

## In Space...

Moving through the darkness of space, a lone ship, rustic, old, in need of some heavy maintenance moves silently towards its long-awaited destination. A large multi-tiered module ringed space station orbiting a black barren world below. Having already awakened from his hyper-sleep Artemis, a lithe fluffy white furred anthropomorphic male arctic fox, adjusts his glasses. His blue eyes locked on the green computer screen. Brushing his long grey hair away he grabs his coffee, taking a sip, tail flicking at the bitter taste, "I hope this place has sugar," he grumbles, reaching over to the control panel, flicking a switch.

"This is Pantheon, requesting permission to dock. Do you read me Metamorphosis?" he calls out over the intercom, getting nothing but static. He looks through his window at the space station, grey, faded painted colors, a mining and tier one planet terraforming space station. As it makes its orbit around the planet, the distant blue sun shines upon it, revealing more details as he approaches.

"Strange, all the shutters are closed, but the lights are in," he remarks, taking another forceful sip of his coffee, repeating his statement, getting nothing but static.

"Mother can you get access to the station's mainframe?" he types into the computer console, fingers clattering against the keyboard.

**"Processing... attempting to connect... connection established. Class C lock down. All life support systems are functioning at 75.32% efficiency. Power levels are stable."**

Artemis quirks an eye ridge, "Class C? What the hell is a Class C lock down?" he asks, typing a more direct version of the question to his ship.

**"Classified."**

"Well isn't that just spiffy. Guess that means I'll have to board the hard way. I don't have the fuel or food stocks to go back. And who knows perhaps I can help," he replies, positioning his ship into a docking port, the ship rumbling as the metal hits metal, locking into place, securing the ship from the vacuum of space.

Getting some survival gear, blow torch, and other possible necessities, he goes to his computer one last time, "Mother. Can you unlock the outer hatch of the station?"

**"Processing... One moment please..."**

"I'll give her a bit," he comments, walking over to the docking bay, tail flicking, ears perked, hearing the soft groan of metal, causing his foot to tap nervously. A soft hiss the doors slide open, a rush of stale air hits his nostrils, the lights inside the station flickering. He steps in calling out, "Hello? Anyone here?" his voice echoing down the hallways, this particular area of the station looks stripped of any loose items. Flicking on his flashlight for some focused light he slowly makes his way inside.

Wiring hangs from the ceiling, a light fixture hanging by some wiring sparks as it slowly swings. Thick black tubing runs along the corners of the walls, access tunnels are torn wide open, busted from the inside out.

“What in the nine hells happened here?” Artemis wondered, swallowing a lump in his throat, heart racing, tail flicking, slowly making his way down the hallway, each step breaking the cold dark silence, save for the sound of sparking electronics now in the distance behind him. Orange warning lights flash, illuminating areas periodically, walking toward any place where he could get a little bit of information as to what happened.

He finds a service kiosk, two of the three lights that illuminate the map are burnt out, and a third of it is smashed in, the glass pieces laying inside. “I am here... good, but where is the command center? A security station? There has to be records of what happened here,” he mutters, hearing a sudden clash of metal. He pulls out a small pistol, turning in the direction, light showing a rolling transportation drum several feet away, bumping into the wall. He pants looking around, seeing nothing.

Keeping a finger on the trigger, he looks back at the map, studying it, “At least its in English,” he says with a sigh of relief, translating the broken map to estimate where he needs to go next.

Steadily he makes his way through the maze of twisting corridors, every inch of space on the station has a purpose, nothing is wasted, but now with things stripped, signs of struggle, combat here and there, its difficult to move through some areas, having to squeeze through a fallen service pipe that blocks most of the way, a hiss of steam shooting from the top, deafening any surrounding noise, and feeling uncomfortably hot as he makes his way under it. Only his fur, protecting his naked skin from the hot metal, protects him from getting any sudden second- or third-degree burns.

Hot water drips along the ceiling, wetting and matting some of his fur, his heavy leather boots splash in the miniature puddles that form on the floor grating. He reaches the hallway leading toward a primary security office, but he finds the emergency module doors have been shut, closing him off from this part of the station.

He opens a security panel, reading the data on it, “The atmosphere on the other end looks stable and sound. Why would this be cut off then? I don’t have the command codes to override it, so I will have to do it manually,” he remarks, pulling out from his backpack, a small blow torch, protective goggles, and anti-singing lotion, which he rubs into his face, and hand fur before sparking the torch, getting a nice hot blue flame before bring it to a small metal panel that says “Incase of emergency use key or cut along the dotted lines.”

“Damn these old stations. Having these poor archaic ‘safety’ measures,” he states, cutting along the line, the metal sparking, making his way across the lines revealing a security release lever, which he pulls with a bit of elbow grease. With a grunt the lever clicks, the sound of several security latches unlock, echoing down the hallway, seemingly throughout the station, cracking opening, but stopped after the first couple of inches.

“Damn it,” he remarks, grabbing a jack, using it to slowly pry the doors open, the metal screeches and groans. A small wave of junk rolls out of the door, Artemis jumping back just in the nick of time to avoid being crushed under all the random items that have been thrown up against the door.

“What in the world happened here?” he remarks, climbing over the pile of junk. His heart races, dragging his stuff through the opening at the top of the debris. This side of the station is no better than the other. The air, hot humid, junk littering the floor that he must make his way around. Most of it thrown against doors, some of which have been sealed shut.

“Hello! Anyone there?!” he yells, his voice echoing down the metallic halls. He swallows a lump in his throat, “I should have invested in a motion tracker,” he remarks, eventually making his way to the security station. Thick bullet proof reinforced glass gives a view of the thick square computer screens. Keyboards tossed, green screens flickering. Two panes of glass are cracked like someone hit them with them with a baseball bat, remaining in their pane. Chairs thrown all over the place, the ceiling vent looks like it's smashed in from above, an overhead light hangs, the bulbs smashed, the glass all over the floor. No signs of anyone inside. With a hard tug he tries to open the door, doesn't budge.

“Well, I hate to do this but you leave me no choice,” he says, going to the keypad, jimmying it out of its wall socket, pulling out an electronic device he connects two wires from his device to key points in the panel. Over the next two minutes he manages to crack the code, the door hisses, hydraulics sliding the door open.

He steps in, looking around nervously, tail flicking, computer screens flickering more. He slides a brown plastic keyboard back into place, typing into the machine, finding various logs. With each log he reads, of reports of missing people, going farther back till there were logs of something being brought up from the planet below. But most of the data has been deleted.

“An alien... great, one alien did this? I certainly hope not. Maybe it was panic or paranoia... lets see if I can access the video feed around the time of the last entered log,” he says to himself, working over the next few minutes to find the relevant data, playing the video. It's static and of relatively poor quality, normal for security cameras of a station such as this.

There he finds two people who sealed the door behind them, people on the outside banging on the door, “Let me in you bastard!” followed by a scream and an unearthly hiss followed by squeaks and moans.

“What the fuck is it doing to her?” the first guy, a short at no more than three-foot-tall green scaled lizard, probably a kobold. His yellow eyes stern, only visible on occasion as he wears a large leather hat that is rather uncharacteristic of where he is.

“Turning her into one of them that's what! I knew it! We need to get out of here,” replied the buff anthropomorphic black bear.

“Out of here? Those things are all over the place. Two are right outside!

“Soon to be three.”

“We need to blow this place. If we can get to the station's core and blow this place.”

“Blow this place? Are you crazy? There is no way you can get there. You'll be turned into one of those things.”

“Well I'm going to try.

The black bear pulls out a gun, “I'm not going to let open that door.”

He smirks, “Don’t worry, I won’t,” he says looking up to the air vents, “My small size does have some advantages,” he remarks when there is suddenly a heavy thud, causing the two to jump.

“Shit it’s trying to get in!” the black bear fires his weapon, the video feed cutting off.

Artemis’ heart pounds, he takes a step back, “Fuck me. I don’t know what that is, but I can’t leave this place and let someone else get trapped here,” he remarks, typing into the computer, drawing up a green pixelated virtual map of where he is to the core. “That guy didn’t make it, seeing this station is still in one piece, but perhaps I can do it. I’ve been lucky so far that I haven’t run into them. Perhaps they’ve idled now that no one has been on here for over the past week and a half... I hope,” he swallows another lump in his throat, exiting the control room, beginning his journey down toward the core.

Artemis’s heart races, he feels the thumping of blood up in his ears, his breathing deep, quick, hands shaking, each creak and moan of the station as it revolves around the planet in the cold darkness of space, makes a shiver run down his spine. His tail fluffed up, ready to bolt at a moment’s notice.

“You can do this, you can do this,” he says, his glasses fogging up, the air growing hot, humid, a subtle scent of latex lingers in the air. He takes a moment to clean them with his shirt, “Fog be gone glass cleaner be spray, keeps glasses from fogging for weeks my white fluffy ass,” he remarks. A groan of metal and a rolling of a metal cylinder causes him to jump, the glasses flinging free from his paws, “Shit!” The glasses clatter to the ground several feet away, the cylinder rolling past it, Artemis freezes, tail going stiff missing. The cylinder misses it less than an inch.

Artemis lets out a tension releasing sigh, “That was close,” he says, his blurred vision not enough of a problem for him to reach down for his glasses. Thud, hiss, the sound echoes down the station, he leaps back unable to retrieve his glasses, as a dark set of shadows come into view, “*Fuck, fuck, fuck,*” he thinks, the darkened figures, move from the shadows into the light revealing two faceless aliens, who’s features give Artemis a moment to take pause if what he’s seeing is reality, or his mind playing tricks on him now that he can’t see clearly.

Sleek rubbery skin appeared to be black at first, but as they stepped out of the shadows two were a dark shade of blue, another red. With elongated phallic like heads, rows of teeth showed, lips thick, when they opened them, they hissed, sleek saliva flows out of their mouths showing an elongated inner mouth, phallic suck hole for lack of a better word.

Two round chitinous breasts bounced a little with each movement they made, the sound of creaking rubber reaching Artemis’ ears, surprising him that he didn’t hear the noise in the first place. Their backs jut thick tubes, the rest of their chests show an outline of a rib cage, of black, they step forward, with a hard rubbery click, their feet seemed a hybrid between a digitigrade foot, and tall spiked high heeled pumps that caused a distinct metallic and rubber click with each step.

“*How could I not hear them coming?*” he manages to think, his nostrils flaring, the thick scent of latex, and arousal lingering so heavy in the air that he could feel it rush across his body.

He takes a step back, they take a step forward, their high heeled gait is wide, sensual, sexual, breasts bouncing, hips swaying side to side followed by their long tail with a sharp dagger-like end.

But that wasn't the only thing bouncing, swaying. Hanging between their legs is a thick tapered end, ribbed shaft, that glistens in the lights that hang overhead. Pre-cum dribbles from the tip, moving down, and along their heavy yet chitin covered armor, yet its smooth yet protected, the balls bouncing to a lesser degree to the breasts and cock. The smell of sex growing stronger as they get closer.

One of the xenomorph creatures leans forward, getting onto all fours, the heel lifted off the ground, it hisses at Artemis, its movements silent as a cat, only the faintest squeak can be heard with his sharp ears, the air growing hotter, humid, laden with the scent of arousal and rubber. He slides himself across the metal floor, which creaks under the weight of them, his fingers reaching through the grate, gaining any grip to pull himself back faster.

"No, no, no," he mutters, when the red one bounces him, he lets out a scream feeling the force of the creature pushing him full onto his back, banging his head against the grating, throbbing for a moment till he feels sleek hot juices drip down onto his cheek. He looks up, seeing a that there is not only a throbbing cock hanging over him, the droplets hitting his forehead, but hidden just behind the heavy set of balls is a hot, wet, drooling female sex that oozes a slightly redish clear sexual fluid that tingles his skin wherever it touches, his cock twitches, growing hard, a forced arousal coming over him. His length growing harder with each breath, with each drip a shiver ran down his spine, tail wagging faster and faster.

"What are you! Get off of me!" Artemis screams out, panting heavily, the red xenomorph over him closes its legs around his head, the lower thighs press against the sides of his head, forcing him to look straight up into the dripping sex, the heat rolling down over his nose, the hot juices crashing onto his snout, tingling him, his back curved upwards uncomfortably as he lays on his backpack.

"Get off of me!" he yells again reaching up to grab the creature's legs. The hard, firm, luscious yet smooth, giving off an audible squeak, his fingers sliding across them, the creature looking down at him with a big grin on its face. Grabbing Artemis' hands, larger, stronger, she quickly overpowers him, forcing him to hold it over his head. The other two xenomorph make their move, grabbing Artemis' pants, ripping them down the center, pulling them off his body, underwear and all revealing his soft white fur underneath, and his throbbing twitching cock.

"No, no, get off of me!" he yells again, struggling, squirming underneath the three xenomorphs is nothing but a futile effort, the weight of their bodies pin him against the ground, the metal creaks and moans louder. He feels the hot juices and fluids of the two blue xenomorphs drip down onto his legs, tingling them. They grind their hot wet sex against his legs, spreading their juices faster, mattenning his white fur down to his skin with their lustful juices.

Their legs squeeze his legs, keeping the a part, more warmth and sexual fluids soak into his lower body, his form tingling. Hissing fills Artemis' ears, looking up he sees nothing but the

red sleek red xenomorph's sex, dangling balls, throbbing cock, and the curve of their breast, that faceless toothy smile leaning past over the breast horizon. His heart races, feeling as if it's about to pop out of his chest. One of the ones on his legs grab his balls, massaging them, more hissing, chittering.

He can't see, but one of the dark blue xenomorphs, lean down, opening its mouth, drooling sleek juices onto his cock, causing it to twitch, tingle, grow harder, needier, more sensitive, the inner mouth slips out, toothless, perfect for sucking, it presses down onto his cock head, enveloping its head completely giving one firm suck that makes him moan in delight, his eyes roll back into his head the pleasure far greater than anything he could have ever imagined before, far exceeding anything he has ever experienced.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," he grunts, his legs forced to grind against the hot wet sexes of the xenomorphs, the thick squeezing inner mouth sliding further down his length, taking more in, like an expert mouth that has been trained over countless blow jobs on just how to give the most mind melting pleasure one could ever have. The sleek blue tube slides up and down Artemis's length, again and again, pleasure building, balls filling, tensing up, hips wanting to buck up but unable to with the weight of the creatures on top of him.

They hissed and chittered, holding him hostage, while he looks up at the winking dripping hot flesh of the red xenomorph over him. The xenomorph slides down, pressing its sex against Artemis' muzzle, silencing him. The hot sweet and salty female juices flow across his lips, down his cheeks, the warmth of the thighs burning against his skin, the tingle growing. He pants and moans, hands now tightly gripping onto the metal grating, the two blue xenomorphs bucking and fucking against his legs, his body trembling in forced delight that deep down he is relishing in.

*"What are they doing? Why it feels... Feels... so damn good,"* he thinks, mind drifting for a second, hissing growing louder, the hot thighs lining his face perfectly to the xenomorphs sex, driving it down onto his muzzle, forcing it to be used like a dildo. More sleek hot steamy juices run down his muzzle, mattening his fur, he takes one deep instinctual breath before the sex is forced around his muzzle, the juices slipping into his nostrils, down his mouth, along his tongue, smelling, tasting, feeling all of it.

The hot rubber skin, burning against his skin, arousing him further, the xenomorph grinding, bucking herself against his body, grinding harder, forcing his muzzle deeper into the strong muscular folds, the tensing and twitching of her cock felt through her body, reverberating down into his face. His face becomes soaked in the fluids, pleasure rising, growing, heat burning across his skin, his legs in particular feel as if they are on fire, the other two xenomorphs grind and buck against his legs, running themselves up and down it, trying to rub themselves off against his body. One continues to suckle his cock, drawing out higher pleasure, edging him along, keeping him complacent, the bucking makes the metal underneath him creak even more, moaning loudly like a sinking ship.

Not seen to Artemis but certainly felt his body shifts, changes. The hot juices seeping into his skin, the heat, and warmth flowing through them with each beat of their heart, flooding

their veins, like an erotic toxin that is contracted through the skin, spreading outwards, but the source points are the most flooded.

Artemis' muffled moans, gasping for air, the xenomorph on top of him grinding and holding his head there with her powerful thighs, the rubber squeaking louder, breasts bouncing, adding to the momentum the force of the red one pushing down onto his face, driving their hot wet sexual juices all over him, speeding up the transformation process that is currently happening within him.

The wet matted fur along Artemis' legs cling tighter and tighter to his form, his legs squirm, toes curling, the shoes long removed from his feet by the creatures when they tore through his pants. The pleasure through his body hides the delightful transitioning happening to him. With each wet slurp, his cock grows more sensitive, his member growing tapered, exotic and erotic, ribbed, thicker, growing harder and harder. More cock, more pleasure, balls growing a smooth protective chitinous layer, becoming shiny orbs, rubber squeaking louder as his flesh shifts and changes.

As the juices run across his legs as they grew larger, slightly thicker, the rubber xenomorph skin replacing his own, merging his hair into it, the allowing the thick sexual juices that coat him to slide across them faster, squeak louder, feeling their hot wet vents, and pre-cum soaked balls to grind against him. Their lengths grind up against his thighs, spurting more pre-cum over them, their hands caressing his thighs and butt, spreading the liquid over him.

His body grows hotter, panting faster, pleasure rising even higher to a state he isn't sure how he is even able to keep a comprehensible though. His feet grow alien claws, becoming more plantigrade, out of the back of his heel a rubber spike grows, its pleasurable, hard, stiff, feeling as if there is a new cock there just aching to be just played with but functional like that of the other xenomorphs around him.

His legs quiver, banging against the metal underneath him, it groans more the xenomorphs growing full invested in their captured prey, a pressure building up in Artemis' chest as his body feels as if it's on the brink of bursting with pleasure, his climax unable to be achieved, body left wanting, wanting for something. The hissing and warmth of the xenomorphs over him feeling great, drawing his mind deeper and deeper into the sexual stew that he found himself in.

Artemis felt parts of his weak lithe form growing stronger, his hips widening, butt clenching, a new burning pleasure beginning to form between his legs, right behind his aching hard wanting cock. It felt as if there was a pulling sensation, a pleasure drilling into his body. One of the xenomorphs grinding on his legs, moves a hand underneath his balls, rubbing the spot, adding to his pleasure, he feels as if a finger is about to slip in when the metal underneath them groans louder, followed by a fall and a drop, the metal grating underneath them giving way, dropping like a trap door, the xenomorphs suddenly being "dumped" into the service area below them with a loud hiss and screech, the words pushing into his mind, "*No! Not done!*"

A heavy thud follows, Artemis finds himself hanging half upside down only by the tight grip of his hands on the grating, he looks down into the black void, seeing movement. He pants

heavily, the sudden flight or fight response kicking in suppressing the euphoria he was in, the sudden thought of falling to his death, driving him to look at the world around him the metal grating swaying, ready to fully give way.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck!” he yells looking around, seeing his body hanging backwards from the grate. He rolls over, allowing him to face the grate which sways in the momentum, on end of it breaks swinging it forward. “Shit!” he exclaims, reaching grabbing the underside of what is the floor he was standing on, as the rest of the grate snaps free and tumbles to the ground some feet below, loud hissing heard below him.

“Shit,” he says to himself, looking down his muscles straining under holding his weight and his back pack, the rest of him swinging below him, “Don’t look down,” he says to himself, keeping his eyes over him, with each forced new grip, he crawls underneath the floor, toward the hole made by the fallen grate, and with herculean effort he pulls himself back onto the top, back into safety.

“Fuck that was close,” he says looking toward the hole, panting heavily, tail swishing underneath him, not wanting to move, muscles screaming at his overexertion till he heard the clattering of metal below, and hisses, “*Up.*” a word enters his mind.

Artemis sits up, “Got to go!” he yells, standing up, before falling over his center of balance thrown off, his legs feeling weird, strong, powerful, something he’s clearly not used to but they feel stiff. He looks down, seeing pink and some black blur, he looks back over to his glasses, crawling across the floor, putting them back on, looking down at his mostly naked body in absolute shock, his spine tingles, his alien like cock twitches, throbbing, aching, wanting, realizing that from the crotch down, excluding his tail his body has been twisted, transformed, rubberized into those alien creatures.

Hot pink skin, with black outlines now formed his body, his feet, those alien claws, perfect for stealth on all fours but high heeled when bipedal, “What the fuck,” he exclaims, a memory flashing back to the video he watched, “So this was...” he mutters, before the sound of the encroaching aliens snapped his thoughts back to the pressing matter.

“Right, no time for that,” he adjusts his glasses, taking his first few tantalizing steps, wobbling at first, but his body quickly adjusting like his mind is just remembering how to ride a bicycle after so many years. At the same time his chest feels weird, awkward. He feels it by impulse, finding he has a hand full squeeze of budding breasts. He squeezes them, pleasure rushes through him, he moans, cock twitching, nipples perked, he shakes his head, “No I must resist and get to the core and blow this place up,” he tells himself, rushing down the hallway, looking behind him to see if anything is following him, seeing nothing.

His footsteps echo down the long metal hallways, past flashing damaged lights, leaping over debris, his body moving faster than he has ever done before, the world whizzing behind him at a lightning pace, “*Shit... I can do this,*” he thinks, a little confidence filling his mind, not taking note of a bouncing aching wanting cock that is pressing into the back of his mind a one insatiable need, the need to fuck.



A budding female sex, too undeveloped to begin dripping its own fluids tenses and winks when Artemis clenches his butt, which has grown, hips wider, but covered in the same latex chitin armor, the base of his tail having begun its elonging transformation but most of his white fluffy tail remains untouched. His form squeaks every so often when his thighs rub up against each other, half torn shirt pressing against his budding breasts, tongue feeling stiffer than it ever has before, a slight new sensitivity to it, adding a soft cotton in mouth sound whenever he speaks to himself. All these details adding to his torn thoughts.

A hiss and screech echoes down the hallways. He tenses, pants, looking around, leaping into a room with flipped over tables, the lightning above is completely torn and blown out leaving the room dark, "Need to hide," he muttered, rushing in, leaping behind the table, listening to the heavy footsteps of the creatures that were hot on his trail.

With each metallic step, with each squeak they grew closer and closer, moving down the halls even faster than he could, the sound of one, two rushing past made him hold his breath, the doppler sound effect has never been so heavy on his mind till this very moment. The sound slowly grows fainter and fainter, his body relaxing with each step, he lets out a soft sigh. He lifts his head up over the table looking out from the darkness to the barely lit hallway, the lights flickering there showing nothing.

With a muffled sigh, he kneels up, wrapping his hand on the edge of the table, ready to pull himself up when the flickering light shows a shadow moving nearby. He stiffens, heart pounding, the smell of latex heavy in the air. He lowers his head, the deep hiss full breathing noise filling his ears, he keeps just the tip of his head up over the edge, he clenches, his cock twitching, growing even more eager.

Artemis heart pounds faster, faster, arousal growing even more, a soft phrase whispering in the back of his mind, "*Close. Close. Close.*" The xenomorph steps into view, the sleek red xenomorph, breasts bouncing, cock twitching, sex dripping, their body hunched forward, the long phallic head running down their back, between hanging over their back tubes, their long deadly tail following the sway of their hips, showing a long echo wave of their body as they move.

"*Close.*" the words echo in his head, he shivers, holding his head, a throb pulsating in it, another wave of arousal pushes into him, hands covering his mouth, trying to muffle his wanting panting lust. The footsteps growing a bit louder for a moment, the heavy breathing. The creature just outside the door. Surveying the room, letting out a hiss, Artemis can just picture her there, waiting, seeing through the table right at him, another hiss before the footsteps are quick, running, a sprint, fading quieter, quieter, disappearing.

Artemis peeks up over the table looking around, seeing nothing to spark his curiosity, fear. Slowly he stands up, leaning back feeling the high heeled feet press down on them, easily supporting his form with little discomfort. Thick sensual xenomorph legs, heart racing, tail flicking, ears perked, trying hard to hear any more signs of the aliens.

“I think I lost them,” he says, nostrils flaring the scent of latex and sex heavy in the air, as much as it was before, perhaps it was always there, lingering on his nostrils or was it getting stronger due to where he was going?

“I’ll have to be very careful if I don’t want to get caught,” he says, his ear flicks, something wet hit the tip, running down the length. His ear instinctively twitches, hand doing the same to touch it, feeling slick warm liquid that tingles his ear and hand upon contact.

His mind freezes, the memory of what happened before comes to him, slowly he looks up, panting heavily, tail swishing, a soft hiss is heard above, his muscles tense, the dark green xenomorph pounces, grabbing him. He kicks and screams, as he’s grabbed and lifted up into the air, his feet dangling, his glasses fall from his nose leaving him with blurred vision once again.

Kicking and screaming, trying to hit the xenomorph, but his weak frail unaltered body has none of the strength required to prevent him from being lifted and dragged up through the air-ducts. The metal airways bend and groan under their combined weight, his kicking and screaming causing the metal dent under some of his hard hits from his high heels.

“Let me go!” he yells out, the green rubber looking black as night in the low light. Eventually he is dragged into a small kind of rubbery nest, the metal coated in this latex resin that looks as alien as the xenomorph that is dragging him into it. His body weak, tired, from all the struggling, not having the endurance to keep up with the constant stress and fight that he’s had to do. The creature’s sexual juices drool onto him, seeping into his body once again, his arms are slowly tied into the saliva which harden.

Helplessly Artemis struggles, against the growing hard resin, his body, bound to the one with ever steadily growing amounts. He grunts against it, moaning when he feels the xenomorph’s dagger tail run across his still throbbing length. His eyes look at the tail, teasing his edging length, his body freezes in place, letting the creature bind his other arm in a layer of black and dark green resin, arms spread to the ends making it like a big T before, it crawls over his body, binding his legs together, against the floor, the xeno’s sex pushing back up against his face as she works.

The hot warm vent running across his nostrils, pushing against his face, fur matted once again in sleek xenomorph fluids. The lustful aroma filling his nostrils, cock twitching, growing even harder, his body shifting from fight or flight to fuck. He groans, aching in need, fingers wiggling within the bondage, while the xenomorph grinds and pushes her crotch up against his face, squeezing his head between her powerful thighs, but never to the point that there was risk of injury, but feeling how strong and powerful she was, he knew that if she decided to, she easily could.

Artemis felt his head leaning into the sex, tongue reaching out to lick the delicious fluids, his body wanting what is happening to him more and more as he was subjugated by this other xenomorph who appeared to what him all for herself. The scent of her latex and arousal filled the room like a humid sauna, leaving nothing to his imagination as to what the creature wanted out of him.

When the xenomorph pulled away, his face dripped with the juices, his tongue licking them up, which became exceedingly more difficult, his tongue hardening, straighter, filling his mouth more, making words even more muffled and harder to create. His cock dribbled hot pink pre-cum, his pleasure growing even more. The xenomorph turned around, hissing at him and all he could do was grunt back.

His cock aimed up, ready to be used, the last bits of his clothes torn away, the backpack pinned behind him, resin into place, but now Artemis could sort of see with his blurred vision the growing rubber breasts on his chest, the fur already melting into his body into a bright hot pink latex skin with black highlights. The creature gripped his budding breasts, squeezing them causing a loud squeak.

Artemis moaned out with a soft hiss lingering in there, his hips bucked up, the one part not bound into it, the xenomorph lining herself over his cock, her hot sex dripping down his length, making his cock feel the warm juices run down it, mixing with the every leaking pre-cum that he finds himself now sporting, like the slightly larger xenomorph cock that his counterpart had.

The xenomorph moved in closer, face to face, mouth opening. Artemis tried to turn his head away, but the creature's hand forced him to look right back at the faceless, forcing his mouth open with a tight squeeze, while it did the same. It's long thick phallic tube sucking inner mouth slips out and into Artemis' mouth, suckling his hardening tongue, forcing a deep passionate kiss with him, while at the same time sliding herself down onto his aching cock.

Artemis shivered, his eyes fluttered, more juices absorbed into his body, hips bucking eagerly into the female sex of the xenomorph while the hot pre-cum juices of the male cock leaked onto him, his own leaking into her.

The xenomorphs immensely powerful sex squeezes his cock, adding to a layer of pleasure still surprisingly not yet known to him till this point. His heart raced, breath heavy, nostrils flaring, forced to take the kiss that grew ever deeper, the rubbery scent heavy in the air, the sweet, salty, latex flavor of the xenomorphs mouth tongue running along his own, which was beginning to take on a similar shape. The back of his headache, throbbed, beginning to grow ever longer, an inch for the moment, perhaps too, smoothing out flattening, while the breasts grew larger and larger, the transformation spreading along his arms, as new hot pink rubber skin overtook his white fur.

When their hips met, pleasure shot through Artemis' body, he bucks into her tight sex which happily milks his cock as the large breasted xenomorph began to ride his body. Artemis' breasts growing large enough now that his and the other xenomorph's mounds finally touched. His mind beginning to grow more hazed, lost in the hot pleasure that was holding him hostage. He whined and moaned, looking at the xenomorph with lust crazed eyes, while it massaged his breasts no longer needing to hold his head in place.

She tweaked his nipples, causing him to groan, tugging against the constraints that held him in place but even now he was unable to overpower them let alone the xenomorph on top of him. He just felt lust growing higher and higher, eventually the kiss would be broken, the

xenomorph grabbed her own cock, massaging it, milking it, squeezing the sleek pre-cum out of it and onto his body.

Artemis moaned in delight, unable to lick his nose anymore letting the sexual fluids left from earlier to simply soak in there, letting the arousing aroma burn into his mind. He looks at the xenomorph with lessening fear and growing lust. The breasts bounced with each thrust. His own breasts jiggled when it went back down onto him. His body yet not able to cum yet he wanted it so bad.

The xenomorph hissed in delight a soft phrase whispered in his head, *"Feels so good."* but it was sourceless, He wasn't sure if that was his own thoughts or something else. Harder and harder the xenomorph rode his cock, the harder it masturbated over him, the pleasure growing, but blocked unable to fully get off.

But the xenomorph showed visible signs that she was getting close, the balls tightening, the cock leaking more copious amounts of pre-cum, on the verge of unleashing herself all over him. It wasn't long till she slammed herself onto his cock, Artemis hissed and moaned, out crying to climax, while the xenomorph unleashed a wave of hot female juices and shot long thick ropey waves of seed up so high that the first squirt him in the face. The heat of the cum pleasurably burning and soaking into his facial fur, while the other squirts made its mark along his breasts, down his belly. The xenomorph panted in delight, enjoying the afterglow of her own climax that he was so teasingly denied.

Suddenly the xenomorph lifted her head as if she heard something. She lifted off his cock unceremoniously showing the thick layer of rubber green female seed that mixed with his hot pink pre-cum. The xenomorph let out a long hiss, *"Yes,"* whispered into Artemis' mind in a language he understood but yet could not grasp what it was. The xenomorph climbed up along the walls and into the vents leaving Artemis to simply soak into the hot juices, feeling the changes running down his spine, his back beginning to push out xenomorph tubes, that began to bud. He looks and feels the growing muscles in his arms, the transformation slowly slowing down though leaving him still mid transformed, perhaps dead center of between what he was and what he is becoming. His face still there, yet now twice as long as it was before if you included his muzzle. He feels the new back of his head touch the resin covered wall.

*"What to do. How am I to get out of this?"* he thinks, his mind coming back to him, *"If I don't get out, the next time I am with one of those sexy beasts, I will be one of them... wait did I just call them sexy?"*

His train of thought ending when he hears the groaning and banging of metal of someone moving through the vents. His heart raced, knowing what is coming, knowing that the last bits of himself are going to be lost. He tugged and squirmed against the bondage, is arousal growing, his body wanting the job to finish, wanting to feel more delightful sex from one of his own.

A light flash in his face, *"Wow there is someone else besides those things... well not for much longer by the looks of it,"* says a green scaled kobold, the one Artemis saw in the camera feed. He jumps down looking over Artemis, *"They really got you good, didn't they?"*

Artemis squirms and struggles, *“Help me! Help me!”* he thinks, unable to speak the words.

“Relax, I’m not going to hurt you. You still appear to have your wits about you. Half transformed people though a risk are still helpful. And seeing you are probably the only one not like them beside me. You might be my best chance to complete my mission. What do you say?” he asks.

*“Yes, yes! Anything, let’s blow this place!”*

The kobold smirks, “That sounds like a yes to me,” he replies, tearing through the resin freeing him from his bondage. Artemis pants, feeling a sense of relief coming over him, yet also dread.

“Come, follow me. I’ve been meaning to finish the job, but it takes more than just me to do it,” he replies, climbing up and into the vents. Artemis following behind, his one chance of salvation was this kobold, and he’ll be damned if he didn’t take it.