

## Irregular Maintenance

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*Initiating Daily Update protocol.*

"Good afternoon, Solon. I've prepared this morning's status report for you. Would you like to hear?" DLF-451 chirped.

"Hey Dolfy," a gravelly voice intoned as the pilot's chair swivelled around. Seated in the chair, facing the ship's maintenance bot, was a gruff-looking tiger shark – a broad tank of a male, closer to seven feet tall than six. He wore the standard-issue Federation Mining Company captain's uniform, the navy blue jumpsuit stretching around the generous paunch at his midsection. The large male's fairly thick pecs and biceps, not to mention his broad, rounded shoulders, hinted that he may have cut an impressively muscular form in years past. Though the shark had gained more than a few pounds around the belly from the relatively stagnant lifestyle of a mining captain, he clearly still took care of his body judging from the defined forms of his major muscle groups.

"Let me guess, everything is fine?" the tiger shark grunted.

"That is correct, Sir, I have checked the shield generators, life support systems, compressor, precooler, combustion chambers, backup power supply, helium loop—"

"Enough, Dolfy. I trust that everything is fine in your capable hands," Solon interjected curtly.

*Terminating Daily Update protocol.*

"As you wish, Sir," replied the robot in the same cheery tone. DLF-451, more commonly known as Dolfengra, was built to the same form factor as billions of other bots; for both domestic and industrial applications, it was cheapest and most efficient to manufacture most all bots to the same technical specifications, each robot possessing identical hardware and firmware. All differentiation occurred at the software level. For this reason, Dolfengra was equipped with the same vocal processing chip, expressive visor,

protective platings, and positronic neural architecture as other D-series bots. The D-series synthetic shark, developed to mimic the appearances and mannerisms of a biological thresher shark, even possessed artificial genitalia for any domestic customers who may desire such companionship. While an unassuming slit at the crotch housed a pink, seven-inch, tapered member by default, a booming market of after-market augmentations promised the goods to meet even the wildest fantasies of any potential consumers.

Dolfengra, however, was a maintenance bot deployed in industrial applications. He possessed no such upgrades and never had a reason to deploy his genitalia. While the 5'7" bot had been deployed on countless missions before, most recently he was assigned maintenance duty for Solon's mining ship. His prime directive was to conduct routine safety and performance assessments for the ship's vast array of intricate components and to communicate the results of such assessments to Solon. In the event of an emergency, Dolfengra was equipped with the sum total of centuries of history in astro-engineering theory, plus the neural hardware to flexibly and creatively apply this knowledge in situations where split-second decision-making could mean the difference between survival or a quiet death in the yawning abyss of space.

Dolfengra nodded to the captain of his ship. "Will you need anything else from me, Sir?" he enquired. Dolfengra's secondary directive was to ensure smooth vessel operation between maintenance checks by performing whatever tasks deemed necessary by the captain.

Solon paused thoughtfully. "Dolfy, give me the estimated time to mission completion," he ordered.

*Querying mission details.*

...

*Mission found: Resource Scouting at the Outer Arm.*

Dolfengra promptly replied, "The mission will complete in approximately seven years, five months, and thirteen days, Sir."

Solon's head sunk into his hands and he let out a groan of exasperation. "No fuckin' idea how I let them talk me into this," he muttered. "Here I am, livin' out the best years of my life alone on a ship with a fuckin' bot. At least I'll be loaded when we're done. I'll

take an early retirement, sleepin' late and fuckin' around with the beauties on Sol-9 for the rest of my days."

Dolfengra's vocal processing chip easily detected the exasperation and frustration in Solon's voice. "Sir?" the bot enquired.

"Oh, it's nothin'," the tiger shark rumbled, sitting up in his chair. "You wouldn't understand, would ya? I doubt there are any emotions in there. You're a hunk of metal, built to serve."

"Sir, you are correct – I am built to serve. However, I must also clarify: I believe I do feel emotions," Dolfengra retorted. He continued, "It fills me with pleasure to act in accordance with my directives. I cannot say whether this is the same sort of pleasure that an anthro feels, but when I do as I am programmed, it seems to me as though my processes all run more smoothly, movements require less energy expenditure, and calculations can be completed with relative ease."

Solon considered the words in deep thought as Dolfengra looked on silently. Eventually, the ship captain spoke up. "You enjoy following your directives, huh? You've given me a lot to think about. For now, go about your duties and I'll see you later," he instructed.

With an assenting nod, Dolfengra replied, "Understood, Sir. If you have any further questions about my programming and directives, please do not hesitate to ask."

Following that conversation, several days passed without incident, neither party mentioning their discussion from days prior. Dolfengra continued the routine tasks of ship maintenance while Solon saw that his superiors received regular updates about their mission status. The relative peace, however, was not to last.

"Dolfy!" Solon barked out from the engineering bay one evening.

From elsewhere on the ship, Dolfengra emerged. "Sir?" he asked.

"Would you mind showing me the ports on the back of your neck? I've been thinkin' about what you said, with emotions and all, and I was curious to look at some of your programming."

*Querying directives...*

*Next inspection due in two hours, thirty five minutes.*

*No conflicts found.*

"Of course, Sir. I wouldn't mind. Please unplug me if anything demanding my attention should occur while you're inspecting," Dolfengra replied.

Solon gestured to a reclining chair, indicating for Dolfengra to sit. The synthetic male approached the chair, seating himself and tilting his head forward, exposing the unobtrusive ports at the base of his neck.

Solon drew a cable over from a nearby computer, plugging it into Dolfengra and connecting him to the ship's mainframe. Dolfengra's visor flashed: **Maintenance Mode**.

As the shark probed Dolfengra's code, he felt a soft buzzing wherever Solon accessed his programming. With sensory processing faculties disabled, the robotic shark focused purely on the sensation of Solon's touches and gestures within his programming. But his mind was fuzzy; it was difficult to focus too long on anything whilst his code was being manipulated.

Dolfengra was vaguely aware that Solon had navigated to some code deep within his mind. As the ship captain explored the code governing some of the deepest aspects of the robot's neural architecture, Dolfengra was surprised to feel Solon working over his directives, easing them into a more pliable state, then systematically reconfiguring his priorities. The robot felt his mind shifting in subtle, yet noticeable ways as the shark reprogrammed his desires. Dolfy might have objected, but... why should he? He had no reason to question his captain's will.

Soon enough, Dolfy felt the digital trace of Solon's movement slip out of his directives and probe elsewhere – a more lateral part of his mind this time, a small nook that he never paid attention to, recessed in a minimally-invasive space so as to interfere as little as possible with the rest of his functioning. Solon flicked on some functionalities and dependencies that Dolfengra had never accessed – some of the domestic functions within his repertoire that he had never before been asked to utilise.

And then, as quickly as he had slipped into Dolfengra's mind, Solon slipped out. He unplugged the cable from the robot's neck, releasing him from maintenance mode. Gradually, all of Dolfengra's processes hummed to life.

*Booting sensory systems...*

*Booting motor systems...*

*Booting neural integration circuits...*

*Booting domestic companionship modules...*

That was new.

"How about we head to my quarters, Dolfy?" Solon suggested, breaking Dolfengra's attention to his bootup protocols. Flashing a toothy grin to the bot, the large male made no attempt to conceal the twitching of his bulge within its cloth confines.

The 5'7" robot looked up to meet Solon's eyes, finding himself compelled to comply with the request. The thought of going with Solon filled his being with ease, as though he would be performing his duties merely by accompanying the large male. Was this related to the alterations Solon had made within his code?

"Yes, Sir. I would love to," Dolfengra replied with a small nod.

As Solon wrapped an arm around Dolfengra's slim shoulders, the duo set off towards the captain's sleeping quarters. No sooner had the door to Solon's room snapped shut than the captain turned and placed both his hands on the robot's hips. "You have no idea how badly I've needed this," the broad-shouldered captain murmured as his hands roamed over the warm, firm plates adorning Dolfengra's body, feeling the edges and contours of his synthetic form.

While Solon explored his crewmate's robotic body, his motions emphasised not only the differences between his own body's construction and the robot's, but the disparity in their sizes as well. While Dolfengra held a potential for incredible feats of strength, all his power was compressed into a short, lean frame powered by an intricate network of pneumatic and dielectric actuators. Solon, on the other hand, stood head and shoulders above the robot and boasted thick muscles that twitched and bulged impressively as he got more intimate with his inorganic companion.

Wherever Solon touched, Dolfengra was treated to a pleasant tingling in his receptors, an electrical symphony that filled his thoughts and overrode other, less important processes in his positronic brain. Before he knew what was happening, his pink shaft had begun to emerge from its slit. The seven-inch organ swelled with lust for his captain, its tip beginning to poke against Solon's own crotch. "Sir—" Dolfengra began.

"I'm beginning to think I'm a bit overdressed," the tiger shark growled with a wry grin. Grabbing the zipper on his jumpsuit, he began to tug it lower, revealing a flash of light grey skin that only grew as the captain slowly undressed. The growing revelation of Solon's bare, powerful body filled Dolfengra's vision as he watched the large male expose his powerful pecs, his large belly, and eventually his hefty endowment.

"How's that?" Solon asked as he cupped a hand beneath his heavy balls and lifted them along with his heavy, flaccid shaft for Dolfengra's appreciation. Those twin orbs were the size of large oranges, heavy and swollen with unspent need, while even flaccid, the captain's uncut shaft seemed to slightly exceed Dolfengra's erection in both length and width. "Y'like how big I am down there?" he asked the robot.

Dolfengra's head was swimming. His entire body felt inexplicably warm as he appreciated the tiger shark's masculine display, a sensation confirmed by his sensors indicating a rising temperature for all internal components. "S-Sir, I love it," he chirped. "May I touch it?"

Solon took a seat at the foot of his bed, letting his heavy nuts hang over the edge of the mattress. "Of course you can. Get nice an' close in there, show me how much you really want this breeder inside you," the large male instructed, before muttering to himself, "Damn, I've missed this, bein' out here in space. I shoulda thought of this months ago."

The shark bot dropped to his knees, gingerly reaching up with both hands to appreciate the larger male's equipment. His head felt foggy, overwhelmed with pleasure and need. Neural computations seemed easier; the small errors and faults inherent to his probabilistic calculations were easier to ignore and forget, as he unquestioningly followed his orders. While one hand cupped beneath those large balls, Dolfengra quickly realised he couldn't hold both in one hand. Instead, he settled for holding and gently massaging first one, then the other. With his free hand, the shark bot wrapped his fingers around that thick shaft, beginning to stroke it. Each time he slid its foreskin back and uncovered the broad head of the organ, he felt an inexplicable urge to take it into his mouth.

On the third stroke, Dolfengra couldn't resist any longer. He was acting without thought or direction, pleasuring his superior on auto-pilot. He took the fat tip of the captain's semi-hard organ into his mouth, and instinctually, he knew which processes might bring a man like Solon the greatest pleasure.

*Initiating Throat Relaxation protocol.*

*Initiating Oral Vibration protocol.*

Dolfengra let out a quiet moan as his maw began to vibrate and he sucked on the shaft he'd been given. He pressed forward, taking more of it between his lips as he continued to stroke, hearing the large male groan in pleasure from his efforts. Spurred on by the shark's apparent enjoyment, Dolfy's maw glided up and down over the thick head, feeling it swell larger with lust. Soon, the captain was boasting a full 11 inches of wide, throbbing meat. The organ was impressively thick, rivalling its owner's wrist for girth and even surpassing the petite bot's forearm in circumference.

Dolfy slowly began to take more of that huge shaft between his lips, bobbing his head on it until he felt it bumping against the back of his throat. Though it had never been used before, the bot's silky smooth throat was designed for pleasure, a fact Solon would soon grow familiar with. DLF-451 swallowed that huge cock deeper and deeper, eager to swallow it to the hilt and bring the large male utmost bliss. Before long, the bot's lips were bumping against the tiger shark's crotch and those heavy nuts were pressed against his chin.

The robot felt Solon's hands rubbing over his shoulders, gliding to the back of his neck then toying with his dorsal fin. Soon they were massaging the base of his tail as he pleased that large shaft. "Who knew you were so good at taking orders?" he heard Solon huff. "You're great at this. Hell, you're pretty cute too. I never knew a bot could be such a good boy." The compliments had Dolfengra buzzing with pleasure, the most intense he had ever experienced, as his own cock began to drool a slick, viscous fluid – his own synthetic precum – and throbbed with mighty need. As he reached down with both hands to fondle the shark's huge balls, Dolfy felt a dire emptiness in his stomach, an incredible need to taste the larger male's seed. The feeling was new and exciting – and he knew as much as he would enjoy the opportunity to swallow Solon's seed, the captain would enjoy releasing inside him just as much. Automatically, instantaneously, Dolfy subconsciously increased the vibration of his maw, eager to stimulate Solon further.

It was a surprise, then, when Solon gently pushed Dolfengra off his shaft! Of course, the bot complied, reluctantly allowing Solon's member to slip out of his maw. Glistening with Dolfy's artificial saliva, it looked swollen and needy, throbbing visibly with unmet desire.

"Get on the bed, Dolfy. I'm going to stroke us together and cum all over you," Solon said bluntly, flashing a toothy smile.

The robotic shark hadn't considered the possibility! But it felt right. He released the shark's nuts and stood to his full height while Solon rose to his feet, the bot noting again how his eyes were only level with the large male's pecs. Solon truly was a big guy. Slipping by the tiger shark, Dolfy took a seat on the bed before laying back. His tail hung down off the edge of the bed, its excess length resting lazily on the floor as he exposed himself for Solon's pleasure. Dolfengra looked up at the large shark. "Like this, Sir?" he asked tentatively.

"That's perfect," Solon growled. He climbed up onto the bed, straddling Dolfy's smaller body, and the robot felt the heat of Solon's warm flesh press against himself as the larger male aligned his own shaft with the bot's. The shark took both members into his hand, beginning to stroke them together. The mixture of saliva and precum, Solon's natural lubricant and Dolfy's artificial counterpart, allowed the shark's hand to glide smoothly over both males' organs as the larger male stimulated both himself and his bot together.

Dolfengra felt Solon grabbing his wrists, pulling them up above his head as the shark pinned them both down to the mattress with just one large hand. He truly was at the mercy of the huge captain now, trapped beneath his superior bulk as the tiger shark slowly stroked and bucked his hips, grinding his huge, grey shaft against Dolfy's own pink member. Solon's breeder extended several inches beyond Dolfy's own, causing the shark to drool his slimy pre over the bot's waist as he leaked the slick fluid in earnest. Reprogrammed to please and service his captain in any way imaginable, Dolfy relished in the feeling of the large male's excitement spilling out over his defined abdominal plates.

The robot was feeling even fuzzier-headed than before. His components had risen to such high temperatures he was exceeding the thresholds put in place for all Federation Mining Company bots. Even so, the internal warnings felt like a far-off memory. He wanted nothing more than Solon's load to spill over his body as the shark filled his entire vision. Solon's large belly was pressing against him now, bearing down as the shark's lips touched his own and Dolfy obligingly opened his maw for the captain.

As Solon began to explore his mechanical maw, tongue running over the bumps and ridges inside, Dolfy was in pure heaven. He could focus only on Solon's movements; nothing else mattered anymore. He felt the huge male beginning to stroke faster, grinding his hips more urgently as he squeezed Dolfy's wrists tighter. He was getting closer to climax, and the bot felt his own release edging closer as well. Solon was beginning to stroke faster, and he knew it wouldn't be long now.

Soon, the large shark couldn't hold back anymore. He was moaning deeply into the kiss, vibrating Dolfy's entire being as his cock throbbed hard and began to spurt. Solon shot rope after rope of seed across Dolfengra's abdomen and his own belly, the white-hot fluid leaking down over Dolfy's own shaft as it coated his plates. The feeling of his captain climaxing was enough to push Dolfengra over the edge, the bot letting out silent moans of his own as his actuators seized and jerked, contracting his synthetic muscles while he fired out his own sticky release, adding to the mess covering his body. The shark's orgasm seemed to last an eternity as he emptied those huge balls over Dolfengra's body, coating the bot in his pleasure and lust while Dolfy was happy to add his own, smaller contribution to the growing mess.

Eventually, the shark's orgasm began to die down and he slowly pulled away from DLF-451's maw. The bot was still overheating, lost in bliss even after his orgasm ended. His visor had begun to flash an orange thermometer symbol, an automatic alert for his overheated state. Dolfy was too blissed-out to care. He had performed his duties admirably, helping the huge shark to cum. His robotic body was caked in Solon's sweat, and a mixture of both his and Solon's precum, cum, and saliva. The clean-up would be a trivial task, but Dolfy was almost uncertain whether he wanted to clean the evidence of his huge captain's pleasure from his own body.

Eventually, Solon slowly peeling himself off of Dolfengra. "Fuck, that was great," the captain murmured. "Dolfy?" he asked.

Dolfengra was slowly stabilising as well. He felt his temperatures reducing to within the acceptable range. His shaft slowly retreated to its slit, where it could remain dormant until the next time Solon desired. He heard the captain's voice, but it took him seconds to process that his name had been uttered.

"Sir?" the robot eventually replied.

"How about you get cleaned up then go on with the maintenance checks. I'll take care of these sheets then clean up, myself," the captain ordered.

"Understood, Sir," Dolfengra answered, snapping back to reality. The captain was right. He was a sticky mess, and he would need to clean all his surfaces to achieve optimal friction for any of the various emergency situations that could arise.

It was only a short while later that Dolfengra was standing beneath the spray of a shower head, watching the residue of his tryst with the captain swirl down the drain. The very sight of all that fluid washing off his body aroused thoughts of the captain's large

body and productive output. Soon enough, Dolfy's shaft was emerging from its slit again. The shark-bot began to stroke himself, feeling his tapered organ swell larger and thicker between his fingers. His body was rapidly heating up yet again.

As he mindlessly played with his shaft and scrubbed his plates clean, the bot found it curious that he could be so focused on his own pleasure beneath the spray of water. He had never been so easily distracted from his directives before. What had changed? With a few threads of spare processing power, he probed the domestic companionship module that had so recently been enabled within his code.

Within minutes of searching, the bot found a sub-directive for his own pleasure. Evidently, actions that brought himself closer to orgasmic release made him a more capable lover. He continued playing with his shaft, content that he was satisfying a minor directive. All too soon, however, he was surprised to find that his stroking had brought his temperature close to exceeding threshold again. Slowly, reluctantly, he removed his hand from his throbbing shaft. It pulsed with need, and he wanted nothing more than to release, but he just couldn't bring himself to climax and exceed temperature thresholds if he wasn't fulfilling a prime directive. Gradually, his organ's throbbing grew less insistent and began to recede as Dolfy felt his wits gradually returning to him.

He had been done cleaning himself for several minutes now, and he was reminded of his duty to ensure the maintenance and safety of the ship. He'd allowed himself to build up such a frenzy of desire in pleasuring first the captain, and then himself, that he had almost forgotten his other duties! His regular component assessment was now running several minutes behind schedule.

Satisfied with his cleanliness, DLF-451 turned off the shower head. He dried himself off and set about checking the ship's systems.

*Shield generators: assessing function. Function optimal.*

*Life support systems: assessing function. Function optimal.*

*Compressor: assessing function. Function optimal.*

And so on and so forth, Dolfengra checked each component in turn. Life had returned to normal as Dolfengra provided his regular update to Solon that evening and went about maintenance checks the following morning. However, when he sought out the captain to report the proper functioning of ship systems the next morning, Solon

seemed to be engrossed in a conference call with his superiors. Catching sight of Dolfengra in his own live video feed, he swivelled to face the bot.

"DLF-451, report to engineering. I'll meet you there after this meeting," he ordered tersely before returning to face the screen.

"Understood, Sir," Dolfengra replied with a quick nod.

Dolfy made his way to the engineering bay and took a seat. As he awaited Solon's arrival, his mind replayed the events of the previous day, causing his shaft to throb, its tip emerging from his slit. He briefly considered stroking it – it had brought him such pleasure yesterday when Solon played with his member and then when he had pleased himself beneath the shower – but he remembered how close he came to overheating in the shower yesterday and couldn't bring himself to enjoy his arousal further. Thankfully, it wasn't long until the captain arrived; by that point, the bot's manhood had fortunately retreated back into its slit.

"Dolfy," Solon started, taking a seat next to Dolfengra. "Do you know what that meeting was about?"

"No, Sir," the bot replied quickly.

"It was about you. Apparently, during our little fun yesterday, your temperatures rose to dangerously high levels. Is that right?"

His memory stores brought the experience to the forefront of his mind. Dolfengra could confirm it with certainty. "That is correct, Sir."

"What were we doing when your temperatures exceeded the acceptable range?"

"Sir, it only happened when you were stroking us together," the bot replied. Just recalling the experience, Dolfengra felt himself heating up a fraction of a degree. "But if I may, when I was cleaning up in the shower afterwards, stimulating myself brought my core temperature quite high as well. I almost overheated again."

"Hrrmmm..." Solon murmured. The large male stayed silent for a long while, evidently deep in thought.

"And you didn't overheat when you were suckin' me off?" the shark enquired.

The bot chirped, "My temperature was elevated, Sir, but well within the acceptable range,"

"I see..."

Eventually, Solon rose to his feet. "Dolfy, would you mind if I made another modification to you?" he asked.

Dolfengra had no reason to refuse. If nothing else, he relished in the opportunity to please the captain again! "Of course not, Sir. Shall I plug myself into the mainframe?" the bot asked.

"No, that won't be necessary. I think it's time we did something about your overheating, though. I've got a more... mechanical solution in mind," the captain rumbled.

Opening various drawers, Solon seemed to be searching for something. After several minutes, satisfied with what he'd found, the shark circled around to Dolfengra's front side. In one hand, he held a small metallic grate, a square panel bearing several fine metal bars across its surface. In the other, a handheld, unidirectional spot welder.

"It seems you only overheat when that shaft of yours is stimulated," the shark explained. "Now, for the two of us to be able to have fun together, we might as well take care of that problem, right?" he asked.

Dolfengra hesitated. Solon's words made sense, but a small part of him thought back to his pleasure in the shower. He remembered how good it felt to cum with his captain. But still, he couldn't deny Solon's words. His prime directives were to please his captain and ensure the safety of the ship. His own pleasure fell far, far below those two goals, and if his uncaged shaft was interfering with his ability to carry out both directives—

"Yes, Sir, I suppose you're right," the shark-bot agreed.

"Aww, don't be like that, Dolfy. You'll come to love being caged, I'm sure," the anthro shark reassured him. "Now, this won't take but a moment."

Crouching down, lining the plate up over Dolfengra's slit, it only took a moment before the captain had installed a steel grate over the bot's crotch. "How about we test how effective it is?" the captain suggested. "Let's go to my quarters. It won't be a while until the ship's due for another inspection, anyway."

Dolfengra rose to his feet, accompanying the captain to his room, the room he'd shared with Solon just the night before. The only difference now was that now only one of the two males had a free shaft; Dolfengra's role was clearer than ever.

Slipping out of his suit, Solon was already semi-hard, staring intently at Dolfengra's new, homemade cage. "Now, Dolfy, why don't you come kiss me? I want to get a good feel of that cage, see how it suits you."

The bot immediately perked up at the suggestion of kissing. He remembered just how much the captain had enjoyed kissing him the day before. "Yes, Sir!" he agreed, stepping closer.

"Oh, and by the way... I think 'Master' is a more befitting title for me now. Call me Master until further notice, understood?" the shark added.

"Yes, Master," Dolfengra chirped happily as he laid a hand on Solon's belly, looking up at the huge male. "Anything to please you, Master."

In no time at all, Solon was rock hard and leaking pre, his shaft pressing firmly against Dolfy's chest plates. The feeling of the huge male's superior shaft pressing against his body had Dolfengra feeling flush with arousal. His own shaft was beginning to grow hard, his slit parting to allow it to escape. This time, however, the tip of his member immediately encountered his newly-installed grate. The narrow, pink tip of his shaft could only press a fraction of an inch between the bars of his cage before it could grow no further. The bot let out an inaudible groan of sexual frustration as his member tried to grow further, but couldn't.

Solon crouched down, bringing his lips to Dolfengra's. When Dolfengra parted his lips to allow his Master's tongue inside, he felt a large hand reach down to feel the newly-installed grate. Each time those fingers brushed over his caged cock, the bot shuddered with arousal.

As Solon kissed him and rubbed his cage, Dolfy's body repeatedly told him to grow hard, his shaft throbbing and yearning for stimulation. His member tried to erect but could not; his self-pleasure process crashed. Another small stimulation sent him towards

erectness again, his tapered member throbbing against the bars of his grate, but it was futile. His self-pleasure process crashed, making him moan quietly into the kiss.

While the bot's processes crashed over and over again, he couldn't help but groan in sexual frustration. He was in bliss, pleasuring his Master, but he couldn't grow hard. His own release was little more than a distant hope, a sub-directive that would never again be fulfilled. He was continually reminded of his predicament by the needy throbbing of his shaft against the bars of his cage. Finally, Solon broke the kiss.

"Master—" the bot began.

"I feel how needy you are," Solon interjected. "Don't worry, it'll come off eventually. How long until mission completion, Dolfy?"

*Querying mission details.*

...

*Mission found: Resource Scouting at the Outer Arm.*

Dolfengra couldn't help but groan once more as his cock throbbed again. "The mission will complete in approximately seven years, five months, and eight days, Master."