

## An Unusual Request

By Monroe Lehner

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/monroethelizard/>

For Tych0

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/tych0/>

Humming. Even before he opened his eyes, he was aware of a slight humming, a buzzing, droning sound.

Then, bright white light. The smell of sterility – ethanol. Tight, narrow bands of something wrapped snugly around his wrists, ankles, and midsection.

Tych0 blinked a few times as the world came into view. A soft whirring accompanied the focusing of his optical sensors and his holographic mane began to glow a dim blue as he roused to consciousness. The next sensations he could discern: he was spread-eagle on a table, with a blinding light directly overhead. Squinting, then craning his neck up, he glanced down over his body. His array of bright orange, yellow and blue plates seemed unchanged. Against all expectations, no part of his body appeared to have been damaged. But there did seem to be a set of metal bands holding him fixed to the table. He flexed his wrists, testing the metal; it was sturdy and solid, just as those around his waist and ankles were. He might not be leaving this table any time soon.

Just as the synth was beginning to consider his next steps, a neutral voice crackled through the area, as though from an unseen intercom system:

“Ah, good, you are awake. We were—”

“Who are you?” Tych0 interjected. “Where am I and why am I being detained? I’m on an official Interstellar Search and Rescue operation.”

It was not the synth’s first rodeo, so to speak. In his time as a Search and Rescue Specialist aboard the SARV Wakatsuki, he had been on more than a few recovery missions gone awry, and he had quickly learned that asserting authority was rarely a bad idea.

“All in good time,” the voice replied soothingly. “Did you rest alright? Are you sufficiently charged?” it enquired, innocently enough.

Truth be told, Tych0 felt perfectly fine – better than fine, in fact. Taking stock of his vitals, he could honestly say he was functioning near-optimally. Considering his options, Tych0 decided it wisest to provide an honest, if guarded answer.

“It was fine enough,” he grunted.

“That’s great to hear,” the voice replied. “You see, we do not encounter your kind often, but we have tried our best to provide satisfactory conditions for your recovery.”

Well, perhaps these strangers were not hostile, after all. Maybe direct communication of his desires could prove fruitful. It was certainly worth a try.

“That’s very kind. But I would be more comfortable if I were free to move. Could I be released?” Tych0 asked.

A short pause. “We are afraid that will not be possible at this time,” the voice replied simply. These words were followed by a lengthier pause; perhaps the owner of the voice was conferring with others? It finally continued, “Though do not be afraid. You will be released shortly, one way or another. We simply need to collect some information first.”

‘Collect some information’? Tych0 was not sure he liked the sound of that, but he wasn’t exactly in a strong position to question the statement. He momentarily held his objections, instead murmuring a simple “Alright” in acknowledgement.

Before long, Tych0 heard the tell-tale sound of a hydraulic door opening. Curiously, however, no footsteps followed. The explanation became apparent within seconds: a tentacled beast was slithering into view, silently sliding towards Tych0.

As it came closer, he caught a clearer view of the organism. The creature was a mass of writhing, wriggling appendages, a slimy, translucent monster whose purple tentacles glowed even under the bright radiance of artificial light. There was no discernible face among the mass of limbs, at least so far as Tych0 could tell. Each time the synth looked towards the centre of the creature, his attempts to discern any sort of a face or torso were quickly derailed and he found himself mesmerised by the rhythmic, constant motion of the stranger’s multitudinous appendages. It was impossible for his eyes to look beyond the perpetual motion of those bobbing, undulating tendrils. With each failure, he shook his head and tried again, only to find himself staring once more at those slime-coated limbs, admiring the dimpled suckers that adorned their surfaces in complex geometric patterns.

"Um, uh..." he started. He wanted to form words, to ask what this strange creature was, where it hailed from, why he was being kept. But as he grasped for words, they slipped further away, retreating deeper into the fog of his hazy mind.

"Don't you feel good right now?" a voice enquired soothingly. While it evidently came from the creature, it seemed distant in origin, as though asked from across the room.

Tych0 *did* feel quite nice. His entire body was filled with a fuzzy warmth, and even the firm table he was strapped to felt softer than it had, just minutes ago. "I... do," he agreed eventually.

"I see you like how I look. Please, don't be afraid to stare. This cultural exchange is very important to my people," it explained to the synth. "In fact, it would make me very happy if you watched closely. I enjoy the attention."

The synth slowly nodded. The creature was filling all of his vision now. Had it moved closer, or was he merely so focused on its movements? As he stared at the stranger, its presence felt curiously familiar now, as though it was only right for it to be here with him. He admired the beauty of those tentacles, the intricacy of his friend's physiology. He was transfixed by the little bubbles that swirled within each goo-coated limb, their sophisticated dance reminding him of the vast cosmos he endlessly adored. As those bubbles swirled and rotated within each limb, Tych0 was vaguely aware of his optical displays doing the same, his dim red eyes filled with swirls as he watched, entranced.

"You would like to help me, wouldn't you, Tych0?" it asked.

Absolutely! He wanted nothing more than to help this beautiful creature! As a Search and Rescue Specialist, the synth had devoted his life to assisting others, and if there was any way he could help this creature, he would happily do whatever was in his power to help. He silently began to nod in agreement, not even pausing to wonder how the creature could have known his name.

"Such a good bot," the creature cooed.

"You see, we have a particular sort of reproductive issue. We can reproduce asexually, but our young require quite a warm, humid environment for optimal development before hatching. Our terrestrial home is ideal for this, but it's difficult to find a suitable environment on our ships.

"Our sensors indicate that your internal temperature is surprisingly stable, even under the most hostile conditions. We've assessed your physiology overnight and determined that your body possesses a range of suitable environments across its interior, though some areas are better-suited than others.

"We would like you to carry a clutch of our young to term. That is all we ask of you. If you assent, we can take care of the rest. Would you be willing to help us out?" the creature enquired.

Tych0 listened to the beast's story, rapt with attention. He hung on every word, visions of the creatures' plight filling his mind and imagination. Even before the question had been fully framed, he was nodding once more. "Anything," he murmured. "Anything to help. Use me however you wish, I'm a good bot."

The creature slithered towards the foot of the table. "That's what we like to hear," it replied. "Now, hold still. We've been told this process can be quite pleasurable if you just relax and enjoy it. I've got the clutch within my body and I will be depositing it inside of you, then we can release you back to your ship. It won't take but a few moments."

A purple, slimy tentacle lifted itself, finding its way up to the synth's crotch. Ooze dripped from its shimmering surface, covering Tych0's leg as it approached its target. Soon, the tentacle was resting on the synth's light blue balls, then it was expanding to envelop them, coating those orbs in organic goo. The tentacle began to softly vibrate, stimulating the synth's large nuts.

"It's rare we encounter a male with such large testicles," the monster complimented. "Just over 10 centimeters wide is highly impressive, you have plenty of be proud of. It also makes you an even better host for us."

Tych0 arched his back in pleasure, a soft moan escaping his lips. He had only recently upgraded his balls to their now grapefruit-sized mass, and his new set carried drastically increased sensitivity. His six-inch, flaccid member was quickly racing to erectness, growing longer and thicker as his sensitive nuts were toyed with. Before long, he was boasting his full, nine-inch manhood, the blue organ throbbing in anticipation.

"Very nice," the tentacled creature murmured. Another of its limbs had outstretched itself, approaching the shaft. It wrapped itself around the cock, first encircling the thick knot at its base, then wrapping up around its length, softly squeezing the sensitive

ridges on the underside of the organ. Before long, his cock had been fully enveloped in a tentacle as well.

As one translucent, purple tentacle vibrated over his huge balls, and another gooey tendril softly squeezed and sucked on his cock, Tych0 emitted a series of quiet gasps and groans. Before long, he felt some of the creature's ooze slipping inside his shaft, lubing it up with thick, viscous slime. Then he felt a large presence bumping against his tip.

"Our natural fluids have temporarily increased your... elasticity, shall we say," the creature explained. "It will allow your penis and testicles to stretch and accommodate our clutch, but it will quickly wear off. Our eggs will not be able to exit until they have hatched. At that point, you will need to climax to release the young. Is that understood?"

"Y-yes," Tych0 gasped out. "Please... I need them, to help you," he moaned out.

"Very well," the creature intoned. If it had a visible face, it might have been smirking at the synth's eagerness. "Now, this will take but a moment and you will be on your way."

Tych0's breath caught in his chest as he felt the first large egg – it was perhaps the size of his own fist – pressing more firmly against his tip. The pressure mounted more and more until he felt his shaft begin to stretch around its mass. The egg slid in, stretching his organ wider and wider as it slid entirely into his cock. The tentacle that encased his manhood was undulating now, squeezing his shaft in a reversed milking motion, pushing the egg deeper and deeper towards the root of his cock.

Before the first egg had even reached his balls, another was bumping against his tip. This one slid in more easily, even as the first egg pushed down into his nuts. Though the first egg, then the second, did not visibly bloat his balls, by the time the third and fourth were pushing into his sac, his scrotum was beginning to deform around the shape of its large cargo. A fifth and sixth egg joined the first four, and the process continued in this fashion as the tentacled beast filled the synth's balls with more and more eggs.

It was only when the creature had inserted a full dozen of its young – 12 large, firm, gooey eggs – that it finally stopped milking and massaging Tych0's equipment. His sac was straining, but he had somehow managed to fit all of these eggs. His nuts were swollen and bloated, enlarged to nearly the size of bowling balls, the contours of their internal cargo visible even through his scrotum.

"Within a few hours, you will find yourself back in your ship. You will carry our young for six months before they hatch. Your testicles are the ideal incubation environment for us, Tych0. We cannot thank you enough for your assistance," the creature explained.

As the tentacles retreated from his swollen, aching equipment, the synth felt one more tentacle brush up against his face. He swore he felt it kiss him on the cheek, leaving him with a bright red blush across his visor.