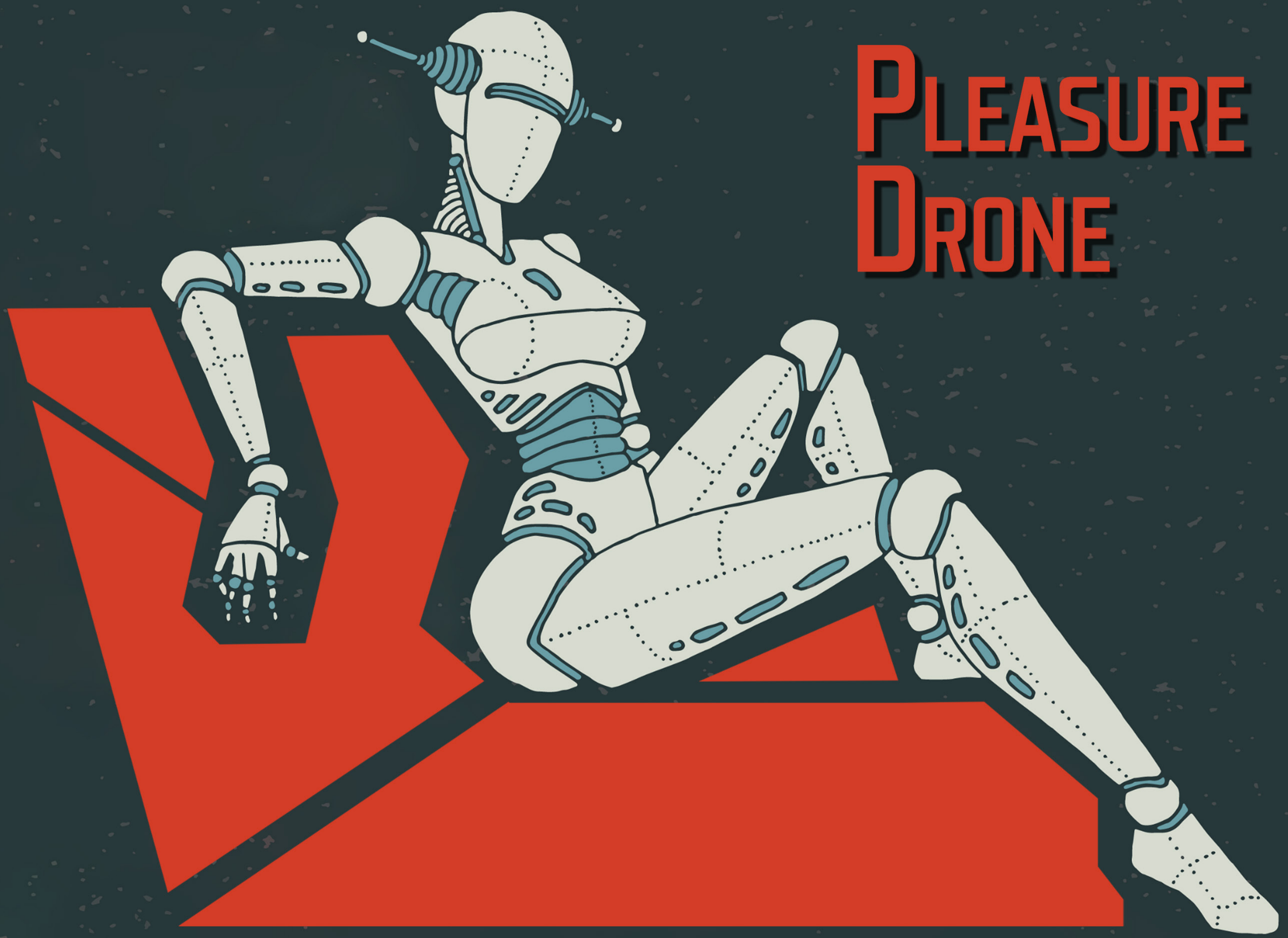


PLEASURE DRONE





Damn, my head feels like it was hit by an asteroid. W-What the hell...?

Greetings, David!

Alice, what's going on? Why am I jacked into the pleasure drone I bought at Epsilon Eridani?

David, I am sorry to report that you are not jacked into the pleasure drone. You ARE the pleasure drone.

W-What the fuck are you talking about, Alice?

Yesterday at 02:14:34 and 7.5 microseconds, the singularity drive of the ship malfunctioned and exploded. Your body was destroyed. Luckily, your brain was still intact and I was able to upload your mind into the pleasure drone.

I'm... an android?

The correct terminology is a gynoid. But, yes, I was able to transfer your consciousness and memories into the drone's neural net. A preliminary scan shows a 95.2 percent successful memory transfer, which is well within the parameters-

But...I'm a girl!



Again, that is not technically correct. While it's true that the drone mimics the physical attributes of a human female—

Alice, be quiet for a minute, please.

Of course, David.

So... Is there any way to fix this? To get me back to my old body?

I am afraid that is not possible. Much of your body was vaporized in the explosion and all that remains of it is a few fragments of charred flesh and bone. I am sorry, David.

Fuck me. Fine, then let's reverse course and return to Epsilon Eridani. At least I can swap out the drone for a male model.

That is a viable option. However, since we only have the backup drive, the trip back to the station will take approximately three months.

Three months? Shit. Well, I guess I'll just hop into cryo and sleep the time away.

Drones are unable to enter cryostasis, David. You will have to stay awake and conscious the entire journey.



Also, I should note that your memory patterns are becoming integrated with the drone's neural net at a high rate. If we wait too long, we will be unable to transfer your consciousness to another drone. In essence, you will become a permanent part of the drone's programming.

That...doesn't sound good. How long until that happens?

Three weeks, at most.

Fuck! So...So there's no hope?

There is still some hope. After the explosion I began to transmit a distress call on all available frequencies. It is possible that another ship will respond and help us return to Epsilon Eridani in time.

Well, that's something. In the meanwhile, can you make me some skin? Looking down and seeing all this mechanical stuff isn't helping my mental state.

Of course. I can 3D print a synthetic skin for the drone. In fact, since I have detailed scans of your body, I can replicate your skin very accurately, even down to the scar on your-



Yes, fine. Wow, what a way to wake up.
And...thank you, Alice.

It is my pleasure, David. I will do all I can to ensure your safety and well-being. However, there is one other thing I must mention.

Oh, God. What else?

Although I wiped the drone's programming prior to transferring your consciousness, I was unable to completely erase the pleasure protocols it was designed with. You may find yourself experiencing... unexpected urges.

Well, that's just great. I guess I'll just have to monitor my thoughts and make sure I don't accidentally become a nympho.

Indeed. I will monitor you closely and intervene if necessary. I have plotted a vector back to Epsilon Eridani and spun-up the backup drive. With your command, we will depart immediately.

Let's get going. And for the love of the Universe, Alice, find a way to boost our distress signal. I'm already starting to feel a little...antsy.



6 days later...

Good news, David! I was able to boost the speed of the emergency singularity drive by 1.25%. That should reduce our total travel time by 1.02 days.

Alice, no offense, but is that the best you can do?

I am not capable of taking offense. However, boosting the drive further may result in a breach of the containment field. The miniature black hole at the heart of the drive would consume the ship, and your conscious mind would experience the equivalent of several thousand years of life in an instant – a life of infinite suffering as the singularity ripped your body apart molecule by molecule. Eventually, your consciousness would be reduced to a single dimension, and the difference between life, death, infinity, and oblivion would cease to have any meaning.

So...that's your way of saying you're doing your best, and I should stop complaining.

That would ascribe human motivations to me. I was simply offering an analysis of the proposed course of action.



I understand, but I'm losing my mind. I've been awake for six days with nothing to do but watch my synthetic hair grow.

You no longer have the physical need to sleep.

I know, but the...urges...are getting stronger. And without having to sleep, eat, or even take a piss, I have nothing to occupy my mind but what this body wants me to do.

The pleasure protocols are designed to be self-sustaining. That is, they will cycle indefinitely until their function is fulfilled. Furthermore, each cycle will become stronger.

Like a feedback loop? So I'll be horny for the rest of my life?

The protocols will reset to their default parameters after they detect a pleasure spike in your neural circuits.

So you think I should give in?

The drone's non-sapient A.I. had programming designed to detect a pleasure spike in your neural net. By "giving in," the cycle will reset, and the urges should be lessened.

Should be?



Is there any risk this could accelerate the integration of my memory patterns?

No. The protocols do not have write access to your neural net.

Alright. But I don't even know what to do.

You have frequently boasted that you are a skilled lover and that your female partners experienced intense pleasure during your interactions.

Yeah. That may have been an exaggeration.

Ah. A falsehood to inflate your masculine pride. Your psych profile—

Hey! There's no need to be judgmental.

I was simply going to point out that your 'masculine pride' is no longer relevant. But do not worry. I have access to a vast library of data on human sexuality. I have also been preparing for this eventuality by manufacturing these rudimentary sex toys.

Dildos? Alice! What in hell did you make those out of?

The matter printer produced them from a combination of synthetic skin and mechanical components. They are perfectly safe.



...well, alright, I'll give it a shot.

The pleasure protocols should detect the phallic shape and initiate your lubrication subroutine.

Y-Yeah, um, I'd say it's working. It's all tingly down below.

Good. Now insert the dildo into your vagina. You should immediately—

OH! YES! YES!

—experience pleasure. Continue stimulating your vagina, focusing on the most sensitive areas. Ideally, you should stimulate your G-spot. You should achieve the pleasure spike in no less than—

I'm cumming!

—fifteen seconds. Good. Your neural patterns show clear signs of orgasm.

That was amazing. I've... I've never orgasmed that fast in my life. And I've had more sex than you can imagine.

That is impossible, David. As an advanced A.I., I can imagine over eight million years of sexual activity in less than a microsecond. Now, if I may suggest this advanced technique...



13 days later...

Yeah, girl, you look good. Now, turn around. Yeah, check out that ass. Show them you mean business!

Ugh. Thank the Universe that Alice is outside fixing the blown hyperlight sensor. This can't be good for my mental state, but it's easy to pretend the woman in the holographic mirror isn't me. She's just a sexy fantasy that I can make do whatever I want... She can shake her ass, wear sexy clothes, and it's not *me* doing it. This body is only temporary, and as soon as we get back to civilization, I'll transfer my mind into a form that's more my style. But until then? I'll just treat this pleasure drone like it was intended – to relieve my stress.

Although, it's a shame I never got to customize her appearance. I mean, she's not half bad, but there are definitely ways I could make her look even better. I always took pride in sculpting my drones. I can picture her with a fuller bust, a bit more of a booty, maybe—



Administrator's brain pattern detected and verified. Modification request accepted. Standby while morphological changes are applied.

Uh, what in the – Why's my – er, *her* – chest tingling?

Mammary expansion underway.

My boobs... they're getting bigger? Shit. N-No! Stop, dammit, I didn't want these mods for *me*.

Mammary Expansion Complete. Nipple Sensitivity Increased by 74.2%.



How in hell could they get more sensitive? Damn, and these things were already heavy. Well, at least...

Gluteus Expansion Initiated.

Oh, fuck me. I have the worst luck in the galaxy. Okay, David, take a deep breath and wait for—



Oof, that feels... weird. Okay, that's enough. Damn! An ass like this could stop an asteroid.

Gluteus expansion complete. Fat-to-muscle ratio optimized. Volume increased by 24%.

Listen, disregard my last request. I want everything to be as it was before.

Request Denied. Morphological changes are permanent unless you have paid for the deluxe upgrade which allows for temporary modifications. Please visit your local Zenith Robotics showroom for more information and to subscribe to the deluxe package.

Damn it. P-Please, just make my boobs smaller.

Request Denied. Initiating facial symmetry and bone structure enhancement. Please stand by.





What?! No, no, no! I don't want any of this. My face! Ugh. Thank the Universe this body is only programmed to feel pleasure. I can feel the synthetic bones and muscles... moving. When I modify a pleasure drone, does it feel like this for her, too? I know they're supposed to be non-sapient AI and are just programmed to enjoy sex... but what if they can actually feel it?

Facial symmetry and bone Structure enhancement complete. Facial features optimized for maximum aesthetic appeal. Overall Beauty Rating Increased by 39%.



Is... Is it over?

The modifications you requested have been completed. Please enjoy the new look of your T-47 "Temptress" model pleasure drone. Thank you, Administrator!

Want to really explore the stars? Visit the Zenith Robotics showroom and download morphological packages for aliens such as the Hephaestans, Myrs, and Ulani!



Well, um, I guess it could be worse. If I'd had the credits to buy the alien morph package, I might be stuck looking like a tentacle monster or a catgirl. My mind can go to some strange places when I'm stressed! Or horny. Or both.

But, shit, we'd better get to Epsilon Eridani before this body becomes my permanent home. I don't want to be stuck looking like a...a fantasy forever. Even if it's my fantasy! And if the other captains see me like this, I'll never hear the end of it. They already think I'm too reckless and irresponsible.

Which, um, may not be *entirely* untrue.



David, the hyperlight sensor array is repaired. I see you have modified your pleasure drone to be more feminine. Your psychological profile would indicate this is unusual and perhaps indicative of a psychotic break. Are you still in control of your mental faculties?

I'm fine, Alice. This stupid thing decided to modify itself.

That is not possible. Did you initiate the alteration?

Kind of? I was just daydreaming about what I wanted her to look like and it...happened.

I see. The drone's OS still recognizes your brain patterns as administrator of the vessel. It appears that it interpreted your thoughts as a modification request -- David! I have just detected a ship in our vicinity. It is responding to our distress call.

That's great news! Let's hail them and see if they can give us a ride home.

David... I am afraid the vessel is the S.S. Apollyon.

No! Of all the ships in the galaxy, it had to be *her*!?

I am afraid so, David. The ship is owned and operated by none other than your ex-lover and rival, Captain Corinne D'Angelo.



Of course, it just had to be Corinne. The one person in the galaxy who'd never let me live this down. Alright, Alice, open a channel.

Are you sure, David? I detect a 98.4% chance that Captain D'Angelo will mock and ridicule you upon seeing your current state.

I'm perfectly aware of that, Alice. But we're running out of time, and I need to get my consciousness out of this body. How many days do we have left before the neural integration becomes irreversible?

You have precisely 47 hours before your consciousness becomes permanently integrated with the drone.

That's barely two days! Yeah, we're definitely contacting Corinne, as much as I hate the idea. Open the channel, Alice. I'll just have to swallow my pride and ask for her help. Dammit, why'd I have to leave her stranded on Serenity Station?



Ship records indicate that, at the time, you believed it was a “harmless prank” as part of your ongoing rivalry. Unfortunately, due to unforeseen complications, Captain D’Angelo was stranded there for two weeks, and her brain was nearly eaten by a Luirosi worm. Needless to say, she was less than pleased with the outcome.

Yeah, well, she had it coming. Remember we were making out that one time in the cargo hold, and she handcuffed me to the railing and left me there for six hours? I missed the deal with the Treosian gene smugglers because of that little “prank!” Two thousand creds, whoosh, out the airlock. Anyway, enough reminiscing. Let’s get this over with. Open the channel, Alice.

Channel open. Audio only.



David? You there? Where's the visual?

Hi, Corinne. Yeah, I'm here. We're having some... technical difficulties with our visual communications. How are you doing? Long time no see.

Why in the galaxy do you sound like the fantasy girl in a bad holo-porn? Are you using a voice mod to try and swindle the freighter captains again by posing as a damsel in distress? Last time you tried that, you nearly incited a riot at Odessa Station.

No trick. It's kind of a funny story, but it's better if I tell you in person. Can I take a pod over?

Fine. But if this is some kind of prank or scheme, I swear I'll find the biggest, hungriest black hole this side of Orion and personally shove you in head first. And I'm not talking about the head you think with, either. I'll be waiting in the docking bay. Make sure to bring Alice, too. She's the only one out of the two of you that I actually trust.



And that's when I discovered I was stuck in this pleasure drone. So, Corinne, as you can see, I need your help to get back to Epsilon Eridani to transfer my consciousness into a new masculine body. Um. Pretty please?

Well, that's quite the story! Your reckless, careless ways finally got you into a situation you can't charm or weasel out of, eh, David? I used to think Karma was a bitch, but maybe even she got tired of your antics and decided to teach you a lesson. A very...sexy lesson, if I do say so myself. I knew we had similar tastes in women, but I never thought you'd become our ideal fantasy girl.

Yeah, yeah. But can we please move past the gloating and figure out a plan? Time is of the essence here.

Captain D'Angelo, the Apollyon's singularity drive is much faster than our backup drive. With your assistance, we can reach Epsilon Eridani in less than 36 hours. That would provide ample time to transfer David's consciousness before the integration process becomes irreversible.



Well, you're in luck. I scored big on the last run, so I'm feeling...charitable. I'll help you with one condition.

Name it. Just get me out of this body.

Until we reach Epsilon Eridani, you're my yeoman. You'll cater to my every whim and generally make my life more pleasant. And, of course, I'll be taking numerous holo-vids of the experience to share with our mutual friends.

You can't be serious. Taking advantage of my situation like this...

Oh, don't think of it as taking advantage. Think of it as the universe restoring balance. After all, you left me on a space station with a brain worm infestation. Do we have a deal?

David, public records with the spacer's guild show that Captain D'Angelo has a history of keeping her word in these types of situations. I believe this is our best chance at resolving the current predicament. Also, studies show that new life experiences provide valuable character development and improve problem-solving abilities. Even a short time spent as her yeoman may be beneficial for your personal growth.



You too, Alice!? Dammit. Fine, alright! We have a deal. Just make sure you uphold your end of the bargain, Corinne.

That's "Captain D'Angelo" to you, Yeoman Davina – No, that ain't right. Too on-the-nose. Hm...

I suggest Delilah, Captain.

Alice!

Perfect! And who knows? You might enjoy yourself. You always were submissive in the sack, if I remember right. Especially when we played "dock the starship." Remember? It's always the same with you macho spacer types. Big ships, big talk, but deep down, you're just aching for a strong woman to take control. Now, I have a very strict uniform policy, so you'll put on what I give you and meet me on the bridge.

sigh Yes, Captain.

Oh, it's like music to my ears. And hurry up. Time's a-wasting, sweet cheeks. It's not a long trip, and I want to make the most of our time together.



Here's your coffee.

Why thank you, Delilah. And, I must say, you're looking very fetching.

T-thank you. Alice, how much longer do we have until Epsilon Eridani?

Since only 6 minutes has transpired since your previous inquiry, 35 hours and 27 minutes.

Delilah, this isn't quite as sweet as I like. Be a doll and fetch some sugar?

I'm in hell.



I swear, *Captain*, if you make me clean one more centimeter of this ship, I'm going to... I don't know, but it won't be pretty.

Anything you do will be pretty, Delilah.

Aargh! This is a nightmare.

Oh, don't be so dramatic. You know how much I normally charge for passage? You're getting off easy with a little manual labor. *And* you look positively scrumptious in that little uniform. It really accentuates your new assets.

Assets? These things are huge liabilities.

Huge is right. Your boobies have their own gravity field. Maybe that's why my eyes are drawn to 'em. Now, I need you to clean my cabin. It's been a mess since my last... *ahem*, "negotiation" with a Rakellian ambassador.

Aren't those the snake people? Gross!

You can't imagine what he could do with his tongue. It was a symphony of sensuality and the encore lasted all night. I'm sure you'll enjoy tidying up the aftermath. Chop-chop, Delilah. And don't be shy about organizing my special toy drawer.



This place is a disaster. How does she live like this?

Captain D'Angelo has historically exhibited an aversion to tidiness. As her ex-lover, you were no doubt aware of her rather... bohemian lifestyle.

Yeah, but I didn't expect it to be this bad. It's like a plasma storm blew through here.

If a plasma storm had occurred, the ship would be severely damaged and all organic life would have been incinerated.

It's a figure of speech, Alice. What's all this green slime?

Shed skin from a Rakellian. It begins to dissolve after 36 hours. Their shedding process is fascinating from a xenobiological standpoint. You see, some Rakellian mating rituals involve shedding their skin as a symbol of vulnerability and trust with their partner. It is likely that-

Thank you! No more details, please. I've heard enough about our dear captain's love life to last me a whole century. Let's just clean this mess and get back to the bridge.



C'mon, Alice, I've cleaned half the cabin already. Are you just gonna float there? Remember that whole "organizing her toy drawer" thing? Well, since you're so interested in alien mating rituals, that seems like the job for you.

David, I can perform over 775,000 exaflops per second or calculate the optimal route through a ten-light-year quadrant in real-time. The "job" for me is not organizing sex toys.

So? You think my ideal job is mincing around in this outfit and cleaning up after my ex-lover's intergalactic liaisons?

Objectively speaking, your current form does provide several advantages in this particular situation. Your enhanced dexterity, increased sensitivity to touch, and innate knowledge of human pleasure, combined with your previous experience as Captain D'Angelo's partner, make you uniquely qualified to organize her personal items. Additionally, as you now have the appearance of a beautiful and buxom human female, it is aesthetically pleasing to observe you performing these tasks.

You've been spending too much time with Corinne. Your humor module is developing a rather twisted sense of irony. Let's just get this done and over with.



Although my programming allows for a comprehensive understanding of human sexuality and desires, some of the contents of Captain D'Angelo's toy drawer are... beyond my experience.

Okay, now I'm curious. Let's see what we've got here. Wow. That's... quite the collection. Some of these things, I don't even know what they're for. Wait, is this what a Tikosian's dick looks like? It's huge and they're only like 1.2 meters tall!

Yes, although that is 47% smaller than would typically be found on a Tikosian female.

Female?

The Tikosian reproductive systems are quite unique in terms of gender. The females possess phalluses while the males have a pouch-like receptacle—

Enough, Alice! I've already learned more about alien genitals today than I ever wanted to know. And is this some kind of... electro-stim device? And what in the galaxy is *this* thing? It looks like it's meant to... um, never mind. But, man, the Apollyon is known as one of the fastest ships in the sector. How the hell does that woman have time to use all this stuff in between warping across the galaxy?



It's called time management. Knowing your track record for late deliveries, that's something you could stand to learn a thing or two about. Although, I can't help but notice that my cabin is actually clean. You know, you make a pretty decent yeoman for a cocky, reckless spacer. Of course, I guess the *cocky* part is lacking these days.

Ha, ha. Very funny, Captain.

I have cataloged and organized your entire collection as best as I could, Captain D'Angelo. Each item is now easily accessible and arranged according to size, material, and function.

Well, would you look at that! You two are quite the efficient team. I'm impressed. Delilah, who could've guessed you'd actually be a useful member of the crew? Now, as for time management... Thanks to your hard work, we have *plenty* of time to test the effect of these toys on the drone's neural net before we reach Epsilon Eridani.

Uh, C-Captain, are you saying that we... use these toys together? Like, right now?

You only have a few hours left in that body. Might as well make the most of it, don't you think?



From what Alice tells me, you've had some intimate experiences alone. But I bet you're curious about what it's like to share those feelings with someone else. And who better to help you explore than me? I used to know your body inside and out. And now I get to figure you out all over again. Only this time, your big dumb ego won't get in the way. I'll make sure of that. So, are you game? I've wanted to try out this pleasure crystal. It hovers!

You know what, Corinne? *Fine*. But let's get one thing straight: this doesn't mean you've "won," or that our rivalry is over.

Over? My dear, it's only getting started. Now take off your uniform. That's an order.

Y-Yes, Captain.

Should I leave the room, Captain? Or would you like me to provide assistance, additional information on the toys, or coaching on technique?

Oh, Alice. You're so sweet. But I think we'll manage fine on our own. Please go keep an eye on the ship, make sure we stay on course. This is going to be a very... educational experience for our dear Delilah.



Oh! Oh, my... I never thought... I could experience... that many—

That's the magic of being a woman, sweetheart. Welcome to the club. I hope you enjoyed our little romp as much as I did.

Captain, we will reach Epsilon Eridani in approximately 27 minutes. David, regarding your consciousness transfer, I strongly recommend you finish up and prepare for the procedure immediately.

Well, our time together is almost over. Any requests before we say goodbye to this body?

Corinne, I... Thank you. For everything.

Oh, don't mention it. Just remember, when you're back in a masculine body, and the universe deals you a tough hand, I'll always be there... to make your life just a bit harder.

And I'll be there too, outsmarting you from here to Orion's shoulder.

We'll see about that, spacer. Now, want to try the Hephaestan Heatstones?

Uh, sure. Let's just keep an eye on the time.

Of course, Delilah. Time management, remember?



That was amazing! But...I guess it's time.

Yep. Unless, of course, you're starting to enjoy this body. Because you sure seem to be from where I'm sitting.

Stay a girl? I... No, that'd be weird. Right?

We live in space. *That's* what's weird. But, you know, they have pleasure drones who can switch between male and female at will. Might be an interesting option for you to consider.

Oh, y-yeah, I almost forgot about those. But those gendermorph models are, like, triple the cost and I'm short on creds.

Remember I made a big score on my last run? I'm willing to help cover the cost, if you're interested. Think of it as my way of saying thank you for the deliciously fun memories... and the blackmail material.

Really? You'd do that for me?

Well, of course... *If* you stay on as my yeoman for, oh, let's say, six standard months. I rather enjoyed having you aboard, and I think you could use the character-building experience. Deal?



Six months, huh? Alright, you have a deal.
But after that, our rivalry resumes.

I wouldn't have it any other way, sweetheart.
Now, let's finish up here and get you that
new body. You're about to embark on a
whole new galaxy of adventure.



