

Grey Files: Robbie's Suiting
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It was still a few minutes to his important recon mission, but Robbie couldn't hold it in anymore. His new canine disguise had the unintended side-effect of giving him a raging libido, and the throbbing length of canid cock in front of him was a perfect indicator. Every vein realistically bulged and throbbed with synthetic fluid while his knot was as thick and hard as a baseball. His heart beat just behind his shiny pecs, which he groped with his left hand, as he tried to think about what to do. On the one hand, the suit had sensitive equipment all around for documenting the sights, sounds, and sensations of Earth and any unintended discharge could prove fatal for the internal systems; on the other hand, he was horny.

"The inhabitants... they call this feeling, the 'id', correct?" He wondered aloud as he stared at his dick, hoping to get acquainted with his urges before acting on them.

"Affirmative," chimed in the ship's computer, its gentle female voice explaining, "The 'id' is what the inhabitants refer to their feral expressions and thought processes with the intention of survival and mating."

"Even when there's no-one around to mate to?" Robbie added, unable to keep himself from touching his cock. The shock-on-contact sent shivers up his real form, which was comfortably settled inside his canid form

"Correct." The computer replied shortly.

That was that. With a smirk, Robbie leaned back against the glass enclosure of his suiting capsule and began to masturbate. His bio-polymer paw slid across the lightly-coated surface of his cock, the thin sheet of gel intended to protect the suit material after production.

Now though, as his fingers wiggled and gripped around his length, Robbie now felt it could be used another way, and his toes gripped the enclosure's floor to stand him up better. Behind his head, neural circuits were linking to his own brain to give him a rising sense of climax: his hearts quickened, his breathing deepened, and he could feel an erotic sensation building somewhere deep in his crotch, being coaxed up and up his length to the tip as he continued to stroke. In this state, lost to his lusts, he could not stop himself from moaning.

"Nnnngah~! Hhhhaaa!" Robbie shut his eyes as his entire form tightened. He thought it was the suit malfunctioning, but no. His head swimming with pure lustful energy, forcing his arm to keep stroking on its own. He dropped to his knees and winced, both from the impact and his own control escaping him. With two more pumps, his fist slamming loudly against his crotch, Robbie fell onto his back and lifted his hips high in the air.

Each spurt showered his chest and his abs with cum, the added pheromones heightening his own afterglow even though they were more meant to attract an Earthly mate. His mind tensed and pulsated, almost driving him mad with how excruciating, yet pleasurable, it was as his orgasm continued, red warning lights suddenly flashed across his artificial eyes: [DANGER TO SENSORS]. In a panic, he hastily undid the top part of his suit and split the head open, seeing for his own eyes whatever was the matter. The suit's eyes went from panicked to relaxed, its cock continuing to throb and spurt as Robbie read the telemetry data through his orgasmic haze.

"What?" He panted as he poured over the readings, "What is this?"

"These are normal readings for Shapharon-3 natives." The computer replied simply.

“But these are four times the normal levels usually found on other worlds!” He replied back, yelping slightly, “I wonder how could any species withstand an orgasm like this?”

“It is yet unknown.” was all he got back.

Robbie rested back on his knees, his costumed head split open, and thought. This strong an orgasm, all the time? How can they live like this? Well, then again, that’s what this mission is all about. As he stood up and began to shed the suit to fix the sensor issues, he figured that this was *really* going to be an eye-opening mission...