

"Good morning, Luster!" The cheery voice was muffled by the hiss and hydraulic whirl of my sleep pod cracking open.

"Good morning, ship," I croaked, hardly recognizing my own voice as I was dragged into the waking world. I coughed and rolled over onto my back, groaning as I stretched out my bare arms and legs, joints creaking from getting used for the first time in...

Weeks? Or was it a couple of months this time? I blinked rapidly to get my eyes to focus while trying to dredge up the details of the hauling mission. How many light years this time?

Details like parsecs and relativity went fluttering right out of my head when I noticed that the normally dull, grey bulkheads and readouts of my company shipping vehicle were now pastel purple, blue, green, and yellow, as if someone had noticed I was a bunny and was playing a [i]hilarious[/i] Easter-related joke on me. I scoffed, quickly deciding it had to be just that, a silly prank that Ashe or Oreos had programmed into my ship to have the cleaning bot paint the walls while I was asleep. After all, what else could it be?

A happy pink face with solid black eyes peeked over the edge of my pod door and smiled down at me. "I hope you slept okay?"

I pushed myself back flat against the thin sleep pod padding, one arm across my chest, the other over my crotch, eyes wide as saucers. I recognized that voice: it was the same one I'd mistaken for the ship's AI when I first woke up. I didn't have the slightest idea who I was looking at, or how she had gotten into my ship, but here she was, peering down at every inch of my naked, honey-furred body.

The face blinked at me, then smiled wider. "Aww, don't worry! You're actually very lucky!"

Her eyes, her mouth... They were big, friendly, and [i]strange[/i]. When the creature spoke or blinked, it was like a surface display image changed, rather than eyelids or lips opening up. Her black eyes reinforced that her head looked like a reptile's, a lizard's, just without any scales, totally smooth and gleaming faintly in the room's omnidirectional lighting. The only other features on her head were a pair of little dots to simulate nostrils, and long, feminine eyelashes that were just as flat to her face as everything else.

After a long pause, I ventured a quiet, "Lucky?"

"Very!" She reached down for my face swiftly and I sucked in a breath, ducking my head down, starting to raise my arms protectively. She beat me to it, her hand landing atop my head... where it proceeded to pet me, two, three, four times. "The 7'q-^a had several spare picoseconds before they moved on to the next substrate."

My mouth hung open for a few moments before a, "Huh?" tumbled out.

"Here, look!" The hand on my head stayed where it was as two more suddenly appeared, grabbing me around the hips and easily hefting me into the air. I gasped, grabbing at her arms, finding her just as smooth as she looked, springy yet dense, a little cool to the touch. Then I lost my grip when she turned me around and held me out in front of her like she was showing me off to the world rather than the other way around. I hung there, naked, and "looked" as instructed.

The ship wasn't spray painted as part of a prank. The walls, the ceiling, the floor, each of the instrumentation panels... All of it was replaced with smooth, gleaming, round-edged matter, the same kind my new guest seemed to be made of. Considering my private tastes, I couldn't help but think of rubber. Even the front window of the cockpit, which I could spot through the open door separating it from the middle bay I'd been sleeping in, was a translucent yellow that blocked most light. The only exceptions to this sudden transmutation? The cabin antigravity was on, and the sleep pod was the same outdated hunk of metal and plastic.

"See?" asked the space lizard thing with another pat on my head. "You're lucky it wasn't the Aaaaaaaaaaaaaa who antisubstantiated through your ship! They wouldn't have spared you a single femtosecond."

She set me down on my feet and pulled all three hands away, and for a split second I assumed I'd feel a thin layer of rubber over the solid metal beneath my feet. The way the floor flexed underneath me made it very clear that there was no metal there anymore.

I quickly turned to look, and then looked up. There she was, the space liz, still smiling at me. She was just as naked as I was, pastel pink from the tip of her long tail to the top of her head, so tall that she nearly touched the ceiling. A long oval of lighter shade of color, almost white, ran from the base of her throat to the insides of her thighs. Rather than breasts, she had a bit of a swell at her chest where they might have been, though between her legs she had a visible slit, or at least an indentation of sorts. At first it looked like she was asymmetrical, with an "extra" arm on one side, but as I watched she retracted it back into her body, her surface rippling for a few seconds like someone had dropped a tiny rock into a still pond.

I glanced and saw that the nearest instrumentation panel had no blinking lights. The touchpad screen next to it? A flat expanse of attractive purple. That meant no direct interface with the ship's system. The sleep pod was dead, too, or at least I assumed so based on the quarter-volume alarm blare it let out before the health readout screen went dead. The glow of lighting still came from their approximate places on the walls and ceiling panels, though.

This had to be a dream, right? Probably some kind of kinky dream, considering all the rubber.

"Ship?" I asked. No response. Or, at least not the one I expected.

"That's me now! Hello!" The lizard leaned forward and touched my forehead with her squishy nose. Up close and personal, she advised, "You should call me Shlip."

I crossed my arms, starting to suspect that this "Shlip" was as artificial as the lifeless AI of my ship, though a whole hell of a lot more advanced. "Okay, Shlip. And I take it you're here to help?"

She stood tall again and bobbed her up and down energetically. "I am! May I help you?"

I sighed with a small smile. "Yeah, I'd appreciate some help. You can start by telling me--in very simple terms--who are you and what happened to my ship?"

"I am Shlip, and I am here to help and make sure you get home safely." Two new arms slid out from Shlip's sides with a faint, wet noise, her long, blunt-ended fingers reaching out for me. I took a quick step back and it wasn't enough, the limbs growing long enough for her to grab my wrists.

"What are-?!"

Shlip spoke right over me. "You have known me for most of my life, because I was made by the 7'q-^a several seconds before we met." Her hands melted where they touched me, the rubber spreading, going against the natural flow of gravity to pour out over my hands. First they coated every square inch, no matter how I curled or spread my fingers, and then they were tugged into loose fists and pinned there. "All of the information stored in your ship has been passed along to me, so I can be the best helper I can be."

I shook my head, leaning back and tugging on my wrists as hard as I could. Her body barely wavered. "Shlip, you-"

"Hush!" Suddenly, her face was close to mine again, so close that she mashed her lips up against mine. "I can't perform the requested help if you aren't able to hear my answers!"

"Mphlip!" Unlike her, I couldn't get a word in edgewise anymore, the smooth, motionless rubber against my lips making me utterly unintelligible.

"That is better." A hand around the back of my head kept it in place, stuck in a forced kiss that effectively muzzled me. "As for your ship, the 7'q-^a was enroute to a semi-adjacent flange substrate when they antisubstantiated through your ship's subspace shadow."

Was that her version of telling me in "simple" terms?! I couldn't even process the word(?) "7'q-^a", let alone understand the rest of that technobabble! More importantly, there was more rubber rolling down my arms, heading toward the rest of my defenseless body! "Mphlip?!" I tried again, twisting and tugging, my heart racing.

If this was a dream, it was starting to get hot. I tried not to think about that; I didn't want to wake up yet!

"The 7'q-^a detected sapient life aboard and saved your sleep pod from destruction with a dozen attoseconds to spare. It decided to generously replace your ship with a slight improvement and set it to autopilot you home. Also, it used the database from the original ship to detect your cultural status as what you call 'capitalism,' and thus replaced your cargo with decidimensional crystals estimated to be worth at least twice the value of your previous load."

Whatever decidimensional crystals were, we didn't have them on Earth, or anywhere else I'd ever heard of. There's no way they'd only be worth around twice my load of changesite-Y. Too bad this was a dream, because just my company split would have made me stinking rich when I got home. Oh, plus I'd be responsible for first contact with some kind of interplanar being? That would probably get a high school or two named after me! I had to give myself credit; when I dreamed, I dreamed big.

My focus was drawn back to the here and now, another wave of pink rubber flowing out from Shlip's hands, coating the original layer, making the mittens start to swell out while the gloves got thicker and tighter, all the way to my shoulders. To my surprise, the rubber stopped there, but that still meant I was getting a pair of tight, seamless, shoulder-length mitten gloves! I was in the middle of glaring at one--also known as "admiring"--when Shlip suddenly lifted my hands overhead, up to her normal standing height, and two [i]more[i] of her hands lunged out to grab my ankles and spread them wide.

Rubber flowed and my toes curled, slithery feelings along my soles and inner calves sending a shiver up my spine.

"So, here we are, Ship Captain Luster Sheen with her duties and preferences, and Ship Shlip, who was made to happily help with all of the above." Shlip pulled her head back, a hair-thin strand of rubber connecting her snoot to my nose until it snapped back into her face. While I rolled my released jaw and licked my lips, catching my breath, yet another hand popped out of Shlip's belly, aiming up to scratch me under the chin, as if I were a good pet. "Do you have any other questions? I like answering them!"

I was going to glare, to snap at her, to demand answers. But those supple fingers under my chin were totally disarming me, leaving me flushed. I turned my head away from it before I could completely embarrass myself. "Yeah, um, I have a question: what's with the 'fashion accessories?'" I twisted lightly on my wrists and ankles for emphasis.

Shlip raised her scritchng fingers up to place two over my lips as she sighed at me, a playful sound rather than true exasperation at my question. "You aren't a very good listener, are you? Perhaps if you don't need to worry about talking, you'll be better at it?"

Hearing that while fingers were covering my lips sent a rush of warmth through me. Without thinking about it I held still and quiet, momentarily playing "good" so that she might compliment me for at least trying and then take her fingers away. It seemed to work, until I noticed another lingering strand of rubber connected to my face when she retracted her hand, this one almost as thick as my pinky. When it broke, more than half rebounded toward me, and I winced, expecting an uncomfortable snap against my lips. Instead, I felt the sudden [i]squish[/i] of partially liquified rubber rushing to cover my snout while some of it pushed against my lips and teeth, forcing them open more than enough to pour inside.

Shlip sounded cheery as usual as she explained. "As I already said, I am here to happily help with your duties and preferences! According to your company manual, you aren't supposed to work in the nude. And, according to your personal files, these are the sorts of clothes you spend the most time admiring..."

I strained my jaw against the stout muzzle forming around my face while my tongue pushed against the plug-shaped intrusion that was swelling up inside, only some of my blush hidden behind rubber. I gasped against the gag as a new hand found my belly, stroking it while delivering more of Shlip's eager material. It wound around my waist even faster than my hands were swallowed up, and I gasped again, even louder, when my brand new corset tightened down, pulling my waist in several inches!

Shlip's face lowered down in front of mine again, her smile and eyes narrower now, smirking at me. "It's true that I was designed to be your perfect companion, so perhaps these feelings are innate to my very being... But, I must admit, I am deeply enjoying this 'bondage' that so many of your personal records featured! You are so very helpless. How do you feel?"

How did I feel? With some kind of cute, dominant techno-monster holding me above the floor, shoulder-length and thigh-high mitten gloves and padded socks sealed in place, my middle straining against a corset, and my mouth stuffed full by a muzzle gag, all of the rubber seamless and inescapable?!

I felt horny, that's how I felt. But, what's the fun of a sexy dream if you don't play hard to get? "Eh oh!" I shouted, about the most intelligible thing I possibly could, yanking at my arms!

"And how about [i]now?[/i]"

I groaned and arched my back, the fight temporarily knocked out of me. It was hard to complain when the damp emptiness between my thighs was suddenly introduced to a thick, tapered, slowly invading friend. After several slippery inches spread me open, another point of contact met my pucker, coaxing a squeak out of me, my tailpuff twitching high. I held my breath as inches of both sunk deeper, and deeper, and then I moaned as the thickest parts of both fought for my attention at the same time.

"Company policy, of course," Shlip said. "Absolutely no genitalia on display during duty."

I hissed a breath in through clamped teeth as the flange of the butt plug popped into place, my nethers and ass clenching a few times in a row at the same time a layer of thinner rubber was molded against my crotch and around my hips.

"Isn't it lucky that your preferences include stern enforcement of that sort of rule?"

It took a few seconds for that to sink in, and then my eyes flicked open and I stared down at my crotch. Pretty much anyone who looked would simply see a pair of pink rubber swimming bottoms, pretty pedestrian except for one detail: the small black lock symbol right over my clit. I had the sinking suspicion that I was stuck with those for a long while. My eyes flew up to meet Shlip's, and she giggled at me.

"Oh, yes, I [i]do[/i] like this. I can tell we are a good match."

My back arched as vibrations rose up from my new chastity panties, both plugs rumbling inside of me, already hard enough to be a distraction. I sucked down on the gag and tried to rub my thighs together, hips swaying side to side, inner walls flexing around the intruders. My mind whirled, working as best it could considering the circumstances, worrying that if she knew about chastity, then maybe she knew about-

"It looks like you are ready for duty!" Shlip decided, emphasizing the ridiculousness of that statement by using two hands to playfully pinch both of my stiff nipples, just hard enough to make me jump at the surprise. She didn't let go, rolling them around while she slowly lowered me to the floor. "Unless you have any further questions before you go on shift?"

"Cmm mnnph," I grumbled, though it was more of a breathy moan than a real attempt to complain.

"Now, don't be lazy," Shlip chided, waving a finger in my face. "Yes, you would normally be in your sleep pod, but my power systems weren't designed to interface with it, and your wellbeing is too important to risk on experiments." Shlip reached around behind me and grabbed my ass while she spoke, and when she squeezed down the butt plug grew larger, as if she'd just squeezed an inflation bulb, making me groan and huff. "Besides, we will get you home in less than three days, instead of the three months you had left before. 72 hours is below the company minimum threshold for sleep pod usage."

Shlip let go with all seven hands, releasing me to my own balance in the half-g of antigravity. I caught myself with one hand on the edge of the sleep pod, wobbling on my unwieldy socks. I looked down at myself and moaned quietly at the sight of my new "uniform," running one padded mitten across the hip band of my panties. It didn't budge.

Of course it didn't, because this [i]had[/i] to be a dream. Lots of the details were right, even the company minutiae, but it all seemed perfectly convenient to keep me all squirmy. I mean, how could a creature as advanced as Shlip not be able to power a sleep pod? Horny dream logic, obviously.

Unless she was so much more advanced than my old AI that she was capable of lying to me in order to come up with excuses to do sexy things to me... She [i]did[/i] seem to actually have a personality. And the way she dressed me in the chastity panties rather than blobbing them onto me showed she was trying new stuff and learning things.

I pressed a mitten uselessly right over the lock symbol on my panties and felt them stiffen up at the contact, refusing me entry. I clamped my thighs together and huffed out through my nose. It would be way easier to think without all of [i]that[/i] going on!

Shlip giggled and patted me between my ears. "I'm glad you like your uniform. Plus, I have wonderful news: the ship is fully automated, so you have no tasks to perform while on duty!"

I tilted my head, panting softly. Then what was the point-?

"Company policy is that if you have no tasks to complete, suitable alarms set up for possible crises requiring your attention, and your onboard ship assistant software is fully operational, then you may entertain yourself while on duty." Shlip beamed. "Seeing as I am the upgrade of your ship software, and I'm [i]much[/i] more operational than it ever was, everything is fine. If we run into any issues that require your attention, I will sound an alarm, like so." She gestured at me.

"[i>Ahhn![/i]" My knees went out from under me and I fell harmlessly to the padded floor as [i]something[/i] happened to my clit. Was it just an electrical current delivered in a way I'd never felt before, or some other kind of energy or autonomic function never before experienced by bun-kind? Either way, it was like a tiny spot inside my clit was humming from the inside out, trying to somersault without moving a millimeter. It imitated an alarm, starting a pattern, turning on for two seconds, then off long enough for me to gasp and pant... only to squeak when it came back on again! It felt [i]good[/i], but at the same time it was like an itchy-tickle that I urgently needed to touch! My eyes clamped shut and my mittens hands puffed uselessly into each other as they slammed against the front of the panties, which firmed up at the crotch to stop me from helping even a little.

"Attention, attention!" Shlip's voice called out from the front of the ship. "Pilot report to the cockpit to clear alarm status!"

During the next pause in buzzing I quickly looked over my shoulder. There was Shlip, standing in the cockpit, gesturing down at the pilot's seat with a big grin on her face.

"Better get to it," she said from right next to me, at the same time the alarm soundlessly blared back to life, making me jump. "Company rules dictate you treat this emergency test with the same urgency as a real alarm."

I blinked during the next moment of respite and looked up at the original Shlip, still standing over me. I groaned at her. She was serious? I whined and looked back at the cockpit during the next buzzing, peering at the pilot's seat less than twenty feet away. I could make that, right? I took advantage of the

next pause to push myself back to my feet, then squawked and fell back to my knees the moment the alarm came back on, a mitten urgently rub-rubbing at the front of the chastity panties.

I gave up on standing before a second attempt. The "alarm" was just too much. I crawled on mitts and knees instead, my butt high, tailpoof flaring up at the next fierce buzz. In this position, the pussy and ass plugs still humming happily inside of me, the clit abuse feeling better and better, I couldn't help but rock my hips back into the air a few times at the next alarm jolt. Shlip rewarded me with a firm swat on the ass, surprisingly hard considering ship AIs are allowed to do no harm to biologicals! Was that a rule Shlip was allowed to break, or did my blush, squirm, hip-sway, and biofeedback details make it clear that she wasn't really "harming" me?

I quickly crawled two more shuffling steps, then froze and quivered, two more steps, another pause to stuff a mitt between my thighs. I was making it, slow and steady, but I was also building toward orgasm; no matter how much I wanted to soothe the overstimulation, it was making my pussy clench hard each time it happened. The intensity of it faded fully away each time, giving me a split-second of aroused relief before it came back again, and again, and again, as inescapable as my new role as Shlip's companion.

"Captain on the bridge!" announced the Shlip waiting in front of me.

The bright purple pilot seat rotated around to face me, just feet away now. It was so close, and so was I, the constant, delicious thrum inside my pussy and ass magnified by the super comfortable bondage, then multiplied by the insistent buzzing somehow attacking my poor, stiff little clit. I reached the chair, one hand on the seat, the other up between my legs, groaning hard against the gag as I rocked my butt in the air, creeping right up to the edge of orgasm!

And that's where I stayed, even as I winced my way through another blast of the alarm, then another, and another, rubbing feverishly at the outside of the panties while my inner walls clamped and milked the plug for all it was worth! Nothing felt weaker than before, and yet I couldn't go over the edge! Was it some high tech function of Shlip, because she knew how much denial turned me on? An anatomical trick of my body, making me think I was closer to cumming than I really was because of the intense stimulation?

Or, was it just an evil twist, courtesy of my imagination, making this an extra-hot dream?

At the moment, it didn't matter. I was whimpering and wriggling as I was pushed to the edge of orgasm over and over again, and I had to make it stop! I wanted more pleasure, but instead I had to do the opposite and take some away, no matter how that made me feel. I shakily threw myself forward and twisted around to plop my full ass onto the chair. That made the plugs inside of me wobble just a tiny bit, enough to tease me with the sense of more stimulation, my butt grinding back against the padded surface and my arms wrapping around my body to hug myself. To my aroused shock, my gloves instantly attached themselves to each other and my corset, combining into a tight, smooth, inescapable straitjacket!

"Good job, captain!" Shlip giggled and scooped me up from behind, lifting me free of the chair and hugging me to her body as the alarm suddenly turned off. I shuddered and whined, wrenching on my arms and arching my butt back against her, urgently seeking out [i]more[/i] as the clit stimulation didn't come back. I didn't expect the "more" to be [i]another[/i] entire Shlip sandwiching me, the one from the cockpit hugging up against my front, nuzzling my muzzled snout while the other--the original?--kissed

the top of my head between my ears. The vibrations lingering inside of my chastity panties were still enough to keep me close to the edge for a while, making the progress back down a slow, slippery descent that made me fidget between them.

"You are [i]so[/i] fun that I simply must reduce speed," Shlip said, hands caressing up the insides of my thighs. Whose hands? I couldn't tell. I didn't even know she could replicate herself like that! "The company wasn't expecting you home for three months, right? That leaves us plenty of time to coast through space and have lots of fun together. Plus, when you turn the ship over to them, I can fork a copy and come home with you, so I can be your companion forever!"

I was both horny as hell and squirmily anxious at all of that. I didn't let her words [i]really[/i] worry me, though, because this [i]had[/i] to be a dream, right? Right?!

But, now that I thought about it, I was pretty sure that during orientation they said people don't dream inside sleep pods...

Shlip whispered into my ear, making it twitch and sending a shiver through my body. "Company policy says that employees may not initiate sexual activity while on duty, but it doesn't say anything about autonomous onboard systems doing things on their own. Just to be safe, though, we probably shouldn't let you orgasm during the trip, so you aren't breaking any important rules. What do you think?"

I [i]groaned[/i] and humped back against the Shlip hugging me from behind me as she began quickly thrusting up against me, the wide base of the butt plug melting away so it could quickly plunge in and out of my sensitive ass!

"Good, I'm glad we're in total agreement. Now, let's get you ready for our next systems test!"