



Infinity And Beyond
- A Very Horny Sci-fi Short -
By Razmagurk

"Quantum jump prep complete, ma'am," came Orson's voice on comms. "Reality matrix holding and ready."

"I'll be right up," I called out in return, trusting the computer to convey the message from here in my quarters up to the ship's bridge.

I stood before my mirror, donning my uniform. I had to look prim. I had to look proper. I twisted this way and that, inspecting my reflection from all angles. My naked torpedo tits swung freely at the motion, my fat piercings keeping my nipples suitably turgid, ready to be honked and squeezed and tugged at a moment's notice.

It's the Captain's job to lead. It's the Captain's job to inspire. A lot of that comes down to looks. To expectations. Everything had to be perfect.

I tilted my head appraisingly. The rest of my body was just as inviting as my quivering tit-meat. I adjusted the angle of my skin-tight nano-polymer microskirt to millimetre perfection, twisting my head and arching my back to see the way it presented the prodigious swell of my command-class caboose.

I frowned. Something still wasn't quite right, was it? Had I gained weight?

It was unnecessary to fret over every little detail, I know. But we'd been running in real space for a week now and I still couldn't shake the feeling that something wasn't quite right. It was a well-documented side-effect of the jumps. It was something I knew I shouldn't worry about, but I still couldn't shake it.

I gave my butt a slap to watch the way it jiggled, to test the skirt's straining material. Much of the crew considered the skirt too formal, losing theirs in soaking little piles around their work sites. I couldn't blame them. The damn thing was a constant battle to keep it in place, but it's the Captain's job to look imposing, presentable.

My greedy little pussy twinged. Maybe I wasn't getting enough dick?

Given the ongoing situation with the ship's men, I wouldn't be the first girl dangerously lacking in vitamin D. I wanted to give my gushy pussy a few fitful strokes to work the edge off, but I didn't have time for that right now. I called upon all my mental fortitude and tried to focus.

Today I'd decided to put on some jewelry, bangles jangling at my wrist and my earrings hung low. A small affectation, but I allowed myself just a hint of feminine charm. That was part of leadership too, after all. Being human.

I leaned forward and licked my ruby-red dicksucking lips before blowing a professionally sultry kiss to my reflection. Not a hair out of place.

Satisfied that I passed muster, I put on the dog-ear headband, then picked up the enormous dog-tail butt-plug off my bed-side table and slid the slick, vibrating nano-silicone fist of material into my yearning bitch-hole. My eyes rolled up into the back of my head as I gasped at the pleasure, my hyper-sensitive anal cavity squeezing against the intimidating weight of the intruder.

After a few moments of buzzing through its start-up sequence, the system came to life. My vision was overridden by the heads-up display, the plug connecting me via the ass-brain-machine interface to the ship's network.

Isn't technology amazing? I gave it a quick, firm clench, pleasure arcing through my body. As Captain mine was especially big, but I took my job seriously. I wouldn't have it any other way.

I panted, lurid nipples throbbing hard against their piercings as I checked my messages, clamping my 'Good Little Bitch' collar around my neck to show my rank. I raised my chin and gave a crisp salute - fingers spreading my pussy, other hand in a peace gesture, eyes rolled up into the back of my head.

I was the very image of professionalism. A stern figure, imposing. The kind of woman everybody turns to in a crisis. The kind of woman every girl onboard dreamed of being.

Things had gotten lax over the past few jumps, but we were approaching the end of our journey and I was going to have to finger some discipline back into the girls of this ship before we returned to civilization. And that started with me. I had to show them there was nothing I'd ask of them that I wouldn't demand of myself.

"Urgent." It was a message from Ophilia in engineering. A whole string of them. The technical specifics were beyond me, but the message was clear. "I think someone has been tampering with the reality drives. We need to talk."

Someone had been messing with the reality drives? Who would do such a thing? I idly traced a finger around my slutty engorged nipple as I considered the request. The soft wash of pleasure flushing through me as I tugged and played at my bovine-like nipple ring always helped me to think.

I had the computer set up an appointment. I'd meet with her after the jump. Ophilia was a sweet girl, but this wouldn't be the first time she'd leaped at shadows. If anything was going wrong with the drive we'd surely pick it up in the pre-jump checks, right? We'd better. We had a schedule to keep.

The door opened at my approach and I stepped into the hall beyond. Our life support did its best, but the cool recycled air was heavy with the aromatic bouquet of hot gushing pussy.

Those crew members I passed who were not completing their jump-preps (nor too busy fucking each other silly, faces buried in each other's hungry cunts), saluted as I walked past, spreading their lips in hope of inspection. I took a few of them up on their offer, finger tracing delicately along their engorged clits before driving my fingers deep into their hot squirmy slits. Their gasps and moans were all the sign I needed that everything was up to snuff.

And if I was maybe enjoying myself a little too much at the sight? If I, myself, was getting hot and short of breath? If I was flush with the pleasure of my own vibrating plug as I fingered my beautiful crew mates' drenched twats? Well, being a Captain was rewarding work sometimes. You could get so much satisfaction from a job well done.

I proceeded towards the bridge, the heels of my mag-stilettos clicking commandingly under foot.

There was a crowd gathered around the grav-shaft. Three of the maintenance crew girls were taking turns with synth-organic strap-ons to mercilessly pound into the turbocharged prostate of one of the ship's men. Well. 'Man' isn't quite the right word, is it? Not any more. She was every inch as feminine as them, though her curves were still faint and pubescent. Her clit flopped helplessly as she sang out a string of bliss-induced profanities.

The girls kept going, not letting my presence intrude on their duty, but under my watchful gaze the one fucking the girlish thing's sissy hole redoubled her efforts, clearly trying to impress me.

I grabbed the sissy by the hair and pressed her face to my drooling cunt, plucking at one of my lewd nipples as I evaluated her adroitness with her tongue. It was... insufficient. I slapped her to focus her attention, but that just sent her shivering into sissygasm as she sprayed a weak knot of watery cum all over the floor.

The smell of it was enough to turn heads, though none of the girls present were desperate enough to try to snack on such paltry offerings. Not yet anyway.

My plug vibrated angrily in my ass. I was going to be late.

I adjusted my skirt, stepped into the grav-shaft, and made my way to the quantum bridge.

"Captain on deck," chimed October.

Those not already engaged in vital pre-jump duties stood to attention, or at the very least gave a two-finger peach-sign salute. I responded by giving the assembled crew a long hard disapproving look, all part of my plan to reinstate some discipline.

The truth was, I loved my crew. I was proud of them. We'd been through so much together. They may not have been the best of the best, but they were to me. I licked my lips as I traced my eyes along their mewling soft bodies.

The crew jiggled eagerly under my gaze. Each as breathtakingly, porn-starishly hot as the last. One of the perks of living in the 26th century: bodily autonomy. Everybody had the entire suite of regulation bio-engineered upgrades available. Huge jiggly tits, for example. Small sad breasts were done away with like skin blemishes and cancer and monogamy.

Breasts. I admonished myself for the lapse in terminology. Federation communication protocols required all sexual parts of a woman's body to be referred to in raunchy, pornographic or degrading terms. Terms that really celebrated a woman's body. Heaving horny funbags. Trembling torpedo tits. Fuckable slut pillows.

I traced a finger along my own honkers. Sensitive. Horny. Anyone serious about their career had gotten the SLUTTY nerve-suite upgrade that made them call out for attention, that made their tits lonely if no one was looking and triggered tingles in their pussies the harder people gawked.

And now here on the bridge, none gawked harder than Orson.

"Ma'am?" Orson raised an eyebrow, eyes politely and respectfully drinking in the image of my fabulous fuck-melons. The sole male on the bridge, his voice was deep and as manly as that broad chest of his, to say nothing of his massive swinging dick. It sent a shudder of pleasure through me just thinking about it.

Orson was seated on the engineer's console, a fancy padded chair on a raised plinth seated centrally with a full view of everybody else in the room.

"Oh, like, right!" I let out a giggle. Girls had to act like ditzy airheads around real men. Couldn't let my inferiors think I was sexist or anything. And of course I didn't want to discriminate against the many fine brainless bimbos who served in the federation by trying to sound too smart. Most of the girls on board had taken to doing the same. I had to set an example, after all. It was hard being an inspiration "Are we ready to do the jump thingy?"

"Just about, Captain." There was an expectant raise of his other eyebrow. Orson did a lot of talking with his eyebrows. I squinted slightly, trying to figure out what was wrong. Oh. Oh of course.

I flushed in embarrassment. How could I have forgotten something so simple?

I walked up and kissed him, rubbing my heaving honkers and thick turgid nipples along his rigid masculine form as I reached down and gripped his heaving shaft with my delicate fingers. I let out a sigh of pleasure, the heady rush of protocol mingling with the girlish thrill of being so close to such a perfect specimen.

"Of course," I giggled. "How could I forget to say hello?"

"Oh good," he grinned, far too pleased with himself. "I was worried that one hadn't taken."

I didn't know what he was talking about, but didn't want to seem like I wasn't in total control, so I just shrugged it off.

After we'd gotten acquainted I went around to greet the rest of the crew, fat titties to fat titties, inspecting their eager pussies for combat readiness as my tongue danced hello.

The whole time Orson, jacking off excitedly as he watched. As the ship's sole alpha male he had a lot riding on him, or riding on his dick, as the case may be, and it was good to see him so eager even after he'd been so put upon.

Like all Federation ships, we'd set sail with an equal crew of men and women, but the long rigors of space pleasing a crew of hyper-nymphomaniac bimbo sluts had just been too much for them. They just weren't man enough.

Each jump we found that more and more of them had secretly been yearning to wear panties, and get fucked instead. We'd had no choice but to relieve them of their duties and demote them to horny fuck-machines for their own good. The medbay was crowded with wide-eyed bitches gleefully feminizing themselves.

Engineering, especially, had suffered, and now Orson had found himself field promoted from assistant jump-engineer to head of the department.

I frowned. Had that been a failing on my part? Had there been something I'd missed when I'd been looking over crew profiles all those months ago? How had I missed that behind all those so-called-male faces had been the souls of needy sluts?

Needless to say, the dick shortage had taken its toll.

My hot hungry pussy gushed as I eagerly eyed Orson's fat beautiful cock. I shook my head. I had to keep it together. I could call Captain's privilege and have him take me right here and now, but that wouldn't be fair to my crew. Luckily, was being a good sport about the issue. Not every guy would have been so gracious about us making copies of his dick so every girl in the ship could furiously fuck themselves silly while dreaming about him.

"Everything okay, Captain?"

Orson had grabbed one of the passing junior officers, Lt October, and had her furiously worshipping at his drooling shaft.

"Oh, gosh!" I giggled. "I'm totally busy thinking about your dick."

"It's okay, Captain," he smirked. "I have that effect on people. Any time, Captain, I'll show you how I really use it."

I flushed at his wink.

It sounded nice, but we had a schedule to keep.

"Maybe like, later, Stud."

I worked my way over to the command station, a small platform positioned directly in front of and lower than the raised central Engineering support chair, with a huge slathering pseudo-flesh horse cock raised up in the middle, dribbling with bio-synthetic pre-cum. My mouth watered at the sight, my bio-engineered fuck-meat getting wet and slick and ready to be filled as I drank in the smell of it.

I pulled the plug from my ass, setting the vibrating thing aside in its convenient sanitizing plug-holder. I always felt so strange without it, at the momentary disconnect from the network. Then I squat down on the command dildo, my body shaking helplessly as I endured the overwhelming pleasure of the ass-brain-machine interface taking hold of my somatic feedback channels. My eyes curved up into the back of my head, feeling my tongue lolling and hips bucking as I focused on controlling it.

As Captain, it was my duty to set a good example and take all the biggest dicks, and the bandwidth required for the command console meant it had to fill every inch of me.

I looked up at Orson. He had a far-too-satisfied expression on his face. I'm sure it was quite the sight: his tall leather chair afforded him a suitable view of the whole bridge and an especially good view of me, squatted over as I was on this floor-height dildo, bouncing up and down as I modulated the pleasure and sensation and data. I hope he wasn't embarrassed by how much nicer my command station was. But then again, he needed that elevation to get a proper Engineering perspective of the entire bridge crew.

Honestly, I felt bad for him. Poor Orson couldn't work the dildo controls at his station, not that it stopped him. He was in the middle of a big burst of data transmission as he blasted a rope of cum down past October's well-stuffed throat.

"Status, Studmaster Orson?"

He snorted. I guess he still wasn't used to his new title. "All systems green, Captain."

"I like, heard someone may have been tampering with the drive. You haven't seen any evidence of that, have you, Stud?"

"T-tampering!?" His eyes went wide and he gulped hotly. (Not that there was anything about him that wasn't hot.) "T-to what end?"

"Mmm..." I arched my back in contemplation. "A good question. Weren't you like, theorizing at the start of this tour that if the drive safeties were disengaged, someone could use them to like... change things?"

"Ch-change things?" He was completely red now. I guess October's blowjob was a lot more intense than usual. "Captain. Come on, don't you think you would have noticed?"

"Hmm..." I squinted at him, then took a look around the room at my hyper-sexual command crew fucking themselves silly to pilot the ship. Had there been anything strange I'd seen lately? What could I speak too, besides my own jump-induced paranoia?

Come to think of it, the food fabricator had been having a hard time making the cum-flavoring in my coffee taste right, recently. But there was no way that was all some big conspiracy, surely?

"Is my ship safe to jump, Stud?"

"Oh yes!" he grinned as he used October's regulation-length pigtails to bounce her head up and down his beautiful cock. "Everything is going exactly as planned."

"Good. All stations," I held up a hand to tell the computer to transmit my words across the ship. "Prepare for jump."

I pictured them running around, coupling up. Jump was mostly safe, but it was best to hold onto something and most of the crew preferred to hold onto each other.

"This is going to be a good one." Orson smirked.

Any jump you can walk away from.

"Jump ready ma'am!" October confirmed as she seated herself more firmly on Orson's big fat cockhead, in readiness for the jump.

"Engage!" I moaned, the command echoing through the system so hard it sent me shivering into orgasm.

Everything froze.

There was a lurch like a moment stretched out over what seemed like minutes or hours, a silent stillness as time folded in on itself several time over, before snapping back into place. From the exterior it was as though the ship had flickered, then jittered, seemingly in many places all at once like some kind of computer error manifested, then it was simply gone.

I let out a breath and gave my head a shake. The familiar feeling that something was quite right loomed larger than ever, but nothing I could pin point was out of place.

"Jump successful, Captain," Ori reported. "Minimal drift from projected reality and spatial coordinates. Welcome to DI17-69. Next jump ready in one-hundred hours."

"Thank you, Nav, keep me posted."

"Actually Captain, belay that." She bounced up and down on her station's dildo to confirm. "Jump drive isn't spinning down. Some kind of interference in the engine room."

Well shit.

"Orson? Do you know anything about this? Orson?"

But Orson was too busy looking down aghast at her tits.

"Bitchprincess Orson?"

"Oh, fuck~!" she moaned after easing herself off October and Ori's fat futa cocks from both ends. An intricate chains of data protocols and slobber dribbled down her chin and onto her massive jugs.

But she wasn't paying attention to any of the data. Her eyes were wide, panicked. She twisted as though trying to get away, struggling to lift herself high enough to get up off the engineer console's draconian data-dildo.

"What is happening!?" she shrieked, and only half in orgasm. "Why do you have a fat hunky cock!? Why do I have big jiggly tits!? Oh no - oh god!" Somewhere inside her there was a look of terrified realization.

"Orson?" I went to her and put a hand on her shoulder. "Get it together, woman."

"This isn't supposed to be happening!" she shrieked. As though she hadn't been the one to suggest we solve our dick crisis by having the girls draw straws to see who would have to undertake the solemn duty of the F.U.T.A. aug.

"I'm a guy! I shouldn't want fat dicks in my creamy girl-pussy." She clamped her hands over her mouth. "But - oh shit, oh shit." She was still riding the wave of pleasure, still struggling under its heady currents. "But -shit! This is so fucking good. No, no!"

She finally managed to wiggle off her console's powerful dildo, October and Ori stepping away to give her space, their engorged girl-cocks dribbling disappointedly at her sudden abandonment, but it didn't take long before another girl stepped up to finish the job.

Orson made a run for the grav-shaft door, tripping over her mag-stilettos and spilling over her own bouncing titties. She groaned raunchily as she grabbed what she could of her bust in her hands. Was it grav sickness? Some side effect of the jump? She looked like she'd never seen her own whorish round tits before.

“Captain?” October raised an eyebrow.

“Like, you girls finish post-jump, but page medbay and get them prepped. I’ll go make sure she’s alright.”

I fumbled to reinsert my data plug, struggling to stay steady with each blissful step as it booted up, then began to give chase. The plug was telling me she’d taken the grav-chute to Engineering and I was right behind her.

I was losing my patience. In my haste I was racing past sissies and girls alike getting dicked down at their stations, rushing past them without stopping to inspect their gaping holes and service their dicks like the gracious blowjob officer I was. It was a complete break of protocol, but I had to hurry.

What had gotten into Orson? Or out of? Was this what not-enough dick did to a girl? Had she been skimping on her masturbation?

I burst into Engineering. The ship’s quantum drive housing loomed large and cold. Red lights were flashing and girls were running around from dildo to dildo, trying to contain the damage.

“We have a problem Captain!” one cried, clutching her tits to her chest as she fell to her knees to take two consoles at once.

She was telling me!

But as I worked my way into the drive control room, I don’t think anything could have prepared me for the sight I saw.

The room was split by a bulkhead door, Orson on the near side pounding at the transparent-aluminum glass. But as I Looked through the window it was... strange. There was a shimmering rippling quality to the air, like somewhere in the middle of that bulkhead was a surface of water oriented at 90 degrees to local gravity. But the real strangeness was the view beyond.

Standing there, one hand clutched to her head, eyes wide in shock as I ran in, was a girl. At least I thought it was a girl, it was hard to tell under the jumble of strange prudish clothing.

Hold on a sec, that was Ophilia, wasn’t it? The junior engineer. She’d been the one messaging me about someone tampering with the drive.

She’d always been such a sweet girl. We’d picked her up as a replacement at Gideon’s Forge. It was her first tour. She’d been so excited to be aboard a J-class vessel. Always so eager to please, and with a tongue that just wouldn’t quit.

But everything about her was wrong. This wasn’t the same girl I knew. She was... *warped*. Plump. With small, practically non-existent breasts. Like all her body fat had gone to all the wrong places. Compared to the smouldering features I was familiar with, she was monstrous. There was something else about her too, almost malnourished, like this was a girl who was not getting her daily rations of vitamin dick.

Most alarmingly though, she had a gun.

The control room she was in was strange and alien. Too many buttons and dials and switches. No dildonic interfaces at all. It was like looking at something out of classic sci fi from before the sexual revolution.

“What is going on here?” I demanded.

Orson hesitated before the rigid shaft of the door’s retro style control console, a strange tableau of trepidation and temptation on her face. She reached out a finger to touch it, like she’d never used one before and was terrified of what would happen if she did.

There was a strange warmth and a keening whine in the air as the nearby engine refused to unspool.

“Captain!?” Ophilia squinted, as though she was unsure of who I was. As though anyone else would be wearing this uniform. Her voice was muffled as the ship’s systems communicated it from her side of the bulkhead to ours, but the fear was unmistakable.

“Ophilia!” I tried to be stern, authoritative. I dropped my usual command-bimbo act and tried to modulate my voice towards ‘dommy mommy’, just like they teach in command school. “What are you doing? Are you crazy? Firearms in the engine room?”

“Stay back!” she yelled. “Don’t try to come in!”

“Security?” I paged. “We have trouble in Engineering. Send a team of your sluttiest marines.”

“Captain, no!” Orson had her hands up. “Don’t you see? She’s using the drive to generate a tiny bubble of bespoke spacetime. Anyone you send in there will get caught up in it too. Hell, the transition alone could be like... totally bad and stuff!” She slapped a hand over her shocked mouth.

Orson did always have a way with technobabble.

“That’s right!” Ophilia called. “This whole situation is unstable. I swear, I didn’t intend for this to happen! I was just trying to get to the bottom of things.”

“Ophilia, this is crazy. Stop this at once.”

“I’m not crazy! You’re all the crazy ones! Look at you.” She gestured broadly to me and Orson. “You see what he’s done to you? He’s turned the whole ship into a porn set and no one’s even noticed!”

What was she talking about?

“Captain,” Orson’s face was flushed. “I can explain!”

“I think I see what’s happening here.” I took a breath and traced a finger around my horny, aching nipples. My boobs weren’t getting enough attention and it was making it hard to think.

“Captain, please.” Orson held up her hands in surrender.

"Look, I think it's pretty obvious that this is all some kind of like, jump error. There's no one to blame here. A rough patch of transition not clearing and now we've got bleed-over with the neighboring quantum whatever, right?"

"Yes!" Orson leapt on that like it was the last dick at closing time. "Exactly!"

"Captain, no! It's him. He's been tampering with the matrix. He disabled the safeties and he's been tampering with the quantum destinations. With each jump we've been falling further and further away from baseline. Look at you!" She flushed as her gaze only just barely took in my full imposing figure. "You look like something out of a teenage boy's horniest fantasies."

I felt my cheeks redden. Compliments were going to get her nowhere. I had to settle this. There was still time before Security got here.

"Look at us? Look at you. Ophelia you're a mess. You're huddled under a hundred layers of clothing. Your body looks like you've never even got the most basic hourglass gene fixes. I don't know what baseline you think you're talking about, but there's no way such a repressed reality can be healthy. Put the gun down. Shut down the field. We can help you."

"No! I won't! You don't see it, do you? This is all normal to you somehow. But look -" she held up a weird sheet of flexy material "Look, I've found evidence of his tampering. I didn't realize how bad it really was! I jury rigged the system to try to turn me back to the reality coordinates of our earliest jumps. I didn't realize it was going to struggle so much! "

"Of course it would!" Orson cried. "You tried to make you different from everybody else? Of course it's going to struggle. You don't fit."

"This can't be right." I shook my head. "There has to be some kind of error in the programming. I remember when we left and you did not look like that. Come on, where's that girl who was so eager to prove herself that she spent her whole first night with her tongue in my slutty gushing cunt?"

"C-Captain! That's what I'm telling you! It never happened. This is all a lie. And he did this. He was the only one who could do this!"

"He?"

"So I made sure when next we jumped, he'd get everything that was coming to him. I turned him into just as big a slut as everybody else!"

"You - you bitch!" Orson banged feebly on the bulkhead door.

"Orson?"

"C-Captain, that's ridiculous." Her voice hitched, unsteady. Her hands slid nervously along her lascivious flesh. "I mean, I was a guy, yes. Am! Am a guy. Even though I have this fat fuckpuppet body and these great horny tits and a body that just... mmm..." she couldn't help but run her hands over herself, losing herself in the pleasure.

I plucked at my greedy nipples as I considered the situation. I couldn't deny Ophilia's logic. Who else would have access to this? The senior engineer would normally keep an eye on this sort of thing, but he was the first to go sissy and now spent too much time getting passed around the mess hall. Given that female seniority is based on boob size, Orson had shot up the ranks in his absence.

"He's warped everything!" Ophilia exposit. "Turned everybody into... into *sluts*!" She struggled to even say the word. "I was reviewing the jump histories. All the little changes. I couldn't believe it. Tiny things adding up. But he's not the only one with access to the jump coordinate input. I had to fix it! And if I got a little bit of payback along the way, well..."

Orson? A guy? I tried to picture it. Those vibrant green eyes. That sinful face and those fat dick sucking lips. They'd look so out of place on a man. Orson was one of my horniest and best officers, and even when you stripped away that professional exterior, this was the girl obsessed with bunnies and rainbows and dicks. Always first in the cuddle pile. Always so eager to help a fellow girl out.

"Turnabout is fair play, motherfucker," Ophilia scowled at her.

"Orson is this true?"

"What? Are you really going to believe her?"

I raised an eyebrow. I put my hands on my hips and jiggled my expansive slut-melons in her direction to show her I did indeed mean business.

"Look." She gulped. "I can explain. Everyone on board was just so uptight. I realized what I could rig the engine to do but no one believed me, so I adjusted things a bit to show I could do it, and well, one thing led to another..." She twiddled her two fingers before her expansive chest. "And I may have been kinda horny when I made the decisions and everything just kept getting sluttier and sluttier from there."

My god.

I took a breath. She'd changed the ship. She'd changed the crew. I should have been furious, but how could I be? She'd made us horny cock-sucking bimbos? Good for her. Isn't that what we all aspired to? "*Ad astra per sexus*" was the Federation's whole motto: To boldly fuck where no one's fucked before.

I pinched and fondled my lurid udders in concentration. She'd made us align with our highest virtues and I was supposed to act like that was a crime?

"Captain, please!" Ophilia continued. "I know this is hard to believe, but if you really are the Captain I know, even some tarted-up version of her, I know I can get through to you. You have to fix this. Look. Look at how we used to be." She pressed the strange slate in her hand and a data transmission vibrated in my ass. I rolled my tongue out to pull it up in my HUD.

"What's this?"

"Data projections from the computer's sims. This is what the crew should look like."

I cycled through the crew profiles in front of me. It was a struggle, none of the headshots even showed boob or dick size. How else were you supposed to quickly identify people or rank?

And then I froze in horror as I saw my own. It was only barely me. My face was worn and wrinkly, with strange lines along it, my hair dead and lifeless, up in a bun. My lips were thin and unsexy. Who would want to put a cock near those?

Who would want to kiss lips like that?

I shuddered, and not in pleasure.

"This is... this is..." I adjusted the hem of my skirt. "If this data's correct...."

"Yes?" she perked up. "You see! We have to turn back. This isn't how things are supposed to be!"

"Ophilia, this is horrifying." Had we all been like that? Little more than animals? This had to be some kind of bleed or data error. What was I going to do? Tell my crew that the next time they jumped they were going to look like that? That sex was off the menu? Look how fucking hot we were. I wasn't going to deny the crew that. They'd mutiny for sure.

"Please, Captain. I thought for sure you of all people..." There were tears welling in her eyes.

"Look. We can sort this out later. We can get to the bottom of this. Ophilia, drop the field. We don't know how much stress it's putting the ship under."

"But I'll become like you!"

"What's wrong with that?" I put a hand on my hip, my torpedo tits bouncing and swaying from the well practised motion. "We're trying to help you! Come on, let's get you out of there."

"No! Stay back!" She held her hand over a big, red, dramatically placed button. "Stay back or I'll overload the system. I'll override all the jump data!"

"We'll be stranded!" Orson gasped.

"We'll have no choice but to wait for a rescue. But at least we'd be in the right quantum coordinates."

So not only would we be trapped and at the mercy of local traffic, we'd be stuck the whole time in some kind of dark sexless mirror world?

What could I do? I had to consider the safety of the ship. Security would be here soon, but could I have them get through the door in time? Could I get Orson to hack the door console? Give it a few key licks? But no, she was in a sorry enough state as she was.

Besides. I frowned, that wouldn't be fair to Ophilia, would it? She was alone. Scared. Some Captains might go firing off half cocked at the first sign of trouble. I preferred a more personal approach.

“Ophilia... listen to me.... I know you’re scared. But this is isn’t the way. You can’t force my hand like this. I know we may seem strange, but it’s still me. I just want what’s best for the ship, for the crew. I’m still your Captain. Deactivate the bubble. Let me do what’s right.”

She whimpered. Struggling with the decision. But she held firm.

“I’m sorry! But you’re not *my* Captain. You’re like some ridiculous slutty doppelganger. And god, that just makes it so hard.”

“I’m still me, Ophilia. I’m some other version, yes, but I’m still me. It’s not so bad as you think. You come from a world repressed, but you’re still the girl I know. Look at me.”

Ophilia had always been so loyal, so soft lipped and good with her tongue. (Not to mention that thing she could do with her pinkie!) This Ophilia was bitter and cold and kept looking me in the eyes instead of my honking titties like was polite. Hell, she seemed intent on looking anywhere but at my body. How rude! But her eyes kept drifting down to my chest. She was trying.

And when she did – she flushed through the face. Began breathing hard. There was the girl I knew. Ophilia always did love my sweet pussy. Now seemed like no exception.

Wait, that was it.

The Ophilia I knew was still down there, deep down. I just had to get to her out.

“Bitchprincess Orson?”

“C-Captain?” she mewled.

“I have a plan.”

I pulled Orson up, spinning her around so our bodies were pressed together, careful to position things so Ophilia would get the best view.

“W-what are you doing?”

“I’m showing her the rightness of our way of life.” I shoved one of Orson’s huge honkers into my mouth and began to suck. She shrieked in desire and went weak at the knees. I brought my lips further along her body. I’d be a poor Captain if I didn’t know my crew’s every little weak spot, and soon Orson was left gasping for breath.

“W-what’s happening out there?” Ophilia balked.

From behind her, I pressed Orson against the glass, her juicy jugs forming perfect circles, my fingers dancing cursorily around her gushing cunt.

“S-stop that!” Ophilia was red of face. “I told you, I’m not a slut! I’m not!”

"Listen, Ophilia, I know you. Things may seem bleak. Things may seem strange right now. But I know as well that you're a person who cares about the truth. You're a good person who just wants the best for everybody. That's the Ophilia I know anyway. No one else licks pussy quite like you."

I grabbed an interface dildo off a nearby console. It may have been a hyper-futuristic man-machine interface, but it could still be used as a sex toy in a pinch.

She opened her mouth as if to say something, but no words came to her lips, it was like she was being haunted by the vision before her.

"You say we've been turned into monsters, let me show you we're not. Let me prove the rightness of our cause." I ran my dildo up Orson's hot trembling pussy like a bow across a violin. Her mewling cries turned into a needy song. I plunged the slick shaft deep into her empty, yearning ass hole.

"Mmph!" Her eyes rolled up into the back of her head, her tongue lolling in a way that had nothing to do with data.

Ophilia gulped. She was breathing fast.

I grabbed my Bitchprincess by the hair and kept my eyes locked on Ophilia's as I brought my tongue to Orson's. We were, well, kissing isn't the right word. Not that there wasn't tenderness, but just that there was so much more on top of it. We began frantically making out, my hands playing sensuously across her body.

Ophilia's jaw dropped. There it was, that hint of recognition. My raging cunt surged. There was the girl I knew. She was still in there, and I was going to get her back!

"You see Ophilia? How easy the pleasure is? How good it feels to work together for a united purpose? You're holding back, repressed. But you don't have to be. Think of the world you're turning down.

"Ready Orson?"

"C-captain you can't! Orson cried. "Please no! I'm a guy, I'm a guy! I don't want to have my slutty whore-pussy fingered until I scream. I don't want you to make a woman out of me with your long firm fingers. I don't want to spend the rest of my life dreaming about getting my hungry aching pussy stuffed at every opportunity!"

I stumbled, but what could I do but oblige?

No sooner had I pulled my fingers away however, no sooner had I left her eager pussy drooling like a lonely fountain, than she started to sing a different tune.

"Oh, fuck!" she whimpered at the sudden emptiness. "Nevermind. I want it so bad. I shouldn't want this, but I do. Don't stop! More! More!" she cried. "Fuck me senseless!"

"Good job, Bitchprincess," I whispered as I nibbled professionally on her ear. "Keep it up"

I put my skilful fingers to work, adroitly manipulating all the many G-spot clusters bio-engineered into the crew, using the fat dildo in her plump ass for additional pressure, going deeper, fuller. Normally it would just be polite for her to return the favor, but a Captain's first duty was to her crew.

Don't get me wrong. I was going to have the girls fuck me silly later thinking about that moment, but right this moment I had more important things to worry about than my own pleasure. A Captain's greatest duty is the well-being of her crew. Sometimes that meant going to bat, listening to their concerns, other times it meant having them up against a glass wall with a hand buried in their needy cunts.

Still, that didn't stop me from enjoying myself along the way. It would be disrespectful not to, wouldn't it? My fingers traced along the erupting volcano of my own gushing twat, my ass squeezing around the plug in my fat perfect ass, my fingers pinching and plucking my fat trembling titties.

Ophilia let out a soft gasp. Orson was melting around my hand.

"You see the way her body is responding?" Hers wasn't the only body responding. "You can't tell me there isn't something inside of you that yearns for it. What is the human soul if not horny?"

She bit her lip. I'd almost gotten through to her. I redoubled my efforts. I signalled the dildo in Orson's ass to start pulsing, vibrating, and amped up my own for good measure. Orson was drooling. I just needed her to hold on a little while longer.

"Tell her, Orson."

"Huh?"

"How does it feel?"

"Oh fuck! Oh fuck! It feels so.. Sooo...." Her pleasure was like a sneeze building, she was losing control. "So goooood!"

"What are you?"

"I'm a girl! I'm a slutty horny bitch with slutty tits and a hair-trigger pussy."

"Good!"

"And it's so-!" she rocked back with her hips with each word. "Fucking! Gooooood!!"

Orson exploded girl-cum all over my hand, all over the floor. I eagerly slid down to lick it all up.

This was just the first of many more to come, we'd stay here all day if we had to!

"Enough!" Ophilia whimpered. Her voice was hitched. Horny. Familiar.

She had a hand down her pants. She was masturbating at the sight of us. We'd done it!

“So you’re saying that if I let this go? If I give into the sluttiness, then I can get fucked senseless by a hypersexual version of the Captain I’ve had a crush on since I came on board?”

She had a crush on me?

“Oh, fuck!” Orson mewled, still lost in her own little world. “Yes! Yes!”

“And that,” Ophilia continued, voice growing heavier, hornier with each word. “That not only will there be an entire ship full of super sexy porno babes ready and willing to get it on, but that I’ll be one of them too? Beautiful, perfect. I won’t be some shy token lesbian, I’ll be confident and sexy?”

I pursed my lips. It was sad to think how much this other version of her had been missing out. Had life really been so cruel in that other universe?

“Yes, Ophilia. Open yourself to sexual freedom. That’s it. Give yourself to the slutty side.”

She let out a hot sigh.

“Maybe it isn’t so bad... I’ll shut off the engine. I’ll close the bubble. But Captain? She gave me as genuine a look as I think I’d ever received. “Do you promise you’ll look into this? Get to the bottom of what really happened here. A smoking hot world, but if it’s not the real one, do you promise you’ll try to fix this?”

I took a breath. That was the question wasn’t it? As Captain the responsibility fell on me.

“We rendezvous with Sapphos Base in three months.” I bounced my fat jugs as I nodded. “Their engineers will be able to get the bottom of this, one way or another. And mmm... and if their reputation is to be believed, that won’t be the only bottoms they’ll get to...”

“Well,” Ophilia sighed again. “At least if I’m going to hell, I’ll do so with fantastic tits.”

She stood up and gave a strange motion, putting her hand to her forehead in some crude parody of a salute.

Then she put the gun down and pressed a button. Without even requiring so much as a hand job, the distortion field shuddered as the reality warp despoiled.

And when we looked back up, Ophilia was herself again. Her bust may have been modest by the ship’s standards, but her huge heaving hooters were unmistakable.

She eyed her fat jugs appreciatively, then licked her ruby red lips. They curled into a hungry grin as she professionally fondled and teased her body, checking every inch of herself in case some bit of her might not have been back to normal.

“Captain?” she said, looking respectfully at my tits. The attention set them aching. Her eyes were big and teary.

“It’s okay.” I held open my arms. “You’ve been through a lot.”

She unlocked the bulkhead, tears dripping down her face, but more importantly, juice waterfalling from her eager cunt.

“Captain I’m so sorry!” She ran to me and I caught her in a hug, burying her face in my mountainous fuckpillows. I stroked her soft hair with one hand and played with her ass to calm her. “Shh. it’ll all be okay.”

Security arrived shortly after, but I told them to stand down. I’d need to give them all a spanking later for taking so long.

“And as for you...” I turned my sights to the quivering body of Orson.

“I won’t tamper with our systems any more.” She was panting, out of breath, her hands held up in surrender. “I’ve learned my lesson, I swear.”

“I’ll see to it you don’t. Don’t think you’re getting out of this without some kind of punishment.”

She whimpered.

“And you’re going to show me exactly how you did all this.”

“Actually Captain,” she twiddled her fingers together. “There’s one last change I was hoping to make first.”

“What’s that? You want to make yourself male again? God knows we could use all the dicks we can get.”

“Uh, actually Captain, I’m with Ophilia. I had no idea getting my creamy pussy pounded could possibly feel so damn good. I like it. I love it. I don’t think I could go back to being a guy again, not after this. Please Captain, let me use the engine to give myself an even sluttier cunt. Let’s crank it up to eleven. I want the whole ship fucking me silly all the time!”

I raised an eyebrow.

I had a vision of Orson slung up in a zero-g fuckswing on the bridge, the rest of the crew delivering their reports straight to any hole available, just dumping data-rich cum out onto her slutty body and fat knockers.

I considered the request. Being Captain did have it’s perks.

“I like the way you think, Orson. Make it so.”

And in the meantime...

I stood up, catching my reflection in the bulkhead glass, and adjusted my skirt. Looking good was a Captain’s duty, after all. I had to set an example, no matter how strange things got.

“Captain?” came October’s voice over comms. “We’ve got an alien vessel on sensors. They’re identifying themselves as ambassadors from Tentacle-Moon 7. They want to send a party over to parlay.”

“I’ll be right up!”

A Captain’s work is never done.

The End.