

The Mind Camp Tunnels of Moon Base 17

The Sea of Serenity

James staggered his way along the dimly lit tunnel. He figured he must be close to the point where he would find water on this endless journey. As a sea going sailor and a lover of the ancient non electronic ways of dead reckoning and star navigation he knew he had travelled about twenty kilometers from his average staggering pace and the passage of time. His mind was working but his body was bruised, battered and dysfunctional from the poisoning, beatings and electric shocks.

His legs ached with every movement and his entire body jerked as sharp thrusting spasms fired off at random. And now his thirst was becoming critical as his tongue had swelled uncomfortably in his mouth.

In the distance a light blinked on and James roughly calculated that the light and figure standing below it were about three hundred meters ahead. It was a dim light but even at this distance he could make out the military uniform and the female nature of the shape and movement.

And then he heard that evil laugh echoing and bouncing in and out of phase down the tunnel. It was her. That dark skinned voice of authority and arrogance just standing there moving un-naturally, goading and taunting him to approach and all the while with that evil sound of witch laughter.

And so he yelled back with all the effort he could dredge up. 'Arrhoooo', went out as if acknowledging a good friend. It was a surfer call and something of unspoken authority lay in its coils.

She, the never be out done Madam Lou, began striding toward James as he maintained his struggling efforts forward.

They met and she stopped just a few meters in front of him gauging his condition. She looked him up and down as he stood semi naked. Her eyes glistened as an ugly sense of power shifted over her. Here was a man unable to inflict any real physical threat. Yes this was the great James Kelvin reduced to a crippled up old man hobbling and begging for water.

'I bring you water from the gods Captain.' She laughed as she produced a plastic cup as well as her formable high voltage cattle prod device from within her jacket.

James stood motionless unable to run from her enjoyment. He braced himself for the intense pain that was about to come as something very strange happened.

Madam Lou unzipped her military trousers and pulled them down around her knees with a single movement.

There in front of him was a very cute looking female sex as naked as the day it was ejected from the womb.

'Ha! You males are all weak driven creatures. You see, you want. What power I hold just for the taking. You want it yes I see your eyes Captain. But here is all you will get from this little heaven on Earth.

Madan Lou leaned back and with one hand, extended two fingers across the top of her vagina and pulled the outer skin upward exposing the inner lips. At the same time she lowered the cup and produced a stream of urine just like a male penis would do.

James stood amazed by the display and unusual dexterity of the female form. It was not the thought of her sex that held his gaze. It was an almost funny display as he had never imagined a female opening would be capable of such a feat. She peed with accuracy filling the cup with her golden liquid and flicking a few drops off her finger at the end.

Here was no natural female sensibility and he remained careful not to display any form of humorous emotion that may lead to another prodding from her voltage stick. This woman was as mad as they come and her time would indeed come, for her murder of Coms. But not just yet. James lacked strength and she was well armed. Here was a play best not played.

'I give you this special water as a reminder of who I am Captain. For I am your world and your every breath must answer to me. May my sweet taste stay on your lips for many days. Enjoy Captain. For you wish revenge and 'here lies your only path. So drink well.'

She turned and walked back toward the light but then stopped and placed the cup down a few metres further on before walking away, almost skipping with a confident sway and laughing that horrible evil witch like sound. Its distorted echoes again shook James and took his soul to depths he was not sure he could handle.

He knew she was deeply enjoying this sense of ultimate control. She had killed his lover, tortured him to the depths of extreme pain and now thoroughly intended to explore the depths of male humiliation. James knew she was only just getting started as he approached the cup of urine.

'I am so fucked'. He looked down at the revolting liquid as ultimate defeat circled in his thoughts. Emotion faded and he felt as if his soul was snapping as he finally bent to pick it up. It was warm and almost hot to the touch. It smelled of exactly what it was. Girl piss. It lacked that maleness of scent but the golden liquid was in every millilitre an ammoniated unpleasant necessity.

James was at the end of his limits. His body and mind were verging on seeping into the cracks of a darkness he could never return. He raised the cup and drank as the madness of thirst overtook all sense of logical thought.

James was reduced to a very basic mix of painful existence and loss smothered with a deep simmering anger. He wandered in a place that he knew now owned him. His very soul had been chained to the bidding of an evilness he still found hard to fathom.