

STX
(SEXUALLY TRANSMITTED XENOMORPH)

WRITTEN BY BB47 2012

PART 3

Yesterday..

COMP ABBREVIATED AUTOLOG::

init.tnfrm Day 7 of Mis. B.3Q784 Current trans geostatic. orbit ~35786km, Planet: Gliese 581 g.

++0100++ Seed Colony Kinawa 5, loc. N. hemi 28.60542°N 81.3839°W/ upgraded to critical status, Emergency Core command directive 9h initiated with CC Vessel "Triumph-BB47" to provide partial security oversight:: authorized.

++0101++ Case #5462M established.

++0120++ Full data transmission complete to Core Command.

++0121++ Med-alert status initiated. >Standby< from Core Command for further instruction.

++0832++ Tier 1 Security override authorized by Capt. J. Rivers>> All Primary transmissions to Core Command ceased.

++0833++]9h[Core Command 1.654.7 initiated:: part. emergency override of hypersleep containment bay. >>Priority 1 sequence, Case #5462M upgraded to Level E.

++1120++]9h[Core Command 1.659.3 initiated:: Sec. Officer -Lieutenant Cassandra Gallo chosen for Reanimation Contingency Protocol. Mission: reestablish Primary Control. Debriefed. Warning>> Possible unknown contamination threat.

Present time..

This is going to be trickier than I thought, thought Cassandra to herself.

She was floating just a few inches above the outer hull of the orbiting craft, peeking through an auxiliary port med-lab window. It had become obvious during the debriefing that the Captain had placed the entire ship in some sort of protective security lock-down. Knowing him, it would be impossible

for her to move freely throughout the interior of the ship without triggering an alarm. Luckily, the Core command reanimation sequence provided for her had been activated using an upper-level priority code. The order to reanimate her had bypassed the Captain's security codes and allowed her a small bit of wiggle room.. but the rest was up to her. So far, it appeared that they were unaware that she was even awake.

An image of the captain's penis popped into her head. *Focus!* she told herself, blinking a couple of times to clear her thoughts. It had been like that since she woke up.. meandering sexual images creeping into her mind. This was abnormal for her.. she wasn't usually this horny and didn't have time for these obscene distractions. She hoped it wasn't a latent symptom of the hyper-sleep.

She was given the authority and codes to commandeer the ship, but first she would have to dial in and override the comp from one of the physical access terminals.. voice commands wouldn't work. All of the primary terminals would be under tight surveillance, which only left maintenance access points; most of them inaccessible.

She was good at this. Captain Rivers himself had hand picked her for many of his missions and they had a working relationship.. well.. there was that one time in the cantina during shore leave at Osei. Well.. nothing really happened.. he was drunk and she was horny, but she had stopped it before it went too far; she wanted to keep their relationship professional. She pawned him off to her friend Cara from the Academy.. and after that he completely stopped paying attention to her.

Later on, she noticed that he seemed to trust her a lot more after the incident. She had obviously done the right thing by not getting physically involved with him.

However.. it always did nag her that he found Cara more attractive than her... not that she was jealous.. but what did Cara have that she didn't? They were both the same height and weight with almost the same hair color. Cara's smile was a little more crooked looking, but that shouldn't

have made a difference. The only definite difference between the two was Cara's enhanced breasts. They were quite a bit bigger than her own B cups. She had heard her boast about her 'perfect' 34 G's. Surely that couldn't have made him more interested? Boobs?.. Nah... it had to have been something she said.. right? Yet, it still bothered her. If it actually was Cara's bigger breasts that had tipped the scale, then how many other times had she been dismissed or overlooked by other men due to her smaller breasts when she didn't realize it? For the millionth time, she wondered if would be worth it for her to go a bit bigger up top. Enhancements weren't all that big a deal... anyone could do it. There was just no reason for all of the stupid physical enhancements that women were into these days.. larger breasts would just get in the way. Wouldn't they?

What if she was bigger than that slut, Cara.. she'd show her how to catch the Captain's interest! It wouldn't be hard to do, there were probably a half dozen surgi-mod clinics at the nearest M-class station. She certainly had enough credits to get her breasts as big as she wanted.. shit, she could get them massive.. or even better, she could get an entire additional set! She bet the Captain would notice if she had four tits the size of exo-helmets!

Focus! she screamed at herself. What the *hell* had gotten into her?! Four breasts? For the love of Sark!

Shaking her head to clear her thoughts inside her exo-suit, she addressed the task at hand. Keep focused! She had to have her wits about her if she was going to succeed at this mission. She tried her best to push the lusty thoughts aside. At least her mind had cleared up a little bit when she slipped into the suit.

Hmm.. something occurred to her.. based on the report, she realized that she may have to contend with some sort of pheromone attack if she came in proximity to the Captain. Luckily, that hadn't occurred yet. She had concluded that her current heightened sexuality could only be blamed on the effects of the hypersleep.. everyone knew that hormonal-chemical

weapons were ineffective at a distance and besides, the ships scrubbers would have quickly eliminated any contaminants.

Gliding along the outside of the hull, she knew exactly how to avoid detection. The comp, efficient and smart as it was, had several, little-known blind spots on the outside of the ship. The difficulty would be gaining access through the exterior ventral exhaust dump. She didn't want to crawl through the guts of the ship, but it seemed to be the only way.

The debriefing had been strange. Up until the Captain had terminated broadcast, constant surveillance had been sent to Core command. She had seen the preliminary effects of some sort of change in Dr. Whitney. It had obviously been an abridged overview, but she got the gist. For whatever reason, the good doctor had taken it upon herself to take advantage of the bedridden Captain. There were comprehensive details about something overactive with his periaqueductal gray matter.. or some shit like that. Science was definitely not her strong suit. She was security.. just show her where to shoot.

The 3vex display had shown the Doctor in passionate throws of an amazing blow-job... she was still surprised by Dr. Whitney's skill and excitement. She didn't think the little Doctor had it in her.. it's a wonder she ever had anyone to practice on.. seeing how.. 'homely' she looked.

Approaching her target, she felt around the edges of the hatch until she found the weak spot. The trick would be getting the door open without the computer realizing that it was actually open. This would be impossible to do or know how to do.. unless it just so happened that your daddy was an E-9 Aviation Structural Officer who liked to tell maintenance techniques instead of normal bedtime stories. Cassandra never knew what a goldmine she had gleaned from her father's narratives until she found herself actually utilizing her knowledge in the field.

Her gloved fingers located the third rivet from the edge. Moving quickly, using the small bag of supplies she had brought, she pulled out what

looked like a small, silver metal box with a readout on the top. She typed in a code and the box glowed for second and then unlocked. She felt it start to get heavy but before it pulled her towards the hull, she opened it up, removed one of the small black rods inside and reached over to stand it upright on the hull rivet where it stayed put. She closed and reactivated the AG unit to make it weightless again and turned to watch the exposed rod grow heavier.

Within a moment, its matter somehow reversed, and the ultra-dense, exposed rod began to pull itself down hard against the rivet. As it became trapped in the segmented artificial gravity well, the rod's extremely high super-mass acted like an object thousands of times heavier than it appeared. They were a gift from her father. He used to bring them home from work and let her play with them; left over pieces from standard Ultradrive construction. Back on Earth, outside of their containment units, the little pieces were so heavy that no one could pick them up once they were put down. They provided a delightful prank for a young mischievous girl with too much time on her hands. Now, they were a tool. Playtime was over.

With a small snap, the rivet and rod disappeared as it succumbed to the weight and shot into the inner hull.

She was poised and ready.. she only had a few seconds to get inside once the door opened. As she predicted, the comp instantly realized there was a breach and initiated a maintenance routine to test the hatch. Internally, the gravity zone would be temporarily shut down to avoid damage until the issue was resolved.

As the door swung open, she slipped inside and quickly crawled up the exhaust dump towards the duct-work. She avoided any area that would alert the comp to her presence. In a few minutes she found herself squeezing through a pipe quite close to her target area.

Her helmet got wedged. *Damn!*, she cursed, the exo-suit was too bulky! She couldn't get the fucking thing through the vent. *Shit!* she thought, /

guess there's no way around it.. I'll have to leave it behind.. I've got to keep going.

It took a bit of work, but she was able to undo the clasps and wiggle her way out of the material. The area she was in was climatized, so the suit was really unnecessary. She had only worn it this far due to the possible future threat of contamination from the Captain. But her sensors were reading normal. Her helmet readout had shown no known anomalies in the surrounding air quality. With a shrug, she detached the helmet and pushed the whole suit down below her feet.

As she squeezed her smooth yet muscular narrow shoulders through the next section of pipe, she realized that she was sweating profusely from the increased heat. Her short black hair had become messy and disheveled; it stuck to her cute, overheated face in wet strings. She gulped in the steamy air open-mouthed, like a dog panting in the summer heat. In an attempt to cool down, she started stripping off her jumpsuit as she kicked off her boots and socks. She felt every inch of the wet fabric as she peeled it from her olive skin.

From another perspective.. if you took away the pipe an observer would have mistaken her motions as highly erotic. She knew she had a nice, fit body. Her long legs were curvy yet fit. Her abs were tight and defined. The material was slippery and delicious feeling as it came off. She realized she felt quite alive and turned on. She was extremely aware of her body.. her legs.. her breasts.. her crotch.. she shook her head and focused on the task at hand. *Quit that!* she thought to herself, wondering what had gotten into her. She moved onward; almost all that remained on her tight sexy body was her sports bra and thong. Strapped to her right calf was a compression holster with several extra pockets filled with various tools. Sweat dripped from every pore as she pushed herself into the last and smallest section of pipework.

The tight pipe pressed against her erect nipples as she wiggled wetly around the final corner. The motion caused an uncontrollable urge to blaze

up her spine.

“Ooooh..” she moaned, unable to keep herself from enjoying the feeling. She could barely move, the pipe held her like a tight lovers embrace; images of the Captain surged through her mind. Before she could help herself, she plunged her fingers beneath the wet, tight thong and began to rub herself into a frenzy. All she could seem to think about was his throbbing cock on the security video. She replayed Dr. Whitney’s amazing act of fellatio over and over in her head. The smooth metal seemed to caress her sensitive breasts and thighs. The heat from the exhaust pipe was streaming across her skin, her body spasmed with emotion and she squirmed and squealed in delight as a yummy climax lit up her body like a plasma cannon.

“Uh!” she pulsed, “Oh!” “Oh Shit!” .. “OH FUCK!!” she cried as each wave of the orgasm blasted through her lithe figure. Her butt cheeks clenched and her legs flexed in a sexual rhythm. She couldn’t help herself.. it felt so damn good! Colors and erotic images flashed through her head.. a few more strong jolts and it was over.. ...her bare toes curled as she basked in the afterglow of the moment.. her body hummed and shook with excitement.

But no sooner had she caught her breath and the stirrings returned.

You gotta be kidding me! she thought as her loins began to ache with a renewed craving.

Her free hand slipped up under her sports bra and caressed her firm breasts, sliding back and forth between each nipple.. pinching and squeezing the supple flesh. Thoughts of Cara’s larger G cup breasts vividly popped into her mind. She imagined her own breasts growing that large, the image was amazingly vivid and consuming.. *oooh they felt so nice and heavy..* both of her hands reached up to knead her imagined.. newer, larger boobies, straining to escape the thin material of her bra.

“Do you like these, Captain?” she heard herself say.

“It’s about time you figured me out,” he whispered in her ear from behind her. His arms wrapped around her body and she could feel his chest muscles pressing into her back. Both his large hands groped and squeezed her amazing globes.

“You are so much hotter than Cara..” he said while licking her ear. She felt herself blush like a schoolgirl from his praise and attention. “I should have never let you get away.”

“Do you want them bigger, John?.. I can get them made bigger if you want.. I’ll do anything you want..” she writhed and undulated against his suddenly naked body. “I know you like my plump ass too.. I can get it bigger too.. fuck me John.. fuck me!”

She felt his rod slide between her glistening ass cheeks and split her wet lips as he rose up into her. His hands squeezed her breasts harder.. clamping down on the soft flesh in a wild impetuous act of lust. She moaned as he groped and pulsed within her.. together they moved.. faster and faster .. higher and higher until yet another mighty orgasm flooded her body. She tensed hard with each pulse of pleasure that buzzed through her.

Then he was gone... her mind struggled to refocus on her surroundings.. her breasts were back to normal.. she discovered she had somehow jammed the smooth handle of her isoblade deep up inside herself during her fantasy... *how did that get?.. well.. I guess that’s one use I never thought of..* she thought.. sliding the sticky metal out.

As she laid there panting and moaning in the pitch black with her dark sweaty hair matted to her pretty face, juices leaking down her thighs.. she realized that this was definitely *not* a hyper-sleep reaction. She was experiencing the effects of a strong chemical/hormonal weapon of some

sort. She felt her need growing again.. *shit!* she needed to get out of the tube.

Doing her best to keep her mind on the task at hand, she finished wriggling forward until she felt the hatch she was looking for. Her deft, sticky fingers traced the oval shape of the metal doorway.. feeling for the small ridge that would indicate the switch plate. Slipping a small, spoon shaped device from her holster, she aligned the head in a seemingly random spot on the access panel.

Her memory flashed back to her childhood playground on the military base.

A maze of broken pipes and other transport building materials sat clustered in a mansion-sized pile in the corner of the assembly hangar.

“Hold it like this, honey,” her dad said to her. His large hands engulfed her own as he placed the Yamoto pulse-wrench in her tiny hands. She remembered his smell.. half machine oil and half Sono-scent651.. he always picked the same one from the shower menu... it was mom’s favorite and he never stopped using it even after she died. Cassy had cried for a week.. and had never cried again.

“Put your thumb here... that’s right.. and..”

Click.

The door opened and a blast of cold, fresh air hit her like a slap. Her curvy hips barely made it through the tight opening. It felt like she was peeling off a skin-tight pair of pants as she emerged from the tight tube. For a thicker woman this would have been impossible but her thin body finally slid onto the maintenance compartment floor. Slipping a band from around her wrist, she tied her dark wet hair up in a quick ponytail to get it out of her pretty face as she checked for any sign of detection.

Ok. Patience. All Clear. She took a deep breath.... Go.

Moving like a cat, she barefooted it through the aisles until she found the

waist-high manual terminal at the far end covered with red plastic. It had never been used. Quickly ripping through the seal, she activated the screen and started keying the override codes.

There was a limited time until the comp would be alerted to her deviant behavior. Therefore her first goal was to make her activity invisible to the system. *Damn!* she mused.. her codes would not allow her access into the primary command structure.

So he thinks he's clever! Cutting off the bridge.. well we'll see about that.. she smiled; accessing a backdoor maintenance subroutine which accepted her new codes. With a quick tap, her authorization was complete. *Ha!*

“Partial re-authorization of command has been established, please note that there has been an error in assumption of bridge command, awaiting your instructions, Lieutenant Gallo,” spoke the soft neutral voice of the comp.

“An error?.. what do you mean error?” she said, standing up and addressing the air while jogging to the exit.

“The bridge, and by proxy, most of the primary systems interfaces are still in control of Captain John Rivers, all actual systems outside of the Captains authorization have been rerouted to you.”

“So.. even if he wants to do something.. the rest of the ship won't acknowledge it?”

“That is correct.”

“I didn't realize the Comp could be split like that.. damn! Well, I'll take what I can get. First priority, do not notify the Captain of my reanimation or presence in the ship.. as a matter of fact, I need him to think everything is the same,” she smiled as she climbed up out of the mechanical room hatch bay into a long curved hallway.

“Unfortunately, Lieutenant, the Captain was immediately notified once you accessed the 4th nested subroutine.”

“Shit!” she spat as she picked up her pace. “That sneaky sob.. hmm.. that changes things.. we need to hurry... and I don’t think I can go in the front door.. ooh..” she looked down and her hands were back on her breasts again.. pinching her nipples hard. Lust in her veins. *Uh.. oh..*

Within moments she dashed into the Medlab.

“Ok.. I need some sort of medicine or injection that will stop me from being so damn sexually turned on.. gahh..” she spoke through gritted teeth. She had both hands down in between her legs fingering herself while she tried to walk and talk.

“Next.. ooh.. I’ll need full activation of all interior defensive droid units.. and quickly! He’s got.. got.. damn.. droids of his own on the bridge and we don’t have much time before he locks the whole place down... uhhh... and lastly, I’ll need a couple supplies.. come on you stupid machine! where is that damn injection!?”

The Comp’s A.I. med system was quite advanced but had never dealt with the level or type of pheromones polluting the air in the ship. The scrubbers were all but ineffective.. however, it quickly synthesized a muting cocktail that got her endocrine system regulated. She spent the next few minutes running around, yelling out commands and preparing the ship for her coup d’etat.

“Lieutenant, all bridge systems have been locked to touch-manual, you may be able to disable the Captain’s primary control system, however, full authorization will only be relegated back to you once he is deceased.”

“Understood.. ok.. lets do this.. M3, execute!”

There was a massive explosion as one of the walls almost disintegrated in a controlled blast. She held her breath and followed three towering “spiders” through the large gaping hole of sheared wires and busted conduit. They came through in a ventral hallway, a bit further than she would have liked.. but also more unexpected.

Or so she thought.

Immediate gunfire blasted into the front spider unit. Two of the six foot legs were blown off and shrapnel scattered over her head. The droid shifted its remaining legs to maintain position, its spherical thorax expanded and rotated exposing a wide muzzle which immediately returned fire and provide protection for Cassandra as she got out of the way. Dozens of rounds tore into it as it sacrificed itself.

“Shit!” she said flattening against the wall. “There’s only one.. get his ass!” she yelled to the other droids.

Launching into action, the second and third units joined in the gunfire, rapidly advancing down the hallway towards the enemy.

Turning back to the gaping hole, she yelled several instructions and a mass of smaller droid units flooded into the hallway splitting and going in both directions.

Although a little strategy was needed, this fight was a “sheer numbers” scenario. She clearly outnumbered the Captain in total droid units and firepower. All she had to do was overwhelm his defenses and then take back control.

She figured the Captain would be on the control bridge. As the sounds of gunfire grew more distant, she moved quickly through the dark hallways up to the top of the section. Alarm lights flashed and blinked. There was mechanical carnage everywhere. Electrical fires, steam and droid parts littered the hallways.

A couple of times she was fired at, but she and her small entourage were able to dispatch the oncoming units. At one junction, an enemy “shielder” had holed itself into a wall and wouldn’t allow passage. Upon seeing her, it dropped its electrofield and filled the entire hallway with a blast of flame. Luckily, the quick calculations of her own shielder had pulled her - a little singed- into its sphere and quickly created a vacuum while her other droids butchered the exposed enemy.. she held her breath and waited.

Finally, she reached the closed doorway, flanked on either side by S-type guardian droids, nicknamed “Sammies” by the strange way they moved and fought in some ancient forgotten martial fighting style. They were contact-only droids, shaped in a strange, four armed headless humanoid format and utilized for close quarter combat. She had directed them to arrive ahead and secure the area. This next step would take a little finesse. Although more powerful, her heavy-handed spiders would most likely damage half of the terminals behind this door and she needed them intact.

“Ok..” she breathed, her small breasts heaved beneath the torn sweaty material of her sports bra. She could feel her lust starting to rise beneath the surface.. how long the injection would last, she had no clue. She was still wearing just her thong, and her curvy long legs were stained with grease and dirt. There had been no time to worry about clothing or even shoes. She had a weapons holster clamped to her thigh and a small pack on her back. Her singed dirty hair was tied back with a makeshift bandanna but from the look on her pretty smeared face there was no doubt she meant business. With both hands she held a 828-Krasfox assault rifle. It’s snub, one foot length belied its power and accuracy. For those trained with it, like herself, it was beyond deadly. She was born for this shit.

“You know your orders.. protect me so that I can access the primary terminal.. no gunfire... ok.. let’s do this.. Comp, override this door and open in 3... 2... 1..”

The command structure was concentric. As her droids dominated each level, her authorization and access had increased. All that was left was behind this door..

The Sammies moved like lightning, but within seconds she realized her mistake.

The Captain did not seem to care about the viability of the terminal access.. gunfire opened wide from a large spider unit positioned across the room. *Damn! I didn't see that coming.. he must be crazy to allow that thing in here! Shit, I'm too late.. he's already a mad man.* The Captain was not in the room. She realized he had sealed himself in the ready room, *poor Doctor Whitney, she's probably lying dead in a corner somewhere.*

She ducked down in the hallway and slid down onto her taut, muscular belly to peek around the doorway. The spider had decimated one of the Sammies but the other one had smartly positioned itself directly in front of the terminal she needed to access. It had activated small specialized parabolic high-energy electroshield disks on the ends of its arms. Each time the spider shot at it, the Sammie moved a disk to intercept the bullet where it would disintegrate on contact. As another three or four shots were fired, the bright disks moved faster than she thought possible, protecting the terminal from any damage. She knew about defensive scenarios like this but was still amazed to see it in action. *Damn, that thing is fast!* The spider stayed back knowing that close proximity with a Sammie mean certain destruction. She couldn't possibly follow the action, but she knew she needed to get over there somehow.

Reaching into her pack, she pulled out a small sphere and activated it. A small blank holographic display hovered above it. She pulled out one of its telescoping holding rods and quickly stuck the ball into the exposed doorway and yanked it back. The spider saw the motion and fired half a dozen rounds into the door frame but missed. The display now showed a 3vex replica of the inside of the room. She quickly tapped on the displayed

image of the spider droid, it turned blue and she pushed in the rod and whispered, "kill," and dropped the sphere on the ground.

It rolled back away from the door down the hallway and then reversed and rapidly sped towards her on a calculated trajectory. Right before it got to the door it launched itself. Flying across the room faster than the eye could see, the sphere bounced back and forth like a super-ball. The spider tried to track the motion and began firing rapidly trying to hit the ball. Bullet holes splayed across the walls. Simultaneously it slightly shifted its position to avoid a strike. But within a second, the ball bounced on its final angle which beamed it into one of the spider's legs where it detonated on contact.

As the leg exploded and the spider shifted to compensate, Cassandra was ready and dove through the air towards the Sammie. Her military training kicked into high gear and time seemed to slow down.

She felt every muscle as she flew.. tensing slowly she rolled sideways and let loose with the 828. Her aim was perfect, as she shot not for the gun turret or processor, but for the back leg. In slow motion, she saw the spider re-aim and shoot in her direction, spraying a torrent of bullets at her.. she screamed.

And then it was there.

Moving faster than the speed of sound, bright electro lights streamed in front of her face like a blurred fireworks picture. Her Sammie somehow pivoted like a robotic ballerina to intercept the dozens of bullets destined to kill her.

Her shots rang true and the balance leg exploded off of the spider droid.

The hulking spider slipped, trying to compensate, but that was all that the Sammie needed. As she landed on the ground, time seemed to snap back into normal speed. From her side, she watched as the Sammie almost

suddenly appeared underneath the enemy, cutting through the processor; its disks moving with precision as it systematically overpowered and dismantled the Spider.

Breathing heavily, she stood and began the system override. Suddenly, the door to the bridge slammed shut and locked and from the direction of the ready room; she heard two rapid shots.

Turning, she saw her Sammie collapsing onto the ground and then she looked down to see blood pouring out of a nasty wound through her left thigh. The pain hit her and she collapsed on the ground. Her rifle slid across the floor.

“Fuck!” she screamed through her teeth. Thinking quickly, she pulled herself behind the console.

“Lieutenant, you need to give yourself up,” spoke a rich baritone voice that she only barely recognized as the Captain’s. The voice hit her like a erotic pulse to her brain. She shuddered with the sudden feelings of attraction and arousal. *Have.. to.. resist...* she forced the thought and focused intently on the massive pain surging through her leg.. she was losing blood fast.

“I didn’t want to hurt you, Cassandra, but you need to understand.. everything will be ok,” he took a step closer to her.

His words soothed her, and she fought to ignore him. Quickly, she reached into her small med pack and pulled out a green injection stick and jammed it quickly into the flesh right above the wound. The pain immediately subsided. Unwrapping a small cylinder, she expanded a strange gel-metal sheath and quickly snapped it around her entire calf, sealing off the damage. The millibot bandage immediately went to work on the injury.

“You don’t understand, Cassandra.. it’s amazing.. this symbiosis is beyond your wildest dreams,” he spoke passionately, coming closer to the console

where she had crawled. "Please.. let me show you.." he stepped closer.. he was right there.. he crouched down.. "I know it seems crazy.. but.. gaaahhhh!!!!"

He stared for a second with a terrified look on his face. Her isoblade had neatly sheared right through his gun-arm like butter. As he staggered back, bobbing the cauterized stub of his humerus, he realized what she had done. With a reverse jab, she forced the butt of the blade into his bare muscular stomach and lit him up with a 70kV shock-blast. His eyes rolled up in his head and he doubled over onto the ground next his severed arm that was still holding the thermal Clipper that had shot her.

Limping up to him, panting in exhaustion, she raised the curved glowing blade and prepared to end this once and for all.

She was literally shaking with arousal from his proximity.. she felt like she could smell the pheromones leaking from him. And for the first time, she was able to fully see his figure laying before her. He had changed dramatically! For whatever reason, he was completely naked.. from between his extremely muscular legs was not one, but two cocks protruding out onto the floor! She shook her head in disbelief. One was above the other, the top one was huge, almost too big.. it was at least a eight inches long, flaccid! - and as thick as her wrist. She knew her mission, but her pussy ached with the sight.. juices welled up inside of her. The second penis was impossible. Her eyes followed its full length along the ground like a python. Thicker than her bicep, it's fist-sized head would put a horse to shame. Beautiful veins pulsed and ran along its amazing foot and a half non-erect length. It turned her on even more just staring at it.. mesmerized.. *how could anyone even take that thing? And why do I want to try..*

Oh.. my god.. look at his testicles! They bulged out smooth and large, round and kidney shaped beneath his hairless scrotum, each as big as a grapefruit.

She stood there frozen, drool on her lips, eyes wide and dilated.. sex

pulsing through her veins. But there was more.. he had grown.. huge.. massive.. his body was extremely muscular and large.. like a hulk. He looked like he was over seven feet tall. His face was still him, but extremely masculine and extraordinarily attractive. *Oh, damn! I want him so bad..* her hand reached out inches away from the largest cock.

No! This is wrong! she stopped and steeled herself.. *this has to end..*

Taking a step, shaking.. she extended the glowing blade, aiming for his throat..

“Stop!” screamed a high voice and the Lieutenant was bowled over onto the ground in a mass of flesh and arms.

The isoblade clicked off and slid across the floor. Cassandra was confused and angry, laying on her back with this huge person on top of her, her leg throbbled with the pressure.. *what the hell is this?*

She couldn't tell what was what for a second but she instinctively kicked hard and scrambled backwards away. Her eyes grew wide.

“Doctor Whitney?” she exclaimed, astounded by what she saw.

“You stay away from him, you.. you animal!” the woman screamed from her prostrated position on the ground.

At first, Cassandra couldn't comprehend what she saw.. or at least refused to..

But it appeared to be a transformed Doctor Whitney or a luscious doppelganger of her. She appeared to be laying on top of two enormous flesh colored balls. She pulled her knees up under herself and rocked back until the globes lifted up off of the ground. Not balls at all, but giant, round jiggly breasts that hung perfectly off of her tiny torso. They were enormous, each one easily twice as large as her head. They were bigger

than any endowments she had ever seen, even with all of the extreme enhancements that seemed so popular. She wondered if the Doctor would be able to put her hands together in front of herself. Even in the midst of her awe, she felt her own strange quiet desire.. *oh yes.. I'd love my breasts to be that big!...*

“W..what happened to you?” she asked, pressing her emotions down while standing and backing away slowly; she glanced at the rest of the good Doctor’s changes.

Her skin was smooth and flawless.. long wavy honey blonde hair hung down her back behind her curvy thighs... it framed an unbelievably sexy, erotic yet beautiful face. It was still her.. but with incredible improvements. She seemed both underage and adult at the same time.. like an extremely overripe 14 year old with knowing eyes.. overlarge, long lashed, florescent-blue doll eyes. Her tiny nose was perched above glossy plump bee-stung lips.

Her body was simply perverted.. she looked like some sort of living sex doll. Her waist looked too small to support her inflated top, and her hips jutted out.. meaty and wide. Even as she teetered and stood up on her small feet, it was appeared that her ass was oversized as well. Some sort of liquid had beaded up on her giant nipples and dripped slowly to the floor. Her only clothing was a weapon holster strapped to her right thigh.

“You need to back off, Lieutenant!” she growled.. her high voice sounding almost funny coming from her sensual pouty mouth. Her petite hand came up pointing a blunt firearm.

“Whoa.. look.. Doc.. I’m not sure you are in a position to make any decisions right now.. both you and the Captain are infected and have been under a lot of stress..”

“No, Lieutenant.. it is *you* that does not understand”, she took a step forward, her body may have been ridiculous, but her eyes were serious, “so

let me make this clear.. you will submit yourself to me and transfer all command back to the Captain immediately.. or .. or.. or you will die,” her hands shook as her small thumb pushed the rage controller to maximum.. an audible hum filled the space.

She doesn't mean it.. realized Cassandra.. she could have shot me twice already..

“Ok, ok.. Doc.. don't do anything rash.. oh! ouch!” she exclaimed with mock pain on her face, looking down and drawing attention to her wounded leg.

Her ruse worked as the Doctor slightly lowered the gun sympathetically to look at the leg.

Quick as a wink, the highly trained soldier rushed and rotated to kick the gun across the room. With her next turn she crouched, intending to sweep the Doctor's legs but the sudden movement of the Lieutenant had thrown off the balance of the top heavy surgeon and she stumbled forward and somehow grazed one of her leaking breasts across Cassandra's face. The nectar hit her like a punch... numbing her mind and surging through her body. Her stance faltered and the attack turned into a sloppy half tackle as both women went down together in a jumble of arms, blonde hair and breasts.

Cassandra fought to gain control over her own lust. They both grunted and moaned from the pleasure of the contact. The pressure of their entanglement had liberally squeezed the swollen mammary glands and the slippery nectar sprayed all over their bodies. The Doctor seized the opportunity and grabbed hold of the burnt and tattered sports bra and ripped it from her body. The pure liquid smeared up and down her naked torso as they both wrestled for control. It was like some otherworldly oil-wrestling match. The nectar acted as a lubricant, and try as she may, the Lieutenant kept losing her grip as she tried to push away.. she slapped and scratched at the Doctor. She couldn't help but get turned on more and more by the physical contact with the juicy shiny wet breasts. She noticed

that the Doctor was turned on as well as she fended herself from the wild soldier and slipped onto her back and slid her gorgeous legs up to lock them tightly around Cassandra's waist.

It was too much. Cassandra couldn't resist it any longer.. the muting compound was no match for the nectar being absorbed directly through her skin. Her breasts were on fire, her pussy throbbed with longing, she was wide eyed, panting and desperate.

In a last desperate attempt from atop the Doctor, she caught her wrists and pinned them with one hand. Her second hand reached around her throat.. a giant leaking boob smashed between their bodies. Her hand squeezed hard and the Doctor's eyes bulged with fear.. her legs loosened.. her lithe arms fought with desperation. They both knew she would pass out soon.. she fought.. if she could just hold on.. for a few more seconds...

But the Doctor didn't pass out. Moments passed and they both realized that nothing was happening..

Her large seductive eyelids fluttered.. the Doctor smiled weakly - a smile of understanding - she arched her back hard and aimed her thick leaking teat directly into Cassandra's mouth.

Dr. Candace Whitney, partially asphyxiated, extraordinarily turned on by the possibility of suffocation, bruised, punched and manhandled, arched her back in erotic release as the Lieutenant reflexively bit down and sucked hard on her large burgeoning breast. The nipple flared with pleasure and she grunted without sound as nectar oozed out of her giant breast and flowed into Cassandra's mouth.

The Lieutenant couldn't hold back, she gave in to her passion.. both hands released and she began to milk the overlarge udder as she desperately drank from it. Her hands roughly kneaded the doughy flesh, she squeezed it hard running her hands all over the soft mound. She needed more.. *must have more!*

The Doctor, finally released to breathe, gulped in air and started groaning with pleasure, feeling a nipple orgasm rise within her. Her dainty hands traveled down to find the Lieutenants sloppy wet hole and began rubbing her swollen clit while finger fucking her faster and faster.

Cassandra's hips bucked and she moaned with pleasure.. it was amazing.. *more! more! uh! Fuck me! Oh God!!*

She needed to cum.. but her release was somehow suspended.. she was desperate, the pleasure continued to build.. higher and higher..

She felt something else... someone behind her.. tilting her head to look while sucking, the one-armed Captain had knelt behind them and was guiding his mighty twenty inch erect cock into the wet lips of the supine Doctor. His second, less larger cock bobbed as he moved. His face was not angry or concerned.. instead his smiling eyes shone bright blue with lust and desire.

The Doctor's tight bald pussy spread wide as his insane meat pushed hard up into her. Her back arched and she moaned as she pressed her belly up against the kneeling Lieutenant's abdomen.

Cassandra could actually feel the bulging monster traveling through the touching skin as they came in contact. His hand then reached up to spread her dripping lips wide as he prepared to bury the second cock into her body.

"Oooohh.. yes.. Yes!" she begged as she shook.

Unable to wait for him, she backed her tight cunt hard upon the turgid pole, getting stuck on the wide head.. then rapidly pulled back and forth forcing him into her, slamming him faster and harder into the tight fit, her muscular legs flexed with the action. She really was an animal.. pumping him deeper, banging the swollen head hard against her cervix.

Her body shook, she almost couldn't speak.. she was focused now.. driven to her singular goal.

Their bodies moved in rhythm, the Captain riding both of them together, the women grunting and groaning with the building pleasure.

“Oh Fuck!! Oh Fuck!! Oh Yeah.. Fuck me! Fuck me!!” Cassandra somehow felt as though she was caught between two, more powerful forces. The Doctor began screaming with each pulse her breasts flopping and bouncing all over the place and the Captain moved his powerful hips faster, plowing into them with an incredible speed and strength. His eyes glowed bright and Cassandra screamed as she was zapped with the best orgasm of her life.

Her pussy pulsed and contracted uncontrollably as the wonderful pleasure flooded her body. She didn't know how long they had been fucking, she didn't even know where she was.. but somewhere in the midst of her climax, she felt his thick cock jerk and start to spew its heavenly load up into her body. The semen was hot and potent. It mixed with her orgasm and caused a whole new round of climaxing. She had never felt anything so intense! Tears flooded her eyes for the first time since she was a little girl and she sobbed uncontrollably as her body spasmed. She could hear the Doctor yelling something.. closing her eyes, she arched her back and tilted her head back. She felt like she was flying through a maze of colors and then she collapsed, overwhelmed, sliding unconsciously between the two bulbous pillows beneath her.

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Candy, which was the Captain's nickname for Dr. Whitney, felt her small body jerk from being rammed repeatedly with his arm-thick cock. The feeling was excruciatingly intense, almost like being raped by a horse.. it was the best thing she had ever felt! His emotions were glorious and intoxicating. Their feelings swirled together in a miasma of lust and love. She was his completely body and soul.. she would take him as deep as he could go, for as long as he could hold out, however he wanted it. Her body was an offering to him.. her ultimate desire was to facilitate his maximum

pleasure. Her long thick hair spilled out around her like a blanket. Her overripe, lush features beckoned to him.. he could feel her desire and it drove him onward.

With each thrust of his cocks, she felt when the Lieutenant finally gave in to the rampant desires of her lust. It was a marvel that she had been able to hold out so long from massive amounts of pheromones bombarding her senses. Through her distinct connection with the Captain, she felt his delicious pleasure as his beautiful second cock had penetrated the Lieutenant. She moaned with pleasure as together she felt him climax and cum hard into her tight muscular body.

“Fuck her John!.. oh God that feels so good! Cum in her!! Push that big cock into her!” she screamed.

She felt now that he had always been attracted to his head of security. The swirl of emotions and impressions flashed deep inside of him as he fulfilled his fantasy of fucking her. He had wanted her so badly.. his need was palpable. But Candy wasn't jealous in the least.. instead it felt satisfying to experience his passions.

It was wonderful to watch Cassandra's dirty face dissolve from fiery resistant lust into passionate surrender. Her tears made clean rivulets down her cheeks.. but she was smiling as she sobbed and climaxed. And now, the unconscious woman lay silently unmoving between her enormous heavy globes. John's spent cock popped out and flopped around as he increased the speed of his hips.. sticky cum slung from the tip; but his larger one was still going strong. The pressure from the monstrous cock up inside of her was increasing as they raced towards a separate climax of their own. His full attention turned towards her.

“Harder, John!” she screamed, tilting her hips to meet his thrust.. “God! uuuhng! Ha... Harder!” she wailed as he forced himself up inside of her. He was so gorgeous to her. She was ecstatic by his touch, his smell.. his smooth cock splitting her in half.. everything about him turned her on. She

squirmed in delight.

Medically, everything about them was preposterous; from her giant breasts to his insanely large double penises.. but for some reason, she trusted the xenomorph. It seemed to have a specific reason for the changes it had made.

She groaned in pleasure as he plunged deeper into her sexy body. She loved her new proportions. They drove the Captain crazy so therefore they also drove her crazy. She wanted to become more extreme... which elicited a greater response from him.. cyclically perpetuating the fantasy.

“Fuck me Jo.. mmmmm... gahh!,” she yelled at him, although there was no doubt what they both wanted as their emotions locked together.

Pushing hard, the massive head of his cock forced its way up into the bottom of her throat.. triggering a new erogenous zone. Rapidly, he pulled back a foot or so and plunged again, the motion pushed her along the floor even though the passed out Lieutenant weighed her down. Dozens of G-spots spiraled down around the insides of her body cavity.. each one pulsing and flaring as he squeezed the mighty mammoth back and forth inside of her. The feeling was amazing! She felt him become more turned on as their pubic areas made contact. She knew his desire, she was his sex queen, his living fuck doll. Pushing harder and faster, he bent down, supporting all his weight on his one good arm. He was oblivious to the cauterized stub of his severed arm. He was focused and horny beyond belief. His giant testicles bounced rapidly against her oversized ass cheeks.

There was no stopping them. In between plunges she would take a breath and cry out in pleasure.. only to hear it become silenced as his python jammed all the way up into her throat.

“It’s soo big! .ahgggg... .mm.. ahm... gah! Oh my God! Harder! Har... ghghh... .. Uh! Fuck! More!.. Fu...g.gh!”

He grunted and groaned in absolute desire.. he was an animal.. like

a bull in heat.. nothing else mattered... he could feel her body pulsing bright.. her engorged clit begged for release.. her whole body craved him.. her giant breasts swung and flopped as she failed to hold onto them.. they rolled up over her head and then back down again wildly, smacking against the passed out lieutenant.. nectar still leaked liberally from her thick nipples.. she couldn't stand it any longer.. she was so turned on... he was insatiable.. she lost track of time.. how long had they been fucking.. she was hyperventilating.. her eyes rolled into her head.. electricity seemed to pulse through her body.. somewhere along the way, the limp body of the lieutenant rolled off of one of her breasts to crumple on the floor beside them.

He yelled in conquest and his muscular back arched as he leaned back in pure pleasure; on his knees, his cock lifted her entire body off of the ground. Her giant breasts flopped forward onto his muscular chest. His one good hand grabbed her juicy ass and continued to force her up and down his pole.

They couldn't last any longer, they were both screaming, her hair whipped around her, her curvy legs tensed.. with a final thrust.. the fiery climax jolted their minds, every erogenous zone of their bodies synchronized together. A bright orgasmic bomb exploded inside their bodies. Every one of her G-spots, including her nipples, fired in random succession, creating an overwhelming wall of extreme multi-orgasms, with his two giant climaxes blasting along in counterpoint. Together they pulsed in climatic fury; jets of cum burst directly up into her brain. Streams jetted out of her dainty nose and spewed from the corners of her glossy plump lips. Each of her thumb-thick nipples sprayed nectar all over the place. His second cock had gotten hard again and she held onto it for dear life - cum shot from it up onto her breasts and face.

Once again, she felt their consciousness merge.

His pleasure, his thoughts, his psyche came together with hers. She was immediately blown away by the torrent of his lust. It felt like liquid fire blazing through their veins.. she felt him smile at her shock as she

encountered his un-buffered sexual drive. They floated together in an ocean of pulsing pleasure, watching their thoughts merge together.

How can you stand it? she thought... burning with desire.

I don't resist it.. I channel it, he thought.. and she immediately understood what he meant.

His mind was even more open than it had been before. Not only could she see his past, but now she knew his mind, his specific desires, hopes and fears. His perversions. What she saw shocked her a little, but she knew that she loved him and would strive to achieve his desires. *Yes... I'll get that big for you..* she thought in answer to his perverted thoughts. She felt him probing her mind as well.. learning.. scheming... growing to love her. It was the most intimate thing that could be imagined.. she swooned as he simultaneously invaded both her body and mind..

It lasted only a few more moments until the blazing pleasure of their insane orgasms dominated all of their focus.

As they came, the Doctor's breasts glowed with a blue light and began to grow again - already they were twice the size of her head.. but the skin stretched and grew hot.. rapid enzymatic reactions duplicated the flesh before their eyes. She shivered with the pleasure of the expansion.. urging them on... it felt so good.. so right.. together they desired them to grow.. *Bigger! Bigger!* They were larger than she ever deserved.. and continuing to grow! They pressed up against his body, pressing outward in all directions. She could see the blue veins spidering out from the giant nipples. Her cleavage bulged up and out.. the weight pulled her forward towards him. His legs spread apart and together they toppled back onto the ground with her on top of him. Her breasts smashed up around his face. His giant cock was still hard up inside of her ravaged body.

Unable to resist, he sucked one of her huge, pistol thick nipples into his greedy maw. The spraying nectar immediately zapped his nervous

system like a lightning bolt and changes began to happen within him. She saw blue light streaming from his torso. Drinking liberally he sucked her hard like a vacuum, his back arched and suddenly she felt him grab her expanding bubble butt with not one hand but two! He had regrown his arm! She felt the flesh bulge out from between his fingers. He madly groped it and smacked her swollen cheeks, making the flesh wobble and bounce. Her ass jutted out, large and round.. exotic and perversely contrasting to her tiny waist. In her former life she would have been embarrassed and mortified to have such a literal hourglass figure.. but now she was excited.. for some reason she wanted more..

He stuck his first two fingers into her asshole and gripped down with his thumb sliding it down onto her tailbone between her bulging buttocks, sending more pleasure up her spine. Holding tight like a glove, his muscular arm thrust her entire abdomen up and down, pumping her entire body with mad desire upon his erect pole like a rag doll. His second cock slid easily up between her growing cleavage. With each decent she felt her curvy legs coming in contact with testicles that must be as big as a helmet. Somewhere in the middle of it all she had starting screaming again.

With each shove, his mighty cock thickened and slid further up into her throat. They were locked in a pulsating rhythm pleasure and insanity. Her breasts had expanded to epic proportions. She could have barely touched her fingers if she encircled her arms around one of the stupendous globes. Draining one of the breasts, he groaned and licked his tongue wetly across the front until his lips met and latched onto the other nipple to continue his desperate feeding.. he squeezed the soft flesh in his large hand, milking it. She moaned in pleasure. The rhythm of their fucking didn't slow for a moment. They both felt another orgasm was building within them as they rapidly overstimulated each other.

Up and down she bounced, each scream silenced as his cock bulged into her throat. She was saddled perpendicular onto him riding up and down while her breasts extended all the way to his slobbering mouth. Both her

arms were buried in the flesh, pressing them together around his second hard cock which was sliding up to peek out of her cleavage with every pulse. He slurped and sucked the fabulous nectar from the bobbing globe. Further and further he plunged up into her. The desire to climax was overwhelming. Her pussy was stretched wide as she took all of him. Her throbbing clitoris was swollen to the size of a small penis as it was mashed between both of his cocks with each thrust. Her mind was screaming for release.. dozens of G-spots blitzed her cortex with stimulation. A normal human would have died from the overload by this point.. but instead she cried out for more!

As he sucked the last of the nectar from her giant balloons and his body completed its final expansion.

They both felt it happening in slow motion. Their glowing blue eyes locked as her wide hips bucked and she slid down the pole. Her succulent mouth opened in a final scream. Together, their hands gripped her billowing breasts in anticipation. It was the most exciting moment of her life. His back arched and the thick head plunged up through her throat to finally make direct contact with the glowing blue mass embedded in the bottom of her brainstem.

The world seemed to dramatically shift as a direct connection was made. Like a bolt of fire and lightning, a surge of impossible pleasure exploded through their bodies unlike anything any human had ever experienced and then all went white.

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They were together...

She was simply one place and then another; as she slowly became aware of her existence, she also became aware of his presence inside and around her..

Were they dead? Where were they?

They had no bodies.. they were just a joint consciousness floating in an infinite white space..

Do you understand what you must do? Spoke another presence.. she immediately felt calm and secure.. like a child in a mother's arms.

Yes.. I think I do.. he thought to the presence. She could see his thoughts as though they were her own. No longer suffused with inordinate amounts of hormones and lust, his mind was clear and concise.

Open your mind.. the presence urged... and together with him, she felt them dropping their mental guard.. preparing themselves.. for whatev...

...A flood of knowledge inundated their awareness.. symbols, concepts and possibilities merged into their memories.. deep inside, she saw an idea take hold.. he needed more.. more women, more sex.. it was titillating to consider..

...After an unknown amount of time had passed.. only barely aware.. the white space faded away.. she felt them zooming back along over a long distance..

.. exhausted, overwhelmed and confused.. the last thing she saw was her giant, glorious breasts, even bigger than before, ballooned out in front of her as she slipped into blatant unconsciousness atop his huge muscular body..

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Lieutenant Cassandra Gallo felt that something was different before her eyes popped open. Reacting on instinct, she began moving.. quickly scanning her surroundings and preparing herself to react.

She was on a makeshift medical table in what looked like the Captain's ready room. She automatically reached for her absent weapon. Tubes were attached to her arm and she was in a gown. She felt exhausted and dizzy. She swung her legs over to hop off of the table and realized everything was way off. Her injured leg was completely healed.. she touched the skin where the wound had been, blinking in disbelief. She wobbled slightly, catching herself; not just physically, but mentally and emotionally.. in the back of her mind.. there was something there.. another presence.. the Captain.. she could *sense* him.. *what the hell was going on?*

She felt herself float a little off of the table. *And what's wrong with the gravity well?*

"Oh, I see you're finally up," spoke the soft sweet voice of Dr. Whitney as she came around the corner.

"Holy Shit!" was all that Casandra could say as she turned her head.

The Doctor's profile was simply impossible. She had become even more extreme than before. Leading out in front of her was two gigantic breasts, each one protruded an further than an arm's length from her chest but were smooth and semi-spherical.. jutting like giant teardrops as wide as they were long. She wore a skin-tight stretchy material like a bathing suit, but it struggled to hold the bouncing jiggling flesh. Giant nipples, a couple inches long and as thick as thick as a 'normal' man's cock, protruded underneath the tight cloth.

She had changed in more ways than one. Somehow, she had become even sexier than before. Her face was simply erotic.. lips, eyes, cheeks, long flowing hair.. all crafted and perfect. As she turned, her ass could be seen jutting out massively from atop her gorgeous legs.

In the reduced gravity, she had no problem maneuvering her massive attributes.. they seemed to float.

“Yes, yes, I know.. he does have some rather *extreme* perversions.. but as it turns out.. it is a perfect fit for the.. the xenomorph,” she smiled sensually as she approached.

Cassandra tensed, “look, Doc... I’m not sure what’s going on here.. but all of this is totally fucked up.”

The Doctor glided up closer to her. “Yes, this may all seem rather shocking, but Lieutenant, you need to lay down.. you were exposed quite a bit “harder” than I was.. and I’d feel a bit better if you took it easy for a while.”

Almost in response, a wave of exhaustion washed over her and she faltered. She put one hand to her temples, trying to focus. The Doctor eased closer.

“Stay back!” she swooned, reaching out blindly to push back.

Her fingertips came in contact with the smooth exposed flesh bulging up from the Doctor’s strained garment.

It was as if a small window had opened between their emotions. They immediately felt each other.

Woman to woman.

Cassandra’s breath caught in her throat and her head jerked up. Their eyes met in mutual understanding. All sense of enmity or fear melted away and Cassandra simply lifted her other hand and joined her fingers with the outstretched hand of the Doctor.. both of them smiling in wonder.

— — —

On the bridge, the Captain paused as he felt the unique connection being formed between his two women. He smiled in understanding and continued his preparations with the comp. A detailed 3vex schematic of the hypersleep containment bay filled the area in front of him.

“Add 55.83 mols of the phosphoprotein buffer to the ingestion titration and hold it until we arrive.. standby for full authorization..” he was saying.

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“...and now that the gravity has been readjusted to accommodate our larger attributes, it just keeps getting better,” the Doctor said as she finished the story.

Both women sat on the edge of the table, holding hands, looking out of the wide clearmetallic windows down at the white clouds wrapping the atmosphere of the planet, Gliese 58g, that they were orbiting.

“So you’re saying one of those things is inside my head now?” asked Cassandra.

“Yes.. but as far as I can tell, you - Cassandra Gallo - the person we all know, hasn’t changed. This xenomorph doesn’t seem to affect your personality, almost all of the changes have been physical.. even the emotional connection is physical.”

“I can’t believe how calm you are,” said Cassandra, “regardless of what I show on the outside, this is freaking me out... I mean.. doesn’t it scare you to have a body like this? And your face.. I don’t think I’ve ever seen a living being as erotically beautiful as you.” She reached out and slowly slid her hand along the side of the Doctor’s giant breast, circling her fingers around the thick bulging nipple beneath the material.

The doctor exhaled and arched a little, smiling from the sensation. “It’s

what he wants.. I've become, or am becoming his fantasy and honestly it's what I want.. I know that's hard to understand..”

“No.. no.. I can feel how you feel when you talk about him. You're totally in love with him.. you think about him constantly. It's amazing. I can feel him too, you know... Doctor.. this is all very confusing. I feel drawn to him. Do you think.. do you think perhaps.. he.. ”

She looked down at her own small breasts. Consternation surged through their little link. “What's going to happen to me?” she looked up embarrassed a little, but hopeful.

“Do you trust us?” asked the Doctor.

The Lieutenant looked into her large gorgeous blue eyes. There was a deep wisdom inside of them that belied their youthful nature. Everything had happened so fast. But she could feel the honesty through the link.. it was so real.. so complete. She knew.. and felt that the Doctor already cared deeply for her.

She lifted her chin. “Yes. I don't know why.. but I do,” she smiled, giving in completely. “What now?” She felt as though a weight was lifted.

“Good, well..” the Doctor smiled beautifully, “to answer your first question - what is going to happen to you - it appears that your changes have already begun.. take a look under your breasts.”

Cassandra parted the material of the medical gown and looked. Below her small breasts, another set of breasts had begun to grow. Each nipple was formed and pink.

“Oh my God!” she looked up wide eyed at the Doctor and then back down again. “Wait.. but do you have.. ?”

“No.. I only have these two big, lovely girls.. “ and she jiggled one of them

to show. “It appears that John has manifested a different desire with you.. I’m interested to see what happens. As for ‘what now’, there’s just two more requests I have for you and then you need to get some more rest.”

Cassandra really did feel exhausted. “Ok.. sure.. but do you think I could see him?,” she grinned lazily, slowly inspecting her new breasts.

“For now, just to be safe, I’m going to keep you two apart.. however, it does lead to my first request. We really do need full access to the rest of the ship. We are still on lockdown on the bridge..”

“Oh.. yeah.. well.. I guess there’s no going back now,” said Cassandra, sitting up straight, “Comp, cancel temporary command per directive 1.659.3.”

“Temporary command terminated, full command restored to Captain John Rivers,” intoned the soft voice of the comp.

“There, that should do it.. but you do know that Core Command still has the 9h override authorization?”

“We do.. and we also know that you might know how to subvert it.. but that is for later.. for now, my second request is for you to try something.. a little different,” she smiled and turned towards the Lieutenant, her massive globes wobbling with the movement.

Her hands came up and she slowly slipped the stretchy material down until one of her massive breasts bulged and emerged out of the fabric. It was erotic to watch. Her thick, turgid nipple sprung out directly in front of the Lieutenant’s face.

“Our bodies seem to draw sustenance from each other. The concepts are extremely complicated, but will come to you with time. For now, it is important that you are nourished.”

Cassandra's eyes grew slightly wide again as she understood the proposition, but somehow, there was also a deep craving inside of her. She felt the desire radiating out of the Doctor.. it was amazing. Lifting the giant breast proffered before her, she nervously opened her mouth and lightly licked the tip. She felt a strange sensation and moved closer to gently kiss the tip of the massive nipple with her wet lips. Again, a pleasurable sensation passed into her mouth. She closed her eyes and began slowly kissing the thick nipple like a lover.. her tongue ran wetly around in in slow spirals and she finally brought it into her mouth. With almost an instinctive reaction, she began suckling on the cock-thick nipple.

"Oh.. yes.. mmm" cooed the doctor, her head tilted back and her long, curvy lashes fluttered as she enjoyed the sensation. Her long golden hair splayed out behind her like a robe. Within seconds, she felt herself 'let-down' and copious amounts of nectar began spraying into Cassandra's throat. A surge of pleasure rushed through her breasts, making her instantly wet. It poured physically and emotionally into Cassandra, exciting her tongue and lips. Her face flushed and she drew deeper with more vigor. It felt like she was being filled up with ice blue energy.. the tips of her four nipples sprang to life as the wave reached them. She drank heavily and desperately, her hands roughly kneaded the large breast and she buried her mouth around the giant teat.

"Yes! Oh God! Ohh.. Suck it! Suck my monster tits!" yelled the enraptured Doctor. She reached forward to squash Cassandra's head into her bosom.

Miniature orgasms flared from her outstretched nipples, they shared in the sensation together as Cassandra finished the first breast and moved to the second, she grabbed the bobbing nipple with her fist and shoved it greedily into her mouth. The nectar filled her small stomach and she felt her belly bulging from the liquid; she knew that what she was doing seemed taboo and insane, but she couldn't bring herself to stop.. it felt too good!

Her belly expanded with the surging liquid, making her look pregnant. She

moaned with the pleasure. Both women were writhing and grinding in delight. Somehow, her belly continued to grow, filling her lap until she was bigger than a full term mother with twins. Her belly button popped out and she moaned from the pleasure. It pushed up under one of the Doctor's enormous breasts, rivaling it for size.

Pushed to her maximum the nectar finally slaked her thirst. Removing her mouth, she gently rolled back until her head rested on the table. Her giant rotund belly sloshed as she rested. Blue light flickered deep beneath the surface as chemical reactions began to occur. She felt almost dreamlike.. content but yet waiting for something else to happen..

.. and then it did..

A warm sensual tingling spiraled up around her nipples pulsing with each heartbeat. She reached up to feel the soft small flesh of her breasts seem to come to life under her hands. It bulged outwards, stretching and changing. She could almost feel the dermis restructuring itself beneath her fingertips. It was incredible. From below, she felt another sensation and slid her hands further down to encounter the flesh of her second set of breasts as they also expanded to match the size and shape of the first set.

“Ohhh.. Fuck..” she moaned, “oh.. yes. they feel so good..” squishing her breasts. Somewhere, in the back of her mind, she felt the Captain thinking of her.. it made her happy.

As her breasts continued to expand, her belly rapidly shrunk back down, processing the nectar into her physique. New pleasure centers formed within her brain and her nipples changed into complete erogenous zones. Her features and figure changed slightly, becoming more erotic and alluring, preparing her for the future. Finally, she finished the metamorphosis and she fell into a deep slumber on the table..

The Doctor stood watching the newest member of their ‘family’ drift off in to sleep. Each of her four cantaloupe sized breasts were beautifully full and

swollen. She smiled and turned her swaying bosom towards the Captain.. there was still work to do.

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“.. based on my analysis, we’ve also formed additional musculature. Yours is mainly designed to support your testicals and penes, but my changes are a bit more dramatic.. without boring you with the details, let’s just say I’m quite a bit different, inside and out,” she smiled.

They were in the hypersleep containment bay, she stood near to him, he was laying on his back attaching tubing up under a mechanical access console. If she were to lean over to peer over her jutting breasts, she would only see his legs, now clothed with a standard jumpsuit, with a special channel for his enhanced double manhood and a giant bulging, watermelon sized crotch-pocket for his balls. Their old clothes did not fit any more, so the comp had instructed the fabricator to retailor them new custom outfits.

“We also have had major adjustments to almost all of our major systems.. vascular, nervous, endocrine.. especially my hemoglobin -which accounts for my ability to hold my breath for such a long time.. but surprisingly, we seem to be in perfect health. It appears that my internal organs have reshaped to allow room for your penis. You’re better at upper level physics than I am, but somehow there was some sort of dimensional shift when you came in direct contact during our orgasm.. and I still haven’t figured out how we are able to gain mass without previously ingesting it..”

“Well..”he interrupted from below and slid out from under the console, “that should do it. Candy, sweetheart, has anyone ever accused you of being a nerd?” She paused and threw him a seductive look. He smiled as he stood up and then scooped her up, sinking his fingers into her giant plush ass. Giggling in his large arms, her breasts squished out to the sides and she kissed him passionately. Emotions swirled throughout their bodies and they both became aroused.

Their lips parted and they stared lovingly into each other’s eyes.

“Let’s hope that your idea works,” he said, feeling himself begin to

harden, "I really don't want to have to fight off each staff member as Core Command tries to remotely reanimate them. Do you really think we can impregnate them all while they're still sleeping?"

"Well.. even if it doesn't work.. it should be fun trying," she giggled and wrapped her gorgeous legs around his muscular waist and leaned in to kiss him..

end part 3
