

# Adaptation

By Abe E Seedy

## 0900, Day 1:

This place really was startlingly nice, Dylan thought. Just a few minutes trek from the ship and he'd already come across an achingly gorgeous vista, the soft-grained sand underfoot giving way to a shinningly blue lake. Alien trees framed the scene with curling, delicate fronds, and a series of soft, mossy rocks provided natural seats. He was supposed to be conducting a survey of the immediate area, but they'd all been cooped up in that ship for weeks, and he couldn't even remember the last time before that he'd been able to just get out and enjoy nature. There was work to be done, but it could wait. Right now, everything could wait.

These rocks were surprisingly comfortable. There was even a section shaped in such a way that he could lean back, letting the yellow-green sky fill his view as he folded his arms behind his head. And then, time passed. There were no creatures here, none that they'd detected so far anyway, so there was nothing to interrupt his break. Just the slow slight lapping of the water at his feet, and the steady rhythm of his breathing echoing inside his helmet.

It was a shame that for all this serenity, there was still that last barrier. He might be out in nature, but he was still trapped within this bulky suit, still tasting the same recycled air they'd brought with them. All the scans they'd run had indicated the world was perfectly habitable, that the only difference from Earth standard was a slight overabundance of oxygen. Apparently all that meant was that if you breathed that in for too long you'd start to feel a little light-headed, which, honestly, didn't sound too bad after all the seriousness and hard work of their trip.

A beeping from his helmet drew his attention, a flashing light informing him that it was time to change out his filter. The thought of going through that whole process when he was trying to relax made him slump back even further in his makeshift seat, and that was when he made up his mind. "Fuck it", he whispered to himself. "What's the use of a state-of-the-art medbay if you don't take some risks?"

Quickly overriding the safeties, he opened up his helmet, holding his breath for a moment as the seals popped with an audible hiss. His close-cropped brown hair stuck to the material a little as he pulled it away, but a few moments later and he was free. He exhaled, then, slowly and cautiously, took a few shallow breaths in. It wasn't that he expected to choke - the systems could detect anything that would cause that much trouble - more that what they *couldn't* detect was a smell, and he didn't want to suddenly discover after taking a noseful of air that the entire planet somehow smelled like hot garbage.

Fortunately, that wasn't the case. If anything, it was the opposite. There was a sweetness to the air, a scent something like honeysuckle layered over everything in a way that was extraordinarily pleasant. After a few moments he lifted off his helmet entirely, settling it down on the sand beside him as he breathed in and out happily.

Time passed. With his helmet off he didn't have his HUD to keep track of it, but it didn't really matter anyway. His radio was close enough that he'd hear it if anyone back at the lander needed his attention, and there was light enough in the sky to know that it wouldn't be dark for a long while yet. Beyond that, he didn't really need any more details. Surprisingly, he didn't even feel the need to go back to his helmet to dig up a book to read. He wasn't asleep, but just lying here, enjoying this view and this quiet, that was enough. He stretched out, enjoying the abundance of room around him. Space travel just wasn't designed for a long, lanky body like his, and the ability to fully stretch out was hugely relaxing. But it wasn't just the physical space that had been an issue. It had been so long since he'd had private time, and he could feel himself recharging as he luxuriated in it. Although... the lack of privacy had had some other issues too...

He shifted in his seat slightly. According to the schedules for today the rest of the crew were either back in the ship or on a hike about an hour in the other direction, so he really did have as much privacy as he could ask for. So, after a quick double-check of his proximity scanner, he overrode another set of safeties, working his way slowly out of the bulky confines of his suit.

At first he was planning on stopping once he got to the inner bodysuit, but once he'd gotten the rest of it off he decided on a whim that if he was going to do this, then he might as well do it all the way. Why just poke himself awkwardly through some access port, when he could enjoy the sun on his skin, lying back naked on a completely private beach? The thought was appealing enough that he'd stripped down all the way before he'd even had a chance to interrogate it. He rolled off the rock and stretched out on the sand, feeling it slide wonderfully between his toes as he utterly relaxed. Well, almost all of him did.

Dylan's hand drifted downwards lazily. There was no rush. He had as long as he wanted to enjoy this view, and this indulgence. So he could just lie back, feel the water brushing up against the soles of his feet and taste that sweet scent on the breeze. His fingers tightened, wrapping around his shaft, finding it already stiff in anticipation. That contradiction almost made him laugh, his whole body felt so relaxed, except for this one specific part. That was completely ready and eager, and the same was true of his thoughts. Everything else had faded away; any worries, concerns or duties just weren't a priority right now, but the dull throb of his libido that had so successfully been kept in check these past few weeks - that was dialled up to 11. So as his hand started to slide up and down, it all fell beautifully into place. He was relaxed, he was horny, and he was completely at leisure. What else was there to do but indulge?

Normally he thought about something. But now even that effort seemed unnecessary. It was like the times in the past when he'd been too tired to jerk off, and his fantasies kept drifting away into

sleep. Only this time even if the fantasies faded, his enthusiasm didn't. The thoughts themselves just weren't important. He didn't need them to fuel his lust. That was self-sustaining. All he needed was the actions, the tightness of his fingers around his cock, the motion of his hand moving up and down his shaft, the pressure building in his balls as he gritted his teeth in satisfaction.

It all just built up on itself, so steadily and unstopably. Each stroke left him hornier than the one before, each panted breath came in shorter and sharper. Eventually there was a slickness dripping down over his fingers, and with a grunt he tightened his grip even further, thankful for the extra lubrication. His balls were starting to *throb*, his free hand squeezing distractedly at them, his feet clawing long furrows in the sand as he leaned further and further into the overwhelming sensation.

And then, with a suddenness that was almost startling, he came. His hips jerked forwards, his body reflexively tipping over to the side to make sure the mess was left on the sand rather than his chest. That should have been the end of it, except for the fact that it just kept going, his eyes screwing shut as his cock just came and came, frozen in this awkward half-turned stance as his balls drained themselves completely.

When he was finally spent Dylan all but collapsed, gulping great gasps of air to make up for the - what, solid minute where it felt like he hadn't breathed at all? Slowly he began to realise just how light-headed he felt, which must have been that oxygen intoxication kicking in. That was a pretty good sign that he should really be wrapping things up - that and the growing logical disconnect he felt whenever he looked down at the surprisingly large patch of wet sand beside him. There had been no denying it felt good - really, really good - but he needed to be done now. He'd earned this little break, but it had to come to an end. Reluctantly he reassembled his suit, cleaning himself off as best he could first with some of the gauze from his first aid kit. Then, respectable once again, he set off back towards the ship.

#### **19:00, Day 4:**

Things had been busy. There was always so much to do, keeping him running from one task to another with barely a moment to think. Every time Dylan *did* get a moment he found himself looking back wistfully on the last little time off he'd given himself, but all too soon that free moment would pass and he'd be being called on to do something else. Calibrate the filters. Register the logs. Report to medical. Assist with the unloading. Back to medical. And now finally, finally, he was being allowed an early evening. Apparently all the exertion of the past few days had been causing some of his vitals to spike, with the routine scans they were all running throwing up a few enough flags that he'd been ordered to take the night off. So here he was, back in the hab area before anyone else was done, lying back on his bunk and trying to sleep.

But he couldn't.

Ever since that time outside, he'd once again had absolutely no privacy. Apart from brief moments in the washrooms, there was always someone else around. Which was entirely reasonable. Privacy was a luxury they just couldn't afford on an exploratory mission like this, where every piece of space was utilised to its utmost. But again, ever since that time outside, he'd *felt* it, like a buzz on the back of his teeth. He was just on edge, with a nervous, anxious energy vibrating through him. Maybe that was why he'd almost wrenched a muscle unloading the equipment, because he just needed to do *something* to let that out. Only now he was trying to recover by closing his eyes and going to sleep, and that was the *last* thing his body wanted to do.

Ten slow minutes passed. Eventually he was forced to conclude that sleep wasn't coming, and his mandated bedrest wasn't going to do him any good if he spent the entire time completely tense. But. The rest of the crew had at least two hours left of reports and admin to take care of. If he was ever going to get the privacy he needed to take care of things, when else but now?

It didn't take long to get going. His cock all but rose up into his hand as he pulled aside his pants, causing him to wriggle backwards in his bunk as he gripped at himself. His legs fell open, his hips splayed wide as he searched for the best possible angle, giving himself the best possible leverage he could work with. He hadn't meant to go all in so soon, it was supposed to just a slow slight tease to see if he really was in the mood, but the second he leaned into it he was in it all the way. He hadn't even taken any precautions, if anyone happened to walk in they'd instantly be confronted with the full reality of exactly what he was doing, but somehow the fact that he was being so unsubtle about it was even *more* of a turn-on.

And then he was thinking about outside. Maybe it was thinking about being open, or in public, but his mind slid smoothly from that to the idea of being back by that lake, leaning back on that rock and breathing in that sweet open air, his tongue licking his lips as his eyes rolled further and further back in his head. His movements slowed, his right hand tightening around his cock as his left hand clenched around his throbbing balls. His spine hitched, his nostrils flaring as he could have sworn he breathed in that same enticing scent, and suddenly he came, the orgasm taking him by surprise even as it dragged a long low growl from his throat and painted his chest with cum.

He had time to clean it all up, fortunately. It had been a frantic few minutes once his brain finally kicked into gear enough to register that he needed to stop just lying there, with a trail of sticky cum connecting him to the bed - and hell, the bottom of the bunk above his - but with some hard work and creative application of sanitation products he got things under control. Once that was taken care of he even managed to get to sleep, some combination of the exertion of the event and the panic of the aftermath enough to finally tire him out. By the time the rest of the crew turned in for the night Dylan was sleeping peacefully, with nothing left amiss for them to notice.

### 13:00, Day 14:

As satisfying as the release felt at the time, that wasn't the end of it. It was like he had an itch that, once scratched, gave only a few moment's peace before growing ever more demanding. He managed to pass two more days without incident, pushing off any horny thoughts as something he just didn't have time for. Things were busy again, and there was comfort in that. But increasingly, he began to see ways that he could *make* time. If he'd could been allotted two hours to do a task, and he could do it in 90 minutes instead, then he'd be left with half an hour free, with no one else the wiser. And if he went too fast, well, then he'd just be ordered back to bed rest, and that would give him even more free time. It took one more day for that theoretical solution to evolve into a practical one, and he found himself spending a frantic five minutes furiously jerking off while everyone else was still finishing setting up their equipment for the day. If that had been too rushed to be good maybe things would have been different, but it wasn't. It didn't matter how long he had, or how hard he had to work to get to it. His horniness expanded perfectly to fit the situation available, and gave him more than enough energy to power through whatever he needed to do beforehand. Soon it became a daily routine, then twice daily, then three times, then... he lost count. He was working, or he was jerking off. That was all there was to it.

When the first change came, the weirdest thing was that he didn't immediately notice. His cock was heavy in his hand, and it was only after he'd shuddered out yet another load into the waste area that he belatedly realised that something was different. It shouldn't be this big. It shouldn't be this dripping. It *definitely* shouldn't be this colour, a sort of slick, shining black, that ran all the way from the tip to almost the base of his shaft, with a web of dark veins tapering out from there over his light skin of his crotch.

It was something. But he still had another five minutes left, so whatever it was wasn't important right now. Instead the important thing was that looking at his cock made it start to get stiff again, his hand sliding back and forth easily along the growing slickness of his shaft. Anything more than that could wait, at least for right now.

All of a sudden there was a beep, startling him into a full-body jump. A second or so passed as he recovered before his communicator beeped again, and he sheepishly fished it out from his pile of discarded clothes. "Yes?"

"It's Heidi. If you're done with the latest tracking figures, could you come join me in the cockpit? There's some data it'd really help to have another pair of eyes look over."

Dylan made a face, taking a long breath in and out before clicking the button to respond. "I'll be right there", he said, fighting to keep the frustration out of his voice. He stuffed himself away as best as he could, washing his hands once or twice before heading up the ladder, willfully ignoring the slight slick marks his hands were leaving on each of the rungs.

Heidi didn't look up when he entered the cockpit, too busy poring over the readout on the screen in front of her. "Thanks man", she said belatedly as he squeezed himself into the awkward bucket seat next to her. "I'm going to send you some files. Look through them and let me know if you see anything weird - I want to see if our thoughts line up."

He responded with a quick grunt, flicking his fingers over his terminal and bringing the data up. A wave of numbers greeted him, but every time he tried to go through it he found his eyes just sliding right off. There was nothing to keep a hold of, especially not compared to the agonising heat coming from his crotch. That was what he should have been focussing on, what he was *supposed* to be doing, until he'd been cruelly interrupted for this... whatever this was.

No. No, he should be focussing. Spreadsheets were fun and important. He could do this. He shifted around a few times, trying to get himself properly settled, and ignore the way he could feel his cock sliding around wetly inside his clothes.

"Uh", he stammered, trying to take his mind off of that. "Any clue what I should be looking for?"

"Hard to say", Heidi answered distantly, still not looking up. "There's just something a little off with some of the systems. Some numbers not adding up how you'd expect. Odd weights in weird places. Unexpected energy spikes. Stuff like that."

Dylan's eyes widened. Was it him? It couldn't be him, could it? Sure he wasn't being exactly a 100% straightforward team player, but still, just because he kept scuttling into whatever private corner he could find, that wouldn't be impacting the energy usage of the whole ship, right? He swallowed heavily, then spent a few seconds focussing on just breathing in and out like a normal person would.

"Are you okay?", Heidi asked, finally looking over at him. "You sound like you're choking."

Ah fuck. Fuck! Dylan tried to cover up his panic with a cough, forcing his eyes not to dart nervously around the room. "Oh yeah, I'm fine", he stammered. "Just... saw a really good number."

Heidi raised an eyebrow. "Which one?"

Dylan's mind spun. "...69?"

Two seconds of eternity passed, and then, mercifully, Heidi laughed. "You're twelve", she answered, turning back to her screen. "Let me know if you actually see anything."

Time passed. Dylan tried to do the work, but it was like he was operating on 2 hours of sleep. Mostly he just scrolled through the data, highlighting random sections and mumbling things like "ah, interesting, interesting."

For her part, Heidi slowly relaxed, going from hunching intently over her screen to pulling it up and forwards. That let her sink back in her seat and paw through it slowly, one page at a time. She was wearing the inside-only bodysuit, and several times she shifted around to adjust for the areas where it was too tight for her body. She'd already grown her black hair out as much as was practical, but even when she tied it up in a business-like bun, the overall effect was a lot closer to a sexy nurse cosplay than the other members of the crew would admit to her. Finally, after a silence so long it almost made Dylan jump when it was broken, she spoke up.

"Hey, y'know what, can I ask you a question?"

He blinked for a few moments before he answered, having a little bit of difficulty switching gears. "Sure", he said eventually. "Although I haven't been able to find anything in the data, to be honest."

Heidi waved him off. "Oh, don't worry, it's not about that. It's just... we've been out here for what, 3 months?"

Dylan nodded. "About that, yeah."

"Can you even *remember* how long it's been since you relaxed? Since, okay, let's be real - since you got laid?"

A lot of thoughts ran through Dylan's head. It was like someone opened a cupboard and a hail of haphazardly stacked pots all came falling out. There wasn't even a clear answer he could come to, it was just an endless string of images, urges, and half-strangled needs.

"No", he answered honestly. "I don't think I can."

"W-". Heidi paused, fidgeting in her seat for a few moments more as she loosened her collar. "Would you like to though?"

There was a long, quiet moment. Eventually Dylan tried to respond, but his tongue all but fell out of his mouth, and it felt like parts of his brain were kicking him directly in the spine.

Before he could collect himself, Heidi continued. "Listen chief, you can absolutely feel free to say no, no hard feelings. It just seems like a good way to blow off some steam. And hey, it seems like at least *some* part of you is into it."

She nodded, and Dylan followed her eyes downwards, almost leaping out of his seat when he saw the substantial bulge tenting his crotch. Previously he'd been so startled that his response hadn't even had time to translate into coherent horniness, it was just a spasm of disconnected thoughts and urges all shooting off inside his head. But seeing that somehow made it real, and now he could *feel* the fabric of his clothes straining as his cock grew more and more inside it, rubbing torturously against his slick flesh. The question of 'if' fell away, replaced only with the question of exactly 'how'.

First, he cleared his throat, swallowing what felt like a gallon of misdirected saliva. "Uh", he stammered. "Yes. Yes I think yes yes."

He crossed his legs pointedly before he continued.

"But, uh, one thing first. Let me just... let me just get a few things."

He went to get out of his seat, stopping after he'd risen a few inches by the realisation that even though he'd only just crossed them, he'd need to uncross his legs in order actually stand up. Shuffling his right foot forward slightly, he managed to unhook his other leg out from behind it, trying (and completely failing) to play the whole manoeuvre off as an elaborate way to spin himself around.

Heidi watched all this with raised eyebrows. "And yet, I somehow still want to have sex with you", she said simply.

"Ha ha ha ha", Dylan answered, not even looking over his shoulder as he walked forwards with stiff legs. "Thank you. I'll... I'll be right back."

Despite his difficulties in moving, it really did only take a few minutes for Dylan to return. He was carrying a pair of the anti-fertility booster pills they'd been issued with for just such an occasion, and... what appeared to be his laundry bag.

"Really?", Heidi asked as they each swallowed their pill. "You're going to get some laundry done while we're going?"

"Hm?" Dylan's eyes flicked down to his hand. "Oh! No, that's just... I just wanted to make sure no one else could see this as I carried it up here. Now, one second..."

He turned back around, making a show of opening up the bag while at the same time keeping its contents out of Heidi's view. Then he undid his pants, hitching them down to free up his crotch, and making another elaborate fuss of fidgeting with something else. Heidi was curious, but willing to allow Dylan the privacy he needed to do... whatever it was exactly he was doing here.



Finally he turned around, and Heidi couldn't help but give a little cough of surprise as he revealed himself. Or... not quite himself, actually. He must have been affixing some sort of elaborate sex toy to himself, because there was a large, shining black shaft sitting on his crotch, looking almost more like a slightly curved tentacle instead of the cock she'd been expecting.

"What?", she asked incredulously.

Even shrugged. "I, uh... I spent my personal weight allowance for the mission on... this." He gestured down with both hands, proving that whatever it was exactly, it was at least attached well enough that he didn't need to spare a hand to hold it in place.

Heidi's next question came slowly, after a few spluttering intakes of breath. "Why?"

"It's... uh..." Dylan flailed his hands around in search of a good answer, and a few of his fingers brushed absently over the surface of it, the sensation causing a visible shudder to run down his spine.

"...it's good", he finished eventually.

Heidi opened her mouth to continue her line of questioning, but then she just... didn't. She had a whole list of things that were lining up to be said, about how this was the first time either of them would have had sex for months, did it really *need* a boost from some sort of wild toy, and maybe that's not something they should be experimenting with physically way out here on the edge of known space, but then even as she tried to form words around them all those points just faded out in importance.

"Sure", she found herself saying. "Why not. So, you good to go then?"

Dylan looked down, watching as the big black tentacle cock thing stood up even further from his crotch, and Heidi could have sworn it started to *throb*.

"Yeah", Dylan answered. "Yeah, I think it's safe to say that I am."

They barely remembered to get somewhere private. Heidi had to practically steer him out of the room, Dylan almost tripping over his feet as she walked him quickly towards the medbay. There at least they could manage some privacy, especially given that as the medical officer Heidi could set the door to 'examination in progress'.

With all that done, Heidi took a breath, leaning back against the door. It'd been a miracle that none of the crew had seen them. Dylan had tried to shove his toy back into his pants, but even so his stiff-legged walk and the pronounced bulge at his crotch would have attracted more

questions than she wanted to field right now. They weren't doing anything *wrong* exactly, but explaining this would need a whole conversation, and that wasn't what she wanted right now. No, what she wanted was to get *fucked*, and Dylan's toothy grin as he all but tore aside his clothes was a promise of exactly that.

She undressed quickly. They'd waited long enough, and the feeling of being around each other, knowing that they were going to fuck, but just barely holding back from doing it - that had just worked them both up even further. He was *dripping* as she crawled forward over his chest, letting her head sink down against his shoulder as she just breathed him in. As she breathed out she felt his cock slide with delicious slickness into her slit, turning her exhalation into a long, shuddering moan. God, it felt like it was wriggling, moving around inside her independently, flexing and turning and stretching and twisting endlessly. After this was all done, she *had* to get Dylan to tell her where he'd gotten this toy from.

There was a pressure on her back as he gripped her with his hands, his fingers digging in like claws. Her eyes drifted closed as his hot breath washed over her face, his voice devolving into a series of ragged hisses as he concentrated more and more on the rhythm of his hips.

They were still standing. How was he even able to find the angle to fuck her this hard when they were still standing? It didn't make sense, but even that question was driven from her mind when he unwittingly solved it, spinning her around and pressing her face-first onto the nearby examination table. Then with them both lined up perfectly for doggy style he somehow stepped up even further. It wasn't even an issue of pace, it was just... absoluteness. His cock slid back and forth in a perfect mix of slick smoothness and powerful pressure, his sharp fingers digging into her back as he leaned over her. She felt his tongue at the back of her neck, leaving long hot trails in the wake of each of his slow, claiming licks.

Her fingers curled against the off-blue padding of the table. The fact that she couldn't even see him anymore somehow made all this hotter, but for reasons she couldn't entirely place. There was a fantasy forming slowly in her head, the limbs and teeth of it coalescing like wisps of smoke as they kept going. She was being claimed. She was being taken. His warmth was already pooling inside her, a slow tide of slickness dripping from her pussy as he fucked her relentlessly. She felt his snarl against the back of her ear, his smooth face rubbing against hers as he leaned forwards and hissed.

She came. Even without words it felt like she was being told to, and her body responded before any of that calculation reached anywhere near her mind. He responded too, what felt like ropes of thick cum sloshing inside her as he pulled her close. She rode that orgasm for several long, shuddering seconds, barely remembering to bury her face into the table to muffle her moans. Finally it passed, the overwhelming pleasure ebbing away as her body slowly relaxed.

"That... damn", she sighed. "I know I was pent up, but *fuck*, that was someth-"

His hand pressed downwards. The jolt of it snapped her out of the conversation, and she belatedly realised - he was still hard. He must have cum, all that slickness couldn't just be her, or pre-cum, but there was his other hand clawing slowly through the back of her hair, his weight still heavy on her back. He was still going, he needed to keep going, and any confusion she had quickly melted away into mutual enthusiasm.

"Damn", she mumbled to herself, as she started once again sliding herself backwards and forwards in a matching rhythm, "I guess he's pretty pent up too..."

The second time was as good as the first. And so was the third. Heidi lost count at some point, but she knew they went long enough that she was in danger of missing her next shift. Just before that was going to be a problem he finally let up, sliding back off of her and stepping backwards unsteadily onto his own two feet. Reluctantly, and with more than a few quiet aches of her own, Heidi followed suit, rolling off the bed and standing up.

It was hard to know what to say after a session as wild and rampant as that. Heidi started opening and closing her mouth, but before she'd even fully turned to face him Dylan suddenly pitched downwards, and she just caught sight of him out of the corner of her eye as he slumped to the ground.

### **09:30, Day 20:**

The rest of the crew had been very accommodating, all things considered. It was hard to get all their work done while one person down, but nothing could really be done about that. Dylan was in no shape to leave the medbay, so they all just had to pitch in as best they could. In fact they were closer to two people down than anything, given how much time Heidi had to spend examining him. So far she'd narrowed it down to being an unanticipated allergic reaction to some of the compounds on the ship, something that only became a factor with the prolonged exposure of the whole journey. That was what was making his recovery so painstaking, because until they knew exactly what was causing it, the only solution was to seclude him in the cleanest part of the ship, maintaining a strict quarantine to make sure he didn't relapse. It was hard to avoid an allergen on the ship when he couldn't leave the ship, after all, because *that* wasn't an option. There was a whole alien planet out there, and any outside contamination would just make matters worse. No, for now this was all they had - a long, slow process, but the only one that would get Dylan back on his feet. She'd set him up with a proper terminal in there at least, so Heidi assured the crew that he wasn't bored out of his mind. No, whenever he wasn't resting he had plenty to do. Heidi was making sure of that.