

24th Century Booty

All Characters appearing in this work are © Sexyfur.com, and are used with permission. This work is reprinted with written permission from Sexyfur.com.

Reese gently steered her ship towards the airlock. Reese's cyborg body was smooth and exact. Each movement was perfect, and her ship began to glide in with a direct and straight descent. A smooth voice came over the radio. "You're back early, Reese," said an electronic voice. Vaguely masculine, it was quite familiar to Reese.

"You underestimate my skill, Unit Q," said Reese. Unit Q was her primary employer, the founder and owner of the Q Corporation, the most successful robots-only corporation in the solar system. The Q Corporation was renowned for it's ability to develop useful and advanced technologies, but like all major corporations, it had a dark side. A dark side that Reese helped to keep under control.

"How did you manage to avoid the Unit #6425 Military Robots?" said Unit Q. His voice was vaguely curious, but still decidedly robotic and disinterested.

"I didn't," said Reese. "You know as well as I do that they were programmed to attack organic targets. I'm only partly organic, as such it was at a loss as to whose 'side' I was on. Were it not for those converted mining robots I came across later, I'd almost take that hazard pay you included as an insult." Reese brushed her long green hair out of her eyes as she made her final approach, her sleek spaceship shuddering slightly as it settled into the gravity locks. Reese's body was slick and smooth, a mixture of pleasurable curves and deadly force. Reese was both a killer and a thing of beauty, like any fine weapon.

Reese had originally been created to serve as both bodyguard and courtesan, though ever since her creator died of old age she had been employed more in the former than the latter. Still, though her fighting skills were honed, she still bore the winged heart pierced by a sword that was the symbol of her former master, and her body was still attuned to his desires. Her breasts were large but firm, capped by delicate pink nipples. Her ample hips complemented a firm ass, and her small waist completed her hourglass figure. Her rabbit ears and lapine face were not the typical fare of a concubine cyborg, but her creator always had been a bit of an eccentric. Still, her rabbit tail and soft khaki fur complemented her fur as much as her tight mesh top or the gloves and thigh-high boots which matched her hair.

As the airlock chamber pressurized, Reese slowly walked towards it, her heels clacking gently on the cold metal floor of her personal spacecraft. Her tight clothes stretched a bit under her movements, though had there been anyone to watch they would have no doubt been entranced by the swaying of her hips or the way her sex could clearly be seen beneath the green fabric of her thong. Though she wore shoulder pads, at first her outfit did not look like it was built for war, but those who were foolish enough to think she couldn't fight

while dressed in such a manner had no idea who they were dealing with.

"Unit 4NY4, ID Code 6G52K79F46Q32, Codename Reese, Confirmed," said the soft, vaguely feminine computer voice. "Mission complete confirmed. Credit transfer confirmed. The Q Corporation thanks you for your service." Reese nodded to the panel which depicted a friendly but clearly synthetic receptionist as she entered the airlock. Air was actually something of a rarity on this station, 90% of the station was intended for robots only and therefore only marginally pressurized. Organic and cyborkinetic beings were somewhat restricted in places they could go, but Reese didn't care. She was only here for one thing anyway, and she knew precisely where it was. The station was typical of most robotic designs, a straight and simple network of Spartan design and proportions. Anything that was not needed was not provided, and though an effort had been made to be accommodating to organic beings, the cool air and blank, featureless walls were not exactly comforting. There were no smells, no sights beyond the lights and metal walls, and no sound except the whir of the wheels of various maintenance robots which flitted up and down the hall like giant insects.

Still, the hallways were simple and direct, and even if Reese had not been familiar with the station, she would have easily found her way. She had always admired how quiet and subtle the giant robotic facility was in directing her to where she wanted to go, and how the small maintenance robots which made their way up and down the hall made an effort to try to be polite as she passed. Reese was the only organic freelancer permitted entry to Unit Q's station, and as such his many robotic underlings showed her great deference and respect.

As Reese walked down the hallway towards the center of the facility, she was greeted by a hologram, a primitive yet detached head which kept in the peripheral of her vision yet seemed insistent on being seen. It was a simple yet friendly looking apparition anointed with a slight smile, although it would have been ghostly and unsettling had Reese not already been so familiar with it. "Hello Unit Q," said Reese. "What brings you by? It's not like you normally visit me in person after a mission."

"Your handling of the mission was exceptional," said Unit Q. His voice, if indeed his computer generated existence could be considered to have a gender, was firm yet unaccented. It had the politeness and confidence of his Japanese originators, though they had passed on centuries ago. Though Reese knew that the true Unit Q was a massive supercomputer located in the center of this space station, the face in front of her certainly seemed to "feel" more like him. Reese was glad that he had given her something to talk to instead of simply shouting from the walls or whispering over her radio. "The target was attempting to convert peaceful mining robots into war machines that did not discriminate between organic and electronic beings and had sympathy for neither. Such war machines are dangerous, as you found out when you defeated them, and the fact that

you were able to fight through them to destroy your target merits extra rewards. I'm certain you noticed the bonus in your fee."

"I did, and I intend to spend it immediately," said Reese. "And you know very well what I'd like."

"Ahh yes, well, the Organic Recreational Device located on this station hasn't been moved," said Unit Q. "While it has been some time since an organic being like yourself has been permitted to visit my station, I assure you it has been kept in the finest of order. In fact, I have purchased certain upgrades which I am certain you will find most enjoyable."

"I was wondering why it cost twice as much as last time," said Reese, chuckling. "It better be worth it, you know how much weight my reviews carry in the online rankings."

"I assure you, though you will be the first to try it since it's upgrade, you will most certainly like it," said Unit Q. "You know the lengths I go to in order to keep my favorite freelancer happy. Especially when she is testing out my latest product line."

"There are times you make me wish I had a heart to love you with," said Reese. "At least your cold silicon brain knows what a girl wants..."

Reese stashed her weapons at the door and walked into the dimly lit room, and then sat herself down in what was, at first glance, a mostly simple chair, though the machinery installed on its underside was considerable. She cooed as the warm synthetic material caressed her back and ass. She closed her eyes and gripped two handles that emerged from beneath the chair and took their place at her sides. Her fingerless gloves gave them a firm grip, and she knew she'd need to hold on tight for what happened next. Small robotic extensions, looking more like strings than tentacles, gently unclasped and removed parts of her outfit, exposing her sex and nipples. They then began to gently caress her and smear her with a warm, soothing lubricant, making Reese twitch and pant.

The soft, gentle prelude of these strands was very much just the beginning though, and as a massive, soft, segmented shaft teased at Reese's sex, she knew what was coming. She tilted her head back as the head of the artificial cock pressed against her slit, panting as it began to teasingly work it's way into her. It was a gigantic, powerful thing and as she looked down at it she was thrilled to see it's impressive length and girth. Unit Q had certainly arranged for some powerful upgrades with Reese's proclivities in mind, and she was eager to try them out.

Another smaller but no less powerful shaft began to lube up and probe her tailhole, and it was mere moments before both of them were gently pistoning back and forth inside her. They were taking things slowly, but their size and force pushed hard on Reese and she found herself glad to have the use of the handles on her sides. Her

cybernetic body was strong, but there was something to be said for relaxing and letting the ride take it where it may. The handles were comforting anchor points which she also found could be used to gently steer and direct the shafts pounding away at her, though they seemed to know what she wanted them to do even before she did. Still, the ability to bring about a whole new wave of sensation and thrusting with the mere twist of a handle or push of a button provided a welcome and empowering sense of control. Though she was getting fucked from all directions at once by a giant machine, she was nonetheless in charge here.

The probing of the robotic shafts was unlike anything she had ever felt. They were warm and insistent yet cool and gentle, feeling and probing and teasing her better than any she had ever felt before, whether living or machine. They bucked and twisted and twitched inside her, filling her with arousal and pleasure that lanced up and down her body with surprising power and electricity.

With little warning, another such robotic length descended from the ceiling, gently tapping at her lips. She looked at it, smirking as it dribbled sweet juices onto her lips, and then opened her mouth wide. Her tongue gently twisted around and around the shaft, which responded to her affection even though it was incapable of sensing pleasure. It gently drove itself into her mouth, filling her with a warm, juicy sensation that wafted sweet smells into her nose. She instantly recognized the pheromones, and their intoxicating effect, and though her arousal and libido were quite ascendant they somehow rose even higher under the effect of the chemicals.

Sensing that Reese was close to her orgasm, the machine grew more and more insistent, the shafts within her ass and pussy picking up the pace and thrusting deeper and harder. She found it difficult to maintain her position in the chair as she was assaulted with deep pleasure from all sides, and from most of her senses. Her mouth was filling up with sweet, fragrant juices that dribbled out her mouth and down her chin, and she knew that her parts down below were likewise dribbling with liquid, although much of that was her own.

When she climaxed it was a slow, rising tide that took her over body and soul, waves of pleasure racing up and down her body from the tips of her ears to the fluff of her tail. She writhed, gasping and gulping down the juice in her mouth and arching her back as the shafts in her emptied their artificial loads. She panted as the shafts slowly retracted, their juices coating her groin, chest and chin. Reese licked and slurped at what artificial semen landed on her face and cheeks, and she found it to taste delightful. The liquid was both salty and sweet, both bitter and fruity, like some sort of exotic mixed drink. She panted, grinning and feeling quite content.

"Well, that was certainly much better than before," said Reese, "But twice the price? I think I got ripped off." As if in reply to her statement, eight long, tentacle-like robotic arms with glans-shaped tips emerged from the walls, each one coated in a soft, brightly colored rubber that shone brightly in the white light of the

room. Reese grinned, backing off her statement a bit at the array of robotic shafts pointed at her. "Hey, I said it was good! No need to get testy!"

The shafts leaped out at her from all sides, lifting her suddenly high into the air and caressing her from all directions at once. It was as though the gravity had been shut off, as she seemed to be buoyed up by the swirling, twisting array of tentacles. They swirled around her, above and below, caressing her nipples, ass and pussy as they whizzed around her. She was still quite sensitive from her recent orgasm, and as the tentacles whizzed around they filled the air with pheromones as much as they filled her body with soft, probing caresses.

Once they had lifted her up near the ceiling they began to slowly work her over, gently wrapping around her arms and legs as they held her up and guided her into position. Spreading her gently they teased at her dripping holes and then began to plunge into her, their lengths filled with power and aggression that vastly outpaced those simpler shafts that had been in the chair. Had she not been so experienced she would have easily been overdone, but as it was she was loving every minute of it. The shafts did not piston so much as they twisted and worked her, teasing and touching her inside and out.

Reese couldn't believe how good it felt. These tentacles were warm and wet yet powerful and firm, teasing her nipples and clit as much as they pounded her holes. The tentacle shafts pounded her deeply as they "forced" her to submit to their assault, fucking her from every angle at once. Her body was awash in pleasure, and it was all she could do to maintain control, much less withhold orgasm.

Her second climax of the day was more powerful, punching her hard and making her body shake and shudder with force. The tentacles kept her aloft as she shuddered and shook, making her cry out as she writhed around in midair. Her juice sprayed this way and that, and as the tentacles laid her back down in the chair she was still twitching. It was quite some time before she could manage to regain her composure, and when she did she let out a deep, relaxed sigh. Taking this as the signal that she was done, small arms raised themselves out of the machine and began to gently clean her, removing the spooge and other juices that were soaking Reese's fur.

"I charged twice because there were two halves," said the voice of Unit Q, though his "face" was nowhere to be seen.

"You could have warned me!" said Reese, her breath still coming in deep pants.

"Where would be the fun in that?" said Unit Q. Reese smirked. A computer with a sense of humor? Things were getting weird around here. "Besides, I believe your ignorance enhanced the experience. You organic beings certainly do have odd ways."

"Well I'm just glad that I got my money's worth," said Reese. "But what are you doing here in a recreational chamber for organic beings? Surely you didn't come to watch, you robotic pervert." She grinned.

"Of course not," said Unit Q, his matter-of-fact voice sounding either oblivious or unconcerned by Reese's joke. "Another target has made himself known, and he requires your immediate attentions. A large bonus will be added to your fee if you can bring him in within forty eight hours." Reese yawned a bit and sighed, getting up out of the chair and re-attaching her minimal outfit, and then her gun and holster.

"I'm on it," she said. "And that machine better be cleaned, primed, and ready for a second round when I get back."

"Oh but of course," said Unit Q. "How else to increase my profits while retaining your services? The organic love of the ephemeral escapes me, but I am always happy to indulge you."

"Shut up, you effervescent cloud of shiny particles," said Reese, referring to Unit Q's ghostly "face" as it accompanied her down the hall back to her ship. It was a playful sort of insult, the sort common between friends and lovers. "I've got work to do," she said.

"As you wish, Reese," said Unit Q. "But don't be gone for too long, you do know how much I miss you when you are away." Reese grinned and slowly made her way back to her own ship. She had figured out that Unit Q's enhancements were as much about pleasing Reese as they were about developing a new "product line," as he called it. Reese wondered, did Unit Q have feelings for her, or at least the closest thing to feelings his metal heart could experience? Had he been the loving yet aggressive touch behind those shafts and tentacles? The idea intrigued Reese, and almost made her giggle. Clearly, she would have to ask some questions when she got back. At least Unit Q had a bigger dick and a fatter wallet than her last boyfriend..