-- *Jackie* --

Why was she so hot? Jackie tugged at her belt, trying to get air in circulation. Even standing in front of a vent blowing cool air did nothing. Gabby pulled on her hand.

“Come on, I know a way to cool you off down there.”

Jackie chuckled, “I somehow doubt it’ll cool me off.”

“Well,” Gabby shrugged and pressed close, breasts wrapping around an arm, “We can always try some ice on it.”

“Oh god no.”

They laughed and continued toward the shower, Gabby never straying far. She kept their bodies close, leaving no illusion of what they were going to do there. It was so difficult not slide a hand down her pants, even so she had to compromise by squeezing Gabby’s ass through her shorts. Just that was enough to make her cock flex hard. It felt like it’d burst out at any second.

Not least because her pants were tight. She hadn’t paid it any mind until then, but all her clothes felt a little too snug, even though she’d swear they were normal just that morning. Actually, it was even more recent than that. They only got this way after her attempted shower. With Mel.

Then that had to mean…

“So,” Gabby said, compelling her thoughts to the incredible woman before her, “How do you want to start? Hard and heavy? Slow and sensual? Half and half?”

“I wanna say hard and heavy, but I want to enjoy this. We haven’t had a chance to be alone for a while.”

“Hmm, I like the way you think. Come on.”

With a heavy hiss, the door locked shut behind them. It’d take one of them or someone with the override codes to open it at that point. Secure that they wouldn’t be interrupted for some time, Jackie did what had been burning in the back of her mind since she woke up, and smacked her lips into Gabby’s. Tongues quickly got involved, exploring familiar territory and flavours of one another. Jackie dug her fingers into her lover’s ass and pulled her close, undulating her hips and grinding the bulge against her. The smack of their lips filled the room, rebounding off all the walls as they moved to the centre.

Gabby’s hands were no less hungry. They clawed at Jackie’s clothes, lifting her shirt just to get a feel of her bare skin, which was reciprocated in the opposite direction. Clothes soon became an intolerable obstacle, with shirts coming up first. Unfortunately, they were both too eager and tried lifting the others at the same time, getting tangled in the process. Jackie half-groaned and half-laughed as they freed themselves.

Once they did, she confirmed Gabby’s lack of bra. The hunger returned even fiercer than before. She recaptured her lips in almost feral desperation, nearly biting into Gabby’s bottom lip, and got the same treatment. Pants were easier as she just pushed them down and kicked them aside, leaving Gabby in nothing but her panties.

“I don’t think I’ll ever get tired of your body,” Jackie moaned, letting her breathe while she landed nicks and kisses along Gabby’s collar.

“So you’ll get bored of my mind eventually?” Gabby snickered and leaned back, pushing her chest out in obvious invite, one that no one would be dumb enough to turn down.

“Never,” Jackie said and hefted both tits up, nipples at attention. Wider than they were tall, Gabby’s teats were all but designed for sucking, which she did right away, earning a happy gasp for her effort. Fingers wove in her short locks, nails scratching just enough to send goosebumps down her arms. Jackie’s cock throbbed harder and harder, like it had its very own heartbeat. Fuck, her pants were getting way too tight. Almost choking her.

She tried ignoring it, but a strong pulse somehow got it pinched between her underwear and pants, causing her to bite down. Gabby pushed her back, though she wasn’t angry.

“I want it,” the busty woman said and offered no more explanation as she squatted down to her haunches, releasing a coo of appreciation, “Hey, big girl, you wanna come out?”

“Yes,” Jackie answered for her dick, palming her tits as she waited for Gabby to give her freedom. Always a tease, she preferred to encourage Jackie’s pants down, though it took effort even with the belt undone. Because of that, and the fact they were both frothing with lust at that point, she gave up on taking it slow. With a sharp grunt, Gabby yanked them away and was knocked back for her troubles. Both gasped at what they saw.

Jackie was among a lucky few in the trans community. Even after centuries, HRT typically reduced member size and libido. There were procedures to enhance what was lost, however those quickly got too expensive for anyone but the top percent. She never experienced any such side effects, always swinging around a sizeable log between her legs. Truthfully, she was proud of her thing and the dichotomy it presented with her feminine aspects.

And that had never been more apparent than right there. A flicker of glee at its size quickly passed as logic barged in; how the fuck did it get that big? She always measured eight inches - nine if she was extremely pent up - but this had to be over a foot at least. Gabby grabbed it, fingers not even reaching halfway around its girth, a second hand joining just to compound how ridiculously huge it was. Though she couldn’t say for certain, Jackie was sure it hadn’t finished growing either.

“We need,” Jackie murmured, boggled by what she saw and felt. It wasn’t just bigger, but far more sensitive. Gabby’s hands squeezed, yet it could’ve been a fleshlight for how intense it felt.

“I need to try this out. We can solve the cause later,” Gabby said and stroked the entire thing, giggling at how far she had to travel for it. Her thumbs grazed the crown, sending tremors through it and up Jackie’s whole body. It only took a few more strokes to encourage a weak burst of pre-cum, which she gladly lapped up. Gabby leaned back, showing the thick murky slime on her tongue, then mixed it around her mouth, humming gleefully at the taste. She swallowed loudly.

Like she couldn’t help herself, Gabby reared up to the head and kissed it. Her tongue pushed out, licking and catching whatever dribbles of pre escaped, then pushed forward to wrap her lips around the tip and kept going. Gabby’s teeth rubbed along the sensitive flesh, its size too much for a smooth blowjob, but neither were deterred by it. They were emboldened if anything, Gabby eager to see how much of this beast she could take, and Jackie all but begging for her to try.

Jackie cradled her lovers head as it pushed lower down her length. She moaned at the feeling of Gabby’s tongue wriggling under her member, and the moisture shrouding her glans. It was so tempting to thrust, but she couldn’t do that. No matter how good Gabby’s head game was, she couldn’t take this much cock in one go.

Or so she thought as Gabby tried precisely that. Jackie’s eyes went wide, mouth falling open in a prolonged moan, while her balls churned at the feeling of a warm, wet hole swallowing so much of it. Too much, it turned out, as Gabby let out a juicy gag, yet whined when Jackie pushed her off.

“I was just getting to the good part,” she pouted.

“But… it’s way too big.”

“Yeah, that’s what’s so exciting about it,” Gabby giggled and drooled into her hand, lathering it onto the lower half of Jackie’s shaft, the upper part already dripping in her spit, “I never told you my nickname when I was younger, did I?” She gestured for Jackie lean down, stealing a messy kiss before whispering into her ear, “It was ‘Gaggy’. Can you guess why?”

Jackie snickered, “You sure? This thing is obscene.”

“Trust me,” Gabby - or Gaggy in that moment - winked and spat more onto the cock, both hands racing now that they were properly lubed. Jackie relaxed her grip, nodding for her girlfriend to do as she wished, then let out a throaty moan as a third of her cock was swallowed right away. Even that was more than enough to enter Gabby’s throat, stretching the tight passage.

With free reign to fuck her face on the fat shaft, Gabby showed off her full abilities. She bobbed her head to and fro as if on a piston, gagging repeatedly and without care. If anything, she enjoyed every time she made herself retch like that, spilling more spit all over the cock and herself. Good thing they were in the showers.

Gabby pushed herself past the halfway mark, oesophagus convulsing in protest. Just the way she liked it. More spit oozed out between her lips and the shaft, coating her chin, then falling to her breasts. She cupped them both, moaning at how slippery they’d already become, and stared up through watery eyes. Impaling her mouth on a fat cock was amazing, but having one fuck her face was a pleasure seldom beaten.

“You want it?” Jackie asked, getting a strong grip on Gabby’s hair. The girl moaned around the cock and jerked forward, triggering another gag. That was all the confirmation necessary.

Jackie leaned her hips away, panting at how big and wet her cock had become. And at how hot it looked with Gabby’s lips stretched taut just past the head. She took a deep breath, moaning at the smell of desire that permeated the air, and thrust.

It had greater force than either of them expected. Jackie’s cock vanished down to the two-thirds mark in one fluid motion, then further with much less ease, and causing Gabby to gag even harder. She stopped there, just shy of the last quarter, worried it might be too much too soon. But her concern was unnecessary, as Gabby’s slimy hands clapped onto her ass and pulled. Fuck it, if the little throat-slut wanted it so bad, then she could have it. Jackie widened her stance and stabbed hard.

Gabby’s face was a mess, eyes and nose running, while her throat fought against the invader. Yet she looked as if she’d found nirvana, wordlessly pleading for Jackie to do more, to really fuck her face like it was just another hole for breeding. She kept pushing, cramming the last couple inches down Gabby’s greedy gullet. It took a great deal of pressure and felt more like squeezing the dregs from a tube of toothpaste, but she got there. With a wet kiss, her crotch met Gabby’s lips and nose.

“Oh fuck, you feel amazing,” Jackie said, lingering for as long as she thought her lover could take it, then wrenched back just enough for Gabby to get a shallow breath. After that, she forsook any shred of concern and hammered the woman’s face. If by the end of this, Gabby’s lips weren’t bruised and swollen, then it’d be a miracle.

Every thrust was punctuated by a cacophony of sound. There was Jackie’s moans, the slurps and subsequent squelches from Gabby, but above all were the thick, slobbery gags as her throat was treated like a common fleshlight. Just the way she wanted.

“Not gonna last,” Jackie grunted, balls clenching and throbbing with their imminent release. In response, Gabby’s hands separated her ass cheeks, finding the little pucker between them. They’d been together long enough for Jackie to know her goal. She didn’t fight it and kept thrusting away. A finger easily slipped up her butt, followed by a second just as smoothly. Gabby had plenty of experience finding the cum button and pushed it without delay and repeatedly.

Jackie hunched over as her balls pulled tight against her taint. That wasn’t unusual by itself, but the force with which they snapped up made a loud slap, the pain of it mixing with the incredible pleasure shooting across every nerve in her body. It was worst in her cock, each synapse rebounding the ecstasy until it was a bullet that tore through her. She bucked against Gabby’s face, hips like a jack hammer.

Her urethra swelled up and stretched her cock. That was the final warning before her member turned into a geyser. Gabby howled around the shaft as the first shot went straight into her stomach. It only made sense that the amount had increased with Jackie’s size, but neither had a clue just how much. Only seconds into the orgasm and her stomach was full, the excess rising back up her oesophagus. It burst around her lips, but that wasn’t enough. More shot in faster than it could escape, with creamy rivulets streaming from Gabby’s nostrils.

Jackie gasped and jerked against her lover, as if trying to force still more down her gullet. It was impossible with Gabby’s leaking nose mashed against her groin, yet she felt like she’d forced more down all the same. Teeth bit harder into Jackie’s member as it swelled, cum thickening and forcing her urethra to bulge. It moved sluggishly through her length, like it was too dense to move properly, but when it reached her tip, it exploded.

Gooey ropes forced their way out of Gabby’s mouth and nose, even more than before. They poured over her chin and neck, pooling in her cleavage. Jackie, still cumming, wanted to see what she’d done to her lover. She pulled back just enough to see and her blood went cold. It wasn’t cum. Whatever her cock was shooting resembled ink more than anything, except maybe a glossy tar-like substance.

It didn’t look any less hot, though. Gabby’s eyes were rolled back, tears leaked out and mixed with the black and cream eruptions, while her lips were stretched to their limit. She tried breathing, creating a bubble of Jackie’s inky cum in her nose.

Jackie gulped. She shouldn’t be turned on by it, she should be disgusted and terrified if anything, yet her cock kept shooting and the fingers in her ass never felt better. It wasn’t until she noticed the thin streaks of black creeping out from her crotch, that Jackie finally got her senses back and yanked away. A rope shot off just as she did, leaving a line from Gabby’s nose all the way over her head. The girl rubbed it into her skin, eyes still unseeing. As she did, Jackie saw her nipples darkening until they were the same colour as the ‘cum’.

“Gabby!”

“Feels so good,” Gabby moaned, eyelids fluttering. It took a swift smack across the cheek to bring her back, “What the… Jackie, what is this stuff?”

“I don’t know.” Despite knowing better, Jackie was still hard, cock jerking and drooling the last drops onto the floor. Part of her wanted to keep going. Whatever this was, it didn’t feel bad. Gabby didn’t seem to have a problem with it either. So why shouldn’t they just finish and clean up later? It’d probably come off with a good scrub anyway.

No! Fuck, this wasn’t right. She should’ve stopped everything when she saw how big her cock had gotten. Come to think, this was almost exactly how Mel had behaved earlier. These were the same symptoms. Jackie almost collapsed, certain now that she was infected. What now?

She backed away from Gabby, fearing that she would seal her fate, and hissed when she touched the cold metal wall. Finally her cock showed signs of failing. Mel freaked out when the cold water got turned on. Well, she didn’t have any better ideas. Jackie slammed the water on, leaving out the heat entirely. The second a frigid drop touched her skin, she wanted nothing more than to tear the shower head clean off the wall. Gabby yelled and tried crawling away, but Jackie yanked her back. All the goo covering her disintegrated right away and the black of her nipples faded.

Likewise, the dark lines along Jackie’s crotch receded. Her cock went flaccid, though it was still as big as it used be when hard, with dark, fat veins. Whatever the infection was, its effects were permanent. Hopefully she’d stopped it in its tracks.

“I… I think that’s enough,” Gabby said, shivering against her.

Jackie waited a few seconds longer for good measure, then shut it off. Surprisingly, their body temperatures soon returned to normal. The pair cuddled up tight, catching their breath.

“That was crazy,” Gabby said after a minute longer, “It felt so good. I wanted more. But there was something wrong about it, like I was high or something.”

“Hmm.” It was a good analogy. In that vein, this was like a pushed sample, made to get them hooked. Jackie would hope she had a good grip of her impulses, but she hadn’t felt anything like this. If she was made to experience it again - or taken further - then she didn’t know what the outcome would be, “We need to get Mel. Stop her from infecting the other crew.”

“But we know what stops it now. We don’t need to kill her, just lock her in the freezer or something.”

“I don’t know. It worked for us, but Mel has been infected for longer. And I have no idea if *we’re* even safe now. This might just slow it down.”

Gabby nodded, “Come on, lets actually shower this time. We both got a little dirty there.”

-- *Mathias* --

This was a shit show of epic proportions. Sure, other captains had seen more immediately catastrophic fuck ups, many with explosive results, but none dealt with a fucking alien invasion of some kind. Communications weren’t an option either. Even if they could get a signal, the response would be to quarantine or eliminate the ship and its crew. Mathias massaged their temples, trying to keep the panic from setting in.

The captain’s quarters had never felt so cramped. It was anything but, with more than enough space for them to walk even with the mess they regularly left all over the floor, and a huge bed they could spread out on. They’d go crazy if they stayed there. What they wouldn’t give for a chance to get Mel’s advice.

But Mel was the problem.

“It was my fault,” Mathias said. If they just hadn’t split off from Mel in that cave, maybe things wouldn’t have gone to absolute shit. At the very least, they’d be in the same boat, “Okay. Just go talk to her. Figure out if this is treatable. If not… just don’t think about it. Mel is fine. Just bloated.”

Everything about the ship felt foreign to them now. They’d been with it for years, probably knew it better than Arwen did, but the blinking lights and cool metal seemed more like walls in a prison. Along the way, they passed engineering. The door was slightly ajar, letting them get a glimpse of Arwen tinkering with something. Sparks flew everywhere, casting swift shadows over the various tools of creation, though Mathias doubted she was using them for that purpose. Better not to disturb her, they decided and picked up a brisk pace.

The ship was a labyrinth for anyone not familiar with it. Corridors took sharp turns, seemed to go nowhere, but Mathias had traversed its many halls more times than she could count. Even Jackie, who had been on it nearly as long, didn’t know the layout that well. The only other crew member that might know it better would be Jennifer, and she didn’t exactly count.

Along the way, Mathias noticed something out of place. The ship, which never got a proper name due to obtuse regulations, was mostly comprised of white and gunmetal shades, with rare splashes of colour to designate more important things. Like the blue piping up above, which circled coolant throughout the various hot components on board and kept their food stocks properly stored. The floor was entirely white, except where the constant foot traffic had rubbed some of the paint off. That was how Mathias noticed the inky splotches right away.

Strange, but not unusual. They led to cargo, easily one of the filthiest areas of the nameless ship, since they rarely cleaned it until they got back on Earth. Anyone could’ve stepped in something. Still, Mathias would find out who and make sure they cleaned it.

A minute later, she came to Mel’s quarters. Where the door was open. Did Arwen jump the gun? No, she was back in engineering. Lesley? Mathias took a deep breath, ready to pull rank on whoever disobeyed their direct order, and walked in expecting to find Mel beaten to a pulp. Instead, they found Jackie and Gabby there. No sign of Mel.

“Where is she?” Mathias asked.

“That’s what we’d like to know. Apparently, Jennifer’s sensors malfunctioned at some point, so she didn’t see where Mel went. She’s looking through all the cameras now, but still no sign of her. It’s like she vanished,” Jackie said.

“But that’s impossible. Jennifer’s model is only a year old. It should be decades before she has any malfunctions of that magnitude. Unless someone is interfering,” Mathias didn’t say anything further, but they knew only one person that could possibly have that technical know-how.

“Regardless,” Gabby said, “We need to find her.”

“Find who?”

All three whipped around to the door, where Mel stood. She was even bigger than last time, and not by a little either. It looked as if some parts of her had packed on half-again as much mass as before, and her height had become something terrifying… and erotic. Mathias stepped back. They had always been the tallest on board, yet now were forced to tilt their head back to look Mel in the eye.

“You disobeyed orders, Mel. I told you not to leave your room.”

“I know,” Mel said, voice deep and husky, practically dripping with seduction, “But it was getting so cramped in here.” She had a point. Most quarters were little more than closets with enough room for beds and a shelf. The reasons were that most crews spent a good majority of their time in stasis. Still, for someone of Mel’s new stature, it was easy to see why she’d want to leave.

Even so…

“No excuses. People are on edge enough as it is, we can’t have you wandering the ship. Jackie, Gabby, you may leave.”

“No, they should stay,” Mel said, though it was more of a coo, “People are on edge, right Mathias? It makes more sense for you to have backup. And it means they can see I’m, ooh, harmless.”

“Mel?” Mathias frowned as the staggering woman stumbled, now seeing she had high-heeled boots on. They shouldn’t be that shiny though. Mel didn’t own any latex; it wasn’t her style.

“Jackie,” Mel moaned, hand sliding down her tightly stretched shirt, then over her flat belly and to her crotch, which had the same shiny clothing as her feet. Only it didn’t have any seams. Like it was part of her. What was with that bulge too? “Jackie, you can help me, right? Make it stop? Make me better?”

Moans intermingled with her heavy breaths, like she was on the cusp of climax. What Mathias assumed were latex leggings seemed to shift, bubbling and… writhing, rippling like a living creature as it crept up Mel’s body. They looked up, eyes going wide as the same substance practically poured from her nipples. Her tits swelled when both sections met, as did the less than flattering bulge. Mathias staggered back, the others stepping in front as if to protect them. But they were the captain. That was their job.

Still, Mathias couldn’t move forward. They could only watch as Mel’s skin was consumed in gleaming onyx, it hesitated at her neck, like it was waiting for the most dramatic moment. It came as the bulge turned into a pillar, the same colour as the rest of her, but differentiated by the obscene veins that pulsed all along its equally abhorrent length, with three in particular set in a triangle formation. They all converged on the distinctly flared head, its peak flatter than any human member should be. It jerked up and spurted a line of black that almost reached them.

At that same moment, the gooey covering oozed up Mel’s throat. Her lips plumped further as strands latched around them, going into her mouth while more coated her face. Soon it had taken her completely, leaving only her hair the same. She wasn’t panicked, hands groping and stroking herself, while the writhing goo settled.

“Mel…?” Mathias didn’t know what the hell was happening anymore. Nothing, no amount of training or superstition could’ve prepared them for any of this insanity. Nor could they have expected it to be so arousing.

“Captain,” Mel said, though it was more like she was sampling the way the word felt. Her tongue, long and just as dark as the rest of her, ran along her lips. Thick strings of murky saliva fell from it and landed on Mel’s impossibly perky bust, “Am I… Do you still like me?”

Mathias gulped, but didn’t say a thing. This thing that was Mel had her face, her voice for the most part, and even the look in her eye when they were alone and getting… intimate. The most horrifying thing was how good Mel still looked. *Better*,even. Nothing about this should be sexy, least of all to Mathias after they just saw their best friend get transformed into what now stood in her place. There couldn’t be an attraction anymore.

Yet they felt those embers oh so clearly.

Sexuality was never a big factor in Mathias’ life. For most of their life, they considered themselves to be asexual, only participating in sex a few times across their life. It wasn’t gross or anything, just… nothing special. Until they met Mel. They didn’t actively start anything, but Mel found ways to coax the desire out of them in the best possible way. And it was still true.

“Jackie,” Mel said and her long shaft twitched, strong enough to lift the huge sack beneath it, “Looks like you still like me.” Following her eye line, Mathias quickly saw what she meant, looking at the undulating bulge in Jackie’s pants. It was never that big. On that note, Jackie usually preferred baggier outfits, yet she filled out her clothes better than normal.

“Mel, we can help. We just need to get you…” Gabby began, only to cut herself off with a moan. Mathias let out a similar sound, whole body suddenly burning with need.

“You’ll help soon. But first, I need Jackie.” Mel moved forward, curves jiggling despite the soundless steps, cock seeming to aim straight at the only other phallus in the room. For her part, Jackie seemed motionless, stuck in place by her own erection straining to break free. It wasn’t until Mel’s own member touched her, that she broke free of its trance.

“Not happening.” Jackie jumped up and grabbed onto a blue pipe. They weren’t designed to hold a person’s weight, nor were the connections the most reliable, causing it to snap loose right away. Coolant came out in a mix of gas and liquid, right onto Mel, who released the worst sound Mathias could’ve imagined multiplied by ten. It didn’t last long, however, as the creature scurried away.

“Mel! Wait!” Mathias shouted and ran after her. With that kind of body, Mel surely couldn’t move that fast, yet she had completely vanished. Her footsteps were too light to hear either. All that showed her escape were rare dollops of black on the floor, even those ended less than a hundred metres away.

“Everyone to the bridge. Now!” Mathias yelled over the intercom.