

STX
(Sexually Transmitted Xenomorph)

PART 1

“Oh.. my.. God.. uhhh... yes...”

A voice woke me up from my groggy, deep sleep state. My first thoughts were disoriented, confused. Where am I?
As my eyes opened and a blurry dim light blazed into my senses...

I became slowly aware of the rest of my body. I felt .. re-booted. Reborn. But different. Something had changed somehow.

As I struggled to gain consciousness, I began to feel my toes, my legs.. my crotch... pleasure.. wetness.. pressure.. craving.. hands, touching me.. all over my groin. I heard desperate slurping sounds and I realized that I was hard. Something, someone, was fucking me with their hands and mouth, moving in a mad frenzy of pure desire. Pleasure rushed through my body. I felt my balls shifting, my cock throbbing. I felt a hand squeeze my balls tight while the another wrapped around the base of my pulsing dick.

Instinctively, my back arched in response as a hot wetness submerged my groin.

“Oh God,” a woman whispered. “I want it.. give it to me.. cum for me.” Almost as though she was talking to herself. Murmuring a personal mantra as lips slipped around my hardness.

My eyes became clearer, but my body was so weak. With an effort, I raised my head up to peer down my chest at this passionate lover. I was barely clothed in a military issue hospital gown. Brown, messy hair snapped into focus, framing a plain smallish face I was vaguely familiar with. She had her small lips wrapped tight around the head of my cock. With her eyes closed, her head bobbed down then up slowly with an expression of mad desperation painted on her face. Her face was flushed and sweat was beaded on her forehead. She was fully dressed in uniform, which did nothing to enhance her already flat chest and boyish figure.

I knew who this was.. this was our flight surgeon, Dr. Whitney. Suddenly, I knew where I was. I was in sick bay. On an operating table. But why? What had happened?

My confusion was suddenly superseded by the fury of her hot tongue. She flicked it out of her mouth and licked up and down my engorged shaft. Then she buried her face as she sucked both balls into her mouth, soaking them with her hot saliva. Pleasure rippled through me. My body spasmed a little as the barrage of sensations overwhelmed me. Her small hands continued jacking me off as she sucked on my balls. She moaned as her tongue swirled around.. she slowly began to move back up my cock.. licking and sucking on every part of my engorged 7 inches. I felt my need to cum rising inside of me. I knew something had changed.. I felt intoxicated.. either this lady was extremely talented.. or my capacity for pleasure had increased. I moaned in anticipation. My skin prickled. One hand grabbed my thigh and she dug her fingers into my leg, just for a moment. She sensed my need, could feel it growing inside of me. She wanted it.

Despite my apparent exhaustion, or sickness.. this ongoing barrage had energized me. I slowly pushed myself up to a sitting position.

She had crawled up onto the table and was straddling my leg. As she sucked deeper and harder on my fantastic erection, each bob of her head sent waves of pleasure through my body. Her crotch was writhing and moving in rhythm to her head. I could not believe that I hadn't cum yet. The pressure inside my balls was immense.. they seemed to be stretched to their maximum.. almost growing. My dick was hard as steel.. every fiber of my being sought the caress of her mouth, the pressure of her need. I didn't remember it being so big. Each second brought another level of pleasure, raising me higher and higher, my mind screamed in ecstasy. Yet my body could not, or would not release yet..

In a desperate panic, I reached down and grabbed her head. I knew it wouldn't help, but I needed some semblance of control. My pulse raced. She responded by audibly growling, then forcing her mouth deeper onto my cock. I wasn't driving, this was her ride. She was completely lost in her own desire. This was a feeding frenzy.. something was driving her to the brink of her own appetite. The entire focus of her being was on me and my need.

Over and over again she drove her mouth deeper and deeper on my cock, until her throat was forced wide and her lips touched home, deep throat kissing my body in this sort of open mouth kiss. She shuddered in excitement.

Somehow, this final act signaled the release I so desperately needed. My mind was reeling, at some point over the past few minutes, I had begun grunting uncontrollably,

my body was on fire, my back arched and my eyes rolled up in my head.. an explosion of pure orgasmic release shook my body as my balls finally delivered their precious cargo. Jets of sperm shot out of me filling her throat and drowning her in my seed. Everything seemed to turn bright blue inside my thoughts. She somehow screamed with her mouth still clamped around my ejaculating pistol. She drank heavily.. almost jealously.. not wanting to lose a single drop.

It didn't last for long... but longer than normal.. perhaps a half dozen ejaculations of pure pleasure. My body spasmed. I felt as though I was transferring a part of me over to her. As my softening penis slipped out of her hungry mouth.. I began to black out.. my shaking body was collapsing.. and just for moment.. I saw her look up at me.. dawning realization crossing her face... what had she done? I was a patient.. she barely even knew me...

and then.. all went black..

"Sir". . . "Sir". . . "May I have your attention sir?"

Once again, a voice woke me from my sleep. But this time I wasn't quite as disoriented. I quickly sat up and looked down at my crotch. My hospital gown was back in place. I quickly slid my legs over the side of the table. I felt a pull.. there was a med-cuff around my left arm right above my elbow. Wires and tubes connected it to the comp.

"Report," I said hoarsely into the air.

A soft feminine voice began, "Sir, we are awaiting your instructions. We have been in orbit for 63 hours. Systems protocol mandates a continuation of authorized instructions. All systems are at nom.."

"Why am I in sick bay?" I interrupted and put my face in my hands to slowly rub my eyes. My head ached. My groin ached. Was that a dream before? I was having trouble remembering all the details.

"Sir," said the comp in it's soft measured voice, "you have been admitted to a level 3 quarantine. You have been infected by an unknown organism, classification xenomorph. Your current medical status is stabil.."

"What!?" I dryly barked, "I'm infected by an unknown? What do you mean an

unknown?” As I attempted to shakily stand, the soft material of the gown glided across my crotch. Immediately, I became extremely focused... and slightly aroused. Looking down, I reached inside the and found a strange development. My cock felt hot to the touch and larger. There was a strange pulsing ache in my balls. I staggered a step. My center of gravity seemed higher...taller.

“Sir, by your response, it appears you have suffered from a possible neural shock. It would be in your best interest to undergo further analysis before reassuming command. We will continue to notify Core Command of your status.”

“Belay that order, I want to figure out what is going on here before we get anyone else involved,” I said. “First of all, where is Dr. Whitney?” But I realized I already knew the answer.. sort of.. I knew that she was somewhere nearby. I had no idea how I knew that, but I also knew that she was extraordinarily tired.

“Sir, she is confined in a separate quarantine area, Med Lab Unit 2. We are currently determining her medical status. She is only semi-stable. However, although all standard bodily functions are operating within normal parameters, she is showing a 413% total increase in certain key areas of her brain function, including her periaqueductal gray area, her pituitary gla..”

“Activate F.T.I.” I interrupted again, my military training kicking into high gear. Immediately, the life-size, semi-translucent visual comp interface sprung into existence directly in front of where I was standing. Normally it was customized to show various engineering and navigational areas of the ship, but I quickly began to modify the display windows to show the medical readouts. I noticed that we were the only two that were out of hypersleep at the moment.

Almost instantly, a massive set of data popped up in front of me. The top heading stated “Candice R. Whitney, MD” with all sorts of additional information. A full cross section of her body was shown below. Various subsets of readings formed a three dimensional sphere around her suspended figure. I quickly started to read through her med chart.

There it was.. a glowing blue mass threaded into the bottom of her brain-stem. Analysis had identified the organism as only pseudo-organic which didn’t match anything on record. Notational warnings peppered the readings.. bio hazard, unable to process, inconclusive. Transmissions had been sent back to doctors at a Core command relay base showing detailed information about the organism. The comp was awaiting instruction. Evidently, for the time being, I was still in command. Protocol was not

established for this type of issue but in due course I would probably be relieved somehow.

Other readings were noting both physiological and neural changes that were occurring throughout her body.

“Damn,” I said with a whisper. “What the hell...”

Typing quickly, my own bio scan came up next to hers, “fuck,” I spat. “What is that thing?”

I could see the same mass pulsing around base of my brain. Small tendrils, like roots had spread all throughout the cerebrum and everywhere else. Just looking at it seemed to arouse me slightly. My cock shifted a little under my gown. My awareness increased. Did this thing seem to know I was looking at it? Was it trying to distract me? How weird was this?

Activating my med chart history, I could see that I had collapsed several days ago in Engineering during a sat probe debriefing. The entire ship was put on level 2 alert. I had been transferred to Medlab Unit 1, the flight surgeon had been reanimated out of hypersleep, she had been apprised of the situation and had worked with the comp to try to remedy my infection, to no avail, so had then insisted on a physical inspection. The test showed a comprehensive list while she checked over my comatose body. I was impressed by her level of detail.. she obviously was an expert in her field. However, in the middle of her last record.. she had suddenly stopped...

I quickly scrolled over to the corresponding video of her inspection and hit play..

She was standing there almost frozen, staring.. scrubbed in, masked up, her hands hovering over my semi erect cock.. it Did look bigger than normal.. after a few seconds, she jerked away, turning her back on me.. she paced back and forth.. nervously glancing over at my groin. Then, for no reason.. she pulled off her mask and skull cap.

She was petite, no more than five feet tall. In her mid 20's. Her short stringy brownish hair was secured up onto her head with a band. She wasn't attractive at all. Her eyes were beady and small. Her nose was much too big for her pale narrow face. Her thin tight lips naturally formed a naturally grim frown on a face scarred from acne. Of course, I knew who she was. After all, I had picked her for my crew. Deep space could bring out the worst in people, especially sexually, I was a naturally horny individual and I couldn't afford distractions. I could save that for port. When faced with a female

candidate quota, I had reluctantly made sure to specifically choose someone who lacked most of the physical traits that I desire. As for personality, she was a closed book other than her extreme intelligence. Her psych exam showed nothing more than a driven, focused woman who was immersed completely in her own field. She seemed as cold as a fish.

Ironically, on the playback, her face flushed slightly. I could tell that she was experiencing emotions that were foreign to her disciplined mind. She kept smoothing and straightening her lab coat. Glancing over at the F.T.I. she realized that something was affecting her that she couldn't see. Forming a theory, she typed quickly.. her breathing was growing deeper and bothered. She was licking her thin lips constantly. She began running a full panel analysis on the air around us in the chamber. But just before the results came up.. she scrunched up her eyes, tilted back her head and breathed in a full breath and held it.. almost like she was tasting the air. Her hands slowly slid to her stomach and glided slowly up her torso, stopping over the tops of her almost non-existent breasts. Her small fingers slowly began to massage her nipples through the lab coat.

Her head turned as she exhaled.. a look of conflict and desire crossed her plain face.

She couldn't hold back any longer.. she moved suddenly.. crossing over to me, both hands sliding up my thighs as she buried her face into my crotch. Her mouth sucking and licking all over my balls and cock.. urging me into an erection.. even in my passed out state.

I paused playback. That was strange.

What were the results of the air analysis? The read-out showed enormous amounts of pheromones, some known but many others unknown, but with similar binder enzymes. The comp was trying to extrapolate how these would affect the human nervous and endocrine system.

So.. somehow I had become irresistible to her. Well.. technically.. not me really. Just my smell. Candice had been overwhelmed. This level of attractant had made her act like a bee to a flower. She had fought it the best she could. Obviously, she had no interest in me and was just as confused as I was for this sudden onset of lust. This organism was in the process of creating some strange changes. Was this a side effect? I felt a small twinge of fear.. wondering if we were going to survive whatever this was.. but also excited at the same time. I could feel my arousal intensifying. In rebellion, I forced myself to focus on her body. Although I liked her petite size..

she was as flat as a board.. her waist size had been almost the same as her hips and bust. How unappealing. I felt bad for her for purely selfish reasons. I liked curves on a woman. The curvier the better. Her body was basically a turnoff, too plain and not sexy at all.

As I attempted to force down the lust rising inside of me, I turned to watch the phased outline of her still, small figure floating on the display in front of me. In direct contrast with my previous thoughts, something seemed different. Keying a command I requested the comp to provide a double overlay of her exact body dimensions from yesterday verses today. As it lined the two figures up on top of each other.. it became apparent that her body had changed.

Her waist had gotten smaller. The dimensional overlay showed that yesterday she had a 25 inch waist. It now was 21 inches. Her hips had gotten a little bigger, from 26 to 28. Even her ass had gotten a little bigger. And her previous flat chest had changed as well.. the volume of each breast had increased from 120cc's to 280cc's over doubling in size. I was amazed. The circumference of her chest had decreased from 32 inches to 28 inches. The physical processes required to achieve these changes were virtually impossible.

As I looked at these curious changes, her arms suddenly moved. Both hands rising up to touch her new breasts.

The moment her hands came in contact with the supple breast flesh, I felt her surprise cross my mind.

I blinked suddenly and raised my hand to my head. What was that!? Did I just feel her emotion?

I looked back.. was she awake? I switched to VL mode and breathed in suddenly as video of her snapped into view. Her face had changed. Only slightly, but it was noticeable.

Her eyes were still closed. She looked exhausted, but somehow prettier. Her lips were a little fuller, her hair looked less stringy and a bit longer, her nose was smaller. Her face was less narrow. It was an improvement.

I watched curiously as her small hands slowly rubbed her nipples through the gown. I could actually 'sense' her curiosity at the changes.

As an experiment, I reached down and slowly slid my hand around the slightly-thicker

base of my stiffening cock and squeezed.

Her eyes opened. They were now bright blue instead of brown and larger than before. She looked around. Becoming aware of her surroundings. I could feel her mixture of arousal and concern as I watched her through the projection. It appeared that she could sense me as well.

I spoke up, "open a channel to Dr. Whitney." I heard a small tone indicating the open channel.

"Dr. Whitney, this is Captain John Rivers." I said carefully.

Her hands quickly snapped away from her chest. Despite her apparent exhaustion, she swung her legs over the side and sat up. She brushed her longer hair out of her face.

I noticed her legs peeking out of the bottom of her gown. They looked better too. No longer bony and thin, they had a little meat on them. Her overall skin was smoother and less pale. I could feel a mixture of embarrassment blending into a sense of suppressed excitement when she heard my voice. Despite my normal reserve, I found myself becoming interested in these changes.

"Dr. Whitney, we are now.. both.. infected by the xenomorph that you discovered inside of me.. evidently during our recent 'contact'... it transferred into your body."

I could sense a flush of embarrassment and fear emanate from her. Her hands reactively went up to her mouth.

I fought down a sudden urge to want to hold her. (where did that come from?)

"I need you to review the medical records. Please get yourself cleaned up and give me a full report as soon as possible. I am still in quarantine in Medlab Unit 1," I quickly said.

At some time during this small interaction, I had become fully hard. My cock stood out from my gown. I slipped my hand down around the thicker shaft, noting that my thumb and middle finger still touched but only just. It felt hot in my hand.. feeling much more sensitive than before.

"Ye... yes sir," she stammered. In her room, she was now staring hard at the wall. The fear was gone, replaced by arousal. I realized she was looking straight in my direction

through the wall. Her desire flooded from her.. calling to me.

I flipped off the channel and closed the video to her room. I turned off her medical charts and shut down the F.T.I.

But my lust had gotten away from me.. I was now slowly stroking my cock.. already, I could feel more pleasure from this simple action then ever before.

I could still feel her. She was so turned on. I pulled aside my gown to view my engorged manhood. It was even bigger than it had been in the med chart. It looked at least an inch longer. I slid my other hand down to my balls.. “uhh” I heard myself say. They were much more sensitive and had grown to the size of small eggs.

I needed release.. and quickly. I found myself backing up to the wall where I knew she was on the other side. As I pressed my back against the wall, I knew she was directly on the other side. Intense arousal with small spikes of pleasure emanated from behind me. It seemed to gather with my own pleasure.. locking onto it. Somehow loosely synchronizing with each other.

As her own pleasure rose, so did mine. In our mad dash to pleasure ourselves, together we quickly and intensely surged together into a powerful climax. The combination orgasm exploded like blue lightening into my mind. I came over and over, grunting with each spurt. My legs quickly gave out and I slid down the wall, small ropes of cum still shooting out of my cock. I must have ejaculated ten times, but my cock still pulsed with additional orgasms, trying to pump out more, but shooting blanks. This was pleasure like I had never had in my wildest dreams.

Once again.. my mind seemed to shut itself down. I began to black out again on the floor my hands still grasping my erect penis. I could feel myself slipping away but somehow I knew she was right there.. we were still connected.

And all went black again.

On the other side of the wall, Candice was gasping and crying in a soft high voice. Tears were running down her face and she had her face in her hands. She was completely naked, now sitting with her back pressed up against the exact spot where she could feel the Captain collapsed on the other side. Her legs were spread wide, with pussy juice still dripping out of her throbbing cunt from the massive orgasm she

had just experienced. Her breasts seemed to pulse in response to her breathing. Their increased mass and sensitivity still very noticeable by the sobbing woman. Her body shivered again with an echo of pleasure.

These were tears of joy.

She had never felt anything so intense or pleasurable in her entire life. She felt as though she had been rediscovered. Her thoughts tried to gather to assess the medical ramifications of what was going on.. but for now, she didn't even care. Everything else in life seemed to pale in comparison to the passion that was flowing through her. She put one of her hands on the wall behind her.. reaching as though to touch him.. this man.. this glorious man who had infiltrated her life. She felt him there.. just beyond her reach.. peaceful... sleeping.

Her entire existence up to now had been about her education, her aspirations and her duty. She had dated several men back at the academy, and had fooled around.. but she always knew that she was introverted and unattractive. She had never had an orgasm. Her inability had made her feel insecure.. so instead of fighting to become attractive, she instead learned how to ignore men and suppress any sexual desires that she had. She focused on her medical training. Becoming one of the best in her class. She had honestly been surprised when Captain Rivers had chosen her. His reputation for choosing more experienced officers was well known.

She put both hands on the wall.. there he was.. her heart felt at ease with him. Never before had she felt such a close connection with anyone.. and they hadn't even spoken more than a few words. This ability to feel what he was feeling had granted her an incredible gift. As soon as he began talking to her, she had become aware that he could feel her too. And he was trying to deny it... but she could feel his true emotion.. that somehow she had become interesting.. attractive. He had been aroused by her.

She realized it didn't matter to her that her body changes had made him notice her, instead of her personality. Now that she had his attention, she realized that she would do anything to keep it. She wanted him to be more attracted to her. She wanted him to be even more aroused by her. She had felt him stare at her breasts.. well.. if that's what he wants, then somehow she wanted him to have more.

She had incredibly enjoyed sucking and licking his cock. She now craved it. She wanted it more, she wanted it in her. She never realized how attractive a dick could be. She realized she wanted more of it.. for it to be larger and more potent.. and she wanted to give him more pleasure. His cum tasted so good, like a sweet candy. She wanted

more.

With that simple thought, she suddenly noticed a warmer feeling spreading throughout her body. She realized that this strange interactive parasite was making changes to her body again. She could only hope that they wouldn't kill her in the process.

Although she felt drained and exhausted, she stood up. He had asked for an analysis. So that is what she would do. Her loyalty to him had dramatically increased. She had some interesting new theories about what this alien was trying to do.. but what was the end result? Obviously there would be no way to remove it. And she wanted to study her own physical changes before she fell asleep again. Why were her breasts bigger? Why was she developing a more sexually attuned body?

She had to hurry. She wanted him to be happy with her. Also, once he woke back up, she knew she would have a hard time thinking of anything other than him.

End Part 1
