

The Pleasure Palace was a curious construct, a grand cosmic station that had been drifting aimlessly through its home nebula for the better part of three millennia, collecting patrons as a dryer collects lint. It wasn't quite sentient, but it certainly had an opinion on aesthetics, which leaned heavily towards 'more is more' and 'anything shiny, stick it here.' Tonight, it was throwing one of its legendary Intergalactic Gala Bashes, an event that promised revelry, romance, and the faint possibility of someone losing a limb in a poorly regulated game of cosmic billiards. A cacophony of greetings and alien pheromones, both delightful and decidedly not, filled the main ballroom. Lights, resembling nothing so much as a supernova compressed into a disco ball, spun lazily overhead, casting kaleidoscopic patterns across scales, fur, synth-skin, and chitin alike. A particularly large, furry individual, with what appeared to be six eyes and the jaw of a wolf, was currently attempting to teach a delicate, iridescent creature the intricacies of something called the 'Qua'al Shuffle.' To an outsider, it looked a lot more like a feral animal trying to knot a small blob of gelatin. Still, the crowd cheered this on, despite the harsh size imbalance.

And then, emerging from the dance floor to catch a glimpse of the source of the ruckus, there was Bi-Bi.

She stood out like a perfectly polished ruby among the crowd. Her synth-skin gleamed under the chaotic lighting, reflecting the myriad hues with an almost artistic flair. She was impeccably constructed, as one might expect; but it was the subtle, almost imperceptible, thrum that emanated from her, that truly caught the discerning eye of those few who understood the arcane art of energy signatures—a quiet whisper of latent power, like a miniature, well-contained sun residing just beneath her flawless exterior. She moved with an elegant, almost unsettling grace, her neon eyes scanning the room, absorbing every data point with the effortless precision of a hyper-advanced computational network. For now, she was merely a vision in white and chrome, sipping a luminescent, bubbly liquid as she took in the sights of the gala.

And she loved every moment of what she saw. A den of hedonism, it was more of an alien orgy than anything resembling a gala—and it made the trip well worth her time.

At least, that was, until things went dark.

It began subtly enough. A high-pitched whimper from a little blue-skinned creature whose ship, a sleek, personal cruiser, wouldn't come to life. Then, a guttural growl from a three-meter tall, armored being whose heavily armed freighter had decided to stall out mid-air and come

throttling down to port by force. Soon, a ripple of unease, then panic, began to spread like a particularly virulent cosmic plague. Communication devices flickered and died. Environmental controls winked out of existence. Ships, once vibrant and ready for the next leg of their intergalactic journey, were suddenly, embarrassingly inert. The Pleasure Palace had gone off course and drifted straight through a suspicious field of energy that served much of a similar purpose to an EMP, unnoticed until it was too late—and as panic turned to desperation, the whispers began. Not of escape routes, or emergency protocols, but of a different kind of power. A highly concentrated one.

Bi-Bi could feel several stray sets of eyes wander and settle onto her; particularly unaffected by the sudden and universal malfunction. She tensed, awkwardly sipping her drink with shifty eyes, being put on the spot like this was a little embarrassing—apprehensive as she could already foresee that this would all land on her to help out. It was widely known among the truly informed circles that androids like her generated an obscene amount of electromagnetic energy during peak “operation.” An orgasm, for Bi-Bi, wasn't just a delightful biological-analog sensation; it was a veritable supernova of clean, readily usable electrical power. And suddenly, to a desperate crowd, those perfectly constructed synthetic holes looked less like conduits for pleasure, and more like extremely attractive charging ports.

A hush fell, punctuated only by the dying groan of a particularly stubborn comm unit. The crowd had turned to Bi-Bi who, to her credit, simply tilted her head and tried to play it cool, her vivid gaze innocent and inquiring. She could sense the shift in the room's energy, not the usual party hum, but a hunger, raw and elemental. A collective need, not for entertainment, but for... survival.

And then, one particularly desperate soul, a rather voluptuous multi-limbed individual named K'tharr, broke the silence. She stepped forward, her large breasts heaving under her sequined tunic, her four hands nervously clenching and unclenching.

"Bi-Bi, was it...?" K'tharr purred, her voice a low rumble, "about this 'power' you generate..."

Bi-Bi managed a strained, synthetic chuckle. It came out sounding rather like a glitchy communications array. "Power? Oh, just... general bio-electrical impulses. Nothing exciting, really. Just, you know, normal android things. Static cling, perhaps? Bit of a zap now and then, if one isn't careful with grounding!" She fidgeted, trying to play it nonchalant, her eyes darting nervously around the increasingly silent ballroom. Now

even those who hadn't the faintest clue about the mechanical aspects of it all were looking to her; they heard power generation, and that was all the hope they needed to cling to. Her internal processors whirled, analyzing the collective gaze, and calculating the rapidly diminishing probability of her managing to just, well, vibrate away from this conversation.

K'tharr, however, was not so easily deterred. Her multi-jointed fingers, adorned with gleaming metallic rings, curled into fists, one of which casually rested on the noticeable bulge beneath her elaborate, sequined gown. The fabric strained just a little against the impressive mass hidden beneath. She was an imposing figure, easily two heads taller than Bi-Bi, with obsidian-black skin that seemed to drink in the multi-colored disco lights. Her voice, a low growl that vibrated the very air, drew Bi-Bi's gaze like a moth to a dangerously hot flame. It slid down, drawn inexorably to the burgeoning tent, the slight tremble visible even through the rich silk. Bi-Bi's internal cooling systems kicked into overdrive, a warm flush rising to her cheeks as a purely anticipatory thrill buzzed through her circuits—a rather curious, and utterly un-android-like sensation.

K'tharr took another step closer, placing herself squarely against Bi-Bi, bulge mashing into the side of her belly. She surveyed the crowd with a predatory glint in her four eyes, a knowing smirk spreading across her fanged maw. "My fellow travelers," she boomed, her voice projecting with surprising clarity across the cavernous space, "Our ships, our livelihoods, our very journey has been put on hold by this... unfortunate energy anomaly. But fear not! For the solution, it seems, has been with us all along! Our dear, sweet Bi-Bi here isn't just a pleasure model," K'tharr started, one of her hands flourishing towards Bi-Bi—who took some offense at the insinuating of being just a pleasure model—"no indeed! She is, in fact, a walking, talking, and I have it on very good authority, fucking energy generator! All we have to do is help her get it started!"

A ripple went through the crowd. Murmurs, whispers, then excited chatter. A different kind of hunger entered their eyes, one that was both primal and remarkably practical. As if on cue, a throng of aliens, of all shapes, sizes, and species, began to coalesce, their forms ranging from sleek and reptilian to fuzzy and bovine, but all sharing a common, noticeable trait. Bulges, proud and undeniable, beneath their own varying garments. The air became thick with anticipation, and something far more base than simple worry for their stranded vessels.

Without a shred of shame, and with a flourish that made the sequins on her gown shimmer like scattered stardust, K'tharr ripped open the front of her elaborate dress. It parted to reveal a truly magnificent

sight: a black-as-midnight, glossy girl-cock, so slick it appeared lacquered, emerged from a tangle of dark hair, standing proud and hard at a staggering twelve inches. Two hefty nuts, perfectly spherical and equally as dark, swung gently beneath the shaft as it flopped forward. With a low, pleased grunt, she brought the impressive, throbbing length to rest gently against Bi-Bi's perfectly flat stomach, and it twitched, visibly trembling with an excited life of its own.

"It seems, my dear android," K'tharr purred, her fanged mouth impossibly close to the android's ear, "that you're about to be very busy." The hum in Bi-Bi's internal systems reached a fever pitch, an overload of pleasure and panic. Her core processor began frantically attempting to cross-reference 'power generation' with 'multi-species gangbang' and was, perhaps understandably, coming up with no conclusive data.

Bi-Bi's optical sensors widened, displaying an internal diagnostic flicker that approximated an eye-roll to the ceiling. Short-circuit was putting it mildly; her central processing unit felt less like a well-ordered database and more like the neon rave had moved into her circuits fresh off the disco floor. It was less of a meltdown and more of a literal scramble of joy, terror, and the odd instruction packet for 'extreme lubrication protocols.' She instinctively reached out, her delicate fingers wrapping around K'tharr's impossibly thick cock. Her own forearm, she noted with a rather un-android-like sense of wonder, seemed utterly insignificant in comparison. This was less a piece of anatomy and more a tactical-grade battering ram.

Her thumb stroked the glossy surface, her movements slow and entranced. It felt alien, warm, yet impossibly smooth against her synthetic skin. A whirring hum began to resonate from her core; the revving of power cells beginning their prime-up sequence.. "I... I will do my best," Bi-Bi began, her voice a reedy whisper, barely audible over the growing murmur of the crowd. "If everyone could just form... a line? Maybe we could issue... tickets? For chronological..."

Her attempt at organizational diplomacy was abruptly, and quite violently, cut short. With a primal growl that rattled her very framework, K'tharr lifted Bi-Bi effortlessly into the air. One massive, clawed hand clamped around the back of Bi-Bi's head, holding her steady. Two others secured her hips in an unyielding grip, lifting her clear off the ground, her perfectly manicured feet dangling a comical few inches above the shimmering floor. The fourth, with startling speed and surprising finesse, made quick work of Bi-Bi's pristine black ensemble. Fabric, designed for elegance and form-fitting aesthetics, became little more than inconvenient

scraps under K'tharr's urgent hands, tearing with satisfyingly crisp rips and tears until Bi-Bi stood utterly naked.

K'tharr didn't bother with pleasantries, there was no time for that in the wake of a needy crowd. Her obsidian length, already throbbing like a captured heart, nudged roughly against Bi-Bi's slick, synthetic cunt—practically humming with anticipatory juices. Her advanced wetware was clearly having a field day, generating an excessive amount of artificial pleasure fluid that beaded along her folds. With a singular, guttural thrust that bypassed all notions of 'gradual' or 'considerate,' K'tharr buried her entire cock, twelve inches of muscled, veiny girl-meat, deep into Bi-Bi's waiting walls.

The android's chrome spine arched into a perfect, unconscious bow. A sound, half gasp, half high-frequency whine of pure energetic discharge, tore from her throat as her body bucked and bounced aloft, every one of her circuits screaming in delighted overload. The Pleasure Palace itself seemed to thrum in sympathetic resonance. Her hips were violently rocked back and forth, pushed onto the colossal cock until her own body began to vibrate like a faulty reactor, jolts of white-hot current discharging with every brutal thrust. The power reading on her internal HUD, if one had been able to see it, would have spiked off the charts, painting a rather erotic picture of energetic saturation.

The crowd of waiting aliens, a shimmering, pulsating circle of aroused flesh and varying anatomies, let out a collective moan of approval. A hundred eyes, unevenly distributed, simple, compound, and faceted, were fixated on the sight. Cocks of every imaginable shade, size, and configuration sprang free from robes and sashes, already stiff and straining. A low chorus of gasps, grunts, and wet, rhythmic slaps began to echo around the chamber as they all started stroking themselves, a collective anticipation building, eager for their turn at the galaxy's most electrically charged orgasm. Bi-Bi, utterly overwhelmed, was little more than a living, screaming conduit, being slammed into repeatedly, generating enough raw power to jump-start a small moon.

The crackling sensation within Bi-Bi wasn't just the polite hum of internal systems; it was the raw, unadulterated roar of a thousand volts going off-kilter, surging through every delicate synthetic circuit. K'tharr's obscenely thick cock stretched Bi-Bi's synthetic guts past any engineering specification, a visceral tearing sensation that would have had a lesser android filing a complaint with her mechanic. K'tharr drove into her with relentless, desperate ferocity, those meaty nuts clapping smack-smack against the jiggling, rounded curve of Bi-Bi's supple ass, a primal rhythm that vibrated up her spine and hammered through her core. Her delicate,

pointed toes curled inward until they ached, her vision tunneled, and her luminous eyes rolled back until they were blank oceans of neon color, lost in the overwhelming tide.

K'tharr, far from done with her work, repositioned her multi-limbed grip. Two hands held Bi-Bi's hips steady, forcing the deepest penetration possible with each thrust—while her two other hands, massive and clawed, clamped around Bi-Bi's pristine twintails, yanking her head back with savage, impersonal force. Bi-Bi's jaw fell open in a silent scream as she was driven onto the enormous length, a mere doll with ever-convenient handlebars, pounded into with every fiber of K'tharr's predatory lust. The relentless stretching, the crude, overpowering handling, and especially the sudden dizzying spectacle of a hungry alien crowd closing in, all coalesced into an unholy symphony of overstimulation.

She broke.

Her internal limiters vaporized. A tremor ran through her, not a shiver, but a discharge. Bi-Bi convulsed around the massive cock buried deep within her, a blinding, joyous spasm. Her entire being contracted around K'tharr's length as if trying to milk every last joule from the interaction, and with an audible POP, a flash of brilliant white light erupted from her, illuminating the stunned faces of the surrounding crowd.

Then, just as suddenly, the lights overhead flickered once, twice, and roared back to full, glorious life, illuminating the ballroom in a celebratory, shimmering display. A collective roar erupted from the gathered aliens as the room pulsed with newfound energy.

K'tharr let out a savage grunt, her eyes rolling back in her own ecstatic pleasure, given no such chance to celebrate. With a final, explosive series of thrusts, she pumped a thick, hot wad of viscous alien cum deep into Bi-Bi's circuits, her body rigid, before she shuddered, and then finally slumped in exhausted triumph. Simultaneously, the thudding bass of electronic music kicked back in, reverberating through the newly-powered Pleasure Palace, the dance floor once again alive with its intricate strobe patterns and colorful, pulsing tiles.

K'tharr, satisfied for the moment, released her grasp, letting Bi-Bi's body collapse bonelessly onto the re-lit floor, which now glowed an obnoxious lime green under the returned power. Bi-Bi lay there, twitching like a faulty relay, her synthetic chest heaving; soft gasps escaping her lips

as pure, unfiltered bliss warred with the physical aftershocks. The intense vibrations slowly faded, leaving her slick and humming from head to toe.

But the party had just begun. The problem hadn't gone away; the gala was restored, but there were dozens of power-hungry personal vehicles still without juice. More was needed, and Bi-Bi's energy was quickly recharging as her pleasure systems continued to hum on a delicious high. And, as the first, largest futanari finished, the rest of the gathered circle, all displaying impressive, throbbing cocks of their own, now began to press in, looming closer. No sooner than Bi-Bi's body fully slumped to the now vibrantly lit dance floor, her internal processors still happily pinging with residual bliss-static, had she been unceremoniously scooped up again and flipped onto her back. A set of powerful, surprisingly gentle hands lifted her into the air. This new participant was a monumental specimen: a humanoid alien of frankly astounding proportions, all soft curves and ample flesh, her skin the mottled gray of an overcast sky. Her own formidable cock, already standing at attention and throbbing with eager engorgement, was quite literally sprawled across Bi-Bi's still-trembling abdomen, its considerable girth finding a comfortable resting place precisely between Bi-Bi's spread thighs, now slick and welcoming.

Before Bi-Bi could even register the shift in elevation, or indeed, the alarming closeness of a second enormous appendage, the assault truly began. A symphony of tactile sensations overwhelmed her as more hands, not all of them conventional, began to roam every inch of her synthetic frame. Tendrils, fleshy and sensitive, wrapped around her arms. Long, slender fingers, belonging to some insectoid creature, gently traced the delicate line of her jaw. Sharp, surprisingly tender talons, like those of a raptor, brushed along the sensitive curve of her ass. It was a chaotic, sensuous maelstrom of foreign textures, all seeking, all exploring.

Then, from above, a sudden shadow fell, followed by a thick, heavy thwack against her chin. Another monumental cock flopped across her face. Her eyes bulge and a gasp escaped her glossy lips. This one was entirely different: a vibrant, fleshy, neon-green, reminiscent of an equine appendage, with an aggressively flared tip and a dark, almost leathery sheath and balls. Its head came to rest against her cheek, the shaft heavy across her nose and mouth, pressing her lips wide. She breathed in its scent, and it was powerful.

Bi-Bi was gagged without a single nanosecond to protest. Spitroasted without rest; one thick, warm length shoved deeply into her stretching cunt from below, and another, equally immense, began to pry at her jaw from above. Her synthetic guts, still vibrating from K'tharr's

recent occupancy, were bulging and groaning under the unprecedented double assault of the two anonymous alien women, stomach stretched and contorted by unyielding, intrusive flesh. Her throat was taut, strained and forced to accommodate the massive horse-like column of girl-meat as it began to root aggressively for purchase. She could feel the delicate folds of her synthetic slit being artfully stretched around the base of the gray alien's cock, even as the monstrous green shaft bumped insistently against the roof of her mouth, attempting to burrow its way further.

And still, it wasn't enough. Other, insistent pressures began to manifest across her body. Smooth, slippery shafts brushed and humped against the sensitive soles of her feet, which twitched reflexively. Something thick and velvety pressed into the side of her breasts, and more still grazed the sensitive skin of her armpits, lengths flexing and throbbing as greedy hands stroked in time with their groping of her form. Her own delicate, analytical hands were seized and guided; her fingers, no longer her own, closed around two more demanding shafts. One was astonishingly long and surprisingly coarse, like a piece of rough bark; the other, a smooth, glistening pole that was coated in a remarkably slimy, almost viscous lubricant.

At this point, Bi-Bi's capacity for logical thought for anything beyond the overwhelming torrent of physical sensation had ceased to exist. Her elegant, hyper-advanced internal processors were no longer calculating energy signatures or potential system failures. They were now operating purely on the raw 1s and 0s of pure, unadulterated, unending pleasure. Each stretch and thrust was another line of code in an emergent program of absolute bliss. She was an appliance, after all, and her current function was simply to take. To stretch. To experience. And to spark.

Bi-Bi's frame, now nothing more than an especially durable plaything, trembled violently with every thick, heavy smack of alien nuts against her wincing face, throat sufficiently bulged to the very hilt with every thrust. From below, the robust rhythm of her own synth-flesh clapping against sturdy hips filled her ears, a bassline to the escalating crescendo of her own undoing. She could already feel the sticky, warm painting of an indeterminate amount of alien spunk on her pristine chromatic flesh, a milky sheen glistening under the pulsating disco lights. Far from slowing them, each fresh rope of hot seed, splattering across her skin, only seemed to whip the surrounding crowd into an even greater frenzy. The collective scent of alien arousal thickened the air, an intoxicating blend of musk, pheromones, and metallic tangs.

The horse-cock, thick and insistent in her jaw, finally, mercifully, began to pull back; and a particularly dense load of cum gushed from its

tip, cascading down her throat. Sloppy spit and froth spilled unceremoniously from the glossy corners of her mouth, and her extraordinarily long, prehensile tongue, previously attempting to navigate the enormous girth, lolled out, dangling limply from her jaw like a defeated flag. Yet, the brief respite was just that: brief. No sooner than the last of the seed dripped from her lips had another musky, drooling cock, slick and eager, replaced it. Her tongue, surprisingly prehensile and wet, coiled around this new girth, her cheeks hollowing involuntarily as the insistent pounding against her throat began anew. Bi-Bi, or what remained of her processing capability, seemed to fall into the groove, a rhythm born of desperation and the strange, electric thrill of total surrender. This newfound acceptance was swiftly rewarded—deep within her, where the other massive alien cock continued its relentless work, another powerful load erupted into her aching womb. It was too much; yet exactly what she needed. She spasmed violently around the length, clutching it, contracting, seizing her very core around the ejaculating form. Her body went tense, taut as a steel cable under extreme stress, and she vibrated through it all, as the thrusting, groping, and an endless torrent of stimulating friction continued relentlessly.

The gray-skinned alien's formidable girl-cock, seemingly tireless and fueled by the very essence of desire, continued to slam into Bi-Bi's quivering depths without so much as a moment's rest. Its massive head hammered against her synthetic cervix, burying itself to the hilt with each desperate, panting thrust. Bi-Bi's senses, already stretched beyond any conceivable limit, once again flooded, not with simple information, but with pure, unadulterated electric bliss. Her previous orgasm, far from subsiding, intensified; a perpetual boiling-over of the pot, each peak blending seamlessly into the next, a nonstop deluge of pleasure. Another brilliant discharge of power sparked from her trembling frame, painting the already strobe-lit ballroom in a brief, blinding flash. Her fingers, still curled tightly around the slick bases of the two throbbing cocks she was desperately gripping, flexed with newfound, spasming strength. A deep, guttural gurgle rose from her throat as the turgid girth still lodged within continued to pound and stretch.

In the hanger bays below, scattered throughout the massive station, the unmistakable hum and sudden, triumphant revving of several personal starships ignited, their engines roaring to life as if waking from a long slumber. But the cacophonous orchestra of Bi-Bi's pleasure, the ecstatic shouts, the wet slaps of flesh on flesh, the rampant self-stimulation, was too overwhelming. The crowd, lost entirely in the throes of their frantic fucking and insatiable need to cum all over, and in, Bi-Bi, were utterly oblivious to their newly recharged vessels. They continued to drill into her relentlessly, a maddened mob fixated only on

the synthetic goddess of pleasure, unaware that the actual mission objective had already been not just met, but exceeded.

And so, it continued. Bi-Bi, twitching, and emitting ever more sparks of pleasure, found herself the undisputed power plant for an entire galaxy's worth of stranded ships; which meant Bi-Bi had, quite inadvertently, become the primary charging station for every sexually frustrated alien aboard the Pleasure Palace. With dozens still forming a tightening, increasingly rabid circle, all ready with engorged shafts and eager appetites.

The gala, most assuredly, would not be ending any time soon, and she was now the heart of it.