

Bulma's Space Misadventure

In the depths of space... **Capsule Corp Namekian Ship Mk2**

“Sis! If you can hear this message, I’m in deep trouble-chzzz-My ship! It’s under attack! The space- space- space pirates! They’re everywhere! Help me, Bul-aaaaaaaaa! You have- have- have to save meeeeeee!”

Bulma sat in her chair, listening to her sister’s recorded message for the umpteenth time. “Tights...I hope you’re alright...”

Everything seemed to be spiraling out of control. Her husband, Vegeta, and Goku were out with Majin Buu trying to help Jaco and the Galactic Patrol with the sorcerer, Moro. In the midst of all the chaos that’d been going on, Bulma received a direct message from her older sister, Tights, from the far reaches of deep space.

Knowing her sister was in trouble, Bulma chose to go on her own to save her rather than wait for one of them to come back; and the rest of the Z Fighters were too busy preparing for an upcoming fight with Moro to come with her.

Getting a spaceship ready was no trouble. After all, she’s one of the smartest and gifted engineers in the whole universe, merging the Saiyan engine schematics with the Namekian ship/homes that she’d had in storage since they left, and it was primed and ready for takeoff in less than 24 hours. Leaving a note for her husband when he returned (or was wished back to life with the Dragon Balls), she hopped on board and took off into space to find her big sister.

Still sitting in the captain’s chair, Bulma grabbed a tablet and looked up a star chart. Thanks to her interactions with Jaco, she had plenty of maps to help her navigate through the great unknown of space while she followed the message her sister sent back to its source. If Tights wasn’t there, then she’d just follow up on every clue left behind until she found her.

The blue-haired scientist was very carefree as she piloted her spaceship. With nobody else on board, the woman felt free to wear nothing but a tight gray tank top and matching panties. Although that didn’t stop her from wearing such skimpy attire the last time she went out into space.

However, her wardrobe did far more to show off her curvy body than the last time she waltzed around a spaceship. Without even realizing it, she had brought the previous outfit she had while in this ship. And while Bulma thought it still fit her the exact same, the universe had a different truth to tell. Her tank top was stretched by her breasts, enlarged by motherhood, and her nipples poked out through the thin fabric. Her panties were just as lewd, hugging her lower half and showing off a camel toe while digging into her ass.

Bulma didn't mind being so open with her body. It helped her ease her stress when she wasn't restricted by clothing. She had a closet full of space suits ready to wear once she reached her destination.

Looking out the front viewport, Bulma spotted something floating within the darkness of space. "What's that?" As her ship passed by, she saw that the object was a space station. Or rather, what remained of one. "What happened here?" She spotted the symbol for the Galactic Patrol on the side of it and bristled when she saw bodies floating in the stillness of space. "I hope Jaco wasn't here..."

Checking her instruments, Bulma frowned. "Weird. The signal should be coming from somewhere in this space quadrant. If those Galactic Patrol guys were still kicking, I'd ask them for help but whoever attacked Sis must have taken care of them." Pushing more buttons, she directed her ship past the space station. As her ship moved past it, Bulma spotted the other side of the space station. "Oh, Kami." Dread settled inside her body at the vast chunks of wreckage that seemed to have exploded out of the Galactic Patrol center, nearly half of the backside of the station had been turned into shrapnel, listlessly floating in the cold void of space.

The console she installed gave her an alarm, Tights' ship was dead ahead, in the belt of rubble. Bulma shoved down her fear and looked around to try and find where the ship might be within all of this, but a terrible retching sound of tearing metal made her blood freeze while she fell to the floor from the ship's violent shaking.

"What the hell was that?!" Getting to her feet, she grabbed her console to find out what her ship might have hit. She barely had touched the screen before she heard something coming from the back of the ship. Walking around the chair, her eyes widened with horror as she saw something cutting a hole through the top of her ship. "Oh no!" A cold realization hit her: her ship didn't hit anything. Something had found her and was trying to board!

Knowing there was no time to grab one of her suits, Bulma rushed to a drawer and pulled out a special blaster she'd designed based on the Freeza Force weapons. She'd learned through Goku that conventional Earth weapons were useless on beings that could blow you up with a finger gesture.

Gripping her blaster, Bulma hopped behind a couch she'd installed in the ship and waited, her ship's alarms blaring with warnings from the hull breach. The sound of metal being cut through was worse than nails on a chalkboard to Bulma's ears but she had no choice but to wait, hoping that she could take whoever came through the hole.

A circle was cut out of the top of the ship, her metal roof landing onto the floor with a resounding thud. When she felt no pull trying to suck her out into the void of space, she guessed that a ship had latched itself onto hers and had connected their two ships to maintain the atmosphere. Peeking from behind the couch, Bulma waited, ready for whatever came through that hole.

Then she saw a figure slowly drop from the hole and her heart almost stopped with dread. *'N-n-no! It can't be! Freeza?'*

Bulma's surprise visitor heavily resembled the galactic tyrant's third form, recognizing its appearance from Goku's battle with Frost during the Universe Six Tournament. The huge-head, spiky shoulders and slithering tail all made it look like something out of a nightmare.

However, Bulma recalled Freeza's color scheme and the alien didn't share the tyrant's white and purple body. Instead, the armor-like upper body was more white with a blue center and its arms and legs were a shade of red.

'Okay...so this guy isn't Freeza. But is he part of his family or something? Dammit all! Vegeta! Goku! Where are you when I need you?!' She held her breath as the sound of her trespasser's footsteps entered the ship. *'Maybe not all of Freeza's race are as tough as he is? If I can get him by surprise, maybe I can blast a hole right through him.'* It was a plan with low chances for success but with her opponent being who he was, it was her only hope.

"Heheheheh..." The alien lumbered slowly through the ship as he looked around. "Come out, Human. There's no point in hiding...I already scanned your ship before I boarded. I know you're here somewhere...helpless and alone..."

The steps drew closer. Sweat started to bead down Bulma's mostly-naked body. Her heart pounded in her chest so loud she was surprised the alien couldn't hear it. She could hear his tail whipping the floor of the ship as he searched for her, his laughing growing ever more maniacal.

Holding her breath, Bulma listened as the alien drew near the couch. Her hands unsteady as she held her gun and saw a hand grip the side of the furniture. However, she was caught completely off-guard while waiting for him to walk around it when his tail wrapped around her ankles and yanked her up into the air. "Kyaaa!"

"Well, look what I caught!" laughed the alien as he stared at her upside-down form.

"E-eat laser!" Pointing the blaster at her attacker, Bulma pulled the trigger and fired away. "Die, you!" She emptied the weapon onto the alien, shooting round after round at the Freeza-like creature. The tail holding her didn't even flinch at her salvo, and from the smoke, his hand came up and crushed her strongest weapon, the energy gun exploding in his hand and leaving a bored look on his face.

"Oh, I'm sorry. Was that supposed to hurt me? As if those puny blasters could hurt someone of my race!" laughed the alien. "I'm no Freeza. But the mighty Arctic is not going to be done in by a silly weapon like that!"

“Ow! What...what do you want from me?” Her fear only grew when she saw the dirty look form on his wicked face.

With his prey ensnared and disarmed, Arctic looked down at the weak woman before him. He had been imprisoned for so long before Moro's wish that it was only recently the space pirate had the ability to be free once again. Now he was going to enjoy all the pleasures he could get his hands on. And right now he had his hands on a very sexy female, ripe for the taking.

“Everything you have. This ship. All the goods you have on board. And you...” His lecherous eyes narrowed and Bulma instantly knew what Arctic had on his mind. “Your body is now my property. Now I'm going to enjoy it.”

From Bulma's previous encounters with Freeza, she wondered if his race was capable of reproducing sexually. That answer came in the form of the biggest erection that the scientist had ever seen, slapping her in the face, a chill running up her spine from the mere sight of it. “You...you can't be serious!”

“Oh but I do. You're my property now and you'll do as you're told. Else you'll end up like the other bitch.”

Trying to barter her way to freedom like a business woman, she couldn't get a sound out before his length was pressed against her mouth. She didn't know how she was going to take it past her lips. Arctic's cock was almost as wide as Vegeta's bicep! But Arctic didn't care for Bulma's wellbeing and pushed it into her helpless orifice. “Mmmmh!” His huge girth forced her mouth open wide while he slid his alien manhood all the way until it hit the back of her throat.

“Mmmmh! Now this is a mouth worth training!” grinned the alien, pushing in and out of Bulma's mouth, keeping her suspended upside down with his tail still wrapped around her ankles. But he soon became frustrated when Bulma couldn't take most of his cock into her mouth, the woman already choking from hitting her limit.

The taste and smell of a horny alien was something Bulma never wanted to know but she was forced to experience it. Her jaw stretched until it was screaming with pain. Saliva ran down the front of her face while she dangled limply in his grasp. The blood rushing to her head made it impossible to think and it was all she could do not to choke to death.

Eventually Arctic pulled his cock out of Bulma's mouth, shaking his head at his new pet. “What's the matter? The other one was far better at using her mouth. But...” Arctic's eyes focused on her dangling breasts threatening to spill out of her tank top. “She didn't have tits nearly as good as yours.”

The long rod moved from Bulma's mouth and instead slid through the hole in her top, sliding between her cleavage, the monstrous dick coming out from between her breasts and still

going until the head reached her stomach, drool and pre-cum spilling down and wetting Bulma's already sweat dripping body.

"Ah! Ahh!" Bulma's breasts were burning from the heat of Arctic's huge rod sliding between her breasts. Her nipples had become so hard they were aching. The violent pace of the alien's titfucking was making her chest melt with heat. "N-no! Stop!"

Bulma's pleas fell on deaf ears. Arctic's eyes stared at the scientist's pantie-clad bottom, watching her juicy ass jiggle from her rocking body, a wet spot starting to form in her underwear while it dug deep against her lower lips. Her ever so flat core was starting to become covered in his essence. But what caught most of his attention were her heavy jugs. He could see how her nipples pressed against the constraining fabric, and when they started to milk and leak through the shirt, he used one of his hulking hands to tear her tank top in two and give himself direct access to those tits.

Despite his name, Arctic's hands were just as hot as his manhood. Bulma groaned when those large, sharply clawed hands of his grabbed at her milk-filled jugs, molding them and squeezing them with his rough grip. The pressure in her chest refused to relent, milk squirting out of the tips of her nipples thanks to his cock pumping in and out of her cleavage. "Noo! Nooo!" she cried out, arousal poisoning her voice. Arctic's huge balls started to slap against her face when the alien increased his tempo. The insane warmth, pressure and arousal from her tits combined with the blood rushing to her head to sap Bulma of her senses. Overwhelmed by what was happening, her mouth started to open and her tongue came out to lick Arctic's balls.

"That's a good pet. Worship my body because it's the only thing that will matter to you now." Arctic couldn't get enough of Bulma's tits, her skin starting to glisten from his pre-cum. Her milk splashed against his midsection, dripping down his legs onto the floor. Noting how the bluenette's underwear was completely soaked, the alien decided it was time to rid Bulma of her final layer of protection. One of his brutish hands let go of the woman's milk-spraying titty and grabbed her gray panties, tearing it away to reveal her shaved, wet pussy.

"I wonder how you'll taste compared to the other girl..." smirked the red/blue alien. His colubrine tongue came out to play once more, licking the woman's vulnerable lips. Bulma's eyes rolled into the back of her head when his tongue slid into her womanhood, her back involuntarily arching as he got her off. Arctic's long tongue wormed all throughout Bulma's pussy, making sure to lick every single sensitive spot she had. Feeling all of her sweet spots being touched at once made Bulma's head spin. Her lips wrapped around the huge sac dangling in front of her face and she started sucking on them vigorously.

Arctic growled into Bulma's cunt while he got her off with his tongue. The tip of his alien cock twitched while it pumped in and out of her tits. Bulma could feel the balls in her mouth start to clench up, signaling his imminent release. However, she beat the alien to the climax when his devious tongue suddenly started to circle her clit, sending the helpless woman over the edge. "MMMMMMH!" Her moan was muffled by Arctic's balls while she gushed all over the creature's

face, giving him a good taste of her essence. The alien lapped up her squirting juices, grunting into her muff just as his cock erupted with white cum, covering Bulma's smooth belly and the underside of her tits with his hot jizz.

Satisfied, Arctic let go of Bulma, dropping the squirting woman in a heap on the floor. He watched as the bluenette struggled to her knees, looking up at him with fearful eyes. She gulped when she saw that the alien's manhood was still erect, the space pirate clearly wanting more. "P-please..." she murmured while trying to crawl away.

"Begging? Really? After the way you were gushing and sucking on my cock?" His booming laughter shook the ship before his tail grabbed Bulma by her waist, dragging her across the floor. "Your master demands honesty." Picking the nude Bulma up, he pressed her against the side of her ship, her breasts squishing against the cold metal while her ass was being grinded against with his gargantuan shaft. "By the time I'm done, you'll enjoy this more than I will!"

"N-No!" pleaded Bulma, helpless as the alien aimed his cock at her wet snatch. Her plea went unheeded as that huge girthy manhood plunged into her pussy, stretching her married womanhood to its limit. "Ahhh!" Her nails clawed at the walls of her ship, unable to do anything but become the pirate's plaything.

Arctic growled into the scientist's ear, reveling in the tight and wet heat of Bulma's honeypot. He didn't bother letting the woman try to adjust to his massive size and slammed in and out at a brutal pace, fucking her with both a size and ferocity that Vegeta never had. "You're...quite tight!" he hissed, claws digging into Bulma's body while he fucked her into the wall. "Are you quite sure you're a mother?" he taunted.

"Ah! Ahhhh!" Tears ran down the sides of Bulma's face. Her pussy felt like it was being split in two. The pleasurable pain shot through her body, making her cry out while Arctic had his way with her. Hot breath hit her face as Arctic leaned down, licking her cheek with his wicked tongue. A dirty sound echoed throughout the spaceship as Arctic's strong, inhuman hips smacked Bulma's supple ass. With each minute that passed, the wall started to buckle, threatening to send Bulma into the next room.

"Nghhhh!" Bulma squeezed her eyes shut while trying to shut out the pleasure. Her womb felt like it was getting smashed by the massive head hammering it over and over again. Yet mixed with the agonizing pain of getting a fucking no normal Human was ever meant to take was a building pleasure. "Ah! Oh!" she finally moaned, her eyes starting to glaze over.

Arctic grinned when he heard Bulma moan. "Not bad. The other one broke as soon as I put it in. You're tougher than I thought. Although..." The pirate's eyes narrowed. "I'd expect a Saiyan's wife to be able to take some punishment."

Bulma had no chance to ponder how he knew she was married to Vegeta. She turned her head and was immediately met by his wet tongue. "Mmmmh!" Arctic's serpentine tongue slipped into her mouth, diving down her throat and fucking it with the same tenacity as the alien's loins. "Mmmh! Mmmmmh!" Before she knew it, Bulma was wrapping her lips around the pirate's tongue, sucking on it. Her resistance to Arctic was crumbling and she was already close to orgasm once again.

Seeing Bulma surrender herself to him, Arctic pulled the bluenette away from the wall, fucking her while standing up. One clawed hand lifting her leg up to reach even deeper inside her while the other groped her breast, shooting more of her breast milk all over the floor. His cock ravaged her insides, pumping in and out of her like a jackhammer, his sinful tongue exploring every inch of her mouth and throat. As his tail wrapped around her stomach tighter, Bulma's arms instinctively reached behind her, wrapping around the creature's neck.

Her body yielding, Bulma's vision was a sheet of white. Even her womb had succumbed to space pirate cock, the head entering the most private part of her body. It was all too much for her to take. Her sweaty body tensed, back arching while she was thrown through the gates of bliss. "MMMMMMH!" Moaning into the tongue fucking her face, Bulma rolled her eyes into the back of her head and squirted once again, tightening around her attacker's cock while climaxing like a slut.

Growling like a beast in heat, Arctic felt the scientist tighten around him and let out a grunt of his own. Pushing his massive cock as deep as Bulma's body would let him, he let out a groan before he emptied his balls inside his newest pet, filling up her womb with his burning hot seed.

As soon as Arctic's tongue withdrew from her mouth, Bulma's head lackadaisically falling back with her lewd moans filling the ship, her lower half burning from a hot alien creampie. "Fuuuuck..." she slurred, her stomach starting to inflate from the sheer volume of Arctic's seed pumping into her womb.

A groan left the pirate and his victim's lips when he pulled out of her, his cum spilling out of her gaping hole. "I see you now know what a real man feels like," taunted Arctic. With his tail still wrapped around her, the alien carried her across the ship's floor and over to the captain's chair. "You're an even better prize than I was led to believe..." Looking around at the spaceship Bulma had built, the pirate nodded approvingly. "And your ship is built just as good as you. Yes...I think I'll make this my new vessel."

Sitting down in Bulma's chair, the Pirate's huge frame was splayed out, his legs pushed forwards while his tail set the dazed scientist down next to him. Reaching over to punch a few commands into the small console next to it. The ship shuddered as it started to move again, making its way out of the debris field with Arctic's ship still attached to the top. "Hmm?" Looking down between his legs, Arctic smiled when he saw Bulma on her knees worshiping his cock

with her tongue. "Someone's an eager girl. I see you're mad for my cock. Well, you want it? Here it is."

Panting like a bitch in heat, Bulma crawled onto the alien's lap, her need for the man's titanic cock overwhelming. Even seated, the creature still towered over her, his power absolute. Settling on his lap, Bulma put her hands on his armored shoulders and lifted herself up, slowly spearing herself down upon the space pirate's manhood. She had slid about half of him into her before her master grew impatient and grabbed her ass with his large, meaty hands and slammed her down onto him. "Ohhhhhhhh!" howled Bulma, her pussy once again stretching past its limits.

Sitting back in the chair, Arctic enjoyed the way Bulma felt around him, watching his new pet bounce up and down on his cock, her stomach bulging from his size. Eyeing one of the scientist's milk-dripping tits, the alien leaned down and started to suck on them, drinking her milk straight from the tap. His hands dug into the bluenette's ass, claws digging into her soft booty while at the same time spreading her cheeks. Unbeknownst to Bulma, Arctic had one more body part that wanted a piece of her...

"AHH!" Bulma's eyes went wide and she threw her head back, crying out when Arctic's tail curled behind the scientist and plunged into her asshole, sliding deep inside her. "Fuck! Fuck! FUCK!" she shrieked, having never felt both holes filled before, let alone by one man. She felt his tail go deeper and deeper into her until it felt like he was fucking her guts. Her arms wrapped around her intruder's neck, clinging to him while her hips started to move out of control. "Ah! Ahhhh! Ahhhhhhhh!" More tears started to fall from her face, though this time they were tears of sheer ecstasy.

Bulma was denied any rest. For what felt like eternity the space pirate fucked her senseless. Every time Arctic's cock pulled out of her, his tail would slide into her asshole and vice versa. Bulma had lost count of how many times she'd climaxed, her chair completely soaked with her juices at this point. She couldn't even move by now, clutching him tightly while he thrust up into her cunt while reduced to a moaning mess of a woman.

Arctic gave another grunt, signaling his impending release. Grabbing Bulma by the back of her hair, he jerked her head back and shoved his tongue back inside his new fucktoy. The scientist eagerly moaned into his tongue, having all of her holes filled at once. Grunting into his pet's mouth, the horny space pirate slammed into Bulma's womb one more time before giving it another blast of cum.

"Mmmmmmmh!" Bulma shivered as she was rewarded with her master's seed. She had no idea if she could carry a child from someone of Frieza's race but if Vegeta could get her knocked up, she could hope. The scientist-turned-fucktoy collapsed onto her new owner's chest, feeling his hot spunk gush out of her cunt after being filled entirely with his powerful seed. "Oooohhh..." she cooed once Arctic's tongue left her and his tail slid out of her ass.

“Ahhh, this was an even better haul than I hoped.” Sitting back, Arctic admired his new pet and his new ship. “I should have had her send that distress signal earlier.” Turning his head, the pirate shouted over to the hole he’d made in the ship’s roof. “Hey! How long are you going to sit up there and make your master wait?!”

A ladder descended down the hole and a figure climbed down. Bulma groaned when the alien lifted her up off his cock and dumped her onto the floor. Struggling to stay conscious, Bulma looked up and saw a figure standing next to Arctic, making out with the pirate. As her vision came back into focus, she soon recognized who it was. “...Sis?”

Turning her head, Tights looked down at her younger sister and smiled. “Hey, Sis! You kept me and Master waiting forever! We thought you’d never get here.” The older Briefs sister was wearing a skimpy purple bra and matching thong along with purple shoulder-length gloves and stockings. “Glad you finally made it! Isn’t Master just wonderful?”

“Yes...” smiled Bulma, lying in a cum-dripping heap on the floor.

“I know what you’re thinking: why did I send that message?” Tights looked at Arctic who grinned back at her. Sliding onto his lap, the woman reached down and started stroking the pirate’s manhood. “Well, Master ambushed me a few weeks back and made me his bitch. Then I had the brilliant idea of sharing him with my wonderful sister, so we sent out that fake distress call, knowing you’d come looking for me. And now we can pleasure our master together!”

Sitting up, the bluenette smiled and began to lick her way up Arctic’s shaft. All thoughts of home, her children, her friends or her husband were in the back of her mind. All she wanted was this magnificent cock. “I’m glad you did,” she purred.

Tights joined her sister at their master’s feet, their breasts pressing against each other as they licked Arctic’s cock together, the space pirate directing the ship towards the far reaches of space...

The End