

# Adaptation Part Three

By Abe E Seedy

## 13:28, Day 34:

It was actually something of a comfort, Heidi reflected, that despite everything else she still had to chop vegetables. The last two weeks had seen a lot of changes, but the mundane tasks of living still needed to be done. The crew still needed to be fed, even if the overall focus of the mission had changed. Their survey and exploration work had stopped. Most of the crew were in the same state of dreamy-headed non-comprehension that she herself had been in, back before Dylan had walked her through to the other side. Being one of the only people on the ship to be truly awake to the current circumstances was an empowering experience, but before long she knew she craved something else.

That had sunk in when she had an encounter with Lisette, the taciturn chief engineer. Heidi had come across her in a secluded area of the ship one morning, so engaged in repairs that she was buried headfirst in ductwork. She must have assumed the heating system was playing up because she'd stripped down to just her underwear to do the fix, leaving her long, toned legs and cute, pert butt as the only thing that protruded out into the corridor.

Coming across that sight was enough to make Heidi's cock strain against her clothes. Before then her attention had been turned inwards, with self-exploration taking up most of her free time, but stumbling on this sight made her realise just how much pent-up energy she had, and how desperate she was to share this experience. Suddenly she knew she'd been waiting for an opportunity like this, where she could start someone else down the same path she'd walked. Lisette wasn't truly at the start of it of course - no engineering issue *actually* required anyone to strip almost naked in order to solve it - but still. There was something about taking someone experiencing the vague, disconnected urges of the initial infection and sending them spiralling over the line into absolute corruption. She barely could have resisted that impulse even if she'd wanted to.

How to start things off was only a momentary question, as Heidi quickly found her instincts leading the way. She peeled aside her increasingly slick jumpsuit, releasing her thick black cock into the open air. It swayed slightly as she held it there, marvelling once again at the urgent, glistening promise it presented, then she wrapped her hand around the shaft and shivered as a wave of approving pleasure washed over her. Stepping next to where Lisette was buried in the wall she started to work herself over, her long slow strokes provoking a steady stream of slime from her cock. It poured down her length, oozing over her knuckles and leaving her fingers so deliciously slick. But, more importantly, the sweet smell of it soon filled the air, causing Heidi's

mouth to drift upwards in a lazy smile as she inhaled, while at the same time filling the vent with that same enticing scent.

Lisette's reaction to all this was gradual. First her obvious exertion slowed, the sound of machinery being hammered and adjusted died off as she began to lose focus. Then her legs began to shift, first in little more than discomfort as she sought to get a better position. Gradually though that gave way to a more honest expression of simple friction, her legs sliding slowly against each other in order to encourage the growing slick spot at her crotch. Finally one of her arms withdrew from the vent entirely, and Heidi could hear her shallow breathing echoing down the pipes as she slid her fingers inside her clothes, pressing them urgently into her pussy. It was time.

Heidi let her hand fall from her cock, laying it gently against the thin fabric over Lisette's rear. "It looks like you need some help, don't you?", she whispered.

Part of her expected Lisette to jump at the sudden interaction, but of course she didn't. She was deep in the initial throes of the infection now, where everything flowed together so seamlessly, and all connections or coincidences could be papered over if they led to what your body so desperately needed. In a way Heidi almost missed the simplicity of that, but then again, as her hands cupped her churning balls and her slick cock slid in a sticky trail over Heidi's barely-present clothes, she was reminded of what pleasures she was now more able to indulge in. Not just something to be swept away in, but something she could active initiate, something she could watch others writhe helplessly in the face of, just as Lisette did now while she struggled to form a response.

"Y-yes", she panted eventually. "Please, please fuck me..."

The words were barely out of Lisette's mouth before a snarl curled back Heidi's lips, baring her teeth as she yanked aside the soaked fabric and pressed her cock into the woman's slit.

She remembered the sensations most, even now, preparing food more than a week later. The way Lisette's pussy felt so warm and welcoming around her cock, the way her hips moved forwards of their accord, the way her fingers dug into the soft flesh of her waist. Words and thoughts fell away, meaningless things that drifted off to little more than triumphant hisses and wanton, panting gasps. But the slickness of her shaft as it slid in and out, the way her teeth bit into her own lip as she leaned further and further into it, the heat pouring out of Lisette and the smell of it all mingling over both of them - that, that was what was real, that was what was important. She could feel all of this, as much as she wanted and whenever she needed, and all it took to bring that same desperate need out in others was to unsheath her cock and let the scent of it wash over them.

That was when her claws had grown in. She'd found her toes digging through the remains of her shoes as she strained for leverage, long scratch marks trailing behind her hands as she braced

herself against the wall. Her tongue had felt thick in her mouth too, ill-suited for talking but perfect for running along her sharpening teeth and slathering over Lisette's shivering back. It felt like the more she fucked the more she herself would change, and Heidi wasn't sure whether that or the fact that she was corrupting someone else at the same time was more exciting. In either case, it was only a few more moments before she came, tensing and releasing a seeming torrent of slimy cum into Lisette.

She hadn't even remarked on it. It made sense now why Dylan was so incredulous when Heidi was still insisting everything was normal. Apparently at the early stage of infection the subject just pushed aside anything that didn't seem to make sense. Which, given the situation, could be quite a lot. Just how much had the two of them done while she herself was in that same haze? The thought of those blissful acts they could rediscover together made Heidi's cock twitch involuntarily, and only the continued occupation of her hands with these vegetables prevented her from getting seriously distracted. It was no matter. There would be more than enough time for that later.

The other benefit of that induced disinterest was that Dylan no longer needed to stay sequestered in the medbay. He'd spent the past few days stalking the ship, indulging his own urges and encouraging others with theirs. The rest of the crew appeared not to see him, nor register the slime-coated hallways that he left in his wake, but they did register his suggestions on some level. Heidi had heard more than one of his seminars echoing through the ship, with one crew member after another collapsing headfirst into the desires he stated simply they already held.

She'd tried that approach herself too, but it never quite fit for her. When she'd had the pilot, Gabriel, kneeling in front of her, she'd tried running her claws through his long blond hair and hissing into his ear about all the things he could do if he just leaned into it. But.

It wasn't that it didn't work. His eyes were flickering as he lost himself in the fantasy, just as Dylan told her they would. He looked so cute, his chiselled jaw resting against her thigh, his meaty hands helplessly upturned at his side. But she wanted. Walking someone else through their corruption was Dylan's interest, and Heidi couldn't pretend it wasn't hot. But in that moment Heidi's tongue always felt so thick in her throat, spilling out of her lips as she leaned forwards, breathing and hissing. She had this cock now; this great, urgent, wonderful cock. Maybe in time that could take a back seat, become something she could look forward to and hold off on like a dessert. But for now there was a perfect conjunction of alien need and desire - the twitching stiffness of her new cock needing to be indulged, and she wanted to do it. She wanted to slide her cock between his lips, feel his tongue wrap eagerly around her shaft and spread her slickness inside his throat, clutch his head to her waist and press herself inwards. Her tail had slipped free from her spine, stretching outwards and curling around his prone body, pulling both of them together even further as her mouth fell open slowly.

It felt too perfect, gripping him close and pulsing her slick cum down his throat, filling him with so much corruption that within a day his own eyes were a bright yellow and he too was encouraging others to give in. What need was there for words in the face of that?

She finished chopping another carrot and slid it into pot with the rest. In retrospect, it surprised her how long it had taken her to figure out exactly what the cause of all this was. She should have found it right away, back when she actually *was* attempting to treat Dylan in the medbay, but perhaps even then she was too compromised to see it. It wasn't exactly subtle - the slime he soon began coating everything with was both the symptom and the cause, some advanced alien parasite that converted its host into the most efficient form to create as much of itself as possible. It seemed to pick up elements of its host species in order to aid its transmission, and it was probably only the fact that it had infected Dylan first that explained why the whole crew was now growing masculine rather than feminine genitalia. That would have been... different, Heidi reflected, as she hefted her cock absently. Perhaps they'd have all wound up laying an endless array of slick eggs, a holdover from the reptilian species this organism had clearly infected previously.

Well, as intriguing as that idea was, it was hard to be disappointed by her current situation. She couldn't help but grin as she ran her clawed hand along her shining black shaft, savouring the way her heavy balls swayed freely beneath her whenever she moved, especially after she gave up wearing pants two days ago. Her tail swung out around the table as she turned to pick up the pot, setting it down on the floor and resting her three-toed foot carefully on the rim. Then with a sibilant sigh she drew her fingers in and out, sending a slow stream of slime into the stew. The flow only increased when she imagined the black reptilian scales climbing even further up her body, cresting her waist and washing over her breasts, wrapping over her head and leaving her with a perfect alien snout just like Dylan. Perhaps when that was done she would take a break for a few days and join him in openly coating the corridors, working to convert the whole ship into something more suitable to this new form of life. She'd even come across a few crew members pasted to the walls in the areas he'd been through, so heavily coated in slime that their features were all but indistinguishable as they writhed in their slick cocoons. That sounded fun. Perhaps there would be eggs involved after all.

Heidi finished up, absently turning and giving the stew a quick stir with her tail as she wiped her slick claws on her thigh. This organism might be a parasite, according to the most technical definition. But could it truly be called that, given how welcome its presence was, and how eagerly it had been embraced?

Ah well. Such questions of semantics could wait. For now, dinner was served.