

# **MEMORIES OF SANDRA ANDERSON**

**A Cosmic Explorer**

*Book Three*

Nine Fantasy Stories  
(Twenty – Twenty-eight)

Written by  
Tanya Ferris

# **Memories of Sandra Anderson**

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# **Memories of Sandra Anderson**

## ***A Cosmic Explorer***

*A never ending exploration through the vast worlds of fantasy as far as the most remote areas of the cosmic network; a magical journey into the abysses of the unconscious mind, a jumble of primordial symbols, subconscious desires, metaphysical quest.*

*Fateful choices, traversing the spiral vortex of time and space, lead the heroine and the reader beyond the insupportable earthly reality to unimaginable dreamlands or, even, nightmare lands. However, even the worse nightmare is more preferable than the world of everyday life...*

*Each adventure is a personal magic ritual. I cannot foresee the result of such rituals, but there must always be a result, for there are points of contact, that is synchronicities, between the material world and the astral planes.*

*More is yet to come...*

# Story Twenty: Sexcaged

*originally handwritten  
from 6<sup>th</sup> January to 2<sup>nd</sup> April, 1995*

It all began as a very bad dream but it soon proved to be more than that... *I must be going insane*, I thought, as I heard a woman's laugh echo strident in my bedroom. I sat up at once and the blood ran cold in my veins.

“Oh, no! This can't be happening!” I cried, as an incredible image was taking shape before my eyes.

“Oh, yes; it can, my dear,” Lady Chimaera responded ironically.

The part of the chamber before me was already changing fast into the witch's den, separated from the rest of the room by a spectral, transparent partition that gradually rose up to the ceiling. The place on the other side looked like an old garret full of magic tools, thick books and various concoctions in odd-shaped bottles. Lady Chimaera was facing me with a triumphant mien. Peter of the Stars was standing beside her, looking at me complacently.

“He is mine now, and I had no particular difficulty in persuading him”, said the sorceress arrogantly.

“You are affecting his mind!” I protested.

“Just like you, Sandra, just like you -so far!”

I heaved a sigh of disappointment, knowing that a powerful sorceress like Lady Chimaera could easily enchant any man she wished. Nevertheless, I would have never expected that

*my* Peter would fall a victim to her sinister charm.

“What do you want?” I asked her, as calm as possible.

“Let's say I want you to have a last look at your precious love toy... and to show you how insignificant you are, Sandra Anderson!”

“Where are you keeping him?” I asked then, striving to contain my anxiety.

Lady Chimaera smiled sarcastically and came closer to the partition.

“You know where my place is; come and get him if you can!”

“How do I know you are not just tricking me?”

“You know I am not!”

I stood there speechless, watching her chuckle maliciously as she turned and embraced Peter, who accepted her affection with pleasure, while the spectral partition was gradually melting away.

Soon I was all alone again, with my head spinning. There was no jealousy in my heart; only sheer terror. Although he was not aware of it in his daze, Peter was in extreme danger.

\* \* \* \* \*

Getting to Lady Chimaera's isolated tower was no particular problem; its location was a common secret, although nobody ever dared come close to it. I thought a lot about it and decided that the safest way to enter the witch's den was to send there an astral copy of mine. Therefore, my physical body never left my bedroom.

I let my mind fall to sleep, and then induced lucid dreaming; I focused my attention on my hands, then to the other parts of my body, until I created a tangible copy of

myself. In that astral, yet dense enough carrier, I travelled through the astral planes and roamed the dusky witch's tower.

I rushed up the central, spiral stairway, feeling more and more impatient with every step. When I reached the top turret, I found the black metal door provocatively open.

I paused at the threshold for a couple of seconds and had a searching look at the hexagonal garret with the vaulted roof. The walls were covered with wooden shelves full of sorcery tools, bulky books of magic and witchcraft, bottled potions, as well as skulls and bones of various human and humanoid beings.

At first everything seemed to be paradoxically still and quiet; I could perceive no motion in there. *Either I've fallen into a parallel dimension*, I pondered, *or...*

“You are here at last, Sandra Anderson!” announced Lady Chimaera in a sonorous voice.

She had appeared before me all of a sudden, her long blond hair slightly waving at the graceful motion of her arms. She was wearing a long purple velvet garment, plenty of sparkling jewels, and a black cloak with a star-spangled finish. Peter of the Stars was standing next to her, holding an odd-shaped firearm in his hands. Behind them there was a massive altar made of black marble carved with bizarre relief magic seals.

“What have you done to him?” I demanded to know.

“What he has always wanted, of course, just what he has always wanted!” she replied provocatively, touching his shoulder tenderly.

Next moment Peter moved in front of the witch with a light footstep, aiming that dreadful weapon at me. He looked

more attractive than ever in his tight green uniform, his lips half open in an arrogant smile, his green eyes sparkling as never before.

“Be careful! He hates it when someone annoys his mistress!” crowed Lady Chimaera with a sarcastic smile.

“His mistress?” I wondered, hardly believing what I had just heard.

“Keep in mind, Sandra; he is no longer who you knew!”

Peter assaulted me with a ferocity I had never seen in him before. My copy body reacted promptly and avoided the mortal laser beams with relative ease. The enemy loaded on his weapon again in maniac stubbornness; he kept firing at me furiously, pushing me back towards the entrance. Suddenly, the black metal door slammed closed behind me; I had to perform an endless set of acrobatic jumps in order to dodge the enemy's successive attacks. His moves were extremely fast and accurate, taking care not to damage anything in the room.

All at once he was too close to me, determined to finish the fight as fast as possible. In the meanwhile, the witch had withdrawn to a corner, enjoying herself to the fullest as I was getting more and more desperate.

“You know you are only dreaming, Sandra!” she declared scornfully. “You wouldn't dare come here in the flesh!”

The truth of her words shocked me for an instant; however, I managed to maintain control of my copy body.

“Oh, no”, I retorted then, as time seemed to have frozen. “I am awake! Fully awake!”

Next moment I jumped high into the air so as to evade another furious attack of Peter. At the same time I turned and struck him with a terrible astral blast that swept the

weapon off his hands and made him shudder for a couple of seconds. Nevertheless, as I was landing on my feet, I saw he had already lifted his firearm from the dark purple floor.

I rushed and pounced on him immediately, striking him hard in the face. The unexpected blow made him topple back, bang his head against the marble altar and lie there stunned. For one long moment there was absolute silence in the room.

“Peter!” I cried and ran to him. “Are you all right?” I asked in agony, but got no answer.

Then he opened his eyes and looked at me in surprise. Obeying an irresistible urge, I bent over and kissed him passionately for a couple of magical seconds.

All of a sudden I was tossed into the air, landed against bookshelves and collapsed on the floor together with some heavy books, while Peter had just retrieved his weapon, aiming at me once again. He fired repeatedly, with the same insane look in his eyes. Strangely enough, this time it wasn't so hard for me to dodge the thick azure beams, as his marksmanship seemed to have waned a little – maybe because he was still dizzy.

We both stood still for an instant, as we clearly heard the witch uttering one of her dreadful spells. The unintelligible words were still ringing in the ionized air when I noticed numerous shallow masses of an odd, whitish liquid oozing all over the place. “Ectoplasm!” I uttered in abhorrence, because I knew: Ectoplasm is created when an extra-dimensional entity is about to materialize. Such sorcery requires huge amounts of energy, but that has never been a problem for Lady Chimaera. Therefore, it would only be a matter of seconds until some hideous demon materialized in there, under the witch's commands.



Peter raised his firearm again, always aiming at me. He fired at once and I sought to take cover behind the black altar, as he went on shooting like crazy. I ducked just in time to evade the mortal beams that scorched the air several inches over my head. His next luminous beam was not at all near me, and I wondered about his continuing lack of marksmanship.

Next moment Lady Chimera screamed in terror and the room resounded with her shrill cry of pain, as Peter had fired again, once again against her. For a moment or two, she twirled in a spasm of incredible intensity; then the sorceress fell silent, wrapped herself in her black cloak and vanished in an ethereal green cloud. In the meanwhile, all the white masses of ectoplasm were melting away fast.

“She... she is gone!” I stuttered in astonishment.

“She'll be back! Lady Chimaera won't perish so easily!” said Peter in a firm voice.

I turned and faced him in unspeakable relief. He was back again, the Peter of the Stars I always knew. I ran to him and hugged him tight, happier than ever.

\* \* \* \* \*

“So, Peter, you still haven't explained to me how you got involved with Lady Chimaera in the first place!” I asked to know, as I was piloting my starship towards Eldyla.

“I was away from home when the witch found and captured me”, he replied in a low, reluctant voice.

“What were you doing so far away from Eldyla, Peter?” I asked, smiling in feigned patience.

“I was following a spacecraft”, he went on. “I... I was just curious”, he stammered.

“Curious about what, Peter?”

“I definitely wanted to know why an Yrkanian spacecraft was heading to planet Gonast!”

I stayed taciturn for a moment or two, hardly believing what I had just heard. Then, I had a crazy suspicion...

“Whose spacecraft was that, Peter?” I asked.

“Venor's spacecraft!” he replied thoughtful, avoiding to look at me.

“What could an Yrkanian prince be looking for on a planet of amazons?” I wondered aloud, not really expecting an answer.

\* \* \* \* \*

Pretty soon I was there, on planet Gonast, for a fortnight of vacations, since the Amazon queen, Nikita, has been a good friend of mine for ages.

Gonast is a dream world, for many a myth; peace, serenity and natural beauty reigns everywhere. Although sciences and technology are pretty advanced, I consider this place as heaven – a perfect combination of natural and mystical forces. This world is ruled by women, descendants of amazons who managed to survive an ancient neutron war.

For a couple of days I had scrupulously avoided to reveal the real reason for my arrival; yet, it wasn't long before I came face to face with the incredible truth...

“We have a little surprise for you, Sandra!” confessed Limara, the chief Amazon warrior, as the sun was setting in the horizon.

“Really?” I wondered.

Limara beckoned me to follow her across the golden valley to the impressive rocky mountains that hide the Old

Necropolis behind them. Entering a narrow gap on the rocks, we found ourselves in a semi-dark cavern; the three moons of Gonast were shedding their mystical light all around. Walking through a short tunnel, we reached a spacious cavity; there was a round opening above us, which bathed the evocative place in plain moonlight. There was a big, flat rock in the middle of the cavity and I was intrigued to see thick shadows moving rhythmically on top of it, although but I could not make out what it was exactly. Taking a few more steps inside, I paused abruptly as I was taken aback at the incredible sight: There were three naked Amazon warriors upon that rock, which much resembled an altar; all three were enjoying the indulging body of a man, in a most obscene manner.

“What's the matter? I thought that would be a pleasant surprise!” said Limara jokingly.

“I... I didn't expect...” I only stammered and took a step forth, so as to have a better look.

Those three women were constantly changing positions on that man, in frenetic endeavors to have the most possible pleasure from his body. As about him, he seemed to have entirely submitted himself to their desires. His cries and sighs of satisfaction revealed the unique pleasure he was experiencing. I was already feeling irritated, thinking of nothing else but join that party right away.

“He is really fantastic! He has satisfied lots of us during the last three days!” said Limara in a hoarse voice.

“Three days?” I repeated in disbelief, as I was trying to make out his face; under women's thighs that was impossible.

“We found him three days ago, after he was forced to land here due to fuel shortage!”

*And you believed that?* I wanted to ask, but passed it in silence instead.

“What kind of space vessel did he have?” I asked hesitantly.

“An Yrkanian royal spacecraft!”

“Venor!” I uttered in a low voice.

“You've got it, finally!” said Limara. “But, enough talk! Let's have some fun too!”

Venor's immediate reaction, as soon as he got aware of my presence among the others, was a slight startle. Right after, he turned his head aside, as if in constraint, and smiled complacently. His impeccable body, as it was outlined shiny in the moonlight, was utmost sensual. Just then I realized how much I yearned for such an occasion. Obliterating all thoughts from my mind, I pounced on him and exploited every little spot of his writhing body, in ecstatic coordination with the other four women, all night long. I was quite shocked at his stamina, though I knew it was probably due to some "love potion". The sun had already risen when the prince of Yrkania was eventually left alone on the purple rock motionless, exhausted, but fully satisfied.

\* \* \* \* \*

“So, Venor, can you explain to me how and why you landed up here?” I asked him firm.

“I told you; I was running out of fuel and I saw this planet was inhabited. Of course, I could have never imagined...”

“You knew exactly where you were, Venor, stop this silly game and tell me! What is the real reason that brought you to Gonast?”

“Well... I had been feeling bored lately... I needed a trip to unknown lands and extraordinary experiences”, he excused

himself awkwardly.

“On the amazons' planet? Come on, Venor, no reasonable man comes here on their own will!” I retorted, and then I paused in perplexity. “As if you didn't know what they do to captured men here!” I went on. “And they consider you a very special prey, you know!”

“I know!” he uttered softly.

For a moment I was speechless.

“Are you out of your mind?” I exclaimed finally. “What's gotten you, Venor?”

He just chuckled, turning away.

“I still don't get it”, I went on. “You can always have any woman you like, whenever and wherever you like! Even in your palace, a big harem is constantly at your disposal!”

“Here is the problem”, he replied calm. “They are constantly at my disposal! I needed something entirely different... such as *my* always being at *their* disposal... I needed to feel like a most wanted sex object”, he finally confessed in a low, guilty, adorably sensual voice. “Am I clear enough now?”

“Venor!” I cried. “The warrior women of Gonast are nothing like your concubines! You have no idea how dangerous they can be!”

“It's not the first time I've been here, if you remember”, he whispered lustfully. “So, I have a very good idea...”

I could no longer resist; I approached and hugged him from behind, gently caressing his broad chest.

“You could have come to me, instead!” I said, kissing his well-built shoulders. “Your overall experience would be about the same, only less tiring!”

He leaned his head back and let a soft sigh of pleasure. “I'm yours, my mistress”, he said in a most sensual manner that drove me crazy.

He smiled and took a deep breath, as I was already scratching and biting him all over the blue, tight-fitting uniform. I kissed his throat and lips impatiently; then, I wrapped my legs tightly around his pelvis. His hands were demanding and tender, cupping my breasts over my flimsy, silver-coloured corsage. My fingers sank into his long, blond hair and I kissed his lips again. We were both losing control and I loved it...

\* \* \* \* \*

A couple of days passed with a hidden uneasiness growing inside me, as Venor seemed to be getting fonder and fonder of life on planet Gonast. I had also begun to worry lest Limara and the others should be aware of my concerns, as well as of my secret meetings with the prince of Yrkania.

It was during a meeting of friends that I learned about a special occasion organized by Chryssa, a fierce warrior with slanted eyes and long, platinum hair.

“I get the impression you are not very excited about our next night of pleasure”, Chryssa told me as I was sunk in my thoughts, while the other three women of our party were talking jovially about it. “Consider this”, she went on smiling, “the prince knows nothing about it! It's going to be quite a surprise for him! This time we shall be eight!”

“Eight?” I stammered, already feeling sorry for the unsuspecting prince.

Suddenly a shrill sound reverberated deafening all over the place. Alarm!

We all ran to the assembly chamber, which was quite near in

the premises. Big screens covered one of the walls, showing in real time what was wrong.

“The prince of Yrkania has escaped!” we were informed at once. “He is no longer in his room!”

“Escaped? But how?” wondered Chryssa.

“You wonder how?” I exclaimed. “I wonder what took him so long! After all, he is the throne prince of Yrkania!”

Instant monitor scanning showed us the exact location of the fugitive, moment by moment. He probably knew that, but he didn't seem to care much.

“He has already reached the spacecraft platform!” cried Chryssa.

“Of course! He wants to take his space vessel back!” I said, feeling the blood enraged in my veins as the game was getting more and more interesting.

Having put the two guards out of action, Venor was about to enter the open aerodrome. It was just then that we finally reached him. I landed in front of him after performing a set of successive air somersaults along the three levels of the spacecraft platform. He stood still for a moment and looked at me frowned, as I got in his way. The look on his face showed he was determined to fight hard for his freedom.

In the meantime Limara had also arrived, while Chryssa was near the two guards who had come to themselves by now.

“We must not let him escape!” I heard one of them shout, aiming her laser gun at the fugitive.

In fact, all of us were armed but this didn't seem to daunt Venor; he promptly dodged all laser beams and luminous blades aimed to hurt him. Moreover, he confronted our

martial art moves with considerable effectiveness. He kept on fighting bravely his way out, neutralizing our assaults with sharp, accurate blows – although it was obvious he stood no chance of beating all five of us. At a moment he kicked Limara hard on her abdomen, which made her stumble back in pain and wrath. Judging by the look in her eyes, I could tell she would even kill the rebel if he kept on resisting.

Next instant Venor had to confront Chryssa and her laser sword; not without certain anguish, I watched him dodge her luminous blade, finally disarming her with a sharp blow on her wrist and pushing her back with a fast side kick.

“He is getting away!” I heard her shout, while Venor was now running to the sector of the spacecrafts.

It was one of the guards who reacted first, defying the general numbness of the rest of us; she lifted her weapon, aimed carefully and shot without hesitation. A soft cry was heard and next moment the prince fell down unconscious.

“Let's get him!” the other guard shouted, while Limara was watching the whole scene with an expression of worry on her face.

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, despite his mutiny, the prince was still everybody's favourite – as he found out himself after he had regained his senses. He was lying on a metal platform, with five women all over him. “No!” he cried and shut his eyes in despair, as he had just got aware of his present condition: Chryssa was kissing his broad shoulders, her arms all over his naked chest; one of the guards forced him to dispose of his trousers, aiming at his genitals with her laser weapon. He sighed of lust as the other guard kissed him on the nape and then had his sex inside her. At the same time, he turned his



head so as to receive Chryssa's passionate kiss on his lips. His fiery eyes urged her to take him right after, almost pushing the blond guard off him. The latter frowned, and limited herself to caressing his quaking chest and ribs.

His passion reached a summit as soon as he got aware of Limara on top of him, riding him in frenzy, like an ancient Amazon on a wild horse. The others seemed to be lost in haze, as she kept on shaking on him out of control; the prince breathed deeply, sensually proposing his well-trained chest. The chief Amazon warrior groaned of lust and then slapped the captive twice, leaving him breathless. There followed a cascade of kisses, bites, scratches that tortured his body to bleeding; his face was full of tears, as she claimed his sex again and again, uncountable times.

In the meanwhile I, together with the others, had stepped back, acknowledging Limara was so crazy about that man that she probably wanted him for herself only...

“You are all mine, prince Venor!” she confirmed right after.

Right then I noticed Venor's imploring glance at me. He was indeed worn out and he silently pleaded for help. But what could I do?

Only after the chief Amazon warrior had finally got off the exhausted prince with a last kiss on his lips, I approached hesitantly. For a few moments I just stood there watching his wonderful body exposed on the metal platform. He looked so fragile, helpless, irresistible; he could hardly keep his eyes open, I could see he needed some rest, however...

I pounced on him crying “If *they* had you, I assert one more right upon you!”

He gave me a pleading look, in vain; then he closed his eyes in surrender. Hot desire took over me like a gigantic inner

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