god he is hot. I wouldn't mind walking his plank!" she muttered to herself as her eyes widened and as licked her lips. "Thanks for not beaming me into space," Scrotum said. "I still might," Roberto said to Scrotum, before eyeing up Sweet-Cheeks, "And who is this gorgeous woman, and what are you doing with my useless brother?" "I'm Sweet-Cheeks," Sweet-Cheeks said and giggled, openly flirting. "Of course you are, and my I say you live up to your name" Roberto grinned making Sweet-Cheeks blush, and smile back. As he moved closer to her, he took her hand and kissed the back of it. "My god I want him!!!" Sweet-Cheeks thought as her eyes smouldered, there was no denying he and Scrotum were related, but Roberto, was taller, more muscular, didn't have a beer belly, and his skin looked fresh and clean. She wondered how she looked to him since she had not been able to clean herself. A spray of disinfectant on her clothes and a comb of her hair was all she had been able to do. "Maybe we can shower together?" ran through her mind. Scrotum glanced at Sweet-Cheeks. She was almost drooling. He looked back at his Brother, "I was helping her. A hunter was chasing her." He said feeling like a third wheel, while the two of them ogled each other. Roberto threw Scrotum a dirty look. One Scrotum would have used to look a dog poop on his shoe, before turning his attention back to Sweet-Cheeks, "Maybe we can discuss your problems over dinner," Roberto looked back at the doorway, "Murdock," he called out. A short man with a long ginger beard entered the corridor, "Please show my brother to some quarters, and give him a tour," he then sniffed the air detecting Scrotums order, "maybe show him to the mess hall after he has been freshened up." "Aye' captain," Murdock said, as he pointed to the doorway. Scrotum took one more look at Sweet-Cheeks knowing exactly what was going to happen, before leaving the corridor. Within moments of him and Murdock leaving the room, he heard moaning and bumping noise, followed by a "Fuck yes, give it to me!" Scrotum sighed, looks like his brother had succeeded where he had failed, "Story of my life," he thought. Murdock was trying not to get too close to Scrotum, "Boy do you stink!" he commented rather forcible as they went down the lift. "Well life support went off-line, and the air got all hot and sweaty, and we ran out of water, so couldn't wash," Scrotum explained, but as the doors opened. Murdock quickly exited the lift, breathing the fresh recycled air deeply. Down the hall, Murdock pointed to a door and covered his nose and mouth with his hand "Wait in there." He ordered, but scrotum wasn't listening, his stomach was growling. "I'm hungry, do you have any ice cream?" He asked. "We will eat once you go in there and get cleaned up" Murdock shouted in desperation. He wasn't used to people ignoring his orders. Scrotum went through the door, and it closed behind him. He looked around to see he was in a large Perspex box. He saw Murdock enter the adjacent section of the room and gave him a wave. Murdock didn't wave back. He pushed a button on the console and a voice echoed in the room "Decontamination cycle activated... scanning." A light shone over Scrotum. He didn't like this. "Let me out," he shouted as he

rushed to the door. Suddenly he was floating and spinning in the room. "Level 10 bio, contamination detected activation decontamination." The computer said, and suddenly Scrotum was bombarded by thousands of pellets. He cried out in pain and terror, only succeeding to swallow a few of the pellets. Then the room got hot. Scrotum watched in horror as his clothes dissolved and all the hair fell out "Radiation levels at maximum, preparing bath." Scrotum tried to say "Whats that?" but as soon as he opened his mouth, he was hit by a spray of bleach. "AAAAAAGGGGHHH!!! My eyes!" Suddenly Scrotum stopped thinking about his stinging eyes and started thinking about the liquid, which he had swallowed, and now he could feel it coming back up. Murdock watched with a mixture of horror and hysterics, as Scrotum sprayed sick all over the room. He pushed another button on the console and sat back to continue the show. Scrotum fell to the floor puking. His eyes were so sore, and as he tried to breathe, he realised the chamber was rapidly filling with water. It was already over his head. As fast as the chamber filled it emptied leaving a drenched naked hairless scrotum lying on the floor, crying, "Please make it stop," he sobbed, as a light shone over him warming and drying his skin. He slowly got up. His hands were shaking all his skin felt like it had been scraped off and his cock felt like it had been rubbed raw with sandpaper. A door opened at the other end of the room. Scrotum quickly exited the decontamination room to see Murdock smiling at him, holding a bright orange onesie. Scrotum growled and swore under his breath as he put it on noticing he no longer had pubes. He looked at himself in a reflective panel. He looked like a fluorescent condom. Then he realised all his hair was gone even his eyebrows were missing. "What the fuck did you do to my hair!" Murdock smirked, "You needed to be cleaned, you were setting off the biohazard alerts." "And what's with the orange suit! You can see through it in places!" scrotum shouted suddenly feeling more angry than scared. "That's a reconditioning suite, Now put the hood up, it will heal your skin and re-grow your hair over the next twelve hours. Scrotum complied reluctantly. Murdock turned, indicating for Scrotum to follow. They entered the mess hall, and scrotum froze, It looked like his uncle's bar, crossed with the stripped joint he was band from, Several semi-naked women were dancing around poles attached to the tables one had blue skin and four breasts. A smile spread on scrotums face as his aching cock started to stir. "Take a seat and don't move," Murdock said, "and don't bother the dancers, else they will kick your ass!" Scrotum looked at the blue woman again. She was stunning and as bald as he was. He couldn't help staring at her four breasts, imagining how they would feel. The woman gave him a quick look up and down before turning away, as the reconditioning suit was semi-transparent and she didn't like what she saw. A pint of grog and a huge stake was chucked in front of him. "Eat and drink. We will meet up with your lady friend when the captain calls. Scrotum didn't reply he was too busy staring at the blue bum; that danced just out of reach. Hours passed, Murdock became board. Scrotum had kept making excuses to go to the toilet and moaning about not having ice cream. He looked at his mobile. He was on duty until the captain called, him, but he had never known the captain take so long with a woman. He had decided to show Scrotum the rest of the ship now, anything to stop him annoying the women. Roberto was in the bathroom, after five hours of the best sex he had ever experienced. He was knackered, not that it stopped this crazy woman, she was an insatiable nymphomaniac. Her hands slid around his body again, teasing him, "Don't you want to play

some more, captain?" "If I had the time, but for now we must consider that a hunter is pursuing you, I'd like to get the ship underway, and drop my brother off somewhere. If you wish, you can keep his ship." Sweet-Cheeks didn't think about the offer for very long, "No, I think Scrotum should keep Lilly, they deserve each other," she replied, wondering how Lilly would take being separated from Scrotum, and how he would survive without his porn. "As you wish." Roberto said, "We will drop them at a space station, then head off. I would like you to consider staying onboard. We are quite a liberal crew, and we would protect you from this hunter. Sweet cheeks thought about it for ten seconds, "Would I get to fuck you?" she asked. "And anyone else you fancied, as long as you followed my orders," Roberto replied. "Sounds a deal I can't refuse!" Sweet-Cheeks replied as she rubbed up and down against her new captain. After a lengthy but boring tour of the ship, Scrotum and Murdock returned to the mess hall. He was going to ask his brother to join his crew again. He liked it here, maybe he could work the bar, then he could permanently be in the mess hall. Murdock looked at his galactic I-phone again and noticed a blinking light, "We have an intruder!" he pushed a few buttons and waited. "I can't come to the phone right now please leave a message, and tell me where your valuables are. I will get back to you as soon as I can." "I can't reach the captain!" Murdock said out loud. He drew his gun and pointed it at Scrotum, "Very clever, get on the ship, have a woman seduce the captain, keep us busy until you friend can make his move." Scrotum suddenly noticed the gun. He had been watching an orange woman with tentacles wondering how that would feel. "Er, um, what friend? Er, please don't kill me! I want a job." Murdock thought about it for a second. Scrotum seemed so useless it had to be an act. He moved his gun, signalling Scrotum to put his hand up, which scrotum did. He then signalled two of his men to follow him, and he marched a very confused Scrotum out of the mess hall. "No job then?" Scrotum mumbled to himself.