

Agent X - the Counterfeit MoneyMaker - teaser

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Hi there!

just a quick glimpse of my new illustrated short story, co-written with Voe Grevious. It's fully written and the illustrations are completed at 70% approximately.

This package will be free to my patrons once it's completed, so if you like my art and stories, feel free to check my page and help me create cool stuff :)

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thanks and see you soon !

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0 - Teaser Intro

Growing old has its price to pay, especially when you're a top field agent working for the Federation. Countless soldiers aim for my rank, from the wreckless recruits and even up to those sharp tacks in the special forces. Sure, working as an undercover galactic spy has its perks. Yet no matter how hard you train, or what tech is at your disposal, there's always a mission to leave bitter memories. Call it a lesson to be learned or a challenge behind the great game. Whichever way you spin it, the thin string still remains - dicing your thoughts with every sudden pluck. Back in my early days I made several mistakes on assignments, even though my success rate was damn near flawless. Don't get the wrong idea. I still managed to complete all of my missions. You just never know when tiny mishaps become your worst nightmare, which is exactly what this assignment had promised.

I was ordered to investigate and arrest or eliminate a Lhom known as Jor. He had supposedly broken into the Unified Terminal System of Credits, pirating it to produce counterfeit money. My superiors also needed a detailed report on how the thief managed to slip through the strongest net-securities known in the galaxy.

A spendthrift recently dropped too much for its own good. Caught by a trade surveillance bot, the information lead me to a dark planet known as Trim. Rich and lavish, yet always night. The ice rock had all of the wealthiest patrons to keep the place livable. They utilized a core-cycle system, which took any remaining energy from the planet's center to generate an indefinite amount of heat.

It wasn't long before I arrived to the solar system harboring this secluded paradise. My ship was still in distance from the planet's atmosphere, which didn't seem to matter. The funding for this joint made the entire metropolitan shine to near-by moons. As I got closer, the artificial atmospheric bubble distorted the city lights, making the whole thing glimmer like a dream. My thoughts were dazzling for mere moments before my ship finally broke entry. Sparkling surges of energy shot through the deck's hull, clearing all of my jaded ambitions. Forging false hopes couldn't be easier when you have a whole space-trail of extraterrestrial aspiration. Certainly this was the ultimate nightlife.

Such a decadent and grandeur lifestyle already had me feeling uneasy. The thought that I could be on vacation right now is exactly the kind of urge that slammed against this case. I'm talking about the Lhom, of course. Everything about this mission read as perfection, up until the file brought in our suspect, a Lhom... Loser. That name alone had me shivering with clenched teeth. A race full of vile ancestry, these things were far from extravagant. The species is practically the poorest in the cosmos. Even the federation had to deliberate before acknowledging them as citizens for the trade communities. They're famous for their stench of rotten fish, which had been a subject of mockery since they had been integrated into society. I hadn't taken that piece of information into account as I thought myself of being fully capable of dealing with unpleasant aromas. What bothered me more was that he had also been reported as being deeply interested in high-class humanoid whores. On one hand, this gave me an edge to introduce myself. Although that's as far as my luck goes. Unfortunate sexual encounters riddled my past, leaving nothing but a rubble of lost dignity. Dressing like an escort-girl hardly vindicated the hope for a clean mission.

Here I was, a week in and still no sign of Jor. Catching talk was my only lead and boy were rumors vibrant. His reputation as a prostitute collector seemed to be his most popular facet. It made plenty of sense. Top-notch or a broken rag, hooker's still kept their view high above Lhom standards. It took astronomical prices before any girl would buckle their knees to a piece of that garbage. Yet the word going around made him out to be a winning lotto machine for anyone willing to offer what he needed. That confirmed our suspicion about him being the brain behind the credit piracy, or at least being in contact with the ones who did it.

Most of my time was spent touring the hottest dance rings, hoping to attract his attention. I had the appropriate look, which meant I was wearing the lamest outfit I could find. What a spectacle I turned myself into, flaunting attire which hardly covered my body and yet was far from cost efficient. I mingled with the lush crowds, forcing myself to keep a smile as despicable propositions weaseled through my ears. Nothing had pleased me more than watching the various fat critters turn gloomy after I shattered their offers. My current rate of denial had placed me as the most desirable around. It was only a matter of time before word spread to my target. Hidden like a slimy frog, the Lhom was bound to emerge soon and witness my charade.

A few evenings passed before he finally made his appearance. My mind was drifting through the radiant noise while I sat at the bar, sipping some lustrous wine. Suddenly a smell approached, rattling my nerves into severe spasms. The crowd had transformed their animation, making it undeniable how appalling this Lhom really was. The closer he got to me, the more I wanted to join the vibe of avoiding this mobile manure. He sat by my side, offering me a glass of the most expansive champagne the bar could offer. "I heard about you and your... tastes." he said. My mind was easing it's way into a gully of horrid muck.

He continued, slurring every syllable "I think we might have some mutual interests.". I shook my body into a provocative posture, followed by a sip of my drink. I let the alcohol sit, numbing my lips. The burning had dulled my senses long enough so I could smooth out a response. "You already know me too well." I said. We exchanged some meaningless chat, obviously testing each other. I had to find a way to discover whether or not he had a flip terminal that was forging credits from the main network. So I sat as swanky as possible, incarnating my role to exploit his weakness for prostitutes. I went straight to the point "You seem to have enough cash for good booze... but do you have enough for good girls?"

His eyes narrowed as he answered, "So you are a professional! Name your price.". The perfect opportunity was in reach. Proof that he had unmeasurable wealth is all I needed to confirm that this ugly bastard was the right criminal. I remember real prostitutes had sky-high rates for Lhoms. I was supposed to be the best there is, so I multiplied by at least four. It's 200,000 creds for an hour." I had said. After giving him a slow lingering gaze from his feet to his eyes, with a short nibble of my lip, my confidence had peaked. "and 2,000,000 for the whole night."

An obnoxious sound spouted from his mouth, which I'm sure was supposed to be a whistle. "You must be worth it!" He exclaimed. Relief was fluttering through my head, curing the headache caused by the potent smell of trash coming from this creature's breath. "I'll take that as a yes. Cred my account and we'll go to your place." I said as I pulled out my wallet, picking out my terminal and pointing it toward him. My eyes had remained focused on the device as I expected a sudden payment.

Vague notions splattered around my anxious mind, driving a curiosity of how I was going to deal with Jor

once we left for his place. Before I could draw any conclusions, the Lhom's wailing tone jolted my ears. "We go nowhere, not now at least." He said. Panic leaped out, holding me hostage. My smile ran crooked while I kept my body firm to invite further explanation.

"You really are only motivated by money, aren't you?" he asked. His behavior was in every field agent's text-book; the trap. Anxiety started to fuel my heart, leaving me at a loss for any reasonable action.

Instinct kicked in, forcing me to keep calm and acknowledge his position. "Isn't that what girls like me are interested in?" The ugly beast let out a grunt that I took for a mocking laugh. "Good! Then here's my offer. I'll pay you 5,000,000 for the night and 1,000,000 right now to suck me here, in front of everyone. Leave it or take it." he said, laughing as he watched my face churn beyond recognition. "Bhawhahaha...! Don't tell me a greedy bitch like you would pass such a deal!?"

to be continued... ;)