Canned Heat

A short story, by Nonesuch

The key to achieving a difficult goal, Daliss thought, was to cut it down into manageable chunks. You just concentrated on the chunk you had to deal with in the moment, and the entirety didn't seem quite so daunting. When the three of them had sat down to gaze glumly at the dreadful responsibility that had been landed in front of them, that's how they'd gotten through it. We will do *this,* which won't be so tough, and then *that* will probably happen and then we just have to do this, which is only mostly impossible. 'The Masterplot', Diogo had taken to call it, to inject some levity into proceedings, and to wind up Beem.

And you know what? The Masterplot, it had almost worked,. Nobody would give them credit for it, but it had almost worked. It's just that 'almost worked' here meant that he was now haring down a pirate ship's corridor, his ears full of shouting and blaring alarms, his sensory VO going insane with warnings of oxygen depletion and radiation.

He was shoved to the floor in the smoky chaos - easy enough to do, his slim, petite frame built for cheapness and compactibility, not to survive the attentions of a panicking, burly thraggen. He heard something huge crack and splinter behind him, the deadly hush of escaping air, and had time to wonder whether *The Cutting Shark* even had escape pods. Why would a pirate ship have them, who would they expect to pick them up? Even if there were, they were surely now all taken by the fastest, most initiative-ready of the crew. Even if he found one… a memory flashed through his mind, of staring at a sensor reader, of watching *The Rambunc* being blotted out by the white hot kinetic fire the pirate corvette was pouring onto it, his friends on board.

No. No. Concentrate on the chunk.

Through a gap in a jammed bulkhead, Daliss spied a round compartment. Clambering up onto his hands and knees, he zoomed his eyes in with a twitch of his cheek - yes. Through its sturdy diamond-weave windows, the blackness of space. An escape pod, surely, blessedly free. He picked himself up, ignoring the various alerts of impact damage flashing in front of his blue synthetic eyes, staggered across to the bulkhead, shoved his body into the negligible gap between door and wall. Pain raked down his thighs and ribs. He wished he'd thought to go into his wrist panel before all this had begun, shut off tactile input. What was the point of being a synth if you couldn't ignore the damage you were doing to your own body?… but he was through the bulkhead, with a ragged gasp of relief he was blessedly through, stumbling towards the circular entrance of the escape pod. He slammed the button prominent on the central control panel, shut his eyes, and allowed himself to relax.

The escape pod didn't move.

Slowly, unbearably, Daliss opened his eyes. Lights were now blinking around the entrance, an arrow on the floor of the corridor outside lit up and pointing energetically inside. At the top of the entrance a chunky yellow display had appeared, and was also blinking. It simply read **1/2**.

“No… “ moaned Daliss, kicking ineffectually at the control panel. “No! There’s no-one left on board! This thing can’t fit two people anyway! Go, you awful piece of shit!”

An explosion shook the entire ship, strong enough to throw his small frame back against the window like a crash dummy, and again he felt that dreadful crack shuddering through the metal, the sound of a vessel’s spine breaking. This was surely it - either the thing would detach of its own volition, or he would die here, stupidly, in an escape pod that refused to escape.

And then, so hard on the heels of the explosion it was impossible for the poor synth to separate into different events, the flickering light was blotted out by a large shape scrabbling desperately at the entrance.

“Let me in! Make room! Fuck fuck fuck!”

The shape gripped the sides of the hatch and shoved itself through it, a blue, muscular, feminine form pouring into the tiny space, collapsing heavily over the control panel. The hatch slammed shut behind her; with a hiss of escaping air and a mighty lurch, the pod blasted itself out of its enclosure. Shoved back against the forward windows, Daliss watched the wall of metal behind his new crewmate zoom outwards to become the stricken corvette as the pod span further and further away. A fresh explosion silently tore apart the row of small hollows where the pods had been housed.

“Fuck,” the other occupant groaned again, slowly picking herself up. There was barely room in the cramped space for her to extend her full form, at least seven feet of lean, powerful muscle and high-sitting boob; as was, she had to crane her undercut browny-red mullet to the side to avoid banging it against the ceiling. “Who are you then, getting into the captain’s personal pod? The other seat was supposed to be for one of my slaves. I don’t blame you, don't worry… “ She laughed, a harsh, smoky sound. “Things got pretty fucking crazy back there.”

She looked up, gazing at Daliss’s small, slim, shiny grey form with yellow, hawkish eyes. Coldness tightened his metal heart. For the moment, he was utterly frozen with fright, plastered back against the escape pod’s windows.

“I don’t know you,” said Rangalan Sphian, captain of the former independent pirate vessel *Cutting Shark*. “ ...I know you. You’re the little robo sissy who just destroyed my ship, aren’t you?” She laughed, that same smoke-harshened sound in between her gathering breath, a malicious smile opening up across her face. “Funny how these things work out, isn’t it?”

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Like him, it was impossible to tell what Sphian had once been, what manner of beast may have borne her, what kind of eyes had once beheld which sky with such reckless ambition. The galactic standard of two legs, two arms and a human-ish face was present and correct, but beyond that, cocktails of gene splicers and the rigors of life as a pirate queen had transformed her into something entirely of herself. Her forearms were coated with sheer black chitin all the way up to her index and middle finger, gleaming like wet tar, and the same swept around her neck and the sides of her face, framing her proud, oval profile and her merciless, bird-like eyes. Even her fangs seemed to be made of the same material, black, gleaming ivory that made her every smile and laugh a terrifying, snarling taunt. This was all framed within the sweeping, disarming beauty of her body: blue amazonian curves and bulges catching the eye wherever you looked, a pair of knock-out tits and a big, muscular ass bustling for space in her form-clasping flight suit. The scars and tattoos (obscure or obscene, nothing in between) that covered much of it only augmented that intimidating amalgam of sex and death.

The strength their evolutions had gifted them definitely differed, though. Sphian caught his wrists in her hot, rough grasp and easily slammed them back against the pod window. Daliss flexed his arm servos desperately, the feebleness of the effort drawing another black laugh out of the pirate, and the soupy heat of shame down upon him. Cheap and compact. That was him.

“Don’t struggle, robo-sissy,” she said, vindictive amusement lighting up in her face. “I haven’t decided if I’m going to kill you yet.”

She stepped one boot behind his calf, drawing him close enough that he could feel the fervid heat rising off her skin and smell her, smoke and eye-swimming amounts of spicy perfume. She sent one hand questing down his flat, grey chest, small, supple pectorals that she felt and traced the line of with obvious interest. Daliss had had this before with lovers - it was natural, of course, for people to wonder about his synthetic form. Hell, Beem had done this the first time, curiously running her hands over his new body once she was alone with it, before mounting him and finding out it was just fine.

He’d never done it with someone who was fully capable of snapping his neck though. Never done it with this kind of dread tightening inside of him. When her hand dropped suddenly and gave his pert, apple-cheeked bum a hard squeeze, he couldn’t stop a squeal escaping his lips, eliciting another crow of laughter from the pirate.

“Nice,” she said approvingly. “Silicone, and you get feedback from it?”

His eyes shot over to his wrist panel, still caught in one hand, and immediately her expression hardened.

“Yeah, right, you can switch it on or off. Guess what - you feeling shit is staying on. No matter what I decide to do with you. Take your pants off.”

She released his hand, and, after a moment, Daliss moved it to the buttons of his tight-fitting capris. What choice did he have? He was stuck in a free-floating vessel not much bigger than a toilet cubicle with a psychopath. If he kept her happy for long enough, maybe, just maybe… he tried to summon up comforting thoughts of Beem and Diogo, but still, when he allowed his pants to drop and his shiny, sturdy, grey cock sprang outwards, as robotic and cheerful as a ticket from a machine, he’d never felt so naked and vulnerable.

“Oh wow,” crowed Sphian, hungry yellow eyes directed downwards. Daliss’s flat chest rose and fell as she grasped his aperture-less synth cock, pulling it this way and that prospectively, filling his core with pleasurable, tactile sensation. “You really come with all the features, don’t you? Little boy toy, right out of the box, delivered right to my door.”

She shoved him firmly back against the hard wall of the pod, wedging his head between her broad breasts, one hand scrabbling with her own suit, ripping the bottoms down impatiently. Daliss managed a tight, high drone, somewhere between terror and arousal, as he felt fervid, wet heat spread itself over the dome of his cock.

“But instead of being a good little robo-dick,” the blue-skinned amazon growled, “you FUCKED my SHIP!” She emphasised her words by slamming him back against the window, thrusting her big, muscular hips into his smooth groin, taking said robo-dick deep. Daliss writhed fruitlessly in the pirate’s clinch. Her pussy was nubby, filled with little bumps like miniature clits. He gasped, small chest heaving as she thrust into him again, all of those little bumps riding over and clenching his sensitive synth pleaser with wet, milking pressure.

“You FUCKED everything up!” Sphian snarled. She slammed him back against the reinforced glass again, head banging against it, wedging his face even further between the heaving softness of her breasts. His VO flashed a yellow warning over his eyes as she tightening her hips around his slim waist, the servos in there warning him about undue pressure. Cheap and compact. “So now I’m gonna fuck *you*. After that… we’ll see. We’ll see where we’re at.”

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The escape pod revolved in the void, a mote of irrelevant dust, uncaring and unaffected by the actions of its occupants. Sphian was a dynamo of furious lust like nothing Daliss had ever experienced before, her brawny frame hurling spry motion into his slim synth frame in a relentless, bruising rhythm, his dildo sex caught in the bumpy fever dream of her cunt. How cramped it was in there only intensified how steamy and angry it was, Sphian chitinous arms tensing up against the ceiling, all of the action denied to her forced back down into him, clenching up around his waist and cock, smothering his senses in smoke, spice and pulsing heat.

It was impossible to deny how hot it was, being hate-fucked like this in a tin can, trapped in a closet with a she-devil in heat, and Daliss's chassis reacted to it as surely as if it were organic, helplessly thrusting his slim hips back into all that dense, feminine flesh using him as impetuously and carelessly as if he were a dildo.

His ragged groans twined with her gratified husks and grunts, her sweat dappling his grey, cherubic features, and he came like it was being forced out of him with a vice, his pseudo-penis remorselessly feeding flexes of intense pleasure and the sensation of deep release back into his body. Of course in many ways it didn't act like his old penis had - that loyal soldier, smoke particulate somewhere over a hospital on Sigius VI now - and Daliss was being brutally reminded of that fact now. His present smooth, thick, featureless member couldn't emit anything, couldn't go soft, and Sphian didn't even notice he'd orgasmed, utterly fixated on her own pleasure, and continued to milk his tender, throbbing sex in the drooling, bumpy thresh between her sturdy thighs.

"Just a little - more, you - robotic - slut," she snarled. Her hand landed on his head; there was nothing really to grab there, his hair was a smooth, steel blue, simulacra of a bob cut - but her hand was large enough to fit around his scalp, batting his face into her solar plexus as her arousal rose. His nose and mouth were filled with her smoky scent as her thrusting somehow became even more intense, her harsh groans ecstatic. The metal in his waist ground together as her hips clinched him, the wet, sliding, squishing bumps slathered around every inch of his cock tightening up. He grasped her reactively, slim fingers gripping hot, blue flesh as the pirate came with a hoarse grunt, bearing down on him with her hands pawing at her erect nipples, her hawkish eyes ablaze.

"Like - that! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yeeeesssssss," she trailed off in a blissful drone, finally relaxing around him and letting him out of her nubby cock-trap, trails of glistening fluid following his tender dildo-like member outwards. Daliss slumped against the cushioned seat beneath the window, synthetic flesh twitching, momentarily unable to do anything but gaze up at the huge, curvy, brawny creature laid atop him, heavy blue thigh pinning him down.

"Hey," Sphian crooned, eyes dilated. "You're still stiff. Didn't jizz to that? That's pretty impressive, sissy."

"I… orgasmed," Daliss said, in his crisp, sonorous voice that was difficult to modulate. He always sounded like a passenger announcement in a spaceport, as Diogo was fond of telling him. "I… I can't go limp."

"Wow, it can talk!" She flicked his member with a chitinous finger, making him flinch and gasp. "And holy shit." A black-toothed grin yawed back open on her face. "No mess, no going limp just when I'm getting into it? I've been wasting my time with organic slaves, haven't I? I should've invested in one of *you* a long time ago."

Sphian shifted, kneeling on top of him, legs on his chest, bearing him downwards with her brawny weight, ankles shifting around his cock. He gazed up helplessly at her cruel, proud face, beyond the mounds of her breasts.

“Here’s the deal then, sissy,” she growled. “You’re my in-flight entertainment for now. You keep me entertained from now until we get picked up, and everything’ll be fine. If you don’t - if you start boring me - I’ll start remembering how you fucked my ship, got me floating out here in the middle of nowhere. Then… “ Her ankles squeezed around the base of his dick. “ I might just see if that thing still works if it's pulled off your body. Ok?”

Concentrate on the chunk, Daliss thought. Alright, so you don’t know how long this particular chunk is going to be. If, indeed, there was going to be another chunk. Another Daliss was going to deal with that, though. From hour to hour, minute to minute, you can keep this over-sexed thug occupied. A certain part of him that he was reluctant to acknowledge - the part of him that loved making others happy, loved being the willing pleasure toy in the bedroom - even relished the challenge.

“Ok,” he croaked, closing his eyes at the insistent, smooth rub around his prick. “I can do that.”

“Good.” She turned herself around, flaring her big, brawny butt, presenting his face with the wet, unfurled folds of her pink, nubby sex. “Now, let’s see if your mouth is as pleasing as your dick.”

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The kernel-shaped pod floated further and further away from the blackened remains of *The Cutting Shark*, lazily unspooling and disassembling itself, its intimidating profile gradually disappearing into a loosely associated cloud of wreckage. The occupants only got to gaze at it some of the time: The pod had windows on the one side, the other taken up by the firmly sealed entrance, so as it turned over and over in its lazy rotation they got to look at everything else nearby. Which wasn’t a lot. The battle had taken place in an unaffiliated frontier system, where *The Rambunk* had provided *The Cutting Shark* with the irresistible temptation of a small merchant freighter, drifting and emergency signalling near a gas giant. Even if it were some sort of trap, the pirates would have figured, the corvette heavily out-muscled the freighter.

The trajectory of the escape pod had taken them away from the gravity well of the gas giant, a vast sandy blob in the distance. Of *The Rambunk*, or of any other escape pods, there was no sign.

“You’re looking for your friends, aren’t you?” said Sphian, when she caught him craning for a better view. They were both naked, sprawled almost on top of each other on the seats which horseshoe-d around the interior. It was too warm, and sex-scented, to do anything else; the first couple of times they fucked they’d steamed the windows up, the pod’s air recycler too limited to

keep up with Sphian's insatiable appetite for Daliss's supple, boyish chassis. His penis throbbed mightily, mercilessly unable to go soft, or to keep feeding tactile orgasms into his overworked core circuitry. But he knew it was far better to keep soliciting the pirate queen with sex; much better to lick and pull at her nipples whilst she rode him with those punishing clenches of her pelvis-crushing hips, or to get her to spread them on the floor of the pod and let him do the work, thrusting away into her nubby, steaming pussy, his ever-so-earnest gasps and groans and the ineffectual slap of his slim thighs against her taut blue skin making her laugh and sigh and then grasp his cute apple-cheeked buttocks hard as he coaxed the embers of her pleasure into another roaring flame.

Much better to do that than let her talk. Tension crawled up his spine as she went on in that lazy, malicious tone she adopted in post-coitus.

"You are, aren't you? They were your friends, in that shitty freighter, and you tricked us into attacking it before you turned off our shield generator." Her foot was planted against his chest, clenching his supple, inorganic fresh with her toes. "We blew it to smithereens. Likely can't see any of it because the gas giant sucked the pieces up. That's where your friends are now." Clench, relax, clench, wriggle. "I'm curious though - how did you get on board in the first place?"

"When you were in port, on Conrad's Lot," Daliss replied dully, shoving away all thoughts of Beem and Diogo as hard as he could. "One of us distracted the guard you left, pretended to be a hooker. I got out of an airlock, got over to the far side of your ship, hacked the airlock on that side. Your ship security scans are infrared. Didn't detect me."

"Of cooouuuurrse," Sphian sighed, eyes half-lidded and smiling, shaking her head softly. "Synths don't have to breathe, do they?"

"I do," he replied with a small smile. He tapped his forehead. "Still have an organic brain. Can hold it for a very long time, though."

They did it again then, although this time it was a bit different. Perhaps the blue-skinned amazon was also thinking about all the crew she'd lost, because it felt more like two people alone in the cold vacuum of space giving each other comfort. She held Daliss in the centre of the pod, him standing and her kneeling, their sexes twined, gently thrusting together for long minutes until it became more heated, the multitudinous nubs of her cunt rippling insistently over his smooth shaft. They came together almost simultaneously, his groan muffled by her almost-angry yowl, fingers digging into each other, her sweat and femcum moistening his pristine, silicone-padded body.

He slipped in and out of consciousness. Unlike breathing, he still needed to sleep almost as much as a regular human - organic brains were selfish for rest like that - and really, there wasn't much else to do in that tiny pod, except consume the almost-tasteless nutritional paste the survival unit in the corner provided. There wasn't even a data read-out to tell them how much

time had passed since the pod's ejection. Perhaps that was a feature, Daliss thought. Maybe they were better off not knowing how long they'd been floating out here, how much longer they might continue to do so, out here in the uncharted frontier of space.

So he gazed at the slowly revolving view outside. The sadistic nature of the escape pod's design was that you could kid yourself that something was happening on the non-window side. A ship had seen them, finally, and was coming to rescue them. Aliens, infuriated that they had strewn burning trash across their territory, had arrived to incinerate or interrogate them. You ached for it to spin around again, so that you could see. And of course, once it did, there was nothing there, and your mind could torment you that the whatever-it-was was coming from the other side now.

"You still think your friends are gonna rescue us, don't you?" Sphian teased him, catching the synth staring forlornly out of the window. She loved poking him with her foot, splaying the nubby folds of her pussy to him at the same time as digging her toe into his arm. "I told you, they're toast. If they were gonna do it they would've done it by now, wouldn't they? Nah, my sweet little robo-butt. You need to start planning for something new."

She twisted her legs around his neck and dragged him towards her, folding her hands around her head as she did, hawkish eyes staring out at the cosmos.

"My crew will pick us up. Plenty of 'em back at our base, one of 'em will have picked up the distress signal. Taking 'em a while, but that's understandable - we're way out here. I'll only beat 'em up a little bit for it." She laughed, that harsh, smoky sound. "They'd be lost without me. And they *need* what I know, more important. They'll come, no fucking doubt."

She batted his head against her hip, scratching his pseudo-hair.

"And that's why you've gotta do your best to please me, because without me to protect you, hoo boy. Those guys will dismantle you for parts for what you've done, 'n that's if you're lucky. But, I gotta say… " she grinned her ivory grin down at him. Daliss realised, looking back at her, that what he was looking at now was genuine, amorous fondness. It gave him a bigger shiver than anything she'd so far inflicted on him. "You've done a pretty good job of that. I'm gonna keep you, smart little butt boy, put you in my cabin with all my other toys. I'm not even gonna need to reprogram you, am I? You like being my sissy, doing whatever I say. I can tell."

Daliss's chassis synthesised the sensation of heat on his cheeks. It was true to a much larger extent than he'd like to admit - the sex was red hot, and he'd fallen so easily into the habit of gratifying Sphian that it felt like a natural fit. If what she said was true then there really was only one route out from here, and it had an undeniable, shameful allure.

He ducked his eyes, unsure of how to respond, and for once the pirate queen didn't laugh at him or tease him, content to sit in silence for a while. Inevitably though, her legs tightened around his neck a minute or so later.

"C'mon, robutt. Don't slack now. Talk, keep me entertained, your owner demands it. Tell me… tell me how you became a synth. What happened to your old body?"

Daliss froze. He knew, eventually, this topic would come up. Like all long-dreaded moments, it had still managed to creep up on him.

"You destroyed it," he said at last. He couldn't keep the coldness out of his voice. "When you bombed the starport on Sigius VI. I was caught under debris from the neck down. Becoming a synth was my only option."

"The… Sigius VI?" The pirate sat up, lips pursed and frowning. "I don't remember that. Are you sure it was me?"

Daliss gaped.

"Sigius VI!" he cried, outraged. "You FTL'd that corvette of yours right past the navy blockade and landed a plasma charge in our landing bay. Because we scammed you out of a couple pallets of geddanium!"

"Wow," Sphian said, running a hand through her mullet. "That petty, huh? Must've been on the ice. I get real mean on that stuff." She gazed at his frozen face and laughed, malicious and delighted. Daliss could already see her lust, never far from the surface, rising once again.

"But that's perfect. Don't you see how perfect that is? I *gave* you that robo-sissy body, so suited for being cute and pert and serving my every whim, and now I'm gonna own you. I literally made you, holy shit, and then you fell right into my arms!" She disengaged her legs and sat astride his face, flaring her brawny buttcheeks, smirking down at him with supreme dominance.

"I *made* you. Eat my ass. Go on, lick my crack and make out with my hole, slave. Worship who made you and could just as easily unmake you."

For a moment Daliss considered throwing himself at her in a mindless fury, wrap his hands around her neck. Maybe, maybe he could surprise her. Maybe long inaction had softened those taut, hefty muscles, curving up ceaselessly atwixt him. But no. In the short space of time they'd shared, she had gotten to know him better than he knew himself. He was a submissive, and he wanted to survive. This was his life now, and that… that suited him. He was made for it.

Cheeks burning, every nerve aquiver, he sank his face between her full, sturdy buttocks, and began to lap at the dark blue wrinkle of her asshole. His tongue was a dry, smooth and powerfully supple tool.

“Thaaaaaat’s it,” purred Sphian. Daliss could hear her fingers, busy and wetly circling her clit. She sat down slowly, pushing the synth’s face deeper into her ass. “Feels good learning your place, doesn’t it? We’re gonna be doing this a lot, once I get a new ship.” She was silent for a time, simply enjoying the movement of Daliss’s tongue and lips against her anus. “So this whole thing was about revenge, then? That’s way cooler than what I imagined.” She lifted herself up slightly.

“No,” Daliss replied, coolly and truthfully. “It wasn’t.”

“So it *was* about the Crossroads then.” Whump, went a pair of blue buttocks on a robotic face. “I thought so. Honestly, what was even your plan? Make me surrender and tell you how to find it? Pretty fucking desperate, robutt.”

Daliss dug his fingers into her thighs and shoved himself clear of her crack with a gasp. His mind, a calm, accepting sea of submission a moment ago, once again rose in waves of tension and bewilderment.

“Crossroads… ?” he said. “What are you talking about?”

“You don’t know?” The blue-skinned hellion sat herself down beside him, keen, predatory eyes gazing down. “You don’t, do you. You’re just somebody’s stooge. Holy shit, robutt, you really *are* a walking victim!”

She crowed with harsh, smokey laughter, grinning blackly, toying with an erect, chubby nipple.

“Aww, my little guy. That expression! So hurt and confused! Alright, it’s my turn to tell a story. Doesn’t matter, you’d find out anyway, you’re along for the ride now. Six months ago, I was part of a heist with this other group, operating out of Zheng Shi. Weirdest fucking thing, they wanted us to menace this science vessel whilst they hung back and captured whatever it was they tried to transmit.” Sphian rubbed her forearm absentmindedly. “So obviously afterwards we trashed their ship and took the transmission. That’s when it all started to make sense, rob- “

A gong-like clang, emanating from the hatch, made them both start.

Oh shit, Daliss thought. Something actually *had* crept up on them from the blind side.

“Wait- “ Sphian had time to say, before the hatch bursts open and blinding light flooded the pod. A blue scanner peered into their constricted eyes.

“Tag! Tag!”

“Rangalan Sphian - that one - “

“We got ‘em! Rangalan Sphian! We got ‘em sir - “

“Get them out of there!”

“The smell - why are they - “

“ - resisting! Deploy the tranq!”

Daliss heard Sphian snarl, saw her fists ball and bare muscles flex, before he was smothered in the navy uniform of the U.G.C. Peacekeepers and hauled roughly out into the gleaming grey of a border patrol interceptor. He wished he couldn’t immediately identify it as such.

“ - this one?”

“Tag?“

“ - thing doesn’t work on cans - “

“ - AI or VI, can you - “

“ - accomplice.”

“Accomplice, sex bot, whatever. Cuff it, sling it in the back. And throw a coat on it or something, for One’s sake.”

The thing about the chunk system, Daliss thought as he was frogmarched deeper into the PK ship, was that you couldn’t feel frustrated about how a chunk got completed. What mattered was that it had been completed, to feel good about that, put it together with the rest, and then think about the next.

He couldn’t help but feel as if his life was getting more complicated than his beloved chunks would allow, however.

End.