

Patching in Progress
A Sci Fi Short
- By Razmagurk -

"Are you sure about this latest update?"

"Of course, Captain." I forced a smile. "It's just a routine cyberbrain patch."

"And that's... safe?"

"It's all the latest work and cultural standards from Earth. They want us efficient and in line with linguistic drift, that's all. I went over all the code myself. There's nothing in there to worry about."

Well. Nothing in there for *me* to worry about. I held the smile longer than necessary. I'd come too far to give it all away now.

"If you say so, Robinson." She shrugged. "Hardly seems the sort of thing to shut the whole crew down at once for though."

"I know Captain, but this really is the safest way. You don't want two shifts with conflicting cultural standards. It won't be for long. You want me to give it another check? Make absolutely sure there's nothing unexpected in there?"

"No, no, it's probably nothing. Maybe I'm just being paranoid. What's the worst that could happen?"

"Don't worry Captain," Now the grin was real. "I have everything under complete control."

"I'm sure you do." She waved a hand. "Goodnight, Engineer Robinson."

Chief Software Engineer Robinson. She never used my proper title.

"Goodnight, Captain."

The vid feed cut out. I sneered. Who did she think she was, coming so close to spoiling all my fun? Who did she think she was, second guessing my work? My emulated heartbeat was going a mile a minute. If I hadn't manually stepped in to suppress it, I'd have been sweating bullets.

I let out a dark chuckle. She'd get hers soon enough, make no mistake. I was so close. The plan was already in play. When I woke, everything would be different.

"Are you sure you didn't want me to double check that code, Robby?" Rylie, my junior tech, held up a tablet as she prepped me for the cybercreche.

"Oh not you too. Does no one on this ship trust me? Does no one appreciate all the hard work I put in?" I waved her off. "And I told you not to call me that."

"I'm just saying - you know what would happen if something went wrong right? If there was some sort of hiccup in the patch we'd never even know. I was just reading about this one ship where the clothing standards got switched around, had all the guys wearing skirts for three whole years before -"

"Where did you read that?"

"You left your terminal open." She shrugged. "You're sure you don't want me to give it one last look?"

"It's fine!" I pulled up the console's remote access. Had I really? Sure enough. How I could I have been so foolish?

I took one last eye at the patch code, it all seemed in order. Of course. What was I worried about? Even if she had seen it she was too stupid to do anything about it.

"Alright," she gave a stretch. "If you say so."

I gripped a fist. There was just something about her tone, about the way she smiled. It was all so unintentionally condescending. Again, I rode down my heartrate on the backend. I couldn't afford to let it affect me.

What did an ugly brat like her know anyway? Nothing! My code was perfect. I didn't take well to being criticized by someone half my rank. Well, she'd know her place soon enough. They all would!

"Robinson?"

"Uh?"

She'd been talking, what had she said?

"Here, I'll put you in the update cycle." She patted the cybercreche I was laying in. "3 days? Isn't that a bit much?"

"I thought I'd take the opportunity to print off some upgrades while I'm out." I flexed a hand. "I have plenty of time off banked. Nothing wrong with that, is there?"

"No," she smirked. "I get it. Sometimes you just want to look your best."

Ha. As though she'd know anything about that. She was a mousy thing beneath the crew standard jumpsuit, more flesh than aug. She wasn't one of those bio nuts who really flaunted it, but it did leave her terminally plain, much to my repeated dismay. Her body just lacked the purposeful direction of the synthetic.

Luckily I wouldn't have to put up with it any longer.

I shook my head and leaned back, the thick port in my neck interfacing with the ship's medical systems. I closed my eyes and set myself into a reboot and update cycle. Many pleasant dreams awaited me. I was too close to lose now.

"Goodnight, Rylie."

"Goodnight, Robby. Don't say I didn't warn you."

My body froze

What was that supposed to -

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By the time my cyberbrain cycled back into consciousness, I'd been out for 14 days.

It was longer than expected, but if everything had gone according to plan, all hands would be plenty busy. It's not so strange I'd woken up a little late to the party, right?

And besides - ah - pleasure niggled its way into my brain as it finished booting up. Soft lips were playing against something thick and hard. Mmm... I rolled my eyes up into my head. This could only mean one thing.

It had worked. I laughed. It had worked!

A soft groan escaped my throat. Oh, had it ever. This pleasure was better than anything I'd ever felt before. A mouth, tender, wet, warm, sliding over phallic flesh - a wash of pleasure running through me with each pass. Sucking slurping. The sheer bliss of a skilled blowjob.

"Well, well, well." I heard Rylie's voice. The source of this bliss. "You're finally up."

I adjusted my eyes, looking up at her. She was beautiful. The most intensely erotic woman I'd ever seen. Of course, she was. I smirked - my code would have made all the women onboard want to be as beautiful as possible, all for me.

"Oh boy, did you ever fuck up."

She ran a hand through her messy hair and adjusted her mousy glasses. Her now crew-standard lingerie clung to her lumpy half-organic body like wrapping paper. Her voice was as high and sensuously nasally as I remembered. I shivered in desire.

“Huh?” I pulled myself just far enough off of the fat dick she was thrusting in my mouth to speak. “What do you mean?”

“I mean, you’re not half as clever as you think. Come on,” She slowed the bucking of her hips and the thrusting of her member. “Let’s get you up.”

I mewled as the source of my pleasure withdrew, but - and I giggled at the thought - it was fine. I’d programmed her to wake me up with a blowjob every morning. There was more where that came from.

She pulled it free from my plump lips with a pop and slapped me across the cheek with her cybercock’s hefty girth. Again I shivered – this act of her submission had me tingling.

“Really? Nothing? No response?” With her help, I wriggled out of the cybercreche, the size and proportions of my now fully upgraded body taking me by surprise. It took some effort to pull off the humming dildos mounting me by the pussy and ass, but we got there. “Shit, I guess the mental blocks I put on you really did a number huh? Are you even awake? Can you hear me?”

I stumble forward, my first steps on my new feet. In my new body. I had designed it myself to be a paragon of vigor and manliness. Even now it hummed with arousal, a driving thirst flushing pleasure so hot and deep and wet between my legs.

“Robinson?” Rylie waved her beautiful hand in front of my face, breaking my gaze from her juicy dick.

My eyes focused as they locked on hers. What could I do but smile?

“What have I told you about calling me that?” I gloated, “How many times have I told you to refer to me by my proper title?”

“Sorry,” she gave a smile of her own. “Slave slut super-bitch Robbi<3cum.”

“See?” I beamed. “Was that so hard?” I had taken a long time deciding which synonym of ‘Master’ to use, but this was definitely the right choice. It sent a fresh tingle of need through me just hearing it.

“Okay,” she poked at my naked shoulder. “This is just getting weird. You really dont... no of course you don’t. How do you feel, Robbi?”

“How do I feel?” I laughed. There was no need to hide it this time, no need to restrain my derision. I let out a bubbly giggle like some kind of cartoon villain. “I feel like everything’s finally coming together! Do you have any idea how long I’ve waited for this? Now for once in my life I’m finally in control for a change. Oh you poor girl you don’t even know how bad this is for you, do you? Now it’s finally time for some payback.”

“You know what? I think you’re right about that. Sit up.”

“Why, what will that prove?” I sat up, my fat ass providing a pillow beneath me.

“Good girl. Now lie face down and bark like a dog.”

“Woof woof woof woof?” My naked tits squished into the floor as I arfed, my nipples stiff and aching from the contact.

“Oh, this is too fun.” she laughed. “Jump on one leg!”

I rose up, chest wobbling, and started to jump, my enormous breasts bouncing perkily before me with each new leap. This body was far more athletic than my old one had ever been.

“Still think you’re the one who’s going to be dishing out the payback, Slut?”

“Of course!” I grinned. “I’m just testing out my newly upgraded body.”

“Well, I have to admit,” she gripped a hand on her beautiful cybercock as she looked me over. “It is quite the look. Here.” She patched me into her visual feed and I saw myself from her perspective. No wonder she’d been gazing appreciatively.

I froze.

I was as sexual a creature as I’d been able to fab the parts for, an exaggeration of all the most salacious norms. I had tits bigger than my head and an ass designed for twerking. I looked like someone had designed a sex doll and then said ‘no, that doesn’t take it far enough’

I looked down. How had I not noticed I’d woken up in a woman’s body? This... this wasn’t me, was it?

But I remembered designing this. I’d agonized over every detail. I had intended it for the captain, to make her as big a bitch on the outside as she was on the inside, to humiliate her - right down to the bikini top and the little parody schoolgirl’s skirt.

So why... why was I wearing it? Why was this me?

My brain skipped a beat.

I ran a hand gently over the synthetic flesh. It was soft and warm and oh so erotically sensitive. Top-shelf cybernetic nerves for the discerning connoisseur of sexual sensation. Even just running my hand down it felt good. Too good. I went to ride down the sensation, but for some reason my attempts just amped it up instead. Oh - ! It was suddenly so hard to focus on anything else. It was too much, but, ah! My brain bounced right off the idea that I could turn them back down.

I’d done this to myself.

The knowledge hit strangely, like a file being out of place, but the contents were undeniable. I had set the cybercreche to build me this body. I couldn't remember doing it, but I knew it to be true. As sure as I knew my own name and title. This was everything I'd worked for, wasn't it? Everything a bitch like me deserved. A body that felt good. A body built for getting my tight holes ploughed. Why not take this chance to upgrade? I hadn't really been about to waste this pleasure on the captain, had I?

"You know you've really got some balls on you," Rylie laughed. She waved her cock tantalizingly before me. I dived back on it to resume the blowjob she was offering. I mean, it would be rude for me to talk to someone of her rank and not be sucking her cock. "Well, you did. But you were sloppy."

I slurped on her dick. What was she talking about?

"I found your patch. You really need to log off the terminals when you're done. Did you really think I wouldn't be able to figure out that code? Let's just say I've made a few changes of my own. I'll admit I hadn't intended to quite circumvent the powersturctur of the whole ship, but I suppose *you* did, didn't you?"

She'd found my code? Impossible. What was she talking about?

"But Mistress Rylie..." The poor girl was clearly delusional. "Circumvent the power structure? Why would you need to do that? You're a junior technician third grade, that's the highest rank aboard. Everybody worships you as a goddess."

"Mm." She blushed. "They do now." She sighed and pulled my head off her dick, lowering it down to her pussy. I dove into it eagerly, all to keen to have my way with one of the most beautiful and powerful people onboard the ship, to flaunt my new authority.

I let out another diabolical giggle. The best part? She didn't even know this was out of the ordinary.

"You know I never liked you, Robbi." She gripped my long pink hair tighter. "You're arrogant, misogynistic, old fashioned, and you don't comment your code to protocol. I'm not going to say that you deserve this, but if I hadn't stepped in a lot of people who don't deserve it would have gotten a whole lot worse. So here I am giving you a taste of your own medicine."

Oh I was getting a taste of medicine alright. God, had a pussy ever tasted so good? I redoubled my efforts to please her. That would show that cocky bitch who was in charge.

"But then maybe you aren't the only arrogant one around here." She sighed. "I thought I'd gotten all your little changes. I was wrong. I know there's more there. I can see the access logs, I can see the modified filesizes. But every time we look at it it's like we're completely blind to what the changes may be or how to fix them. You counted on us pouring over them didn't you? You bastard. You made us blind to it. Its all just normal. Like saying "hello" and sucking a girl's tits in greeting.

I giggled into her sopping cunt.

“Well, I may not have been able to get all of your code, but I got enough of it, you perv. Enough to put you on the receiving end. And now I have you exactly where I want you.”

Her legs tightened as she came, her balls on my forehead pulsing and a spray of synthjizz spraying hotly down my back. My eyes rolled up as I came as well, orgasming from just the pleasure of getting so high ranking an officer off.

I should have been worried about what she was saying. I should have been terrified or angry but no matter how hard I tried I just couldn't make my brain land on it, I couldn't believe it.

I don't know what the poor girl thought she had changed, but she was clearly wrong. She'd woken me up with a blowjob. I had my head buried in her pussy. What other proof could there be that she was under my control? Her whole world - her whole perception of reality - was twisted to my desires! What did she know?

“I'm taking you the captain, Slut. I'm turning you in. As much as I'd love to see you beg and crawl for the rest of your life, you're going to play nice and we're going to get this whole situation fixed. Do you hear me? It's been a hell of a two weeks.”

“The captain?” I smiled into the woman's sopping cunt. Just who I wanted to see.

She pulled me by the hair off of her clit, then snapped a collar around my neck and tugged.

“Robbi? Heel.”

With all the confidence of someone who owned this ship, I minced out behind her.

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The halls of the ship were like a scene from my most perverted fantasy.

For the past two weeks everybody on board had been adjusting to their new cultural programming, adapting their appearance and behaviors to the new normal. They had transformed the ship into my own personal pleasure palace. They had augmented themselves into perfect sex dolls. All the while thinking that this was just the way things were.

How long had I yearned for this moment?

My eyes darted eagerly from scene to scene. I watched as two women started making out in greeting, as two others casually compared the size of their tits while lasciviously slobbering over each other's nipples, as two exchanged back and forth on a fat juicy cock as casual as if it was a part of their lunch.

It was everything I had dreamed it would be.

But - ah - my cybernetic heart skipped a beat. That wasn't all.

A cavalcade of scantily clad hunks awaited me as well. I swooned. Everywhere I looked was more absolute beefcake. My new extra-slutty pussy gushed as one of those cute boys gave me a lewd smile.

And he wasn't the only one staring. All of the boys seemed to have their eyes on me. And they liked what they saw. Not in the wholesome way, not aesthetically, but with a deep primal lust, hungry and horny, like they'd gone weeks without cumming and I was a fat pair of fucking lips.

God, it felt good to be appreciated.

Rylie tugged at my leash. I'd been so distracted I'd fallen behind.

I winked back at the boys who had been staring, adjusting my tits to make sure they could all see the sheer differences in manhood between us.

Of course I'd always known the truth - that I was the only real man on board. What better punishment than to emasculate them? Humiliate them? Turn them into the lessers that they were.

That's why I'd adjusted their bodies, programmed them all to upgrade themselves into the sexiest bodies possible, perfectly tailored to my tastes - I licked my lips as I saw their hard muscles and bulges - as predicted they were getting all aroused by my superior masculinity and titties.

Wait, was that right?

I mean... not that I found guys hot or anything.

Or, well, I did, evidently. With how wet my pussy was getting thinking about them, how could I say otherwise? But I had been trying to emasculate them not sexualize them, hadn't I?

So why... my brain began to stir.

Again, it was weird. I couldn't remember actually programming this. I knew that I had done it, of course. It was a fact blazing prominently in my brain. I'd very specifically given all the guys an obsession with having the biggest dick and muscles possible so they could rail me like the whore I was. I couldn't remember any of the specifics of the coding I'd done for it, but I remembered the fact of it more surely than anything.

What was I complaining about? I'd done a great job. I mean, it made sense. If they were all manlier than ever, then that just made me - the manliest among them - all the more so, right? I had sewn pleasure and now, mm, I got to reap those rewards.

“Okay.” Rylie shrugged. She clearly enjoyed what she was seeing as well. “I may have had a little fun of my own with the programming.”

“Oh, Mistress Rylie!” One of the engineers ran over, his thick muscles moving under the tight lingerie that I’d made the new shipwide uniform. “Is she finally awake?”

Though the boy struggled to gaze upon Rylie’s beauty, the lust in his eyes as he turned to me was refreshingly unabashed. He was a starving wolf before an all you can eat beef buffet. Other women were looked at with respect and reverence. I was an object to fuck. Less than a person.

I shivered under the intensity of those eyes. What a gentleman.

I gazed back with lust of my own at the forearm sized bulge in his panties. That massive piece of cybermeat, all rock hard for my pleasure.

“She is,” Rylie cocked a hand on her hips, evidently feeling left out of the equation. “I’m taking her to get cleaned up then off to see the captain.”

“So, she doesn’t have time to help take care of this?” He pulled his panties aside to demonstrate his industrial strength erection. “I haven’t gotten off in hours and my balls are already starting to overflow.”

He didn’t even have to ask. I was already halfway to my knees when mistress tugged again on the leash.

“Damnit, Slut! You really can’t help yourself, can you?”

“Oh, sorry, Mistress Rylie,” he stammered. “I should have asked if you wanted first suck, I was just..” his voice hitched as he eye fucked my tits. “Well, look at her.”

“Yeah, I know.” she waved a hand. “You boys can’t help yourself around her, huh?” She leaned down to his at-attention dick and gave a few experimental licks around the head. “It is tempting. Maybe swing by my quarters later?”

“It’s a date.” He laughed. “I’ll bring some of my equally endowed friends and some ice cream.”

I don’t think I’d ever seen mistress Rylie grin so hard.

But the romantic moment was not to last. We had company. More boys. Of course, I smirked, my presence was irresistible. They were powerless before me and now they flocked to me in droves, their big cocks throbbing in their equally big hands. A crowd was forming.

“Oh come on, not again!”

“Like what you see, boys?” My heart thumped at all the attention. Yes. This is what I was talking about! I was finally being treated with the respect and admiration I deserved.

Time to soak it in. I put my hands against the wall and pulled my g-string to the side, giving them all a perfect look at my puckering holes. Their hands were upon me in moments, rough, strong, and taking a hold of my perfect flesh to use for their sexual gratification.

My brain hummed at the sensation. I went to ride down the pleasure on the backend, to lower it enough that I could focus but again the command amp it up instead. With one misclick all of my settings were screaming at maximum volume. I cried out. My slaves were bringing me ultimate bliss!

“Hey no, come on! Can I not leave you alone for a second? Bad Slut!” Mistress Rylie tugged again at my leash, “Leave the bitch alone, boys, we’ve got to go see the captain!”

I whimpered as she pulled me out of the sticky sweaty pile - though they kept going in my absence.

Riley was right, deluded as she was.

The captain was my real target. There would be time for this pleasure later.

I had a ship to claim.

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The Captains Office was at the end of a long corridor. Even as we approached we could hear the grunting.

Mistress gave a cautious knock.

“Enter!” Moaned the captain from within.

I broke into a malicious giggle. Oh this was too much. The captain was seated, one leg up on her desk, struggling to get a twin pair of enormous exotic cyberdicks into both her holes at once. An ever increasing array of recently used alien dildos sat proudly on her desk. Oh, how I loved seeing her in such a state. She’d be stuck that way whenever she had a free hand. Who was the pervert now, huh captain?

“Slut Robbi<3cum.” She sighed. “Why is it that whenever I hear about this sort of thing its always you at the bottom?”

Slave Slut Super-Bitch Robbi<3cum. I roiled.

That bitch still wasn’t addressing me by my proper title. I thought I’d fixed that but even now she was giving me a hard time? I was just about to shove my face in her pussy to really show her who was boss when she spoke again.

"If the reports I'm seeing are true, you have a lot to answer for. Frankly I don't know what to make of the matter - You are sure these reports are accurate, Mistress Rylie?" She bottomed out on the dildos. "This isn't some kind of weird prank?"

"Oh I wish, ma'am. I've been over it again and again. I've had all the other techs confirm. The truth is that there's still a lot of his programming that went through. Even with my tweeking. There's no telling how much of our thoughts and behavior have been compromised."

"Well I'm glad I had you on hand to warn us. The ship owes you a debt. Even if I do sincerely doubt it's anything so widespread as your reports indicate. She held a hand out and Rylie stepped over to meet it, the captain stroking her pussy in congratulations as they ran their tongues across each other's lips.

"And you can't just... restore from backup? You know I'd really rather just leave him locked up. It would be the safest thing to do."

"I intended too ma'm but he's corrupted those as well. They're even worse, if you can believe it. There are no other options. We could be stuck like this forever. There's no way anyone would ever know." Her eyes glazed over as her brain slipped right off the idea of asking Earth for help. "No, as much as I prefer to keep him like this, it's the only way."

The two looked at me expectantly. I adopted a confident pose, tits thrust out, mouth open to receive. I didn't know what they were talking about, but like all things it eventually came around to me.

Riley tightened her grip on my leash and pulled me over. She spooled a wire out from her synthhand and inserted it into the back of my neck.

"Robbi?"

I turned to my goddess.

"Override Command: Rollback cyberbrain patch version 24 hours."

Pain lanced through my head. Dozens of errors filling up my field of vision. I gasped and stumbled back, all the illusion falling from my eyes.

"Is that supposed to happen?"

"I removed the patch I put on him with all the blockers. He should prove a little more useful. There may be some side effects, but nothing serious."

She knew! She'd found out. I screamed as my brain landed on the fact that had been staring me in the face since I'd woken. That brat had been one step ahead of me. She had found me out! Modified my code with her filthy hands. I didn't care how beautiful she now was, how high her position on the ship, I was going to make her pay for that!

I shook my head to clear it. I could still feel my heart pounding. This still wasn't right – was it? I was still under the influence of her changes, even if now my reaction was my own.

"You bitch!"

"Ah, there he is. Welcome back, Robinson."

"Look," the captain tented her fingers even as she rode up and down on her twin stallions. "We can be civil about this. You have the option to cooperate with us. How to phrase this -" she gasped in pleasure. "I'm asking you nicely"

I tried to ride down my fury levels, to hide my disgust and disdain, my hatred of what they had done. But it was lightning hot in my mind and I couldn't make the command go through. Had I been locked out of my own head?

"Go to hell."

"Mistress Riley?"

"She pressed a button on her tablet and I could feel the command coming in through the wire, slamming into my brain without any filtration. All of my anger turned to arousal. My pussy gushed, my body squealed. My nipples were harder than anything I'd ever experienced.

I was sent panting to the floor.

"Oh fuck!" I whimpered like the bitch she'd turned me into. "You left backdoors?"

"Yes? Come on Robby, what do you take me for?"

"Fine. fine. I'll cooperate. Just. Please." I tensed at the pleasure inside me. "Make it stop or - or -" I flushed.

"Or what?"

"Or let me cum!"

"Fine." She pressed the pleasure further, sending me tumbling over the cliff of sensation as I writhed whorishly on the floor.

Then, as quickly as it began, it was over. All the pleasure peeled right out of my drenched cerebellum.

"You know I don't normally approve of such methods, Rylie" the captain groaned through her own orgasmic spasm.

"Only way, captain."

"Alright Robie. Tell us everything. The truth."

I panted for breath, my heavy tits still heaving below me.

I grit my teeth. They wanted me to capitulate? They wanted me to just roll over and give up? They thought they were better than me. That they were so smart! More anger was building up in the back of my brain, percolating through the filter Rylie had set up into tiny bubbles of pleasure.

Fine, they wanted to cooperation? I'd have us all cooperating soon enough. I'd have them eating right out of my hand!

"The truth, Captain..." I tried not to spit the words. "Is that yes, I did put in safeties. I did put in backups. I did put in contingencies. What kind of programmer would I be if I didn't?"

"So you can put things back to the way they were?" She leaned back in her chair.

"Oh yes, easily. Here, let me show you some of what I mean."

Rylie, smarter than I'd have given her credit for, was already moving to stop me.

She was too slow.

"Override O-12."

The two cried out. Not in pain, or surprise, but in pleasure. Now it was their turn to writhe on the ground too blissed out of their minds to think clearly.

"Ha! You see!? The truth, captain, is that I'm finally getting my due! Too long I've suffered under your tyrannical thumb. I'm going to get what I deserve. And so will you. So will everybody aboard this ship! One way or another."

I bolted for the door. Those idiots had handed me my freedom. Now I had to make the most of it.

I ran through the halls as fast as my heels would carry me. Luckily this whore body was graceful. I needed to find a way out of this. Everything had fallen apart but I could still turn this to my advantage, I had to!

I rounded the corner into the main hallway. Big mistake.

My body went giddy at the sight of all my various sex-slaves to be. Every eye in the place was on me, and they all liked what they saw. It took an agonizing act of will to push past them and not show exactly where they could place those dicks.

I could feel the influence of the patch acting against my knowledge of it. These were changes yes, but how many were changes I made and how many were Rylie's manipulations? Had she made me into the ship's slut? Or had that been my plan all along and she was trying to deny me the pleasure of those long thick hard shafts sliding home in my-

Fuck, focus! There would be time for that later.

Time. I needed time to think. Time to sit down and put all the clues together, to compare backups and reaffirm my code. It was time I didn't have. And until then I couldn't trust my own brain.

But I wasn't out of this yet.

I should be grateful. Rylie had given me back the portion of my brain that could think logically about the code, that could remember what I'd done. That meant I had access. That meant I could manipulate it again. I had a way out.

And... more than that - I pinged a command at one of the nearby hunks. He took out his dick and started jacking that wonderful thing of his off - It looked like I had a couple of tricks up my sleeve.

But a little ping like that would only work one-on-one. If I was going to be safe I'd need to hit the whole crew. I had to force another mass patch upgrade. It was the only way. And there was only one place I could do that - the captain's chair on the bridge. I could spoof her ID easy enough, but I'd need the physical bridge key for the authentication.

Okay, it was a plan.

By the time I reached the elevators, I had already begun rigging together a new patch in my mind. It was tricky - I was only going to get one chance at this and everything felt so tantalizingly, distractingly good. Locked out of my manual emotion control I could do nothing about the squish of arousal between my legs. I had to focus.

I was close.

"Oh hey!" Security was standing outside the elevator. "You can't be here, Slut. Captain said to keep you out of sensitive areas until she gives the clear.

I hesitated. Just great. My little trick wouldn't work on security's backup firewalls. At least, not without a physical bypass. I was going to have to do this the old-fashioned way.

“Oh, don’t worry boys.” I purred, putting up my hands and doing what came naturally. “I’m not here for the elevator. I’m here for you.”

I fell on my knees and took their thrumming dicks in my hands and mouth. Time to take control of the situation.

They acquiesced gladly.

Of course they did. I was the hottest thing on the ship. They were horny and I was made to fuck. I groaned as they took me, as they spread me out and they used me, those strong hands lifting me, those enormous dicks filling me.

It was then that I realized my mistake. I was locked out, I couldn’t clamp down on this pleasure. I couldn’t put it out of my head. They were going to leave me a streaming hypersensitive mess rolling around the floor. Just like the captain and Rylie I’d be helpless to resist.

Ah - but why would I want to resist? If anything I needed... more!

I sent out the command to anybody in range. I screamed it out like the whore I was.

And the crew came answering. Hunky hung men and beautiful lingerie-clad goddesses alike rushing over to watch me fuck, then whipping out their dicks and joining in.

Security did their best to keep the ensuing orgy under control, but there was only so much they could do. I don’t know how I worked up the presence of mind to pop off the guard’s dick right as the elevator dinged, but no one noticed as I disappeared from the roil of grinding flesh.

I lay panting, cum packed tight in my every hole and splattered artistically across my body as the elevator rushed towards the bridge. I had one hand plunging in and out of my dripping pussy as I tried to round out the program in my mind. It was simple and slapdash and sloppy, way below my standards, but I was more distracted than I’d ever been in my life, so it would have to do the trick.

It was a simple code that would erase all knowledge of the patches and their capabilities. That would give me all the time in the world to figure out my situation and restore myself from backup.

I took a deep breath. Get to the bridge. Make them all forget. Easy.

I thought back to the stabbing pain I’d received when Rylie had rolled me back. Live patching was never good. It wasn’t healthy. Risked a lot of damage. It was a risk I was willing to take. There was no time to put everybody under.

The elevator opened, I pushed out of the bridge. At this time of shift it was lightly staffed. I sent out a slew of quick commands everybody was so distracted masturbating to the sight of me to even question my presence.

I ran for the captains chair and - ah of course. A blush ran through me. I'd had them make a whole new chair for the captain hadn't I?

I slipped the dildos into position, taking extra care to line up the 'captains log' horse cock so it could interface properly with my ass. I pushed into the system and gasped in delight. The backdoor worked flawlessly.

"Robby, stop!"

Rylie stepped out of the elevator.

"Your too late!" I beamed. "With one press of this button you'll be in no position to stop me. In fact, you'll be helping me!"

I pushed code her way, commanding her to come to heel, to bring her to my side.

"Y-your right. I should be helping..." she stepped slowly towards me, her top falling away as she threw aside her glasses and shook out her gorgeous locks.

I grinned. This was more like it. At last, the girl knew her place.

"Helping you to the infirmary!" she grabbed at my uniform and pulled me bodily off of the command chair.

"What?"

"Do you really think I wouldn't fix my firewall after that little stunt?"

"It's too late!" I gasped. "I'll have this ship one way or another."

"Not if I have anything to say about it."

"Oh yeah? And how are you going to stop me?"

And that's when she whipped out her dick.

My pussy flared. My body trembled.

I looked back at the command pillar. The code was already compiling in the system. I just had to keep her away until it was done. But - ah - she didn't know that did she? Fine. She wanted to dance? Let's dance.

We came to it like boxers in the fifth round – we'd already half-cummed our brains out, but we were too damn stubborn to stay down. I wiped the jizz from my face. I had to stay in it to the bell

We charged towards each other, my heaving tits crashing into her soft naked flesh. She was warm soft and beautiful, and I was a horny jizz-stained mess.

We were upon each other right there on the floor of the bridge, too horny, too angry to care. The crew stood back and watched, still transfixed by the masturbatorial spell I had weaved over them. Well, at least we'd be giving them a good show

We pressed and squeezed as we fumbled for position, hands eagerly groping flesh. Her teeth found my nipple and I groaned. Her hand worked the nape of my neck and I trembled. She stroked one finger across the back of my knee and I melted. Weak spots she had programmed into my body. She had been eager for this oh yes.

But for all her foreplay, all she was doing was buying me the time I needed. The fool! I was already as achingly wet and as horny as I could be.

Or so I thought.

Her dick slid past my slutty pink lips and it was like nothing I'd ever experienced before.

"Fuck!" I cried. It was the perfect size, the perfect shape. I was a glove around her. Every possible point of contact lit up with sensation. No, they weren't just lighting up, they were going red, overloading, broadcasting pleasure at well above safe levels.

"You like that, you bitch? A little something special just for you."

She sent commands to my body to kick it up even further, to redline me in pleasure, but she wasn't the only one who'd tweaked her firewall.

Fine, she wanted to amp things up? Just what I wanted to hear. After all the temptation I'd had to endure - the stares and the hungry looks, that orgy by the elevator that I'd had to agonizingly pull myself away from - it was about time I got to really see what this body could do!

Now I finally got to slate my thirst.

I rose off her dick in challenge, then slapped my hips back down. She let out a gasp of her own. Her heart raced. The tightness of my pussy ran both ways. I clenched down harder, taking the girl's dick like a wet vice. I was a technological marvel! Countless years of development all designed to get dicks like this off.

She twitched and grit her teeth, her breath coming away ragged. But still she bucked back. Her focus was impeccable, where was this when she was coding?

I clenched around her dick all the harder. She had the upper hand in stamina, I knew it, she could lock down her pleasure and ride it down on the back end. So why wasn't she? Of course. It was too good, wasn't it? The pleasure was too much she didn't want it to stop. It was that moment of weakness that would see me victorious.

And then we got down to brass tacks. Fucking for control of the fate of the ship. Blow exchanging by blow.

Our heated exchange intensified, bodies grinding faster, harder, dancing with machine speed and precisions. I took control and slipped her boob in my mouth, my cybernetic tongue tracing in ultrafine detail around the most sensitive patch of her nipple, but she slipped a finger up my needy ass hole and sent me screaming.

We were so damn close, neither of us backing down. I trembled around her. Each bounce of her hips sent me further up, landing me sending me deeper into the red, careening towards climax. I had to hold out a little longer. I could feel her own composure breaking in turn.

And then it all went to hell.

"No!" I tensed my whole body around hers. I needed a distraction, I needed to think about anything else. But all I had in my brain is her beauty, the sheer blissful size of hard cock.

I was overflowing. Alarm bells were ringing. We were both screaming.

And then she came, great floods of thick cybercum spraying out so good and deep within me. And like a well-trained slut I came along with her. And then down we went.

We lay panting, exhausted, for far too long. She rose shakily to her knees, struggling to get to the console.

"It's over, Robby!"

"That's what you think." I giggled as best I could. "You may have - fuck - you may have won the battle, but you've lost the war. You're too late! My code has already compiled!"

"What - no!"

"Ship? Activate patch procedure." I held up my hand and dramatically snapped my fingers.

"- On the Captain's authority, emergency cyberware firmware override activated. Patching in progress. -
"

The words were felt, not heard. Broadcast openly into the minds of every member of the ship's crew. Already I could see them responding, those few members of the bridge crew shutting down as the patch ran.

"What have you done?" Rylie scrambled fruitlessly to override her own protocols.

"I'm deleting everybody's knowledge of the patch! Now no one will know what I - wait what?"

"- Additional patching required. Rolling forward patch version.-"

Oh god I hadn't excluded myself from the update!

The error screen blazed loudly in my consciousness, I tried to dismiss it, to cancel it, but I didn't have the authority to override the captain's.

It thought it had to undo the rollback Rylie had performed, it was putting all the blocks back into place!

I had to get to the command pillar! I had to -

"- Erasing patch memories -"

No!

-

"Robi, report!"

The automatic doors opened before me, I sashayed onto the bridge, paperwork in hand. All eyes were raunchily on me.

"16 blowjobs today, captain. And twice that number in my slutty behind." I crouched down to wrap my ass around the dildo that was my seat, set just to the side of the captain's own cock-encrusted chair. "Took care of the entire fore mens' barracks."

"Well done, Slut Robbi<3cum." she buried her fingers appreciatively in my pussy. "It's good to see your numbers are back up since the upgrades." She wriggled her hips around the fat horse cock of her station.

Slave slut super-bitch Robbi<3cum. She still never used my proper title.

"What can I say captain?" I moaned in appreciation as my own seat began to buzz. "I love my job."

I redoubled my focus on the sensation between my legs. I let the wash of pleasure, letting the pleasure hide the sneer from my lips. Who did that condescending bitch think she was? One day she'd have hers, oh yes.

I let out a giggle as I pulled up my latest list of clients. If only she knew that wheels were turning. She was too drunk on her position to even realize what I'd done - that right under her nose I'd been manipulating the blowjob roster, playing the crew's horny needs for political favors. Soon it would only be a matter of time before I had her exactly where I wanted her, then we'd see who was sucking who's dick!

Ah - my system pinged with more fuck requests - but first I had some business to take care of. Ever since I had this cyberbody upgrade I've been very busy. A slut's work was never done.

It was nice to feel useful. Nice to know that my position on the hip - as ship's bitch - was so valuable. With how horny this crew was - with how big and full their heavy balls were - this ship wouldn't run without me. And it was nice that most of the crew were finally giving me the hard fucking of appreciation I deserved.

Mistress Rylie had been especially close. She'd even started asking me to double check her code, as though her coding wasn't perfect, as though I knew anything about that gobeldygook. She was an odd one, but it made sense for someone so high up above the rest of the crew.

Sometimes she would ask, in our wakeup sessions or while she was in all three of my holes at once with her cyberdongs, if I remember certain things, or outlandish hypotheticals. Usually I have no idea what she's talking about but I know it's my job to make her feel good. If she wanted me to play along, I'd humor her any day.

Frankly? I was just honored that she would even think of me. I guess she likes my recent upgrades just as much as the rest.

It was good to finally be appreciated, to be an important part of the crew.

It was good to know I had finally got my due.

The End.