

Trainingverse 2

Faye Valentine

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After six months in the Trainingverse – an alternate universe where training women as sex slaves was the rule of law, Nicole had long ago learned to wake before the robotic arms had a chance to reach into the large metal dog cage she slept in and zap her very sensitive nipples. Crawling out of bed, she immediately turned around and made it before making her way to the bathroom to relive herself in one of the human urinals she so loved using when the voice of her alien Mistress, Elora, spoke inside of her head.

“I’m not entirely sure how this is possible, Nicole, but it seems you’re with child.”

“W-WHAT? That’s not possible, Mistress. You and my mother told me the humans here couldn’t impregnate me! Are you sure?”

“As you know I’m tied into all of your bodily functions, Nicole. Nevertheless, I’ve checked multiple times. That being said, I did misspeak when I said you were with child.”

“So, I’m not pregnant then?”

“You are, but not with child, Nicole. What I should’ve said was that you’re pregnant with children. Triplets to be exact. And if my readings are correct you’re exactly seven weeks along.”

“FUCKING HELL! H-How?”

“There are only two possibilities. One, the father is from your world which is highly unlikely given that we only implant ourselves in females, but not out of the realm of possibility. And two, against all odds you’re genetically compatible with the humans of this universe meaning that if they can impregnate you once, they can do so again and again for the entire two-hundred-year duration of your stay.”

“Who... who’s the father? Do you know?”

“I’ve compared the genetic makeup of the fetuses to yourself and the entire male population of this universe’s earth and the father is Master Logan Thorne, Master of Slave Studies here at the BSA.”

“And you’re sure? Nevermind. Of course you are. So, what happens now? I can’t have kids here, Mistress? I can’t have my children taken away from me. Are they going to take my children away from me, Mistress?”

“This is new territory, Nicole. You’re the first human woman from your universe to be impregnated by a man of this one. The laws of this universe are clear. All children are taken at the age of six months to be raised away from the lifestyle of their parents and abortion is not an option.”

“I’d never have an abortion. Also, I’m not from this universe. As you said, this is new territory. I’m here to be trained as a sex slave and to receive an extensive education. There has to be some clause stating what would happen in this eventuality, Mistress.”

“No one thought this was possible so there isn’t.”

“Then take me home, Mistress.”

“I can’t do that, Nicole.”

“What do you mean you can’t do that? I want to go home, Mistress! I’ll come back after I’ve given birth.”

“After which twenty-seven-thousand years will have passed in this universe.”

“Okay, then I give birth here and my mom can take them home with her. I’ll stay for my training but only a couple days would pass for my children so I won’t miss watching them growing up.”

“Assuming they adopt your rate of aging and not their father’s or something in-between.”

“Can’t you tell, Mistress?”

“Not at this stage of the pregnancy.”

“I need to talk to Master Logan about this.”

“We need to take this to the Minister of Slave Affairs so that an addendum can be made to the law pertaining to extra-universal slaves.”

“And do you think they’ll listen? Will they let me send my children home with my mother?”

“I honestly don’t know, but they need to be informed as quickly as possible. And as a visiting slave-in-training you do have certain rights we might use to sway things in our favor.”

“And if not?”

“I can tell how much this means to you, Nicole, so if push comes to shove I’ll use my considerable influence to ensure the vote goes our way.”

“And if they don’t care about your influence, Mistress?”

“Then their pretty damn stupid. Remember, it was my species that gave them their advanced technologies and it is my species that can take it away.”

“Wait, Mistress, I’m confused. Yes, thousands of years will pass here if I go home until after giving birth, but didn’t you once tell me that the implant can be used to go back to any point in time it’s been to before? Why can’t I go home, give birth and then come back here without anyone knowing?”

“That is true, but what are you going to do if they age at this universe’s rate and they grow old and die in one or two of your earth years? It’s better to give birth here. But beyond that the BSA needs to be informed that extra-universal pregnancies are possible.”

“You okay over there” a female voice called out.

The voice of Dorm Mother Lillian snapping her back to reality, Nicole shook her head and looked back over her left shoulder. “I-I’m fine. I was just thinking about home and how much I miss my mom,” Nicole lied. “Do you need something or may I go to the bathroom?”

“I’ve known you long enough to know when you’re lying, Nicole. Come over here and I’ll be your urinal and then you can tell me the truth of what’s on your mind.”

Turning, Nicole crawled in the direction of the Dorm Mother – the most senior slave responsible for keeping each of the BSA’s dormitories in order. “The truth is, I’m pregnant,” she added with a sigh. “I was told it was impossible, but this,” she said showing the intricate circuitry implanted in either side of her left wrist “monitor’s everything about me and it not only tells me that I’m pregnant but whom the father is as well.”

“Congratulations!”

“Thanks, but I’m not entirely certain this is cause for celebration.”

“Why not?”

“Well, for one I’m eighteen years old and have two hundred years of sexual slavery ahead of me. Don’t get me wrong, I want children, but not here.”

“Why not? Is our universe not good enough for your kids?”

“It’s nothing like that. But in my universe children aren’t taken away from their families and raised by the government. Other than their names and the fact your daughters are destined to be the next generation of sex slaves do you actually know anything about your kids? Do you know their favorite color? Favorite food? Names of any friends? Do you have an emotional attachment to them at all? On earth, my earth, it is the responsibility of the parents to raise their

children, to instill in them a sense of right and wrong, to ensure they receive the best education available and to keep them safe from the evils of the world until they're capable of doing so for themselves. The thought of my children being taken away from me, to only be able to see them once or twice a year and only if I'm obedient enough to do so at the government's discretion sickens me." Standing, Nicole placed her vulva against Lillian's parted lips and a beat later she was peeing in the older woman's mouth.

"Thank you for using me as your toilet," Lillian said after licking Nicole clean. "I love my children as much as I love being a sex slave, Nicole. That is why I've chosen to remain on this world, why nearly all women decide to remain on this world when pregnant. Or didn't you know that pregnant slaves are given the choice to give up their citizenship to earth to live out the rest of their lives on Bulara?" she added, referring to a planet in a nearby solar system where those not able or willing to abide by the laws of earth were sent to live however they desired. "If you really are pregnant then I don't see why you won't be given the same choice."

"Is that true, Mistress?"

"Technically, yes, but leaving earth will remove you from the slave exchange program and thus me from you and we both know the outcome if that happens."

"Leaving earth, Mistress? Does it specify this earth? Because if I'm going home to give birth then I'm technically still on earth."

"That's an interesting argument. I'll have to consult the rather extensive laws but you might have a case. Be that as it may, I still believe that giving birth here is your best option."

"Only if I have some assurance that if they age at the rate of my universe then they are citizens of my universe and may thus be given to my mother to raise, Mistress."

"We really should talk to the Minister of Slave Affairs."

"Yes Mistress." Sighing, Nicole looked down at the still kneeling Dorm Mother. "Thank you for being my toilet. I'm going to go shower now if that's okay." Not waiting for an answer, she got down on all fours and then crawled to the shower room to freshen up for her visit with the Minister.

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Under normal circumstances it could take months or even years for a slave to get an audience with the Minister of Slave Affairs, but Nicole, as a participant in the slave exchange program and host to the Grand-Mistress Elora Joleth was something of a special case. Granted immediate access, she crawled into the elevator in the lobby of the Bureau of Slave Affairs and pressed a mutton marked with a triskelion that would take her to the most powerful man in the country's office. Up and up she went. Five floors. Ten. Twenty. Fifty. A hundred floors of Masters dominating and training a new generation of sex slaves to be bought and sold as the objects they were legally defined as under the Articles of Female Enslavement. In her six month in this strange universe Nicole had never been beyond the third floor where she had spent a solid month learning proper slave etiquette.

Stopping on floor 101, the elevator doors slid open and Nicole crawled out into short hallway ending in a set of heavy metal doors. Unlike the floors below which were white-veined blue marble floors and metal walls for ease of clean, the floor here was carpeted, the walls painted a light gray. As she drew closer the doors slid open revealing a huge office beyond. The carpeting and painted walls continued within where an older man in his late fifties with short cut slat and pepper hair and goatee wearing a tailored gray suit sat at a large mahogany desk in what looked to be a very comfortable high-backed chair.

“You must be slave Nicole. Pleasure to finally meet the program’s newest participant. What can I do for you this morning, slave?”

“Thank you for seeing me on such short notice, Master. Permission to speak freely?”

“Granted.”

“Thank you Master. I was just informed on good authority that I’m pregnant,” Nicole said, holding up her left arm so that the Minister could see the circuitry. “Before joining the slave exchange program I was told that was impossible, but apparently it’s not and I need to know what the BSA is going to do with my children.”

“First, congratulations on achieving the impossible. And second, the laws are clear. Participants in the program agree to abide by all of the rules and laws governing this universe’s earth. Upon giving birth your child will be taken into custody until they reach the age of eighteen.”

“Heart racing in her chest, Nicole resisted the urge to tell him to go fuck himself. “Master, before making a final ruling allow me to offer a compromise.”

“The rules are concrete, slave, and will not be questioned by you or anyone else.”

“I implore you to hear me out, Master or you’ll not only lose me as a slave, but all of my universe’s earth as well.”

“You’re dismissed, slave.”

“So, it’s your ruling that I must abide by all of this world’s laws?”

“You heard me, slave.”

“Then in accordance with the Articles of Enslavement, as a pregnant slave I request transportation to Bulara where I’ll no longer be under your barbaric laws. Once there I’ll return home and ensure you never see another visitor from my universe again. And before you deny my request don’t forget who occupies this,” Nicole said with a nod towards her implanted left wrist.

“What is your compromise, slave?”

“Too late, Master.” Getting to her feet, Nicole stared directly into the older man’s eyes. “I would like transport to Bulara now.”

“We have no proof that you’re actually pregnant, slave, so you’re not going anywhere until it can be confirmed and unfortunately that can take up to a year.”

“You dare question the word of Grand-Mistress Elora Joleth?” Nicole snapped back. “You’ll send me to Bulara right now or her people will strip this world of everything she gave it.”

“Or I can have my guards toss you in a cell to rot.”

“You mean the guards programmed to obey the Grand-Mistress above all else? Choose your next words carefully, Minister.”

“Get out of my office and off my planet, slave.”

“I’m going to leave your office, but I think instead of leaving your world I’ll go over your head in the hopes someone in power is capable of listening to reason. Don’t be surprised if this is your last day on office, Minister.”

“There is no one over my head, slave, and such threats constitute treason punishable by fifty years imprisonment.”

Upon hearing the Minister of Slave Affairs’ words, Nicole busted into a fit of laughter lasting several long seconds. “Treason? Seriously? That’s funny coming from the man threatening to keep me on this planet in violation of the law. And you might be the head of the BSA but there are many people above your head including the president of the United States who I have it on good authority tends to listen to what the Grand-Mistress’ advice.” In a pure power

move, Nicole turned and walked out of the Minister's office and did not look back in that direction until inside the elevator. *"What a fucking asshole. So, what now, Mistress? Do we talk to the president or just leave this world for good?"*

"I doubt the president will listen to me this time and Bulara is a one-way trip as they do not possess the level of technology required for creating wormholes and traveling between universes so back to your earth or another universe I've been to is your best bet, but I remind you we have no idea what effect that'll have on your pregnancy."

"I know you're hesitant to change the history of this earth, Mistress, but what if we went back just to have a clause added to the rules stating participants of the slave exchange program that are impregnated retain the rights over their children and may send them to their home universe if they're born with their mother's natural rate of aging? That way I can stay here and continue my training while my daughters are safely away from it all. Better yet, we should go over the entire damn rulebook and fix all the mistakes while we're at it."

"Going over the rulebook will take months."

"I'll be pregnant for nine, Mistress."

"So, you're going to remain on this earth until your daughters are born?"

"If we went to Bulara could we make portal device that will take me home before I give birth?"

"Unfortunately, as part of the pact between my people and the people of this earth we're forbidden from giving Bulara such technologies."

"So, what you're telling me is that you're okay with a world of slavers holding the rights to technologies that could benefit many more worlds. I don't like that at all, Mistress."

"I never said other worlds don't have the technology, Nicole, just that that in this universe Earth does."

"And you're okay with that, Mistress?"

"It's the compromise the original drafters of the Articles of Female Enslavement agreed to."

"And if they didn't agree?"

"Then dissenters would've been imprisoned until they agreed to obey the rule of law."

"I don't like any of this, Mistress. I get it, you love seeing females of other species completely dominated, but this is bullshit and far more fucked up than you ever lead on. You once told me your people would never force sexual slavery on anyone but that's exactly what you've done."

"No one is being forced to do anything, Nicole. You heard it yourself, if unwilling to accept the rule of law slaves have the right to leave this world at the age of eighteen."

"Sure they are now, but what about before Bulara was discovered? What about the countless women who accepted it only because they didn't want to spend the rest of their lives in prison? That's not willingness, Mistress. That's coercion. And what about the women who stay but change their minds later on? The law is clear on that, Mistress. They either continue being slaves against their will or they go to prison. I'm sorry, Mistress, but if this is the type of world you wish to turn my own into then I'll do everything in my power to prevent it. And if you're not willing to go back and change the way things are done on this and every other world your kind has interfered in then I'd rather die than be implanted with you for the next however many millennia."

“As I’ve told you before, my people did not bring slavery to this world, Nicole. This has been their way of life for hundreds of years before I ever arrived. If anything I made things fairer for the slaves.”

“It wasn’t enough!” Nicole screamed in her mind. “You also once told me that you spent half a million of my years as a sex slave to your people. Did you learn nothing from that vast experience? Do you not see that this is still forced slavery? You’ve got a choice to make now, Mistress. Go back and let me help you make things right, or find another host to inhabit.” The elevator slowed to a stop. The doors slid open and Nicole stepped out into the lobby.

“You, slave, on your knees where you belong,” Master Jeromy – one of the many men that ran reception at the BSA, shouted.

“I’m no longer part of the program so I don’t have to listen to you anymore. If you don’t believe me go right ahead and ask the Minister himself,” Nicole said as she walked across the huge open room towards the doors that would take her to the embarkation chamber. Mind growing foggy, she shook her head but that only made her dizzy. Falling flat, her eyes closed as consciousness left her.