Brett groaned and tried again, reaching just above his head level for the tenth time this morning. The slick rubber of his padded paw mitten squeaked quietly as he pushed at the silver bathroom wall, trying to use one knuckle of his loose fist inside as a focal point of pressure. He gave a quiet, "Nnngh," as he pushed as hard as he could, arm shaking until he relaxed and stumbled away a couple steps to see the results. The recessed button in the wall remained dark, taunting him, so close, and yet it might as well have been a million miles away with the rubber suit covering his body.

Brett groaned again and shook his head. The slight stagger had dragged his attention back to his almost painfully full bladder, and thanks to the suit, the only hygenic way to take care of it required someone to press the button on the wall. Brett glanced back over his shoulder, at the closed bedroom door of his "owners," and closed his eyes tight. The last thing in the world he wanted to do was beg them for help. He had been captive for three crazy days, and they'd taken care of his bathroom needs four times a day. It hadn't been an issue before. But, now...

Brett's eyes flicked open. They were doing it on purpose! They had to be, right? It was another way to show him that he needed them, that he was their helpless pet, and he should just give in and enjoy being their plaything.

Suddenly, Brett didn't care about hygiene. If he was "their pet," then it was their responsibility. He didn't care if he peed inside the suit, so he relaxed his bladder, smirking around the ever-present gag in his mouth.

Nothing happened. Brett looked down at himself and [i]tried[/i] to pee, and pretty much all it did was make him focus on how uncomfortable his bladder felt. It also reminded him of the rubber sound filling his urethra, which helped to keep his shaft bent back and close to his balls, beneath the thick bulge of rubber that left him chaste.

Brett whimpered. He really [i]did[/i] need them for this. His shaft twitched at the thought. He did his best to ignore it, despite how heavy his balls were starting to feel.

He walked over to the bedroom door and leaned against it, trying to listen through it. All the interior doors were made of thin, off-white metal, and slid horizontally into the wall when opened. They were just thin enough that Brett could hear the sound of talking through the door, though it was too faint for the translator built into his suit to work, leaving him in the dark about what they were saying.

Trying to push away his shame at begging for help to merely take a pee, Brett thumped on the door with his padded fist and gave a muffled yell, then another. It sounded vaguely erotic even to his own ears.

The conversation inside halted. "Kitty's meowing for us!" Piq shouted, the alien otter sounding quite happy about it.

"I think he needs something," Hrrk said, the translator making his voice sound taunting. Brett had picked up their names by listening to their casual conversations. Pissed at how happy Hrrk sounded about Brett's bathroom needs, Brett was amused at how incredibly annoyed the space dragon would be if he knew that Brett mentally spelled Hrrk's name like the sound of someone puking.

Brett didn't have time to back away before the door suddenly glided open, Piq standing over him. Past her was their almost Earth-like bedroom, with a bed and closet door, along with several cabinets built directly into the wall. They were opened with recessed buttons, just like the ones in the kitchen and everywhere else, which left Brett with zero access to tools to use for escape. After an entire night of searching, he determined that the only thing he had access to was his embarrassingly comfortable pet bed, the blue and pink thing lying on the living room floor.

Piq scooped Brett up and cradled him, her free hand immediately going to his belly, like it so often did. Brett gasped and tried to cover himself with his hands, and his mittens bounced off her forearm, Piq easily caressing him just like she wanted. Brett groaned and arched, the bulge of rubber around his cock buzzing to life, emitting the "purr" that delighted Piq so much. Even worse than his cock straining to get hard, though, was how the pressure on his belly made Brett's bladder feel even [i]more[/i] full. He gave a high pitched whine, blushing at the sound.

"Aww!" Piq said, stopping her strokes to hold Brett out with a hand under each armpit, leaving his legs and the suit's wiggly cat tail dangling in the air. "Take Kitty for potties, and I'll punch up breakfast."

"Okay." Hrrk pulled Brett to his chest, cradling him like Piq had, and carried him to the restroom. He rested a hand on Brett's stomach, looking down at him and grinning rather toothily. Brett shuddered. "Beg," Hrrk said, the simulated voice sounding both natural and commanding.

Brett had been awful at being a well-trained "kitty" so far, and he was proud of it. He wasn't anyone's pet, and no matter what kinky stuff he might have enjoyed reading about, he didn't want to be here! Brett growled softly in the back of his throat and looked away from Hrrk, wishing he had room to cross his arms in bitter refusal.

Hrrk pressed more firmly against Brett's belly. Brett gasped, hands flying down to uselessly push at the dragon's hand. "Beg," Hrrk repeated, firmer and stretching the syllable longer. Brett hesitated, and just a couple seconds was long enough for Hrrk to push even harder.

"Hnn!" Brett shook his head, then quickly tucked his mittened hands up against the chin of the snout built into his hood. He quietly whined, a blush burning under the rubber.

"What was that?" Hrrk asked, tilting his head, ear fins twitching. "Did I hear something? Was it a good Kitty begging?" His fingers gave a tiny, threatening squeeze.

Brett grit his teeth and whined again, louder, eyes closed tight.

"Good Kitty!" Hrrk said, his touch lightening. He gave a slow caress over his pet's belly instead, and Brett gasped and twisted his hips, the sudden lack of pressure combining with the firm vibration into a rather heady feeling.

Hrrk didn't give Brett time to adjust, putting him down on his elbows and knees on the smooth bathroom floor. One quick prod of the button Brett had failed to press was enough to start the process, and Hrrk stepped back to watch as two rubber-coated tendrils zipped out of circular holes that irised opened in the wall. One was thin and white, and it still managed to shoot itself directly toward Brett's crotch despite how he was shakily getting up to his feet. The hose connected itself to a tiny port hidden

beneath his balls, and something inside of Brett's sound shifted. He gasped, then groaned, his bladder starting to empty.

That relaxation made the other process much easier, the thicker hose sliding its slippery, semi-phallic tip straight into the rubber sheath that kept Brett's ass constantly available. It extended and swelled, filling the entire orifice and stretching him a bit wider, coaxing another groan out of him. Then, he gasped again, a valve opening to allow a flood of not-quite-warm-enough soapy water to fill him thoroughly.

"Good Kitty," Hrrk repeated, patting Brett on the head before turning to walk away. He'd already watched the process of draining and enemas a couple times with Piq, and the novelty had apparently worn off. Brett sighed; Hrrk had already watched the worst part, so it wasn't much solace to be left alone for the last few minutes. He already knew it was impossible for him to disconnect the hoses, after some rather vigorous and uncomfortable attempts, so he stood there and let the machinery do its work.

Clean and empty, Brett was released, the hoses pulling away and retracting into the wall. He took a deep breath and let it out, shivering at how he was always a little invigorated after it was done. He lingered in the bathroom, weighing his options. The plan he [i]wanted[/i] to enact was to wait in the closest hiding spot to the apartment door and wait for someone to go out into the rest of the ship for their work shift. He still hadn't figured out what each of them did, but they were definitely crew on a larger ship.

Except, Brett had tried to zip through that big, white door twice on the first day, and once on the second. Those were the only times he had truly gotten punished, and he wasn't looking forward to more of that. That's why he decided on the second plan: lull them into a false sense of security by ignoring the door for a couple days. Then, when they thought he'd started to accept his place, he could hide near the exit and wait for the perfect moment to flee.

Where [i]was[/i] the closest hiding spot to the exit door, anyway? Brett wasn't sure. He crept toward down the hall, toward the living room, to sneak a peek so he could solidify his plan. Then, he'd try to hide somewhere else for the rest of the day, until they were both gone for work and he could rest easy knowing that he wasn't about to get-

"Got you!" Hrrk shouted, leaping out from just around the corner of the open bedroom door. Brett jumped, nowhere near fast enough to move before Hrrk all but pounced on him. Pushing Brett's padded body harmlessly to the floor, Hrrk knelt down on the off-white carpet and dug his claws into Brett's sides, tickling furiously.

"Nnh, [i]nnnnh![/i]" Brett shouted, trapped on his back, head shaking. He giggled hard around his gag, arms flailing to bounce uselessly off of Hrrk's elbows and upper arms. It didn't help the slightest bit, and despite how menacing Hrrk's claws looked, through the rubber they were perfectly designed tools of evil for very intense tickling, going right up from Brett's hips to his sides, then needling his ribs. "Nnngh ngh, nnnh-nnh!"

"Such a ticklish little Kitty," Hrrk taunted, not relenting in the slightest.

The worst part was [i]almost[/i] the fact that Brett's cock strained and twitched, something about the situation making it repeatedly try to get hard, fail, and try again. It made Brett's helpless blush even

hotter. That was bad enough, but the actual worst part this was the fact that Hrrk's tickling sessions could go on for way, [i]way[/i] too long.

Hrrk's hands moved up to Brett's armpits, his pet's arms far too weak to interfere with the big, wriggling digits. Brett assumed he'd stay there, so he was caught totally off guard, howling into his gag, when the claws suddenly dove down to his belly. Brett didn't think, reaching up to shove at Hrrk's face, trying [i]anything[/i] that might help. The big dragon laughed at the bouncy rubber paws deflecting off his nose and chin ineffectually, reaching down with one hand to tickle at an inner thigh while the other pinned Brett in place and tickled his belly at the same time.

Brett laughed helplessly, his chest heaving, breath already starting to feel short. "Nnh, nn-nnh, eeehhs!" he begged, not even sure if his owners had translators that would let them understand that he might be trying to say "please" around the gag. And, for three seconds, he thought that it might have worked, because Hrrk lifted his hands away and grinned down at his plaything.

Hrrk waited a beat before suddenly reaching for Brett's ribs again, tickling harder than ever. Brett whimpered and thrashed, body lifting and twisting like a worm, and those big, strong claws followed him wherever he went. Brett kicked out, and it was just as useless as batting with his mittened hands, only reinforcing how useless it was to resist. Brett's cock throbbed with his heartbeat, desperate to get hard, not seeming to care how diabolical it had been for Hrrk to make Brett think the tickle torture was already over and then double down on it. It didn't help that every now and then, Hrrk's touches would be close enough to a belly rub that the chastity bulge would hum to life, further tormenting Brett.

"Eeeehhs, nnnnh!" Brett tried to beg again, not able to think straight, starting to see spots before his eyes. The way Hrrk kept changing locations, somehow always honing in on a newly sensitive spot, Brett felt like Hrrk must have been very experienced at this. It showed. Brett tried to push off from the floor, to wriggle his way free, to find Piq and hope that since she was slightly less evil to him she might actually help somehow. He started to slip away, and-

Hrrk easily caught Brett around the hips and dragged him close again, using that grip to tickle his sides in a whole new way. Brett squealed and quivered, pleading with his brain to let him pass out, since it was the only escape that he could imagine.

"Breakfast!" Piq called out.

All at once, Brett was released. Hrrk gave him a parting caress to the belly, which Brett was sensitive enough to feel as a mild tickle, making him curl up and giggle, then quietly moan at the powerful buzzing over his cock and balls. He laid there in a ball on his side, panting hard, his muscles taking a while to fully relax.

By the time they did, he had been alone in the hallway for minutes, with only quiet conversation from the kitchen interrupting his peace, too low for him to understand. Brett shakily stood up, head hanging. "Hnn..." He felt both energized [i]and[/i] drained dry, and it was only the beginning of the day. Maybe, Brett hoped, Hrrk would have a long work shift, draining enough that he wouldn't be in the mood for more tickle torture after he came home. Or anything worse.

"Is my little kitten ready for breakfast?" Piq asked, suddenly overhead. She didn't wait for an answer, scooping Brett up into her arms to cradle him like a baby like she almost always did.

"Nngh." Brett knew that he had about as much of a chance to avoid being fed as anything else, and at least this part was only embarrassing, not overwhelming. Plus, seeing Piq after what Hrrk had just done to him was almost kind of a relief. For the first time since his capture, he forgot to give at least some token resistance, holding still in the otter's arms.

"Good Kitty!" Piq said, clearly pleased. The alien was kind of cute, in her own way, and in other circumstances Brett might have been glad to make her happy. He decided he was only glad about it in this context because it meant she would be surprised when he made his escape.

Still, giving in didn't mean that Brett [i]enjoyed[/i] what came next. His face hot, he held still as a clear rubber bottle of milk-like formula was brought up to his face. The nipple at the end bumped up against the lips of Brett's hood, and another little valve connected the bottle to Brett's gag. He hesitated, fidgeting in place, really not wanting to give in so easily.

Piq gently bounced her arms. "Go on, kitten, eat your breakfast," she insisted, the bottle nudging hard enough that the gag spread Brett's jaws wider. A big drop of fluid entered his mouth, landing on the back of his tongue, and despite his intentions he could feel his belly gurgle. It actually did taste pretty good.

With a huffy groan, Brett began to suckle, closing his eyes so he wouldn't have to see how amused and pleased Piq was. "Good Kitty!" she said, making it clear anyway, and he tried to ignore that, suckling rhythmically. He kept his arms down at his middle, refusing to hold the bottle like a baby; he had [i]some[/i] dignity left, at least.

Plus, if he ate and drank this way, then it would limit how often he'd need to use the pet bowl built into the kitchen floor. The one time he'd given in to his thirst in the middle of the night, he'd discovered that the bowl had a rubber dildo mounted in the middle of it. It was pretty clear what that meant, and only after he'd looked around to make sure his owners were asleep, Brett had gotten down on his hands and knees to push the hood's snout against the feeder dildo. He'd been rather surprised when the valve had given way enough for the dildo's tip to push all the way into his mouth, and even more surprised when it locked in place with four or five inches of leeway. It had taken him almost an hour to realize that the only way to get free was to fellate the dildo for a few minutes straight, bobbing his head and suckling, at which point it would "ejaculate" jets of water into his mouth before letting him go. The next morning, Hrrk had looked at the bowl, then over at Brett, and smirked. Somehow, they'd known.

So, yes, drinking every drop while getting bottle fed was preferable to the alternative.

Piq pulled the bottle away with a soft popping noise, setting it on the counter as she passed the kitchen on the way into the living room. "Good Kitty," she repeated, quieter, giving him a slow stroke down his belly. Before Brett could even start squirming, she reached further down and squeezed the chastity bulge between his thighs, rolling it between two fingers and her thumb.

Brett moaned and arched his back, the vibrations extra strong with her hand squeezing there, which helped to focus more of the sensations directly into his most sensitive places. It kept him completely distracted while Piq knelt down to pick up the pet bed, moving over to set it on top of the small table near the beige loveseat in the living room. She bent forward, setting Brett down on his knees on top of

the padded, ovular pet bed, a series of speckled stars and other shapes decorating the blue and pink cloth.

"You starting him on [i]that[/i] today?" Hrrk asked, near the main exit. He was wearing the dark blue layered robes he wore when he went out for work, a golden insignia on his chest.

"Don't ruin the surprise!" Piq chided, tossing a loveseat pillow at him.

Brett didn't like surprises, not in this crazy place. He ignored the two saying their goodbyes, trying to stand up and run off to their bedroom to hide in a corner. He nearly fell onto his face when his legs didn't budge, catching himself with his hands. He looked back and saw why, two bands of blue cloth covering his legs from ankles to upper calves. Despite how smooth his rubber suit was, twisting and tugging didn't help him slip free, and the pet bed stayed rooted to the table no matter how he moved. His heart started to pound; this was all new to him, and he had no idea what came next.

"Don't mind him," Piq said, stroking Brett's back. The contact felt better than it should, just like pets to his belly did, except those were mixed with very distracting buzzing on his cock. This, though, two slow, thorough caresses to his back, gave him only pleasant sensations, and he knew it was probably designed to reinforce how nice it felt to be a good pet. He groaned and did his best to ignore how much it soothed him.

"Down," Piq said, pushing at Brett's elbows from the front. He blinked up at her, then huffed and got up onto his knees, refusing to let her do whatever she wanted with him. Not that he had a choice; she snorted and grabbed him by the upper arms, pulling him down onto his elbows. As soon as she pushed his mittens down, two more bands of blue fabric shot out, wrapping over his forearms and tightening down.

Brett shivered, looking up at Piq, the small smirk on her face not making him feel any better about his position. She grabbed the rim of the pet bed and rotated it, turning his face away from her. With his ass the highest part of his body, legs spread wide, he was struck with a worrying memory of Piq mentioning of "breaking him in slowly" on the day he arrived. Brett looked over his shoulder, perfectly timed to see Piq's hand reach out for his butt.

"Nngh!" Brett grunted, fingers curling tighter inside the mittens as a big, slippery finger prodded at his ass. The rubber sheath spreading his pucker and insides made for a very easy target, so even though Piq was larger than her partner and had three thick fingers on each hand instead of four, her index finger still wedged against his entrance in one try. His cock twitched, unable to get any stiffer than it already was.

"Relax, Kitty," Piq said, her voice airy and teasing, continuing in a sing-song. "I bet you'll enjoy it if you do." She didn't give him much of a choice, her free hand finding Brett's bulge and starting to firmly stroke at it.

"Hnnngh, nn-nnh!" Brett shouted, head shaking, wrenching at his arms. Those sorts of rubs gave him the most intense vibrations of all; the buzzing wasn't [i]that[/i] much stronger, but it moved in waves that rolled down his shaft and tantalized the nerves over his tip before repeating. It was like a phantom hand of energy trying to coax him into a full erection over and over, making him want to hump up against the

touch. Except, humping would make Piq think that he wanted her to touch him like that, and maybe even convince her that he [i]wanted[/i] that finger shoved deeper inside of him!

He didn't get a vote on that part, either, Piq's finger rather insistent. She must have lubricated the digit, because it was definitely slick in the way it wriggled and slid each time she relented a little and pressed again. Brett whimpered, then cringed at the noise, at how hot it sounded. If only he was back home and free, where he could touch himself. He wanted to cum [i]so[/i] bad, his balls faintly aching as they cried out for a release he had no way to give himself, and he wasn't even sure his owners would ever give him.

Piq kept right on rubbing Brett's bulge, and when the first inch of her big finger spread Brett's ass, he couldn't help it any longer. He let out a guttural groan and rolled his hips down and a little back, grinding up against the touch to his bulge. Piq giggled, which was enough to make Brett freeze and grit his teeth, his face hot, body shaking... And then Piq gave his bulge a firm squeeze before rubbing harder, and he mewled, humping her hand again. As if in reward, Piq thrust her finger to the knuckle at the center of her finger.

Brett's squeal was choked off, his lust and pleasure dulling the discomfort of being stretched. He tugged at his arms again without him trying to do so, momentarily nonsensical, some part of him wanting free, to reach back, to get more stimulation, to do something about the shape up his rear. His arms being stuck brought him back to reality, and he whimpered, hips twisting, his cock flexing over and over in a constant loop of failing to find a way to get even halfway hard.

And, worst of all, it didn't feel like he was getting any closer to orgasm, no matter how good it felt.

"We'll get this one all the way up inside of you today," Piq promised, wriggling her finger, the tip nudging Brett's prostate and making him quiver. She pulled it out to the tip, then popped it back in to the same depth, all in one quick motion, and Brett gasped hard. Piq's other hand kept firmly rubbing at the bulge, not giving him a moment's respite as she added, "Maybe in a few more sessions, we'll get [i]two[/i] fingers inside of you!" She sounded rather delighted by the idea.

Brett wriggled and humped, suddenly wondering if he had been wrong about which of his owners was actually more evil...