The planet Dathmoth was barren, desolate, and unable to sustain any sort of life with its acrid atmosphere and sulfuric storms that constantly ravaged the surface. Any space freighter that happened to pass by it wouldn’t have given it a second look, but the advent of cutting edge sonar technology a research vessel found out that Dathmoth was hiding a secret underneath its crust. It was the mineral Falchorite, which after a recent breakthrough in refining processes could be smelted down into a material called Falchion. Falchion was lightweight but extremely absorbent to almost any potential ionizing and radioactive particles; even a thin layer on the outer wall of a reactor or warp engine rendered the entire thing safe to be around and even touch if one was adventurous enough.

It was the sudden demand for mass quantities of the ore that made establishing a mining base amidst the hellish conditions of the planet worthwhile. The deep penetration scanners had found several hardy veins underneath the surface and the area they were in had a mountain plateau high enough to avoid most of the acidic flooding that happened on the planet. Several mining corporations engaged in a cutthroat bid to get to the planet first and in the end a sizable base had been built into the side of the mountain by several of them conglomerated together. The second that it was deemed safe enough to drill that same corporation sent two dozen miners there to operate the machinery and make sure that the base ran smoothly.

After nearly two months of deep core drilling into the surface of the planet the miners were close to what they were after, the Falchorite vein right under their feet as the three-man team watched the particle drill continue its automated descent downward. “It’s about time we finally get there,” the biggest of the three said as he turned the wheel on one of the pressure pipes. “I’m tired of digging through hundreds of meters of rock down in to the belly of this devil planet for nothing.”

“I can see that you’re not one for the journey Samson,” another guy said, this one pushing his glasses as he typed into a diagnostic laptop. “We get paid the same regardless of whether we’re digging up Falchorite or if we’re vaporizing scrap rock, so really it’s better the longer that we’re digging down here.”

“Oh really?” the third of the group replied, crossing his arms. “You’re not the one that has to hear the higher ups bitch and moan that we’re not working fast enough Malachi. I swear every day I’m on the vid link it’s them asking the same question. Johnny, why hasn’t any of the crews managed to get to the main vein yet? Sometimes I’m thankful when the sulfur storms knock out our communications.”

“Falchorite means that they’ll start sending in transport teams to get this stuff,” Samson stated with a huff. “Finally, would get some variety to the ugly mugs that I have to stare at around here.”

All three of them had a chuckle before once more falling back to their assigned tasks, though after a few minutes the drill automatically shut itself down. The miners looked at one another in confusion as Samson pulled back the drill up the shaft and they looked down at the whole that had been created. When they asked Malachi what was up the analyst’s eyes went up in surprise. One of the failsafes that had been built into the drill had caused it to shut off because of the detection of... organic matter.

“No way,” Samson scoffed. “There’s no way this sulfur drenched planet has anything living on it besides us.”

“Don’t be so quick to judge,” Malachi replied as he tried to get a better sensor reading. “There are creatures on our own planet that live in extreme conditions all the time, perhaps whatever is down there has adapted to the environment of the planet, or maybe we’ve dug down deep enough that the harsh conditions of the planet no longer affect it.”

“Well the drill wouldn’t stop because some microscopic bacteria was down there,” Johnny scoffed as he pulled back. “We also can’t stop either, not when we’re close to the Falchorite and the bonus that comes with being the first crew to striking it. Normally I’d say override the drill and keep going but protocol dictates we at least take a sample of whatever is down there and the drill made a log of it, so someone is going to have to go spelunking and retrieve it.

After a few minutes of heated debate it was decided that their analyst would go down since he was the best suited for the task. Malachi sighed and after suiting up and grabbing a specimen container he allowed the other two to lower him into the hole. They had only gotten a few feet from their drill site, which meant that it was a short trip down until Samson and Johnny could tie off the rope. They kept in radio communication with the explorer while they started to prepare for the next descent, installing the tracks for the next time they had put lower the drill.

Just as they put the track in however a loud scream through the radio caused them to drop the steel beam they were hoisting to clatter to the ground as they ran to the rope. They could hear Malachi continue to shout and cry for them to pull him up as they grabbed the pulley and immediately began to hoist up their fellow miner. It took less than a minute and when they did get him up he was still crying out in pain as he clutched his arm. When they finally got him to the edge of the pit they stripped off his helmet off and they found him flushed in pain and sweat as he continued to clutch his hand.

“It bit me!” Malachi shouted. “Something down there fucking bit me!”

“Samson, seal up the hole with the drill!” Johnny shouted as he brought the injured man to the side of the cave so that he could sit down. “You probably just pinched your hand in the stone or something, stop grabbing at it like it’s going to fall off and let me take a look.”

After spending a few moments to make sure Malachi didn’t go into shock he finally pulled his hand back to see what the injury was. The glove had been pierced and there was a small dribble of blood that was coming out of it. After they had pulled it off Malachi started to go pale as they looked at the puncture wound and saw that it was deep, the flesh around it an angry red color. As Johnny got a medkit for a temporary patch he had to brace his shoulder to keep the swooning miner from falling over.

“Damn... we’re going to have to take this to the infirmary,” Johnny said as Samson came back after lowering the drill once more. “That’s an incident report that I didn’t want to write so close to hitting the motherload. Samson, go and inform the other team that they are going to need to take over for us. Tell them... there might be something down there to watch out for and that the drill detected biological matter.”

“You know that the next mining team is going to just plow through it to get to that Falchonite,” Samson sighed as he looked down at the bloody bandage on the other man’s hand. “Do you really think that he was bit by something down there? Like, an actual alien creature?”

Johnny sighed and helped Malachi to his feet. “Doesn’t look like it was a bite,” he said as he began to move the injured crewmate over to the service elevator. “I would hate to meet the thing that could chomp through one of our survival suits... no, looks like a jagged piece of rock might have fallen on his hand. Either way we have to get it treated, you just do what I tell you and I’ll get him there.”

It was a long ride up to the main base and by the time they had gotten to the floor they needed Malachi was white as a sheet. Johnny started to become concerned that while he might not have gotten bitten by something there was a potential contaminant on that rock that would cause him to grow worse. But that wasn’t for him to decide as he brought him into the sick bay. Due to the nature of their somewhat small crew most of their treatments came from automated processes, including the flesh grafter that Johnny used to seal up the wound on his hand.

Though Johnny thought about calling in the one doctor they have to take a look at it Malachi looked like he was recovering enough that he was just in a bit of shock. “Listen, I have to go and fill out an incident report about all this,” Johnny informed the other miner who looked blearily back at him. “I want you to stay here and get some rest to make sure that hand heals up properly. If anything happens you call the good doctor, but otherwise I’ just going to give you something to help with the residual pain.”

“But my hand,” Malachi said as before Johnny took an autoinjector and put it to his neck, the fast-acting sedative causing the miner’s eyes to droop. “I saw the creature... it was an alien... bug...”

Johnny just kept reassuring Malachi that it was alright as he helped the injured male lay down on one of the cots that were set up in the room. Once he was sure that the guy wasn’t going to move anymore there was the matter of getting to the administration office and filing the report. Though it would only take an hour or so he didn’t want to leave his friend in case he started ranting and raving about some sort of bug that bit him to the others. He could only imagine the laughingstock his team would be if that ever got out, but the tranquilizer gave him more than enough time as he left sick bay.

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But less than an hour later Malachi awoke again, his entire body dripping with sweat as he struggled to breathe. It felt like his entire body was on fire and a pulsating sensation was coming from his infected hand. The last thing he clearly remembered was getting lowered down into the hole in order to see if he could find the source of the organic matter in the drill hole. There were eyes, unmistakable purple eyes of some sort of insect followed by a sharp pain in his hand. Whatever it was had bit him... no, as the memories returned it had stung him as he tried to back away...

When Malachi tried to brace himself on the infected hand he let out a sharp hiss of pain and recoiled, almost falling off of the medical table. His gaze quickly darted down to it and what he saw caused his blood to pound in his ears and his eyes to grow as wider as plates. He could hardly see his individual digits anymore as his hand had gone from an angry red to deep purple like the entire swollen appendage was covered in a deep bruise. Had it just been that it would have been worrisome enough but as his eyes traveled up his hand he saw that whatever infection he had caused his veins to turn a bright purple all the way up to his shoulder.

“Oh gods,” he said as he could still feel his hand pulsing, watching even now as his fingers seemed to begin to fuse together. “Need help... have to call the doctor...”

Just as Malachi shifted his body to press the help button a surge of growth caused his entire form to writhe and spasm. He fell to the floor as it felt like every muscle in his mutated arm was flexing at once, the muscle thickening as his hand swelled like a balloon. At first he thought it was going to pop, the very thought making him sick, but instead his flesh hardened and a bright purple fluid began to drip off his melted together fingers while they formed into something alien and monstrous. When he was finally able to think clearly again, he was staring at a pincer that you would see on some sort of crab... or insect...

Malachi groaned as his mind flashed back to when he had been down in that hole, his mind pushing away the darkness that had prevented him from remembering before. He remembered that there was something down there with him; at first he couldn’t see it but every time he shifted his flashlight beam around he thought he saw movement that just escaped the light. In his mind’s eye he could only watch as he flailed about and tried to trap whatever it was using his free hand try and block the movement of whatever it was. When he finally did he had just caught a glimpse, the beam of light illuminating an unnaturally shiny scorpion-like creature as he saw its dagger-like tail streak right towards his hand...

The mutating creature nearly fell as a sudden surge of growth brought him back to the present, holding onto the steel table with his still unmutated hand as he felt something dribbling out of his mouth and pulled it back to reveal purple saliva. Whether it was the nature of the alien venom in his system or the painkillers he had been given there was no pain even as he felt his infected arm continue to swell with growth. When he was able to focus he saw that the giant pincer that had been his hand clasping back and forth as his new carapace gleamed in the light. At first he thought it was a hard shell, but it actually was extremely smooth with a slight give to it like it was made of rubber.

With the initial shock out of the way Malachi began to turn away from what was happening to him to what could be done to stop it. Whatever thing that infected him had to be stopped, and if there wasn’t any way to do it with their current med bay he could just be frozen in one of the cryo pods and shipped off to another station where they could help him. But the longer he tried to formulate a plan the harder it became to think of it, his thoughts growing fuzzy as he tried to focus on them. Even though he couldn’t put it into words the thought of leaving the planet was a strange and scary prospect to him as he put his unchanged hand to his head.

As he ran his fingers through his hair he stopped when he felt a pair of bumps on his head, and when he pulled his hand back he saw that it was covered in the same purple slime that was leaking out of his mouth and from his mutated arm. Thoughts of possibly being treated went out the window as he staggered over to one of the mirrors. When he put more weight down on his foot he heard a pop and looked down to see that three of his toes had pierced through his work boot on his infected side, though they were no longer human as they were thick and tipped with shiny black talons. He could hardly believe they were attached to his body as he tried to reach down with his pincer hand to push off his shoes only to shred his pants leg and reveal even more of the purple rubber carapace that had grown beneath it.

At this point Malachi was trailing a line of purple goo as he made his way over to the mirror to examine himself for the first time. What he saw in the reflection caused him to recoil in shock; not only was his arm completely transformed but his shirt, made transparent by the copious amount of goo leaking from his mouth, revealed that his chest had also changed significantly as well. Most of his upper chest and abs were covered with the same purple carapace, though some areas had a shiny black rubber underneath it as the infection continued to rage through his body. What struck him as he continued to look at himself, one of his eyes completely turned black while the other had veins traveling towards the pupil, was that in his corrupted mind he actually looked… kind of hot.

The second that thought entered into his mind he tried to shake his head, though it caused more of his purple tinted hair to fall around his shoulders as he realized just how absurd that was. He was turning into some sort of rubber bug thing and the first thing that came to his mind was how muscular he looked? Obviously whatever infection he had gotten was messing with his mind, trying to keep him from seeking the treatment he so desperately needed. As he put his hand and pincer against his head he felt those bumps again and when he looked up he saw that a pair of antennae were pushing their way out of his skull as the hair he thought was falling out of his scalp was actually forming into a mane that had grown down past his neck.

He had to get help, Malachi thought as he pried his gaze away from the mirror and looked around the med bay. His thoughts started to feel sluggish and wrong as he tried to think of what to do next, shaking his head as he looked at the intercom that connected to the doctor. It didn’t seem right… the doctor’s wouldn’t be able to help him… he needed someone that he could confide in. When his thoughts turned to Johnny he lit up, his tongue licking his lips awkwardly as his brain became focused on the other male. That was the right answer, Malachi echoed to himself as he began to move towards the door, he needed to find Johnny…

Meanwhile Johnny had just come out of his meeting with the admin, sighing as he rubbed his face with his hands. They were not pleased with the fact that they had an injured miner just minutes from a potentially rich Falchorite vein that would make this entire endeavor worth it. What made things worse was that their team was taken off the rotation for a week, which meant even if they did manage to go entire cycle without striking the vein they wouldn’t be able to pick up their shift to hit it. That meant the bonus for reaching the Falchorite first was completely out of his hands and Johnny could feel his blood pressure rising as he went to the medical bay to check on the injured worker.

“I got some bad news-“ Johnny started to say as he walked into the infirmary, only to stop dead mid-sentence as his jaw went agape in horror. Not only was the patient he was coming to see not there but the entire area looked like an industrial drum of grape jelly had exploded in the room. “What the hell…”

Just as Johnny was about to go to the comms and call the doctor he stopped before a particularly large puddle of the substance as a familiar odor hit his nostrils. As a veteran deep-space miner he was accustomed to such a smell, just not one in a sick bay as he knelt down and sniffed the gel-like substance. “That’s… Falchorite runoff?” he said as he got back to his feet. “What is this doing here of all places, and where it Malachi?”

The concerned miner looked down at the trail of purple goo and saw that it clearly ran out of the other door in the sick bay, Johnny moving to follow it while avoiding the mess on the floor. Mysteries continued to swirl in the head of the miner as he followed the trail that continued down the empty hallway, most of the other workers either on their shift or in bed to prepare for the next one. He wondered what was going on, even without Malachi’s disappearance there was the fact that they had Falchorite splattered along the floor even without them hitting a vein of it yet. Even if the sick miner had somehow found a way to get it at without anyone knowing it then why would he bring it back up to the sick bay only to spill it everywhere?

The perplexed miner continued to follow the trail, and as he did he realized that it was heading back in the direction of the crew quarters but the longer he followed it the more there was. It also seemed to be more like a liquid, which meant that unlike normal Falchorite run-off this had a far higher solidification rate. From the infirmary to the crew quarters it had gone from completely gooey to puddles, though as the trail seemed to reach its conclusion he suddenly gathered that he had other things to be concerned about. The trail ended right at his room... and some of the fluid was dripping from the other side.

There were only a few people that even knew what his room code was to access his space when he wasn’t in it, and given all the other clues he had a good idea of who it was. He quickly accessed the door himself and when the door opened he peeked inside, only to see that there wasn’t a light on anywhere in his room. “Malachi?” he called in, walking in his room as he saw that the floor was covered in the purple liquid. “What in the hell is going on here...”

There was no response but as he went over to the light switch to turn it on he spotted movement in the corner of the darkness. Johnny froze when he heard something that wasn’t human, a chittering noise that caused his stomach to sink into his feet. Before he could do anything else he was struck a heavy blow to his shoulder that caused him to skid into his own room. With the goo on the metal floor he found himself sliding all the way to the other side and pushing up against the wall. Johnny felt himself gasp for air as the one that knocked the wind out of him stood in front of the light of the still open door.

The humanoid creature breathed heavily as black eyes stared at him, the light glistening off taut muscles covered in human flesh and a strange shiny purple carapace of the naked form. One side of his body was absolutely monstrous as where a hand should have been there was a large and deadly pincer that was likely the culprit in his attack. As his eyes drifted from the spiked shoulder to the partially transformed chest of the creature and down to the changed leg on the same side. On the other part of their body it was still human, but only just as Johnny could see that some of their fingers are merging together and purple spikes were growing out of the skin as it approached him.

“J... ohn... ny...” the creature said, though it was hard to hear from the constant gurgling that was coming from its mouth. As the door closed and the lights turned on Johnny knew that he was staring at the mutated body of his friend Malachi... even though his brain couldn’t comprehend it as he struggled to his feet. The miner was at a loss for words but as he got up and pressed his body against the wall the advancing monster suddenly stopped and grunted.

Johnny felt his jaw drop and his blood freeze in sheer terror as the naked rear of the man suddenly began to expand, the spine visibly stretching as the flesh on the end of it turned bright purple. When the end of it swelled into a wicked stinger while the appendage continued to stretch, lengthening until it started to get to where it could touch Malachi’s shoulders. As the transforming male continued to grunt and groan Johnny suddenly realized that the way to the door was clear and that the alien creature that was threatening him was occupied. Though it was still very hard to keep his footing Johnny tried to stay as quiet as possible as also saw Malachi’s already deformed face and head swelled with new growth.

Just as the human thought that he might be able to go out and get some help he made the mistake of turning away from the creature for a second to look at the door control. The second he did he felt a sharp pinch in his back and he turned to see the rubber scorpion tail hovering around him before his muscles began to seize. He was able to take one more step before he collapsed to the floor, his paralyzed body hitting the ground as he felt his heart began to race. He could feel the soft thud of the monstrous insect’s footsteps hitting the floor as he felt one of those pincers wrap around his waist and hoist him into the air.

The first impression that Johnny thought was that this was it, he was going to die covered in purple goo and in the grasp of someone who had been his friend. To his surprise he was taken over to his bed and laid down with surpising gentleness. As he was put on his back Johnny saw that what humanity Malachi had left was almost completely gone, from his thick neck down he looked like a muscular rubber scorpion creature complete with a long, prehensile cock that wiggled in the air. The transformed male also had a mane of long purple shiny hair with a pair of antennae and pointed ears that stuck up from it.

“Neeeeed...” the creature said in an unearthly voice, though it became more distorted by the second as Malachi leaned forward while staring at the paralyzed miner with those solid black orbs for eyes. “Breeeeeeed...” If Johnny hadn’t been completely frozen he would have been shocked with fear as Malachi’s rubbery lips began to thicken. “Spreeeeeeeead...”

All Johnny could do was watch as a pair of mandibles pushed their way out of Malachi’s mouth, fusing with the already black and purple rubber flesh of his face as it spread open the hole. As it hovered only a few inches from his face he could see that the inside of the stretched maw was transformed as well as a bright purple tongue slithered out and drifted towards his face. As it moved back in forth in front of his vision he could see that it wasn’t quite a solid appendage, the opening suggesting that it was actually a tube. He didn’t have much time to contemplate it though as it slowly disappeared from his vision before he began to feel something push against his lips.

The human let out a muffled grunt as the alien bug creature began to stuff his mouth with his thick, slimy tongue. At this point Johnny could feel the venom that had been injected to him start to wear off, but all that did was allow him to feel that strange fleshy tube continue to slither down into his throat. His fingers curled and pressed against the thin bedsheets as it continued to invade him to the point where it started to show as a growing bulge in his neck. Though he had expected it to be painful Malachi had proved invaluable to the evolution into the creature that he had become, which included a proper method for how to convert the creatures known as humans...

Johnny would have arched his back if he hadn’t been partially paralyzed as the rubbery tongue that connected his mouth to the bug creature swelled slightly before a rush of some sort of fluid was poured into him. Almost immediately the human’s cock surged with growth as the arousal that came from the goo being fed to him, some of the purple substance leaking out of his nose as the pincers of the scorpion worked on removing the pesky garments. As he felt himself quickly become naked Johnny could only feel the bliss from the intoxicating liquid pumped into him, his eyes rolling back into his head as his entire body began to quiver from the sudden influx of the alien substance.

As the helpless human continued to writhe on the bedsheets, showing that the venom was wearing off, the rubber scorpion took his pincers and wrapped them around the flailing legs to bring him to the end of the bed. His feeder tongue remained inside the mouth of the human in order to keep him passive as his ovipositor pushed against the exposed hole. The aphrodisiac nature of the goo still being pumped into the human also prepared his body for what was about to happen next. Already Malachi could sense that his friend was ripe and ready for him as he began to push his mutated cock into the male beneath him.

The two males grunted and groaned around the tongue in both their mouths as Malachi pushed forward, sinking the rubber member into the human even deeper with the aided lubrication of the purple goo. Johnny was so lost in the haze of passionate lust that was coming from the dual penetration that he didn’t even notice as his rock-hard cock was dripping pre that was being tinted with purple, or that something had started to bulge out the ovipositor that was being thrusted in and out of the stretched hole. What did rise up from the flood of pleasure was something that was bumping up against the ring of muscle. It was something inside of Malachi’s member, the bulge stretching out the rubbery flesh before it traveled down and popped inside Johnny’s hole, causing the human to let out a muffled scream of ecstasy as the object slid inside him while a second bulge appeared at Malachi’s base...

Chapter 2:

Samson grumbled to himself as he came out of the cantina, feeling the alcohol he had flooded his system with doing its job as he stumbled out into the hallway. Ever since he had been told that their crew had no chance of getting the bonus for hitting the Falchorite deposit because of Malachi’s injury. Had the skinny twig of a miner not been in the infirmary he would have likely gone there to have words, but with nothing to vent his anger one he decided to drown it in drink instead. But due to company policy there was only so much he could drink before he was cut off and when that happened, he was just angry and drunk now.

The veteran miner stumbled his way back to the dormitories, slipping slightly as he went through the hallway. He grumbled that some idiot spilled his drink as he continued to move back to his room, though in his drunken stupor he didn’t realize that it was a bright purple in color with a gooey consistency. None of that mattered to him, all he cared about was getting back to his room so that he could sleep off his buzz. It was something that the janitorial staff would take care of, he thought to himself grumpily as he finally got to his room.

It took him more than a few tries in order to attempt to get the code into the door, and when he finally did he felt himself stumble forward and fell inside to the darkness. For a few seconds the drunken male thought that he had just fell on his own but then he felt a pair of hands reach under his arm pits and hoist him back onto his feet. “What the hell?!” he shouted as he shifted his body weight to take a swing at his would-be assailant, only to have his punch caught by a familiar face. “Johnny?”

The other miner said nothing, just leaned in and kissed Samson right on the lips. While it had surprised the male it wouldn’t be the first time that something like this had happened, entertainment was limited on the base and even more so of a sexual nature. If someone wanted something more than the use of their own hand they would have to find another on the base in order to satisfy their lust. It was especially true of those in the same mining groups with at one point Malachi, Johnny, and himself having shared a bed during a particularly long mining run.

As Johnny continued to kiss Samson though this felt different, the last time had been lust fueled by a particularly successful deep mining run. This felt hungrier, almost like a need as Samson felt the other male’s tongue pushed past his lips. Saliva ran down their lips as the kiss grew sloppier and just as the appendage began to stretch long enough to press against the back of his throat. He pulled back and once more nearly fell down as he tried to comprehend what was going on.

It was at this point that Samson got a chance to really see what his friend looked like, the other miner staring down at him with bright purple eyes. Johnny also seemed to be drooling a similar deep purple fluid, which as Johnny reached a hand up to his own lips found had a bit of the liquid as well. Before he had a chance to completely process what was happening though the once bigger miner found himself getting lifted up and tossed down onto the bed.

“Someone is horny,” Samson said with a grunt as he felt a pair of hands rub down his back after he was tossed down on his stomach, though his euphoric haze was tainted by the feel of something… strange. “Hey, I think you may have put enough lube on your dick man, you’re dripping all over me.”

When he heard nothing he tried to look back in order to see what was going on, but a heavy hand quickly pressed his head back down on the pillow. Even in his drunken stupor something didn’t feel right about it, like the other male was wearing some sort of strange glove that only had three thick fingers on it. Though he could have normally just tossed the smaller guy off of him to see what was going on he was too inebriated, and at this point horny, to care about it. It wasn’t the first time he let someone else be on top and since he was a bit impaired it was just as well that he felt that thick cock inside him.

It appeared that the copious amounts of lube came in handy as Samson braced himself for the insertion, only to have the head pop past his relaxed ring of muscle rather easily. As he let out a groan the miner heard something else that in his lust-fogged mind sounded it a bit strange, hearing something like a low buzzing noise as he continues to feel his inner walls get spread open. Stranger still as he felt the cock continue to slide its way inside him it felt… unnaturally smooth, like Johnny was using a dildo on him except that he could still feel it throbbing. It was all starting to get a little too strange and despite the pleasure that was radiating from the penetration he used his strength to turn around and ask what was going on.

Even though Samson was able to get onto his back that strange feeling cock remained inside of him, and despite his room being dark he could see that something wasn’t wright. Johnny’s entire face looked like it was covered by some sort of black and purple striped mask and his eyes looked bigger than normal as well as being a solid purple. It was an instantly sobering effect as he asked his fellow miner what was going on, and when there was no response he tried to push him off only to recoil in horror when the infected human’s lower and upper jaw opened and stretched wide. The purple rubber tongue waved about like a tentacle before it darted down and with expert precision pushed itself into the mouth of the other creature before pushing its head down and completely enveloping his face.

It didn’t take long for the writhing human’s muscles to begin to relax as the creature that was formerly Johnny began to do its work. The change had already started even before he had gotten his cock inside the creature, which by now had turned a bright purple and prehensile in nature. It was not an ovipositor though, at the moment that was a gift only their hive king possessed, but what he had gotten was just as effective. He had been given the ability to produce powerful drones, which is what he felt happening beneath him as his own body continued to transform.

Johnny’s back muscles, the skin on top of them already partially assimilated with glossy purple, stretched and shivered as something began to push out of his shoulder blades. Had he not been so engrossed with the conversion of the male beneath him he would have reveled in the ecstasy of his newest evolution, the translucent purple wings continuing to unfurl from his back like a butterfly that had just emerged from its cocoon. As they continued to grow bigger the mutated flesh on his body continued to spread like wildfire, forming chitinous plates to protect his body as something similar was happening to the male beneath him.

With the transformative substance being pumped into him from both ends Samson’s body was practically quivering, the human’s brain so soaked in lust-inducing chemicals that it could only focus on the stimulation coming from the cock inside him and the tongue that was practically down his throat. It was so intense he failed to notice that he was also growing new appendages of his own, as the normally tanned skin of his muscular body began to shift into a deeper lavender hue a rather large lump began to stretch out just underneath his arms. As the muscles of his already impressive chest began to grow thicker the swelling of his sides looked like something was trying to break free as it stretched out, eventually the tips growing and forming into a pair of very alien hands complete with five double jointed dexterious fingers.

Samson’s new arms looked bizarre beneath the still relatively human ones, but as they went up and grabbed the hips of the alien creature to try and spur on the winged alien rubber insect it wouldn’t be like that for long. The corruptive substance not only spread out form where the other creature was penetrating, which had transformed his cock into something similar to his own, but had also been steadily pushing out from where the assimilating creature’s head had wrapped around Samson’s. With the infestation complete there was no reason to keep their newest convert in such a state anymore and Johnny pulled off, Samson letting out a sharp hiss as his completely mutated face pushed out with a pair of mandibles from his maw while it grew into a blunt muzzle.

At this point the creature laying on the bed had lost the last of what humanity remained, the last of his very powerful physique growing in to make the formerly muscular man looked like a powerhouse. With the extra pair of arms and new body the alien that Johnny had created would make for a formidable opponent to any that may dare to try and stop them, as well as help in the capture of new prey. As the rubber spider-like anthro came his cum formed and shiny white strand that would prove to be exceptionally sticky except for the purple and black skin of the one who created it and their kind.

With the potent mix of chemicals no longer being delivered directly into his brain it gave Samson’s bind a chance to clear, but when it did he found that he no longer thought as he did before. The human emotions of fear, anxiety, and everything else had been replaced with a fierce instinct to spread and breed just like Johnny had done to him. Though his higher functioning intellect and memories remained they were nothing more than evolutionary leftovers as the two rubber creatures continued to rut together. Their mating wouldn’t last long though, Samson blinking a couple times as the last of his changes resulted in feeling new eyes opening up next to his old ones until he three sets now to better hunt his prey, and soon the two wordlessly got off of one another and went out the door and back into the mine.

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Meanwhile back at the medical bay Dr. Elliot Larson had just finished cleaning up all the strange purple goo that had been spread everywhere, the doctor grumbling at the miners having no sense of decency or respect for what he did. With the mining community being so small there wasn’t much for him to do, save for the occasional accident that he could help repair. Serious injuries like loss of limb would require the miner to be put in emergency cryo before being shipped off to a station that could give him the treatment and rehabilitation that they required, he was mostly there to keep everyone up to date on their medical charts and nutrition. As a result they thought it funny to mess with him since they believed he didn’t have enough to do, this being the latest of a long line of pranks that he had to clean up and dispose of.

Though he wasn’t fond of the cleaning Dr. Larson was fond of getting those responsible in trouble, so in an effort to try and figure out who the culprit was he had taken a sample of it and put it in the mass spectral analyzer to get a chemical composition of it. It looked like some sort of machine lubricant but he wanted to know in case it was the off-chance that it was something more… biological in nature that he could possibly get a DNA sample and really nail the prankster to the wall. Just as he had put the last of the bags into the disposal for incineration the computer gave a loud beep to let him know that the analysis was complete.

“It’s about time,” he grumbled as the went over to the analyzer and clicked on the results section. The first thing that popped up was the chemical composition and when he saw a particularly large purple spike on the readout a smirk appeared on his face. “I should have known that they would use some sort of Falchorite derivative, probably some sort of celebration for hitting the vein.”

His grin grew even wider when he saw that it had detected biological elements as well, knowing that they he was going to not only get the one responsible but also nail him for wasting company resources. When he pulled up the biological profile however his feeling of victory turned to one of confusion as he looked at the results. It appeared that whatever they used was not human, in fact as he watched it appeared that whatever he was analyzing had shifted its composition during the test to the point it confused the computer and gave him inconclusive results. It was unlike anything he had ever seen before and his thoughts turned to the bag of medical waste that was sitting underneath his storage space.

Before he could decide on what to do next however the door to the medical bay opened and one of the miners he recognized as Alfonso staggered in while holding onto his stomach. “Doc, you gotta help me,” the rather large man said as Elliot quickly grabbed his personal protective gear before helping with injured patient. “Something… someone attacked me I think…”

“Get on the examination table quickly,” the doctor quickly said, helping him get over to one of the ones that hadn’t just recently been washed and helped him get onto his back. “Now you say you think someone attacked you, do you know if they used a weapon or was it something else? Where do you feel the most pain?”

“That’s the thing doc, I don’t feel any pain…” Alfonso stated as he continued to hold his stomach. “But there’s this bizarre feeling like… something’s inside me, wiggling around. Like one of those big parasites you see on those documentaries…”

“Well I don’t think there’s anything like that living around here,” Elliot quickly replied as he warmed up the full body scanner. “My first guess some sort of lower intestinal rupture from where you’re holding yourself, or maybe even appendicitis. I’m going to look through your medical record quick while the scanner is going and we’ll see what’s going on, the fact that you’re not in any pain is a good sigh so make sure you relax and stay calm while the scanner is running.”

Before the scanner could begin though they had to strip the miner down naked, Elliot putting up a privacy field that would also help contain any possible infections as his patient did what he was told. As the pants and underwear came off the doctor immediately noticed two things, the first was that it did appear that the other man’s gut was slightly distended and the second was that he was half-erect. Though it was a symptom to note it was something that was rather perplexing to him. The first thing that he had to do however was see what the scan said and look up the medical charts, starting up the former before going to his workstation to check the latter.

About five minutes later Elliot had just finished reading through the important points in Alfonso’s medical history when the scanner alerted him to something that it had found. He went over to the display and saw that it had diagnosed the patient as most likely having terminal colon cancer, something that made zero sense after what he had read up. When he went to the scan itself however it had identified a foreign mass that took up a large section of the man’s body, though as he looked closer some irregularities began to show. Since he wasn’t sure exactly what he was seeing he grabbed his recorder and spoke into it while he continued to note things on the scan.

“This is Dr. Elliot Larson,” the doctor started as he usually did. “This recording is for patient seven-one-six, also to be referred to as Alfonso. Patient came in stating discomfort in his abdomen, and though there were no pain there were a few markers that indicated that he might have suffered some sort of gastro-intestinal trauma. Patient also stated that he thought that he might have been attacked, though patient also appears to be hazy on the details and has made little sense past that. A full-body scan was done and significant foreign mass has been detected; while it could be something that the miner has ingested or possibly introduced into his system rectally the scanner was having a hard time of identifying it, plus I see certain aspects of the surrounding tissue that look like something might be growing-“

Before Elliot could continue on the emergency alarm went off in the suite that he had just put the patient in, the doctor dropping the recorder onto the desk as he ran over to see what was happening. When he got through the privacy curtain he saw the large man shaking and spasming on the table and he went over to the drug dispensary panel to get an auto-injector filled with anti-seizure medication to try and stop the man from having whatever was happening. At the same time he ran an emergency diagnostic to see what was causing it, hoping that he hadn’t had a stroke or something of that nature. Just as he got the medicine though and turned back Alfonso let out a loud cry… right before his completely erect member spurted several loads over everywhere.

What he saw caused the doctor to pause, the auto-injector still in his hand as the miner flopped back down onto the table, his chest heaving up and down and his eyes still rolled back into his head. Elliot was at a loss for words, never in his life had he seen someone cum without even touching himself and then pass out. With the apparent crisis over he put the auto-injector back in the dispensary and moved to do a manual examination of his patient. It appeared that everything still looked fine, though when he got to the stomach area he noticed there was a bit of additional swelling and what looked like veins popping out of his skin.

But when he got to the erection the doctor found that the miner’s stomach wasn’t the only thing that had become swollen. Not only did it look… thicker, maybe even longer than the last time he had seen it but there was a large bulge at the base of it that wasn’t there before. With the patient still out cold the doctor took his fingers and gently examined it, finding at whatever was there seemed to be mobile. Though the miner’s body shuddered a little there was no other response as Elliot took his fingers and slowly slid them up the shaft to try and get whatever was inside it to come out.

There was another loud moan that came from Alfonso’s mouth as the object popped free, the purple spherical object coming to rest on the abdomen of the male after being expelled. There was also a bit of purple fluid that came out afterwards that Elliot recognized, his curiosity turning to concern. He grabbed a nearby tray and scooped the object onto it before walking back with it to his medical lab. Questions swirled in the doctor’s head, all of them stemming from this latest discovery, and he hoped that at least some of them would be solved by his examination of this strange object that just came out of a male’s dick.

“Continuing patient notes,” Dr. Larson said into his recorder once he had gotten a sample from the object into the analyzer. “Patient produced a strange spherical object after an orgasm along with purple fluid that I will be including the analysis of in my notes.” The doctor continued to watch as the computer spat out data at him on the readings that it was getting from its latest sample, leaning forward slightly more with every new finding. “It appears that the object being examined is some sort of… egg, but instead of carrying any sort of life embryo it contains an extremely concentrated amount of a virus that I have never seen before…”

Elliot had to put down the recorder and put his full attention to the readout, seeing the alien DNA that he had witnessed in the fluid popping up once more. Though the computer, as well as himself, was making assumptions at this point he extrapolated that whatever this strange virus was had infected the miner. It would make sense, but if that was the case and his body had somehow produced these strange spheres then where did he get exposed in the first place? It drew a very worrying concern that this planet might not be as dead as they thought after all as he turned back to do more tests on Alfonso.

But as he walked back and went through the privacy curtain once more Elliot gasped slightly when he found that his patient had disappeared. The only thing that remained in the area was the clothing that the miner had walked in with and a pool of purple liquid, and since he hadn’t given him a gown or anything to wear that meant that he was wondering around somewhere naked. He quickly walked over to the intercom and buzzed for the head of the mining station, holding down the button for a few seconds to try and get their attention immediately. As he stood there and waited for a response he felt something drip onto his fingers and when he looked over at his hand holding down the button he saw more of the strange goo had suddenly appeared on his gloves…

 The doctor felt his stomach drop down to his feet as he saw more of it splatter onto his hands, slowly looking up to see where the source of it was coming from. When he got to the ceiling he saw the miner hanging there like some sort of insect, large splotches of his skin turning to a bright purple as more of the goo leaked from him. The infected male’s head turned nearly completely backwards to look down at him and he saw shiny purple orbs where the miner’s eyes had been, their gaze meeting for the briefest of seconds as a pair of antennae sprouted from his forehead. Just as Elliot’s brain got the signal to run to go to the rest of his body the mutating creature dropped down and twisted its body in mid-air before landing on him.

In the matter of seconds Elliot felt his back hit the cold metal of the floor and heard the thud of the creature’s hands and feet doing the same. As they did so the impact caused the joints of the mutant miner to shift into the opposite direction, the musculature of his hands and arms rapidly thickening to look more like his legs as his body transformed right before the doctor’s eyes. Though the miner’s arms had transformed into another pair of legs Alfonso’s torso remained very human-like and as the pops and cracks of his spine could be heard his body stretched and contorted until he had more of a tauric configuration. When Elliot tried to squirm out from underneath this new body he was pinned to the ground by one of the hind legs that had grown monstrous and insectile with its purple plating glinting in the light.

Elliot continued to struggle to get free as the prehensile cock between the new forelegs of the creature began to get lowered down towards his mouth. The shiny, slimy purple flesh of the tentacle-like appendage continued to flail about in front of the doctor’s face before it was finally low enough to reach his mouth, more of the goo dripping down onto his face as the tip of it darted forward like a snake and pushed his lips open. With the doctor’s heart racing from fear and horror it served to pump the potent aphrodisiac that the creature had evolved through his system, Elliot’s body quickly overwhelmed with both lust and relaxation in order for the creature to do what it needed to.

As the ovipositor continued to push its way into the mouth of the male beneath him Elliot saw that more changes were happening to the body of the creature above him. A pair of new arms grew from the torso of the mutating male as his face stretched out into a muzzle, mandibles growing from it as the infection reached its critical mass. A thick, flat appendage stretched past the rear of the tauric creature, forming a sort of sudo-thorax that gained the same plated appearance as the rest of his body. The biggest change however was the second, much bigger cock-like ovipositor that sprouted between the hind legs of the creature that caused it to practically fall forward and push even more of itself into the doctor beneath him.

Even though Elliot was heavily sedated by the lust-inducing chemicals being pumped into his system he was still aware enough to notice that at the base of the front ovipositor had begun to bulge out. At this point the tip of it was stretching out his throat, the goo that it was covered in somehow suppressing his gag reflex as the egg traveled down the fleshy tube. For a few seconds it got stuck when it reached the lips of the human but when the very dexterous hind leg of the creature went from holding him down to rubbing against his groin it caused his mouth to open in pleasure. That was all it took and the doctor’s eyes practically bulged from their sockets as it stretched his mouth to the limit before going down into his throat.

There was nothing that Elliot could do but swallow it as the egg left the tip of the cock-like appendage and went into his body, feeling a gush of fluid push it down before the creature pulled out of him. His first instinct was to try and cough, but there was nothing that came out as he could feel the egg still traveling down into his body. Through his hazy thoughts he saw the large insect-taur turn and leave him, its two ovipositors sliding back up into its purple and black molded body before going through the door. After a few seconds the surreal situation had felt like it had never happen, the only indicators that it did was the purple goo left behind, the miner’s clothes, the heavy feeling in the doctor’s stomach, and the throbbing erection in his pants.

Slowly the doctor got to his feet, his lust-addled mind telling him to go and find someone as quickly as possible. He went the opposite direction the bug creature went, which had been deeper into the mining area of the facility, and made his way towards the residential area. The entire time his hand was pressed against his stomach as he felt the egg shifting about inside of his body. As he remembered what he had found in his scans Elliot’s need to find someone drastically increased as he walked into the relaxation area and found someone sitting and watching television.

“Dr. Larson!?” the miner shouted as soon as he saw the doctor stumble into the room, the concerned man running over as he saw him stumble in. “What on earth happened to you?”

“I was… attacked…” Elliot said, though as he thought about it his infected mind made him immediately doubt such a claim as he was helped over to a chair to sit down. “I mean… I don’t know, I was just in the medical wing… something happened…”

“So someone attacked you in the medical wing?” The miner asked, Elliot shaking his head even though that did sound right to him. “Here, let me get you something to help clean whatever that is off of you and then I’ll call the supervisor while you calm down. Just try and get your story straight before he gets down here, alright?”

Elliot nodded and watched the miner go to one of the small fridges where they kept water for the miners to get while on-duty. The longer that he sat there the more his corrupted brain seemed to wonder why he had come down here in the first place… though as he watched the other male bend and stretch to get things he couldn’t help but feel a twinge of desire run through his body. All the workers here were so… virile, having to examine their muscular bodies all the time and seeing their hardened physiques had always gotten him hot and heavy. Or at least he thought they did as he licked his lips, a purple film forming over them as he started to get up…

…not even noticing the bulge in his stomach starting to deflate as the egg inside him hatched and spilled its viral contents inside his already mutating form.

Chapter 3:

Back in the drilling station the three miners on duty were busy celebrating, drinking from the bottle of cheap champagne they managed to smuggle down with them during their shift. Behind them the computer displays flashed with the declaration that their sensors had detected the Falchorite in significant quantities. “We did it boys,” he said as he raised his glass in the air. “To the main vein!”

“And the bonus that comes with it!” another said before downing the glass in one gulp.

“It’s about time we finally managed to score one,” the third replied. “What are you going to do with your share Colton?”

“Finally get out of the debt that’s been keeping me here like a dog on a leash,” the first miner said as he sat back. “How about you Bill?”

“The usual,” Bill replied gruffly. “Gambling, drugs, hookers… Danny?”

“I’m going to get certified in administrative services,” the youngest of the three miners said. “Try and see if I can’t get that management position that keeps floating around.”

“Ambitious as always,” Colton said with a chuckle before raising his class. “To Boss Danny!” The other two laughed as they drained their glasses once again before they were promptly refilled. “Just remember who got you there when it’s time to hand out raises, alright?”

The three continued to laugh and talk about what they were going to do when their jubilation was cut short by the sound of alarms going off. “What in the hell is going on?” Colton said as he shut down the drill, standing up with the other two as they heard the computerize voice announce the details. “A quarantine alarm? On this rock?”

“Maybe the others got jealous that we were about to strike and thought they could shut us down,” Danny suggested.

“At the risk of getting fired?” Colton replied. “I doubt it. Let me go up to the communications relay and see what’s going on, you two stay here just in case.”

The other two miners nodded and sat back down on the supply crates, continuing to work on the bottle as they waited to hear news back on what was going on. Even though they both speculated that it was a false alarm or potentially some sort of test it didn’t stop their minds from thinking about the worst-case scenario. For all they knew some sort of accident breached one of the environmental seals and now the facility was being flooded with the toxic environment from the outside. All they knew though was that they were in a room deep below the surface of the planet with the only way back out is through an elevator ride several miles up where they would have to wait for a shuttle to come and pick them up.

As the minutes passed their concern grew, especially when Colton didn’t come down to give them any sort of updates on what was happening. With the drill off the room was almost deathly silent and what little small talk the two had tried to generate between them fell flat. Just as Bill vocalized his thoughts about going and seeing what was up himself they heard the doors into the drill chamber open. Breathing a sigh of relief they stood up and went over to see what their mining team leader had to say… only to find that he wasn’t there.

The two looked at each other and scratched their heads in confusion, Danny stepping forward and opening the door once more. The two miners looked out into the hallway to find it empty as well, though the automatic lights had come on. “This whole damn place feels like its falling apart sometimes,” Bill scoffed as he looked out as well. “If it weren’t for the fact it would melt us they’d probably have out drilling here while living in tents and eating bugs.”

Danny let out a slightly nervous chuckle as the two brought their heads back in and closed the door once more. As they began to walk back towards where their mostly empty bottle of booze something they felt caused them to stop dead in their tracks. It was like they had stepped through a spider web, both their hands swatting through the air as they felt the invisible threads against their skin. When they looked down to try and see what was on them they saw extremely thin purple strands against their clothes, which began to smoke slightly before chucks of the cloth began to fall to the floor. As the two struggled to hold onto their quickly disintegrating jumpsuits they turned and ran back towards the door only to find themselves stuck to several thicker strands of the extremely sticky substance.

“What is this!?” Danny shouted as tried to get free, only to find himself growing more entangled as it cut through his clothes like a laser and adhered to the skin underneath.

“Hell if I know!” Bill shouted back, grunting as he tried to reach down for the pocket that had fallen to the floor only to find that his arm was completely stuck to his side. “Danny, get my knife from my pocket! It’s got a monofilament edge to it!”

The younger miner nodded and knelt down to attempt to get to the pocket, which had been cut open by another strand of the material that had fallen on it, only to stumble forward. With his hands already stuck together he had no way to brace himself and crashed into Bill and caused both of them to tumble up against one of the nearby walls. The second that they were pressed up against the metal they found themselves stuck fast, not only to the cold metal against their bare flesh but also each other. Though they had a little bit of movement anywhere the purple goo touched their skin seemed to have been bonded as though welded together.

Despite their situation they continued to wiggle against one another for some time until they finally exhausted themselves, slumping down as best they could while adhered to the wall and one another. By then the entirety of their jumpsuits had fallen off their form. With their naked, muscular bodies rubbing against one another it was hard for the two to try and not be embarrassed, though that was mostly on Danny’s end as Bill continued to try and think of a way out. As they let their exhausted bodies rest for a second they heard the doors open once more and they saw that this time it was Colton on the other side of it.

“What the…” Colton said as he saw the two naked guys covered in strands of purple goo stuck up against the wall. “What the hell happened here?”

“Well… we’re still trying to figure out that one ourselves,” Bill replied as their leader went over towards them. “Wait! Whatever this stuff is it’s really sticky and apparently doesn’t like clothing. Now I have a knife that this one was trying to get in my pocket, if anything is going to cut us out of this it’s going to be that. At the very least we can use it to get off the wall, after that I suppose we can go to the med bay to figure out what this stuff is.”

“Well that might not be the case,” Colton replied as he walked over to the pile of clothing and carefully extracted the knife from the remnants. “I had a hard time getting through to the security office but apparently there’s some sort of outbreak of an alien disease, which means we’re going to have to stay down here until they lift the quarantine. That’s all they would tell me and then I had to get off the line because they were going to go and see about containing the situation.”

The three were focused on the immediate problem of extracting the two stuck miners from their situation, both Bill and Danny watching the other miner look over the two of them carefully to try and figure out where exactly he should cut that wouldn’t harm them. If he did it wrong then it was possible that he could cause real damage to the two of them and all they had down here was an emergency trauma kit. They were all so focused on what Colton was doing they failed to see that more of those gossamer purple strands were slowly floating from the ceiling down onto the one that was still free. It wasn’t until Danny happened to look up from the blade as it grew close to him, but by the time he was able to say anything the strange strings had already looped themselves like a lasso around Colton’s body.

The sound of clattering as the knife hit the floor was quickly drowned out by the shout coming from Colton as he was lifted off the ground, his body being pulled away from the other two. That was when they saw what had entrapped the three of them in the first place as their eyes widened. What they saw coming down from the ceiling behind their struggling crewmate was a creature unlike anything they had ever seen before. The purple and black chitinous plates of the humanoid creature glistened in the light as it hung upside-down from the ceiling before twisting its body and landing on its thick-toed feet with a dull thud.

The movement of the humanoid arachnid caused Colton to swing around while in his bindings, and when he saw what was staring him in the face he started to scream before something purple and sticky was smeared across his lips to seal them shut. Already his clothing had started to get dissolved away just like Danny and Bill had happen to them as the two sets of arms quickly put the squirming human in his grasp. Then as one pair began to spin Colton around the creature took his lower set and began to stroke his cock. A few seconds later a bright purple liquid began to dribble out of it that one of his two lower hands took and stretched until it became a thread that he then began to wind around the miner’s body while the upper set continued to keep his arms pinned.

Both Danny and Bill stared with a look of pure shock on their faces as they realized that they had gotten stuck to one another and the wall by what was essentially the creature’s cum as the monster continued to use it to wrap around the restrained miner. Soon the entirety of Colton’s torso was covered by it, cocooned like a fly trapped in a web, but the rubbery spider man was not done with him yet. With the aid of the strands of purple hanging from the ceiling the creature seemed to have a look of perverse glee on his face as he began to wind the strand down towards his legs.

“Hey, leave him alone!” Bill finally managed to shout out, attempting to kick the dropped blade at the anthro arachnid but finding that his bare feet were also stuck to the floor. “Come and unstick me and I’ll show you a fair fight there!” The creature hardly even registered the shouting as he stuck Colton’s legs together, despite the human’s best attempts they were bound just like his arms were against his sides before being wrapped up in the shiny purple substance. As the other two continue to watch helplessly they also noticed something strange that was happening, their horror tempered by curiosity as the hips had still been exposed had Colton starting to sport an erection as the process continued.

With the two unable to engage in either their flight or fight responses their brain tried to click over to something they could solve and the two found themselves looking at one another. As the gazes drifted lower they found that while their own members were still flaccid they seemed to twitch from the attention, which caused both males to immediately look back up. By this point the rubbery creature had finished with their crew leader’s legs and had moved on to the head, still leaving the now throbbing member bouncing in the air as he quickly wound the purple silk around it. It wasn’t long before the creature had completely covered his face save for two holes for breathing, leaving Colton looking almost featureless as the anthro rubber arachnid seemed to move on to its next phase.

Bill and Danny could only watch as the spider took care to back the bound human and began to lean him against one of the containers. The spider’s webbing had deliberately left the rear of the male uncovered as well as his groin, which to their surprise had become fully erect. Whether it was something in the webbing or possibly some bizarre fetish that they didn’t know from their crew leader it seemed that he was actually enjoying himself, to the point where he heard a muffled moan coming from the captured human. By the time the strange ridged purple cock of the creature had started to slide inside of the male beneath him Colton was squirming in his cocoon for an entirely different reason.

The pleasured mating between the two continued for a few minutes between the two of them and all Danny and Bill could do was watch like some sort of bizarre porn. When the creature was finished, ending in the bucking of his hips forward while its back arched. The spider creature continued to lock his groin against the human for what felt like ages after that, then put the webbed human back on the floor before going wrapping up the last of the human flesh in his webbing. Just when the two stuck miners thought it was their turn the creature left, which caused them to looked at one another in confusion before they stared back down at the limp form of their crew leader.

“Is he… dead?” Danny asked fearfully.

“No way to know until we get ourselves unstuck,” Bill said as he motioned with his foot down towards the knife. “I think you might have the possibility to go and get the knife, I just need you to stretch your foot out and get it.”

Danny nodded and though they were still stuck together as he tried to reach his foot out and get the knife he realized that they were starting to loosen from one another. Neither one wanted to celebrate though since they still had Colton lying there on the floor in front of them, not to mention the fact that the creature was still out there somewhere. Both were glad though that it seemed to have gotten distracted and didn’t want to be there when it came back. Just as Danny stretched enough to get his toe against the base of the blade however the body next to it jerked and caused him to go back up against the back of the wall once more.

For a few seconds the two continued to stand there and watch the cocooned body in front of them, waiting to see if it would do it. Just then Colton shuddered back and forth more and the two began to think that he was trying to escape. The stands of the webbing bulged and stretched as they thought that lthe strands were weakening, but as the strands began to tear away it revealed shiny bright purple flesh beneath it. From the bulge that were the crew leader’s arms a second pair of lumps began to try and push out as well, and the two screamed loudly as the purple cocoon around Colton’s face split to reveal the mutating human’s face underneath just as a pair of mandibles pushed out from his elongating mouth…

Elsewhere on the station the cries of panic and alarm could be heard echoing through the hallways, miners and other personnel alike attempting to run or hide from the creatures that had started to overwhelm the station. No one knew where they came from, most didn’t even know that they existed until one of the anthro rubber scorpions burst into the mess hall and began to pin and pounce people down. As people began to try and leave they were suddenly cornered by another that had burst through the opposite doorway, trapping them inside. While people attempted to try and find another way out some were dragged off while others had an ovipositor shoved down their throat.

Things quickly devolved from there; while security tried to go in and contain the alien threat that had broken out in the mining station others tried to help people that had been implanted, only to find their help rewarded by being taken by the individuals they attempted to save. Soon half the station had either been transformed or implanted and as security tried to move forward to eliminate the threat they found that those that had been captured were put into strange translucent purple pods. The worst part was that whatever armor or plating that these creatures had seemed to be impervious to the energy weapons that security had on them.

“There’s no use!” one the guards shouted as they continued to back away, one of them attempting to drag back one of their fallen while the others continued to fire at the humanoid rubber insects coming towards them. “They’re everywhere!”

“Everyone fall back!” the head of their security said, motioning for them to follow him as he started to make a run for the doors. By the time they got to one of the doors that had meant to be an airlock and closed it there were only four left and one of them had been dragged in by two of the others. “Alright… status report…”

“Status report?!” one of the younger guards said as he put his hands on his head. “We’re being overrun by bulletproof creatures that are mutating people into bug creatures! We’re probably the only people left at this point Richard!”

“Don’t snap at me Lawrence!” the older guard replied angrily before sighing and rubbing his head. “Getting angry at once another isn’t going to get us anywhere… what we need to do is bring in the cavalry, maybe even bring in a heavy cruiser to save us and sterilize this place.”

“Sir…” the one tending to their fallen crewmate said. “Are you saying that we nuke the station?”

The older man sighed and crossed his arms while the other two looked at one another. “There is a reason why something like that is mentioned in the hand book,” he explained as he motioned for the others to follow him. “This wouldn’t be the first time that they had to level a facility because there was some sort of alien incursion, or a space virus, or something else that would threaten the rest of the universe that was deemed too dangerous to try and take care of. Now either follow me back to the security station or go ahead and join them now… it seems that if you give yourself willingly they’ll give you a good ride while they put their eggs into you.”

That was more than enough of a description for the other two to follow, both of them once more helping the fourth to their feet so they could come along. Even though the hallways was one of the secured ones that linked one section of the station to the other an ambush where several of them burst through the outer wall proved that they could survive in the environment outside. They continued to keep their guns up, even though they knew that they were no use against the creature, and made their way back to the security terminal. When they finally got to the room they found it free of any more of those alien creatures they used explosive bolts to seal the blast doors behind them.

Once they had accounted for everything Richard went over into a separate room that had the communications relay to try and bring up someone on their radio while Richard went to the cameras to try and see if there were any other survivors in the station. As he flashed through the cameras what he saw was more than disheartening; all those that were moving around were the alien creatures that people had transformed into, roaming the hallways in search of others that might have possibly not been infected yet. There were a few that were laying on the ground, but he knew that they wouldn’t be for long as he already saw one or two of them twitching and spasming while they started to mutate.

“Hard to believe…” the one that had been tending to the injured guard said as Lawrence turned to see him standing there. “All they have to do is put one of those things in you and you start to change, or they kidnap you and put you in those weird sacs in the infirmary and transform you that way. Either way you end up one of those bugs.”

“Yeah…” Lawrence replied with a sigh, looking back at the one that was leaned up against the wall with a bandage around his waist. “Tell me Shawn, is he going to be alright?”

The other guard looked over as well and then down at the floor. “Maybe…” Shawn replied. “I tried to tend to his wound as best I could but I’m not a doctor, though considering that he’s probably one of those things now too I’m the best he had. The stinger didn’t look like it had punctured any organs but a scanner is a pale comparison to the technology they have on a medical frigate and if there some sort of alien poison in his system we have no way to diagnose that.”

“Well hopefully our fearless leader can get a hold of someone that can come down here and help us,” Richard replied. “Do you really think they’re going to glass this whole facility? Especially when we’ve actually hit Falchorite?”

“No way,” Shawn stated simply. “They’ll probably come in here guns blazing and kill everything in here, but they’re not going to let all this go to waste like that. All we have to do is hold tight and keep our heads down until they get here.”

Lawrence nodded and went back to the security cameras while Shawn went to the injured guard to help keep a check on his position. Though he could see that the bug men had attempted to try and breach the airlock they were finding themselves having a hard time of it, and with the reinforced plating for all surface modules they weren’t going to get in from the outside either. But as he continued to watch them he noticed that these creatures weren’t purely driven by instinct, especially a few of them that appeared to be the leaders of the hivemind. Just as he switched over to the camera that showed the strange fleshy pods where several were being transformed he heard Richard clear his throat that caused him to turn around and look at him.

“Good news,” their leader said. “Even though those bastards knocked out the main comms I managed to get an emergency transmission through to the Polaris, a heavy cruiser that was fortunate enough to be in comms range. I had to explain it to them a few times in order for them to get what the situation was but they said that they’ll be landing here and will be able to extract us if we can rendezvous with them in the lobby section in a few hours.”

“That’s great!” Lawrence said excitedly before glancing over at the steel door. “But we bolted the door shut, how are we supposed to go and meet them?”

“There’s an emergency escape hatch that allows us to escape through the utility system,” Richard replied as he motioned upwards towards an area accessible only by ladder with a single red handle on it. “Once we crank that handle though we can’t close it again, so we have to be sure that we’re ready…” the guard’s sentence trailed off as he turned to look at the other two guards to see that they seemed to be kissing one another rather passionately, Richard’s face getting red as he saw them making out and stomped over towards them. “Hey, you two can make kissy face when we’re off this rock and not while we’re-“

Though Lawrence was farther away then Richard both guards gasped when the two were pulled apart and Shawn’s head tilted back with his eyes completely rolled into the head and a fleshy tube pulsating as it pushed down his throat. It came from the mouth of the other male who looked at the one that had separated them with his eyes… both sets of them as a second pair opened over the first. Richard turned back to Lawrence and shouted at him to run before pulling out his energy pistol, only to have it smacked out of his hands before being pulled to the ground. As the older guard struggled to get to his feet he suddenly let out a wince of pain as the stinger from a tail that had shredded its way through the back of the infected male’s pants buried itself into his lower back.

Lawrence found himself standing there in dumbfounded shock as he watched his friend’s flesh start to turn purple around his lips as his throat bulged, no doubt from an egg being deposited into his body. How… the guard thought to himself as purple fluid began to leak out of both guard’s mouths while their clothing began to rip from the added mass that the virus was giving them. When he finally did snap out of it he tried to go over to Richard to try and help him but even as the older guard struggled to release himself from the grip of the infected guard’s hand he kept waving him off. It was clear to the both of them that the venom of the strange alien had transformative properties and Richard knew that it likely had spread to him.

With the other three out of commission the only one left to greet the crew of the Polaris was Lawrence, but unfortunately he was stuck in a room with two, soon to be three, transforming creatures. It was then he looked up at the hatch and realized that he would have to go now as the infected guard was busy infesting Shawn, who by this point had started to gain multiple eyes as his clothes were shredded to reveal a pair of purple gossamer wings growing from his back. It wouldn’t be long before they would start chasing him and with the help of Richard shouting at him he went to the ladder and began to climb up. Though the ceiling wasn’t far up his body was practically shaking at the scene that was unfolding in front of him as he got to the hatch and turned the handle.

The heavy piece of metal immediately fell away and hit the floor with a loud thud, as Lawrence looked back he saw that it had gotten the attention of the partially transformed, half naked guard. He quickly stood up and tore away his shirt to reveal the muscular physique that the virus had given him, complete with shiny purple skin as he ran forward. With a single jump he managed to get close enough to almost get his growing claws into the escaping guard’s shoes. Even though Lawrence was halfway into the shaft he looked down and realized in horror that when this creature was ready to jump at him and will probably drag him down.

Just as he braced himself Lawrence heard a loud thud and looked down to see that Richard had plowed into the creature and pinned him to the ground, keeping him down on the floor. He knew that the human wouldn’t last long, especially with the wound on his back, but it was enough for him to get all the way up into the utility tunnel. Just before he pulled himself all the way up however his gaze drifted over to Shawn, watching his friend as he had started to change more just like the infected guard did. Though he wanted to do something for him at that moment he knew that it was too late for him… just like it was too late for all of them as he made his way further into the utility system.

Chapter 4:

A few hours later a ship entered into orbit over the planet of Dathmoth, the Polaris setting itself so that it could continue to remain over the station that was reportedly in distress. After initial contact was made they had continued to try and get in communications with the mining facility, only to have subsequent connections failed. While the heavy cruiser was capable of entering into the atmosphere to storm the place they still didn’t know what was going on, all they had was a security guard telling them they were under alien attack. While they didn’t suspect it to be a hoax the Polaris wasn’t just going to risk landing on a planet with a corrosive environment just because a bunch of miners might be over reacting about something.

After a bit of deliberation, they decided to send down a small shuttle with a group of four soldiers as a scouting party. They were going in with their standard issue gear, since there was no way to know if they were going to need anything special, and all of them had their blast rifles on their laps. “What do you think the possibility that this is a real Xeno threat is?” Capt. Grayson said to the soldier next to him who had the nametag Fonz welded onto his power armor.

“The Polaris is still trying to regain radio contact with the base,” Fonz replied as he scratched his helmet. “From what they could gather it appears that their entire communications system is down, they can’t even get a ping off of it. That means that we’re probably going to be flying in blind.”

“As usual,” the biggest of the four said, the nametag on his armor scratched off with the word Tank written above it in crude scratches. “Why can’t they get any decent equipment in these backwater mining operations?”

“Take it up with the mining budget committee,” Grayson replied before looking at the last member of their team that was looking down at a tablet. “How close are we until we reach the hot drop Scathe?”

“We’ve had to take it slow due to the amount of interference from all the acidity in the clouds,” Scathe replied as he continued to type commands into the tablet. “It appears we’re close enough for me to access the primary systems of the station and get the emergency system to allow us access. Doesn’t look like there’s any word though from the four security guards that were supposed to meet us there, so I can’t be sure if there’s going to be anyone waiting for us on the other side.”

The four soldiers continued to sit there and wait as they were jostled around in the shuttle that was on a direct path to the mining facility. There was no pilot, everything was preprogrammed into the autopilot including the command to leave in twelve hours whether they were back on or not. It gave them extra incentive to make sure they were back in time… or just to retrieve the shuttle if they happened to meet a grim fate. That wasn’t going to happen though, at least if Grayson has anything to do with it.

The second that the ship hit the landing pad the soldiers got their weapons ready while they were waiting for the umbilical to attach to their door. If there really was some sort of xeno threat on this planet it probably wasn’t going to wait politely for them to come in, all of them watching through the sights of the weapons as the hiss of the hydraulics could be heard. Once the light on the side turned from red to green Grayson nodded to the others before pushing the button, quickly ducking back to fire at anything that came at them. However the seconds passed and nothing came charging at them, which prompted the team to leave the shuttle and begin to make their way inside.

None of the soldiers spoke, each of them walking silently down the tube with grim determination set on their faces as they made their way into the loading zone of the mining station. If the security protocols had kicked it the entire area should be locked down and safe for their arrival, but that wasn’t always the case. As they got into the facility proper and looked around at the steel crates however it appeared the area had gone unscathed from whatever had happened that caused the distress signal. Finally Scathe did a scan of the area and declared there were no hostiles, causing them all to relax a little bit and lower their weapons.

Grayson immediately ordered the others to start scanning the area to see if they could find any clues to what they were dealing with while he began the process of overriding the door’s security so they could get into the station proper. Almost immediately the reports that he got back were not good; it appeared that the mainframe that was linked to the computer was completely down and there was no way to access any of the information on it from here, if they wanted to download anything they would have to get to the server room and hardline into the black box that the emergency protocols dumped all the data into. Thankfully the security was all on a different grid and with his passcodes Grayson was able to get them all inside. Just like in the ship they all formed a semi-circle around the door as their Captain activated it.

Once again, they were met with silence, though what they saw was a completely different story. Even with their training the raised an eyebrow at each other when they saw the deep furrows in the walls that led all the way up to the door, along with puddles of purple goo that were splattered everywhere. The possibility of this being some sort of xeno incursion was starting to look more likely as they made their way down the hall towards the lobby. The four soldiers continued to keep in formation as they made their way to where the security guard was supposed to meet them should all else fail, continuing to see signs of fighting as they went.

“They probably tried to get to the emergency docking bay before it locked down,” Fonz stated as his hand hovered over one of the deep grooves scratched into the metal. “Gods… what could have possibly been here that caused this?”

“Something I don’t hope to meet,” Grayson replied gruffly from his position at point. “Now keep quiet and get moving forward, the faster we figure out what we’re up against the sooner we can get back to the ship.”

The others nodded and continued to check their corners until eventually they got to the main lobby of the mining center. Since it was so far away from other planets and not a place that got usual guests it was quite small, which made seeing the security guard hiding underneath one of the tables that much easier. Grayson instructed the others to form a perimeter while he went over to debrief the guard and get more information. As the other three soldiers guarded the doors the Captain went over and helped the security guard up since he was shaking so badly.

“I’m Captain Grayson from the Polaris,” Grayson introduced. “Are you the security guard that called us?”

“O-one of them…” the other man replied as he tried to stop his shivering. “Security O-Officer L-Lawrence. I think… I think I’m the only one left.”

Grayson could see the other soldiers glance back at him from the statement in a mixture of shock and confusion as he pulled off his helmet to speak better. “What do you mean you’re the only one left?” he asked. “What happened here?”

Lawrence told them as much of the story as he could about the creatures that had attacked them and taken over the station, as well as what happened to the other guards after one of them had gotten infected. He also stated that considering the amount of time he has spent in the facility whatever this alien virus was didn’t seem to be airborne, instead passed on by the bodily fluids of the creatures or by implanting eggs into them. Though the story was surreal it wouldn’t even be the first time that the group had heard of such a thing as he continued to look around wearily. There was something bothering him besides the information he had just heard… if these creatures systematically hunted down and converted everyone inside of this base, then how did they miss a security guard hiding underneath a table?

His question was quickly answered as Scathe announced that multiple alien lifeforms just pinged on his scanner, heading at them from all directions. Grayson grimaced as he realized these were very clever xenos, using the guard as bait to lure them in and keep them here while they mustered their forces around them. “Polaris, this is Captain Grayson,” he announced into his radio as he got his gun ready. “Xeno threat and infectious agent confirmed, please send a level five containment team for emergency evac, popping trackers now.”

The Captain shouted to the others to activate their radiological tracking beacons, all of them braking a small panel on their power armor that caused several isotopes to mix together. The result was a powerful tracking signal that could even be seen through lead… something so that their bodies could be found and recovered should the worst happen. With level five containment they were waiting at least an hour before another ship could be prepped and brought down here and as such they knew their own shuttle had likely already taken off to minimize exposure. That just meant they had to hold off these creatures for a little while as they hopped behind makeshift barricades and prepared to fire.

Less then a minute later the air was filled with flashes as the first wave of creature pushed their way through the door, letting out screeches and hisses as aliens unlike anything they had ever seen before charged at them. They were like giant bugs of all varieties covered in shiny purple chitin, buzzing around them as they let loose with everything they had. Though they managed to repel some of them others quickly took their place and as their position was being overrun both Grayson and Lawrence were hit with some sort of sticky purple goo launched from the tauric body of a spider-like creature with a humanoid upper form save for four arms and eight eyes. With two of them glued to the ground Scathe attempted to go over and free them while Tank and Fonz continued to shoot but only succeeded in getting stuck himself as the plasteel armor they wore began to sizzle and pop.

Just as Tank was about to prep and toss a grenade he let out a cry of pain as a huge creature that looked like a humanoid purple rubber bee glided down with his gossamer wings and plowed into him, the stinger on the abdomen that grew out from its backside plunging into the human’s shoulder. The huge man toppled to the ground and his gun went sliding away from him, though he wasn’t out of the fight yet as he managed to spin himself around once he was no longer impaled and punched the creature in the face. It was enough to cause the mutated male to stumble slightly but as Tank tried to capitalize on it he suddenly started to sway and fall onto his back once again. The venom that had been injected into his body was incredibly fast acting as the bee man shook off the punch and began to use his clawed hands to remove the armor around the man’s groin.

A similar predicament happened to Fonz as his gun was knocked away from him as well, skittering to the ground near the restrained Grayson and Lawrence before being pushed onto all fours. Two of the shiny purple creatures had gotten on either side of him and had his body practically pinned to the floor, sparks flying as his helmet was ripped off of his head while the other one removed the plates protecting his backside. Before the trapped soldier could even look up the two began to expel more of that purple goo which oozed over his head and into his compromised armor while their strange cocks seemed to flex from the action. The bee man did the same thing to Tank and in less then a minute their struggles against their captors had ceased as they no doubt became infected with the alien virus.

Grayson struggled to try and reach the gun that had been kicked over towards him but with no one shooting and the lobby becoming overrun it was only a matter of time before he and the other two were beset upon as well. Unlike Tank and Fonz, the former with his legs in the air exposing his erect cock while the latter one already had one of the creatures with his cock deep into his backside while the second creature quickly pushed into his mouth as well with a more flexible tube-like appendage, it appeared the spider man and several others had other ideas for them as they suddenly found themselves being pulled away. Lawrence was practically screaming at this point, which didn’t help the Captain as he attempted to try and figure out what to do next. As they were hoisted up into the air the armor that had been rapidly decaying fell away from their bodies, luckily the isotope trackers they had activated would have already seeped into their skin by now.

As Grayson and the others were carted off there was a pause as they faced the two infected soldiers, as though the creatures wanted to see what happened to them as both their bodies began to swell underneath the purple goo they had been covered in. Even with the substance also eating away at the power armor loud cracks could be heard from the strain of the metal as the sides of Fonz’s chest plate burst out from the two sets of arms growing in his rapidly expanding body. As the rest of the destroyed armor began to fall off him as well they could see his head growing to match his new form as the upper and lower jaw of his widening purple face split apart into sections in order to completely engulf the ovipositor feeding him more eggs to spread to others. Though Grayson attempted to turn away the rubbery bindings on his body continued to have him watch as the transforming soldier began to buck back and forth between the creatures that had impaled him.

 A similar transformation was happening to Tank as his already bulky body was rippling with growth, the purple spreading over his body faster then Fonz as his fully-erect cock seemed to be dribbling some of the substance itself. It appeared that the venom had an unexpected side-effect as Tank was practically demanding the creature fuck him, purple goo dripping out of his mouth and nose as the muscular insect man was more than ready to oblige. While he didn’t grow any more appendages as Grayson was once more escorted out of the room he saw that the new warrior drone was growing even bigger as a second pair of legs were sprouting from the destroyed power armor that was his chest...

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About an hour later another craft came rocketing down towards the planet surface, but this wasn’t an ordinary shuttle. It was known as a SPIKE, or Shuttle Projectile for Instant Kinetic Entry, and very closely resembled its namesake as several more of the crafts came after it. With a level five containment protocol and missing soldiers on the field the facility or anything contained within it no longer mattered, as made evident as the spike craft shattered the roof and burrowed nearly halfway down into the floor of steel and solid rock. Twelve of them landed in the lobby, and docking area next to it, completely obliterating the roof and allowing the acidic atmosphere from outside to pour in. As the creatures quickly regrouped to try and swarm around the new arrivals seven of them popped open and immediately started firing white-hot plasma rounds into the growing swarm.

Unlike the bullets and energy weapons that the guards and soldiers preceding them had these projectiles proved to be ludicrously effective, punching holes in the creatures that attempted to attack the units in head to toe heavy armor. They were also environmentally sealed, which was good as now not only was the roof destroyed but the bullets they used to fend off the swarm were punching holes in the walls like they were made of tissue paper. None of that concerned the rescue team, they were there for one thing and one thing only as they pushed their way through to find those that needed extraction. Even though they have five open SPIKE capsules they were only looking for three since they lost two of the tracker signals while they were gearing up.

It appeared that after the first wave of creatures getting blown away that the rest were keeping their distance, which was just fine with the squad as they moved methodically down each hallway while one of them continued to keep them going in the right direction. While they weren’t sure if they had actually killed any of the creatures the fact that they had been driven away made their point that they were not to be meddled with. The group encountered no additional resistance as they got to the medical bay where the source of the isotope signal was growing stronger, though worryingly it was starting to become distorted. One of the seven went up to the door, which had been completely covered in a hardened version of the purple goo, and put a plasma charge on it before signaling everyone to back away.

The explosive had a small but intense explosion and the second it was done the group moved through the molten slag that was the metal wall into the infirmary, for the first time letting their guard down when they saw what was waiting for them inside. The Captain, their science officer, and someone that guessed was the security guard based on the reports they had gotten, were all suspended in biomedical chambers that had been completely overgrown with the purple substance. They were all also completely naked, the three of them floating there with no idea what was going on to them or in the outside world. The squad radioed back the situation and while one of them took a specimen container and secured one of the slightly glowing purple spheres they waited to hear back if they were going to save these three or leave them to their fate.

In less then half a minute they got their answer and they put up their guns, using the bullets to shatter the glass of the medical chambers and freeing those that were held captive inside. The second that they had them the squad grabbed them and told the others to start coming back the way they came while their leader popped several thermite grenades and tossed them behind them on the way out. It was clear that the strange humanoid creatures did not want them to leave with their price but with the combination of the grenades melting the passages behind them and the front squad pouring hot plasma into anything in front of them they weren’t being successful. There was a bit more fighting but the containment squad managed to get back to the lobby and opened the shuttles once more, loading the three into the pods, which they immediately marked with a biohazard warning, and then hopped into their own.

“This is containment unit captain three zero four,” the last of the soldiers to close their door said as he looked out at the destroyed facility, seeing the mutated people starting to regroup now that they were getting ready to retreat. “Packages have been secured and authorizing use of triple threat for complete sterilization. I repeat, use of triple threat has been authorized.”

The voice on the other end of the communication link asked for the command code and as the door closed on the last spike the captain gave it to them, hearing it get authorized just as the shuttle closed and sealed up. Everyone that was still conscious braced themselves as the tethers that were attached to the ends of the SPIKEs suddenly went taught before pulling them out of the craters they had made like carrots. Though none of the crew could see outside of them they could hear as they went back up through the atmosphere the sounds of something screaming past them. Had they been able to look out they would have seen three different colored missiles heading down towards the facility they had just gotten out of, each of them containing a different compound that when detonated caused them to mix together and create a nuclear explosion so massive it visibly cracked the surface of the planet and pushed away the caustic clouds to reveal the destruction that it had caused.

One of the people surveying the destruction had a Commander’s uniform on him, sipping from a cup of coffee as preliminary scans reported a successful detonation. “I say we can call that threat effectively neutralized,” he said as he stood up from the chair. “We’re going to have to give it a few weeks before the neutron radiation is dispersed enough to get a life-sign reading so I hope you all stocked up on entertainment, because we are going to be here for a while. Lieutenant, you have the bridge, I’ll make the phone call to the mining consortium in my quarters so you don’t have to hear all the yelling.”

“Yes sir Commander,” the woman next to him said, standing up and taking the chair that the Commander had been sitting in. “Alright bridge, prepare to settle into synchronous orbit with Dathmoth.”

The Commander could hear all sorts of shouts of acknowledgements and call-outs for the bridge before the doors closed behind him. Once they were definitely out of earshot the man took of his hat and ran his hand through his hair as he sighed. “I know what I’m going to be doing for the next few weeks at least,” he said before walking towards his cabin. “Filling out paperwork on this FUBAR.”

As he walked into the Commander’s Quarters he could already see that his phone had several messages on it, all from the mining consortium that he had contacted after they received the distress call from their facility. Before he called them back he poured himself a new drink and wished beyond all recognition that the higher-ups would allow them to have alcohol as he went back to his desk and hit the reply button. “It’s about time Daniel,” the older gentlemen on the other end of the line said, looking at him scornfully. “What’s the situation in the facility?”

“First of all, Lead Councilor Abborus, I told you to either call me Commander Voltaire or Sir,” the other man said. “Just because you’re twenty years my senior does not mean you get to disrespect my rank. Second of all there is no more situation at the facility because the facility has been completely sterilized.”

Daniel took a drink from his cup as he watched the man’s face grow completely red, like someone had taken a bulb of a similar hue and had shined on his face as his first few words were nothing but angry sputters. “Sterilized?!” the man practically shouted. “That was a Falchorite mining facility you idiot! Do you know how desperately we need that material, the same material that is currently keeping your crew safe from all manner of radiation?!”

“I am well versed in our Falchor engines,” Daniel replied as calmly as he could muster. “I am also touched that you asked about your precious facility instead of the crew who manned it. From the reports that I’ve gotten so far they had come in contact with some sort of biological contaminant that started… changing them.”

“Changing them?” the man replied, his red-hot anger momentarily tempered by curiosity. “How?”

“Don’t know,” the Commander replied after taking another drink. “We literally just concluded our operation a few minutes ago, an operation that took two of our men I might add, and still have to debrief the squad on what they saw. We also have three people rescued from the facility and a sample of the specimen that we’ll analyze at a proper lab once we get done confirming the kill in a few weeks.”

“A few weeks…” Abborus repeated before his veins once more began to bulge. “You used the Triple Threat ordinance, didn’t you? You probably turned that entire site into one giant compressed plate of minerals, it’ll take years to mine back down to that Falchorite!”

“I think you might want to just cut your losses at this point,” Daniel replied as he sat back in his chair and interrupted the man before he could speak again. “Listen, I’m sure you have a lot of cost analysis to do or something like that and as soon as I get the full report on the incident, I’ll make sure to send it your way. Until then stop filing our personnel server with your messages, I’ll call you.”

After that the Commander immediately disconnected the call, the passive face he had held through the entire time immediately falling to a frown as he contacted communications and told them to stop receiving any calls that weren’t fleet related. As he sipped the liquid in his cup he knew that this mission wasn’t going to end well the second he knew who was involved in it, and now because of it he was going to have to make two more calls that were even harder then the one he had just made. Two deaths just to try and save a mining facility… he didn’t know whether to be angrier at the one who told him to do it or himself for actually listening.

Chapter 5:

When Grayson awoke once again he found himself in a sterile room laid out in a hospital bed, various machines connected to his body as his entire body felt like it was made out of lead. Everything seemed… foggy, like he had just hit his head and had gotten knocked out. The last thing he remembered was landing on the planet to attempt to see what was going on, and then… Tank, Fonz… the battle with the bugs suddenly came into his mind and he could hear the machine beeping faster as he remembered what was happening to them. He felt himself begin to hyperventilate as he could feel that strange purple goo on his body, eating through his armor and keeping him stuck to the ground so that he couldn’t help.

His quickening pulse seemed to send an alarm somewhere because a few seconds after he had woken up he saw someone coming in. Though he assumed it was a doctor it was hard to tell with the full haz-mat body suit that he was wearing as he came up to his bed side and told him to relax. “It’s me, Doctor Jacobs,” the man said as he put a gloved hand on Grayson’s shoulder in a reassuring gesture. “I’m the one that administers your yearly physical, remember?”

Though the images were still strong in Grayson’s mind the sound of the doctor’s voice seemed to have a calming effect on him and the frenzied series of beeps that he had been hearing slowed down until they were steady once more. “I… must be on the Polaris then, right?” Grayson asked, the doctor nodding his head. “What happened?”

“Recovery team managed to find you before you turned into one of those… things,” the doctor replied, Grayson twitching slightly as he remembered another fragment of the two infected soldiers transforming. “We still have you under quarantine lockdown along with the other two but it appears that whatever had caused them to change isn’t present in your system. Commander Voltaire wants to keep you here for about a week in case any of the symptoms are delayed, but I’ve seen the video footage and if whatever happened to them was happening to you three right now I’m pretty sure we would have seen you expressing symptoms already.”

Grayson felt his body practically shudder at the idea of turning into one of those strange purple rubber bug men, remembering how alien they looked despite having such humanoid features. Of course, some of them were stranger then others, like the spider taur that had captured them or the guy with a bee abdomen where his butt should have been. The soldier quickly shook off the weird thoughts and even though he already had an idea of the answer he asked if there was any chance that they might be able to save Fonz or Tank. The look down from the doctor said it all though, they had probably nuked the entire site already just to make sure that they could contain whatever had infected all those people down there.

Those suspicions were soon confirmed when he was visited by several others, including the Commander himself who wanted to make sure he was doing alright. Despite saying he was fine every time Grayson… wasn’t really sure if that was the truth. While he wasn’t sure if feeling devastated at the loss of his squad mates or relief that he had survived such an ordeal was the right thing, all he knew was that as time continued on he found himself experiencing... confusion mostly. There were so many questions that had been left unanswered and now without the facility to go back to there was nothing they could do but speculate, especially since he had to stay a week in a closed off environment with nothing to do but count the sterile tile on the walls and ceiling or sleep.

Finally the week had passed and no new anomalies had shown up in their tests, which meant that all three of them were free to go back to their normal bunks and return to the duty schedule. The only one that was out of place as Lawrence, who had been a security guard stationed at the facility and wasn’t a part of the Polaris crew, but with the loss of Tank and Fonz they did have space for him once they got everything out in order to send back to their next of kin. Since both Grayson and Scathe had lost members of their squad they were assigned to ship duties instead of joining with another squad, at least until they could get away from the planet and be properly debriefed on a colony planet. Though Grayson was grateful for the consideration he would have preferred to be back on drills; not only was active ship duty extremely tedious to soldiers like him but they often had them working on things that no one else cared to do or just had them gopher for other departments which meant long stretches of boredom.

The last thing that Grayson wanted to do was be alone with his thoughts, especially after the week of doing nothing but thinking about what had happened down there in the facility. He could still see the look on those creature’s faces as they loomed over him, could feel their unnaturally smooth skin as they brought them down to the medical facility. It had been continuously playing in his mind and after he got out of the medical wing he no longer had the drugs to help numb his body and mind to what he was experiencing. Even though he had been given a clean bill of health from the medical experts on the ship something… just didn’t seem right anymore.

It had caused the soldier to retreat from a lot of the others on the ship, people that he would normally interact with on a daily basis now just seemed irritating to be around. He didn’t know why but for some reason even just hearing their voices while they talked to one another was enough to throw him off, much less if they were directly talking to him. The only ones that didn’t seem to trigger such a response was Scathe and Lawrence and when he told them about it they admitted to feeling the same way. Eventually as the days went by and things went back to normal after the insanity that was the initial incursion, they more often than not were content to hang out in the rooms of one another.

“Does anyone else notice the strange looks that they’ve been getting from others on this ship?” Lawrence asked as they ate their lunches together, something that at this point had become a ritual. “It’s like they all know that something freaky happened to us and now they think we’re some sort of strange alien buggers.”

“In more than once sense of the word,” Scathe replied while blowing the steam off of his cup of noodles. “By this point the supposedly sensitive footage that they got off our power has been circulated around the ship more then the air. They saw what happened to Tank and Fonz and wondered if the same thing happened to us even though they saw the results of such a… copulation.”

Grayson continued to sit there and listen to the two-talk back and forth about what the others thought about them, thinking just how hard it was going to be to get integrated back into a squad rotation. The second that they go planetside to somewhere that has a semi-decent tech level someone is going to get the bright idea to upload that video to the matrix and it’s going to spread like wildfire. Then the rumors are going to get circulated around that he led a team that got caught and… violated by those creatures, probably thinking they also had those strange cocks pushed up inside him. He began to think that it should have been him in Tank or Fonz’s place, taking one for the team as their alien bodies rubbed against him in what he could only think was quite a bit of pleasure…

“Uh… Grayson?” the voice snapped the captain out of his mindset and he realized that the other two were staring at him, or rather staring down at the seat of his pants. When he looked down himself he saw that a tent had formed in his suit, something that caused him to quickly readjust himself even though they had already seen it. “You… alright there?”

“Yeah, just flustered with the entire situation is all,” Grayson lied in an attempt to change the subject. “The Commander might be able to stop someone from uploading that recording onto the matrix but the rumor will soon spread, and then we’re all going to be those three soldiers that got fucked by alien rubber bugs. The worst part is there’s nothing we can do about it, we’re just going to have to live with that fact for the rest of our lives.”

Though the sentiment was certainly dower it definitely got their mind off of what was happening down below as he finished up the last of his sandwich and then informed them he had to go off and do inventory. Though it was somewhat true he actually didn’t have to do anything like that for a few hours yet, but at that moment he just needed a second in order to get away from the two. It was a strange thought he had just had, but the second he started to walk away from the crew quarters and headed back towards one of the storage rooms the entire memory seemed to fade away from his mind. By the time he had reached the door to go in he had completely forgotten about it, to the point that he wondered why he had left their group lunch so early before shrugging his shoulders and stepping inside.

A few hours later the tedium of checking case after case to make sure that everything inside matched the numbers on the manifest was the same as the amount in the cart was practically putting Grayson to sleep. Though he had been given several days to complete this task he wanted to get it all done in one go to hopefully bet switched over to something more exciting then counting the number of charge packs they had on hand. When the numbers thankfully matched he checked it off the list and closed the crate before moving onto the next one. When he went around the corner to move on to the next category of cargo he stopped dead in his tracks, dropping the tablet on the floor and causing a loud clatter.

“It… it can’t be,” he stammered slightly as he saw Tank standing there completely naked, something that he had only seen a few times before when they needed to get decontaminated together. “How?”

“We survived,” Tank said, his voice sounding weird as he began to approach Grayson, stretching out his meaty hand as purple goo began to leak out from his palm. “But soon we will parish. You must help us Grayson… help us…”

The captain’s breath froze in his throat as he found himself with his back against the cold steel wall of the ship, unable to do anything but watch the other male continue to come towards him while more of the purple fluid oozed from his nostrils, eyes, and ears. When Tank got close enough to Grayson to almost touch him it snapped the man out of his fear-induced trance and he dodged past the naked male and slid into a side aisle, ducking behind several crates he had already checked and immediately turning back to see what was happening. When he didn’t see anything he waited, eventually peering out only when he heard the sound of the door opening. When Grayson got up and went back around to see what was going on he only found empty space where Tank was standing as the new person who entered asked if he was alright.

Grayson just shook his head and excused himself, picking up the tablet he had been using to do inventory and putting it back on the docking station before leaving for the night. As he walked down the pathways towards his own dorm he began to do a quick mental self-assessment, trying to see if there was something going on with him that might have been missed by the scanners. Everything looked to be in place though and after a while he just blamed it on how tired he was. As part of the recovery process he had been given sleeping pills in order to actually get a decent night, which helped since the first few nights he decided he didn’t need them and each time he ended up being transported back down to that space station surrounded by the purple bugs.

Once he had gotten done showering he put the pill in his hand and took it, shaking the bottle to see how many he had left. He was supposed to have enough in order to last the entire duration of their orbit around the planet until the kills are confirmed on the planet surface, something that can thankfully be done by long-range scanners once the neutron radiation had cleared. Then maybe he could get some real help, or just go with a back-alley brain doc to chop out the memories and guilt of the entire experience. Before he could plan too much the medication kicked in and he finally dozed off into a night of restless sleep.

The next morning Grayson walked over to the other end of the crew quarters in order to tell the others what he had experienced the night before, going up to Scathe’s door and putting in the code to open it. What he saw when he was in there was something he hadn’t expected to see, immediately putting his hands over his eyes and backing away as he saw the younger man with Lawrence, the two of them completely naked on the bed with one man between the legs of the other. His intrusion didn’t seem to bother the two in the slightest and kept going without saying a word to Grayson about what he had walked in on. The captain was just about to leave when he heard what the two were saying to one another that caused him to pause.

“Yeah, breed me bug boy!”

“You’re going to look so good with your belly stuffed with my eggs…”

“Make me your broodling…”

The back and forth continued on until finally Grayson was able to pull himself away and close the door behind him. It was likely the other two were so involved in their passionate rutting of one another they didn’t even know he had come in, which made what he had heard all the more awkward. While it wasn’t quite proper to have carnal relations with other members of the crew that was the thought in the furthest back of his mind as he tried to comprehend the strange role-play they were involved in. Were those two… actually getting off on what had happened to the others?

His next decision as he got himself some breakfast while waiting for the two to finish was whether or not he was going to confront them on what he had saw and heard. Part of him thought that he should, if only to potentially steer them towards someone to talk to on very deviant act they had just performed. Another part of him stated that it was none of his business and that he just let them be… people work through stress in their own way and maybe that was just how they did it. Plus he wanted to see about the other issue he had and he doubted that they would be very interested in talking to him if he embarrassed them with his meddling into their sex life.

It didn’t take much for him to decide on leaving things be… at least for the time being. There was nothing that said he couldn’t talk to them later about it and he really didn’t want to lose the only support network he had at the moment because they were being kinky. After taking an hour to eat his breakfast and catch up on a few things he decided they had probably finished and could come back. He walked over to the crew quarters and this time buzzed the door, hearing a voice a few seconds later telling him to come in.

The two continued to look at him with smiles on their faces like nothing had happened, and though once more Grayson thought that he might want to talk to them about their conduct he instead decided to let it go in favor of more pressing matters. “So I’m glad that I caught you guys early,” he said, the faces of the other two going more serious as they leaned in. “I… had some sort of strange vision, or something like that, and it involved… Tank.”

He told the two everything about the encounter that had happened, how he had been nearly cornered by someone who was supposed to be dead and how when someone else came in the vision was gone. When he said that perhaps there was something going on with him mentally the other two reassured him that it was alright and that they were having the same thing. Grayson was shocked to hear that Lawrence had gotten visited twice by the other security guards that had been in the facility with him, both of them pinning them down while the other shoved their tongue into his mouth so that he was starting to change. For Scathe it was Fonz who had come after him while he had been stuck in a dream with him and that the two actually had a conversation before it ended with the deceased soldier turning into one of those bug creatures.

“Wait, you said this happened to you in a dream?” Grayson asked, the two nodding. “Have you not been taking your sleeping meds that were prescribed?”

“I don’t believe in taking such things,” Scathe said. “They make my mind all fuzzy and I can’t focus on my work. When I told Lawrence about it he said that he was having trouble remembering things and I told him to stop the medication as well. I take it you’ve been on them?”

“Ever since I got them,” Grayson replied. “No way I want to see any of those things in my dreams like you have.”

“It sounds like they’re finding other ways to manifest instead,” Scathe stated. “Why don’t you just try not taking one and see what happens? What’s the worst that it could do, you have a nightmare and end up losing the night of sleep?”

Though a lost night of sleep wasn’t exactly what Grayson had in mind when he thought of the worst case scenario he told them he might be willing to give it a try. The two talked more for a while before the captain got up and stated he had to finish up the inventory that he had gotten left when he had the vision. The others nodded and told him if he got any more such things that he should tell one of them as soon as possible so that they would deal with it together. He just nodded and walked out, missing the fact that the two readjusted their uniforms below the belt after talking about such things while the door closed…

The day seemed to pass by without incident, though the scene between Scathe and Lawrence was something that he just couldn’t quite get out of his head. It made him wonder if he was making the right choice not going to the medbay and telling them what was going on, between his vision and the obvious sexual pleasure the other two were getting it was more than just a physical problem they were having. Every time he thought to do so though he remembered being in that room, feeling helpless as he was forced to wait in quarantine while they sat there attempting to figure out what was wrong only to find nothing. How long would they lock him up this time when he told him they were all having strange symptoms which were probably just part of the shock of going through such an ordeal?

That night as Grayson sat in his bed he held the pill in his hand that would guarantee him sleep, even it wasn’t exactly good. Did he take it and risk Tank coming back during the day because of his unresolved issues, or did he risk what the realm of dreams had in store for him? After a bit of back and forth he decided that he needed to get down to the bottom of this and put the pill back in the bottle before slamming it shut. Though his anxiety kept him from getting to sleep right away it eventually came to him, Grayson tossing and turning slightly as he slipped into unconsciousness...

When he awoke again he found that the night had passed him by without incident, looking at his clock to see that he hadn’t woken up once because of nightmares or anything like that. Had he really been so paranoid over something that had turned out to be nothing? It caused him to shrug as he got up and started his morning routine, sighing as he remembered that now that he was done with inventory he would be back to sitting behind a desk reorganizing the order system so that the different departments could find things better. Why couldn’t they just invent a computer program that deals with such nonsense, he thought to himself as he put on his uniform jacked and opened the door to step inside.

“Hello Captain,” a stern, low voice said as Grayson saw Tank standing on the other side of the door, gasping as he tried to run past the brick wall of a man only to be instantly denied and brought back into his quarters. “You’re a hard man to catch up with, and I thought after my last failed attempt to contact you in the storage room you would have ran off and gotten yourself committed.”

“This… this isn’t real…” Grayson stammered as he continued to crawl back into the room as Tank went inside and closed it behind him. “This is all a dream! You’re just some construct of my mind!”

“You are certainly right on the first two,” Tank said with a laugh as he went over and picked up the other man like was a rag doll and set him down on the edge of the bed. “But the one thing I am not is a construct of your mind. You have to help us Captain, you have to save all of us before we’re destroyed down here…”

“Down here…” Grayson repeated before he turned back and a window that had never been in his quarters before showed the surface of the planet they were currently in orbit around. “No way, you were all destroyed! I saw the footage when they used the Triple Threat ordinance against the facility and wiped it off the map!”

“That it did…” Tank said, though his voice started to become distorted as his eyes began to turn purple and leak the same goo Grayson had seen in the station. “But thanks to the assimilation of these two we knew what was going to happen, and thankfully for us the ordinance you just described relies primarily on neutron radiation to destroy everything. While that normally does do the trick it wouldn’t have any effects on creatures that were imbued with a certain mineral…”

“Falchorite…” Grayson stated. “You’re all made of Falchorite...”

“Which is the only thing that saved the hive,” the creature said, though its human guise was slipping as the already naked man’s skin began to turn shiny and purple as if it was proving the point. “But the ordinance had a secondary effect of destabilizing the planet’s crust, if it was to be hit with a second blast then the mantle will rupture and we will be jettisoned into space where we will all parish.”

Grayson gathered that somehow the creatures were able to pool their knowledge together since Tank wouldn’t have been able to spell some of the words coming out of his mouth, much less know the meaning of them. Or was this all some sort of mental breakdown, his mind attempting to comprehend some way where he could save the members of his squad because he didn’t allow them to get blown off the surface of an alien world after being infected? His thoughts were growing confusing and as he tried to shake his head and attempt to wake up a powerful pair of hands grabbed onto his head, Grayson feeling three thick, clawed fingers covered in chitin holding onto him and forcing him to look into the purple eyes of his mutating squad mate. At this point he looked more bug then human, his lips spread open and drooling more of the purple goo as a pincer had grown out of one side of his mouth.

“We tried to make you see in order to save us from the wrath was coming,” the creature said, Grayson’s mind suddenly remembering being dragged into the glass tubes that had formerly been the bio chambers for the mining facility. “You were left untouched by our kind in your body but we altered your mind so you could see what was going to happen to us. Don’t you see that you are already one of us, you just haven’t been evolved yet…”

Grayson reached up and tried to grab the thick, muscular arms of the one that was holding his head, but as he did he gasped in pure shock as he saw that his hands looked similar to the ones that were holding him. “No!” he said, feeling purple oozing down his mouth as he suddenly found a mirror next to him and saw that his normal human visage had been replaced with that of an insect man that looked somewhat similar to the dragonfly that was holding onto him. “This isn’t real, that can’t be me…”

Though the other bug creature didn’t say any more he could feel like it was refuting him, telling him that he could no longer deny his true nature as he was pushed backwards onto the bed. With his human form gone Grayson found himself unable to muster the same resistance that he did before, and how could he when he looked and felt so… right. His mind had begun to rebel against the human construct that had been fabricated to get him back aboard the Polaris, revealing the alien programming underneath that they had been so careful to layer in just under the surface. Now it was time to reveal himself for what he truly was, his mandibles opening as the ovipositor tongue from Tank slid out and pushed its way inside of his own blunt muzzle…

When Grayson awoke again he bolted upright, his sleepwear soaked with sweat as he quickly got out of the bed and pulled off the wet clothing. He could feel his entire body trembling as he got up from his bed and went to his shower to clean himself off. The second that it had reached temperature, which wasn’t very long, he hoped inside in order to try and rinse away the dream that he had just experienced… or was it a dream? His mind was still reeling as those thoughts came back to him, the feeling he had that this was all just a construct of his mind as he rested his head and arms against the wall of the shower. As he looked down and watched the water swirling into the drain on its way back to the recycler he began to see it shift colors, going from clear to purple as the liquid seemed to thicken into goo.

 Grayson had to blink his eyes several times as he stood up, looking at his hands and seeing that they were covered in the same substance. It was everywhere… his body was rejecting his human form as black claws began to grow from his fingers, several of which had begun to merge together. He knew that he should be afraid, but all that fear he had been experiencing for so long seemed to wash away just like the purple ooze on his body that leaked out of the plates of Falchorite chitin that were growing underneath his skin. One of them… he was one of them… the thought continued to echo in his mind as he stood there in his shower.

The minutes passed and finally the automatic shut-off kicked in, leaving the human standing there completely still. He remained that way until he heard the bell to his door ring, causing the naked male to mechanically walk out of the bathroom and go to it. The second that he unlocked it the door slid open to reveal Scathe on the other side of it. Though to the outside world he looked like his uniformed self Grayson saw differently, the anthro anthropoid walking in and closing the door behind him quickly. In his eyes the other male almost looked comical with his bulky body stuffed into those clothes, their antennae twitching as they quickly did away with any garment that was between them.

The second that the two were naked they immediately began to rut with one another, Grayson taking the lead and getting on top of Lawrence. In the back of his mind he realized it was the exact same situation he had walked in on before, except when he thought back to that time he saw two buff, handsome insectile men copulating with one another. It was… beautiful, and he was about to experience the same as he took his ridged, rubbery purple member and began to push it into the hole of the male beneath him. Both creatures moaned as their bodies reacted to one another like live wires, the pleasure cascading through both their systems as Grayson succumbed to the corruption that had been instilled on him back down in the planet.

“We must save the rest of the hive,” Lawrence hissed, his mandibles clicking as his hole stretched over the cock being pushed into him. “You know what that means…”

“It means we must evolve,” Grayson replied, his vision betraying him and showing him and his lover as humans once more with his member between the cheeks of the other. It was an almost disgusting sight to him after what he had seen, just like when he thought of all those living in ignorance of their potential. “Then we must take over the ship… completely infest it so that we may spread…”

“It will not be easy,” Lawrence replied, both of them letting out a hiss of relief as their brief glimpse of reality was washed away to return them back to their preferred forms. “There are many on this ship and we do not have any biological means to transform anyone. If we were to get one of the biopods and corrupt it however we might find a means to return ourselves to our original forms.”

Just as Grayson was about to respond he groaned as his mind’s eye gave him an extra pair of arms sprouting out from his sides, which he immediately used to grip onto Lawrence’s sides and thrust into him even harder. “The biopods… will be locked down tight…” Grayson finally managed to say once he had gotten his mind above the lust that was clouding it. “But I have… another idea… that will allow us to create what we need…”

Once the two had finished, both of them orgasming deeply and cementing their corrupted selves into their minds, they got dressed as best they could before heading back out into the ship. Even though they saw themselves as the creatures they truly wished to be they knew in the back of their minds that they still were physically human, something they hoped to change fairly soon as they looked out into the hall before moving forward. They made a quick stop at Scathe’s room, Grayson seeing him as a creature just like them, and informed him of the plan that they had made. The third member of their hive nodded and agreed to it and together the three made their way to what would hopefully be the saving grace of their new species…

Part 6:

A few hours had passed after the three had split up, all of them assigned to their different tasks to get the materials they needed in order to pull off what they were thinking. Though the hour was late there was no stopping them, not after all three had given in to the corruptive instincts that had been imprinted onto them from the pods on the planet. Unfortunately in order to escape detection from the intensive screenings they had been given there hadn’t been a single piece of organic substance that had been integrated into them that could mutate them. But they wouldn’t have to get back down to the planet in order to get some, they couldn’t even if they wanted to, because protocol stated that a sample of the substance would be sealed away in their specimen vault for later study in the event they had to obliterate the area.

That was what practically called out to Grayson as he made his way through the corridors of the ship towards the science bay. With it being the technical night shift of the ship there were very few people about, most either being asleep or at their designated post during this hour. While that meant that he didn’t have to interact with people and hide the disgust he had for their soft, unevolved forms it also meant that he would need to find a different way to access the scientific wing. Even if he did have clearance to go in, which he didn’t, he still wouldn’t be able to walk out with the canister that contained the sample of alien material.

Of course he probably still had the easier task, Grayson thought to himself as he went to the control panel of the main door and looked around before popping open the casing. At the same moment he was breaking into the science wing Lawrence had to go down to engineering and pick up a container of liquidized Falchorite, something that was also guarded heavily given the valuable nature of the substance. If either one of them failed in their task that meant that they would probably be court marshalled… if they didn’t figure out the reason that they had done it in the first place. He suspected if they knew what he and the others were thinking at the moment they would probably give them a one-way ticket to join their hive before they destroyed the entire planet.

After a few minutes of fiddling with the wires inside Grayson managed to override the security system and head inside. It wasn’t exactly a tight operation, the only reason most of the ship had any checkpoints at all was to prevent people from wondering into the wrong section, and it hadn’t been the first time that he or someone of his squad had overridden a security lock to get somewhere. The only difference was instead of trying to get at the store of liquor that was reserved for officers he was attempting to start a revolution and save a species he had just recently become a part of. Once he was sure that he was alone, the science wing usually powered down during night operations to conserve energy, he made his way over towards the specimen contamination.

When he got to the locked vault he once more found that all the security measures were used in order to keep things in, not keep people out as he began to hack into the system to open it. As he watched the lines of code scroll by a small, nagging piece of humanity floated to the surface and reminded him him that he was about to betray everyone in order to do this. His friends, his crewmates, the captain… if he took the specimen from the vault he could never go back on his decision. Even if later he did decide that this was a bad idea they would know that someone had gotten into the vault to disturb the contents within, each sample on a pressure plate to help with monitoring it while also keeping track of how many times it had been taken out.

But this wasn’t betrayal, Grayson thought as his mind suddenly snapped back to its more alien thoughts. Once he had enacted the plan and evolved himself he would make sure that everyone else got the same gift they did. All metahumanity on this ship would be part of the hive, they would make sure of it. The only thing at this point he was uncertain of is if they could take the ship quick enough to save everyone down on the planet…

There was a small chirp and he looked down at his computer to see that the decoding process had finished, the thick metal door opening with a loud hiss and sliding back to reveal the contents within. Dozens of similar metal canisters sat on the shelves beyond it, but Grayson didn’t need to look up which one was the one he was looking for. He could feel the alien material reacting to his presence as he reached back and picked it up, the green circle that it had been resting on turning red once the container was removed. This was it, he thought to himself as he looked at the pressure plate he had just activated, there was no turning back now…

With no reasonable way to hide the container on his purpose Grayson merely moved with purpose like he was supposed to be transporting the item, though his exposure to others once more was minimal as he made his way to one of the storage bays. One thing that he could count as fortunate in being relegated to supply detail was he knew which room was rarely visited, the three able to conduct their business with little chance of being disturbed. When he opened the door and stepped inside he saw the other two already were there waiting for him. Since they were about to transform themselves the guise they had given themselves had lifted to reveal their human forms once more as they leaned against a secure cargo container.

“I see that you managed to secure your supplies,” Grayson said as he walked over and put the metal canister on top of it. “It appears fortune is on our side tonight.”

“For now,” Scathe stated as he looked around nervously. “If anyone sees what we make here before we’re finished then we’re all going to be exterminated without even a thought. I mean I’m still ready to do this, but I would be lying if I didn’t say that I would be nervous.”

“You are making the greatest sacrifice out of all of us,” Lawrence said as he began to decrypt the specimen container to open it. “Are we sure that we can’t just infest the medical bay?”

“Too risky,” Grayson said as he shook his head. “But from the inklings that I get from the hive we may still be able to make sure that Lawrence gets his fill… but that’s for later. Right now we have to start the process, and that happens when you get that container open.”

Lawrence just nodded and the other two watched as he finally managed to get the seal broken, wisps of vapor coming out as he slowly brought the cover up to reveal the contents within. To the untrained eye it might have looked like a vial of liquid Falchorite or mining waste, but as they shook the bottle slightly they saw the alien egg floating within. As the junior member of the team Scathe had volunteered to do the next part as he went up and broke the final seal on the lid of the jar. There was a moment of silence between the three part-humans as he hesitated for a few seconds before tipping the entire thing back and gulping down the contents.

All of them could feel an electric tingle as the human infected himself, swallowing the egg as well as the rest of the fluid before tossing the empty container aside. As they waited for the alien DNA to start assimilating him both Lawrence and Grayson pried the container open to reveal the contents within. The purple substance in this one was pure liquid Falchorite, which normally would be fed to the emergency dispersal system in the event of a neutron engine leak but now would facilitate the growth of their evolution. Even as they slid the open container over to the wall so that Scathe could rest against it they could see the changes already starting to happen to his body.

In preparation for his transformation Scathe had opted to get naked, which allowed the other two to watch as his stomach began to gurgle and swell. Even just a few minutes in it looked like most of the human’s insides had been shifted, his skin bulging and stretching unnaturally as he began to pant. As his belly continued to swell he grabbed onto the container of Falchorite and his fingers stretched into tentacles, turning a deep purple color as they dipped into their precious food source and began to cause the level of the liquid to lower. Though a couple of purple droplets escaped from the rapidly thickening cock of the creature most of it appeared to be staying right inside his body as the rest of his limbs began to deform and mutate.

Unlike most mutations Scythe’s body wasn’t about to turn into the anthropomorphic bug like most of them had the luxury of turning into, for the changing human he was becoming the very thing that would change the other two. With only one egg they needed him to change into something that produce the most powerful creature that their kind had yet to create, and that thing was a bio-chamber. Scythe let out a loud gurgle as his mutating body continued to drain the contents of the container, purple ooze beginning to coat the walls behind him as his arms and legs morphed into rapidly thickening tentacles that climbed over the metal room. As Grayson and Lawrence began to back away from the growing creatures their eyes were fixated on the tentacle cock that had continued to grow between his legs.

They were so distracted by it that neither of them noticed that the tongue of the hardly recognizable human head had also underwent a transformation into a giant purple tentacle until it pushed its tip over the head of Grayson and rolled down over his body. Lawrence jumped back slightly in surprise as he watched the other male get lifted up into the air, his feet kicking as the new bio-pod sucked him in with powerful rippling alien muscles. At the same time the cock tentacle of the creature caught up the other male, who fell onto the increasingly gooey purple floor as it wrapped around his legs twice before going down and enveloping him by the feet. There was no fight from the two, after the initial surprise and confusion they knew what was happening and was ready to embrace their own evolution as their bodies were drawn into the separate tubes.

It was the first time that two of them shared the same bio-pod, even down on the surface of the planet when they had converted the three medical biopods to conversion chambers they made sure to do it one at a time. As their bodies entered into the fluid-filled mass that had been Grayson’s rookie crewmate they could sense the reason why already. Together the two of them would be made into one powerful creature, one that could go out alone and conquer this entire ship by themselves if they needed to. They would become the one thing that the hive was lacking… a queen.

Incredible waves of pleasure washed over the two of them as Grayson could feel something solid between his legs, though the appendages were quickly losing their form as the human cells were completely bombarded by the alien virus mutating their DNA. He could feel what he thought might be the head of the other male sliding up his legs, the tentacles inside the pod maneuvering them around so that their bodies would knit together flawlessly. It appeared that their still expanding cohort knew exactly what they were going to turn into, the two leaving it in Scathe’s tentacles as Grayson felt something nuzzling against his rock-hard erection. Even amidst the massive mutations happening to their bodies Grayson felt the other creature begin to suck him off as his knees and shins merged into the shoulders and chest of the one beneath him…

For hours the pulsating pod of bright purple rubbery flesh stood dormant, only the occasional bump against the side or wiggle of one of the many tentacles that had grown across the wall indicating something was going on. As the night shift was about to end on the ship and day shift started to stir there was something else that was awakening, the wall of the biopod growing more and more translucent to reveal the creature within. The biopod itself began to shiver and quake before the thinning skin of the front opened, releasing a torrent of goo and the thing that it had created within it.

Grayson had been so lost in the bliss of pleasure that he hadn’t even been aware of what was happening to his body, especially as it felt like the former security officer had been blowing his cock the entire time. As he tried to reach out mentally to see where he was the creature realized that they were sharing their body like some of the others down at the mining site… but not quite in the same way. As the transformed male quickly attempted to get his bearings he could sense the consciousness of the other male coming to as well, except as Lawrence did so it caused a burst of pleasure to go through both bodies. If it weren’t for the set of mandibles that had pushed their way out of the blunted muzzle of Grayson’s lips he would have smiled as he watched his tentacle cock look around of its own accord, ready to turn others into creatures by drawing them into their shared abdomen and heavily infecting them...

With the mystery of where his fellow hivemate was solved Grayson took the time to look at himself, feeling power flowing through his bright purple rubber body as he flexed his powerful arms and watched the meaty muscle underneath bulge. His fingers had merged into three solid digits with claws on the end of them, though as he blinked with his three sets of eyes he could tell they were even more dexterous then his original human fingers, then continued to watch as a second set of hands entered into his field of vision from another pair of arms just below the first. The rest of his upper body had remained somewhat humanoid as well, two sets of plump purple pectorals controlled his new arms that lead down to an impressive eight pack that framed right above his huge sentient cock. The lower part of his body was not as spared, the heavily mutated lower half of him arranged in a tauric configuration framed by eight powerful shiny spider legs around a rather robust abdomen.

It was the body of an apex predator, Grayson thought to both himself and his new body companion as his already alien conditioned mind processed the changes that had happened to him. As he thought about all the metahumans that were on the ship waiting for them he could feel his fangs slide down past his lips, a single drop of translucent purple venom dripping from it that contained an extremely potent dose of the alien virus. He also had the ability to produce and lay vial eggs as well as spin Falchorite webbing. It was the most powerful creature that the hive had ever created and its sole purpose was to assimilate the Polaris before it could destroy the hive down on the planet.

As Grayson got used to moving on his new configuration of legs he felt the presence of another mind besides his own and Lawrence, feeling Scathe swimming around in his body as well. Since the biopod would remain stationary and had a high chance of being discovered and destroyed once they got started it appeared the alien virus had adapted to the circumstance. The newly created parasite was practically yearning to get a host and the new queen was more than happy to accommodate as he skittered towards the nearby wall. With their new form going out the door would not only immediately alert the entire crew of their presence but leave them boxed in should security respond… luckily for them they had another means to travel through the ship as Grayson took his webbing and began to place it against the steel wall.

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As day shift began to take the place of the skeleton crew they did their usual routine, trading notes and making sure that all the systems were up to day in their inspections. With the ship in standing orbit there wasn’t a whole lot of risk that might come to the engines and therefore it was more of a formality then anything. As long as they weren’t about to drop out of the sky towards the planet things were considered good as the new shift took the position of their bleary-eyed counterparts. The lead engineer for the Polaris was an alien creature named Garthak, the reptilian humanoid stretching his rather flexible neck to see all the readings on his station before looking over and doing a status check.

Everything appeared to be going as normal and Garthak was considering going to go and get himself another cup of coffee, a human drink he particularly enjoyed, when one of his crew asked for him to come over to his station. “Sir, I think that there might be a glitch in the monitoring system,” he said as he pointed to the section that measured neutron interference from the engines. “It says here that the levels of neutron radiation are at twelve percent and climbing, but we just installed new Falchorite plating that should be keeping it below five. Permission to do a system purge and reboot?”

A frown formed on the muzzle of the creature as he looked at the readings and saw them rising even while he stood there. It was impossible though… even if they had suffered a direct hit from a meteorite it wouldn’t cause enough damage to the shielding to cause that much of a spike. “Go ahead,” Garthak replied before going back up to his station and getting on the radio. “Commencing system reboot, please remain at your stations until everything is back online.”

Once everyone had called clear on their systems Garthak looked behind him and motioned for the human to initiate the reboot. For a few seconds almost the entire section went dark, every monitor and screen in the room going to black as they instructed their computer core to perform a scan and then come back on-line. Thanks to advances in quantum computing they only had to wait for about fifteen seconds, and when that time had come the lights flickered and all the screens came back to life. Before the alien could go over and ask how the readings looked however an alarm immediately starting going off that caused them all to look up in shock.

“Neutron readings are off the charts!” the one that had wanted the system reboot said as he looked at his screen in shock. “Auxillary engine rooms are completely flooded with neutron radiation!”

“We’re seeing shielding breaches in engine two!” another engineer shouted. “Engine three is about to crack in thirty seconds too!”

“Use the flooding system!” Garthak shouted. “Evacuate all personnel on any deck around that area and put up the secondary dampening systems! Then shut the engines down as soon as they go through their cycles, I’m not going to have this ship explode because someone who did our retrofit screwed something up!”

There was a chirp that came from the communication system, the voice of the captain coming over the speaker. “Engineering, this is bridge,” the captain stated. “We’ve got multiple code blue warnings in your section and see that you’re evacuating several decks. Report.”

“The Falchorite shielding has been breached on engines two and three,” Garthak said as he others around him scrambled to fulfill the orders that had been given to them. “So far the neutron radiation has only been in auxiliary decks that don’t have anyone in them, but we’re moving people away in case this goes any farther. We’ve deployed dampeners and are flooding the engine rooms with Falchorite foam, but we’re going to have to shut them down until we do a permanent fix.”

“Sir!” a sudden shout caused the reptilian creature to look up. “The flooding system isn’t working, the system says that the tanks are completely empty!”

“Empty?” Garthak said, his confusion quickly turning to anger as he started to shout. “How could they possibly be empty?! There’s over forty liters of Falchorite foam that could fill up half this ship if it was needed, how in all the stars of the galaxy is it reporting empty?!”

“I thought it might be another system malfunction,” the technician said, shaking slightly as he pointed to his screen. “So I had one of the maintenance crew in the area check the tanks and he said that somehow they’re bone dry. I don’t know how, but there’s nothing there…”

The reptilian alien just shook his head and waved his hands in the air to get everyone to stop what they were doing. “Plan continues on as normal without the foam,” he said, pointing to several on the station nearest to him. “Continue the evacuation and make sure that you expand the reach, without the foam every second we have those engines up the more the area gets flooded with radiation. Speaking of such how close are we to getting those engines shut down?”

“Sir, the breach happened in the middle of the cooldown cycle,” the engineer stated. “I can’t get the authorization to shut it down now because if I do so then the feedback could damage the couplers and we might not be able to get them online again for weeks.”

The reptile went down to the station where the engineer was at and punched in a sequence on the data pad next to him, which caused the buttons to slide away and reveal a bright red lever underneath. “Authorization for override granted,” Garthak said as he turned the lever, the entire ship shuddering as the engines went into forced shutdown mode. “Now get me every person that’s touched those engines in the last week and haul all their asses up here so we can figure out what happened and how we fix it. While you do that I’m going to go and get chewed out by the captain now.”

Down in the maintenance decks three humans that had been down there doing routine maintenance checks on the power flow relays suddenly found themselves running for their lives. Though the radiation hadn’t reached them yet they were told that every second counted in their escape, the two men on either side of the woman as she punched in the code to get them through the bulkhead. They were the last to get out, their section being the farthest from the evacuation zone, and such they not only were the closest to the lethal radiation leaking into the ship but also had to make sure that containment protocol was in place for each door that they passed through.

Since there was only room for one there was nothing for the other two to do but wait, looking behind them as though they could see the invisible force coming towards them. “You almost done with that?” the larger of the two guys asked while looking down at her. “I don’t feel like having my skin melting off anytime soon.”

“Relax ensign,” the woman shot back as she typed in the codes to activate the lockdown for this door. “If it really was that bad they would tell us to move faster, and with the dampening fields in place it’ll take an hour in order for it to get through here. Right now I just want to make sure that our lives aren’t made any harder when they leave it to us to decontaminate everything once they fix the problem.”

Half a minute later she announced her victory and the door slid open, the three going on the other side and closing it behind them before breathing a sigh of relief. “Six down,” the smaller guy said with a smirk as he pushed against the other guy. “Another, what, three dozen left to go?”

“Maybe four if we take the scenic route,” the female officer replied before they got moving to the next bulkhead to seal. The room they were in was merely an empty staging area, a place where they could load in equipment to check before they had to send it elsewhere on the ship to fix whatever problem might be ailing them. As she plugged in her computer to the next console it started beeping at her, something that caused her to let out a noise of confusion that caught the attention of the others.

“What’s wrong?” the ensign asked. “Won’t it let you connect?”

“No, it’s not that…” the female officer replied, typing in a few command lines onto the screen as the map on it zoomed to a different location. “It just registered that a door opened behind us that we had already locked down. It was in… sector two.”

“Sector two?” the male officer repeated. “But that area is already completely flooded with neutron radiation, there’s no way anything would be moving around in there. At least nothing that would be living for very long.”

The female officer started to nod, then looked down at the screen suddenly as it shifted again. “Another bulkhead just registered as being opened,” she said as she looked back at the door that they had just gone through. “Whatever it is it’s coming down the same path as us.”

“How is it opening the doors?” the ensign asked, all their eyes glued to the screen as the dot that represented the unknown person or creature continuing to move towards their position. “I thought they were all locked down!”

“Yeah, to prevent people from coming into an area contaminated with radiation!” the female officer said. “They wanted to have the bulkheads be able to be opened on the inside in case anyone was working on the source of the problem and needed to escape in a hurry. Whatever it is will be coming right for us, and it’ll be getting here real soon…”

The three of them backed up against the door as they could hear the ones that were further down the hallway opening and closing. Though the computer had no way of identifying what was coming in their direction and though they could just keep running through the doors all of them were frozen there by a mixture of intrigue and fear. As the dot reached the door that was separating them from the entity they all closed their eyes and braced themselves…

Only to find that as the door opened nothing came rushing at them. The three waited there for about a minute before they found themselves no longer tensing up, all of them staring at the door in question before the female officer started laughing. “Must have been some sort of echo that the monitoring computer had,” she said as the others breathed a sigh of relief. “Looks like its stuck on the last door, I’m going to go and reset the system again, should only take a minute or so.”

The other two guys looked at one another and started joking how they were going to need new containment suits as they watched the officer go over to the bulkhead to secure it once more. That jubilation quickly turned to horror however as the second she crossed over to the other side her entire body was lifted up into the air, prompting the two to run over and help her. As the male officer shouted to see what was wrong while they ran over they saw her quickly drop down once more, the woman holding her neck and stumbling into the room towards them. Their advancement towards her was quickly stopped as a purple, six-eyed head lowered down into sight from the ceiling, its fangs glistening in the light as the very large creature moved with unnatural agility into the room.

The ensign let out a scream of terror as the spider-taur passed the female officer and practically pounced on him, the male officer falling back to the side as those eight legs wrapped around the bigger male’s body. As the ensign continued to struggle and scream the male officer looked back at the other crewmate and decided to grab her instead, trying to stay out of the creature’s vision as a large purple tentacle rose up from its underside. Though the ensign continued to shout for them not to leave him there the male officer grabbed the one that wasn’t completely trapped and that also had the maintenance key and practically dragged her over to the bulkhead.

Though she appeared delirious with the help of the other officer she managed to plug in the key and get the code to open the door, still hearing the male behind them shout. Though he didn’t want to the male officer looked back and felt all the blood drain from his face as the ensign as completely enveloped from the waist down in the tube-like appendage of the shiny purple creature, the arms of the upper half of its body weaving purple strands around his face to shut him up. His brain couldn’t believe his eyes… yet he somehow knew that this thing was swallowing up the ensign in its cock! He quickly turned back and prompted the female officer to hurry, not wanting that to be their fate either as he could see the outline of the human in the throbbing purple flesh as it pulled him in.

Suddenly he heard a beep and the female officer said that she got it, the male officer taking her and pushing them both through the door before closing it on the other side. The second that he got through he took the computer and plugged it into the door, changing the contamination lock down to a security one before breathing a sigh of relief. “We… we made it…” he said. “We have to go and tell the others, if this thing is what caused the breaches then we have a very… serious… problem…”

As the male officer had been talking he had turned around to look at the woman, and for the first time saw the two puncture marks on her neck and the throbbing purple veins that were quickly spreading over her skin. “I feel… very…” she paused for a moment and let out a slight grunt as her eye teeth began to elongate, becoming fangs as she looked over at the frightened man with purple-tinted eyes. “Strange…”

Part 7:

Back in the main engineering bay a holographic map was displayed predominantly in the room, all of those responsible for making sure that the Polaris remained in one piece standing there and looking at it. In attendance was also the Captain, his face furrowed in deep concentration as he looked over the briefing while Garthak talked. “As you can see we managed to keep the neutron radiation at bay for now,” he said as he motioned to the areas of the ship that were highlighted in an angry red color. “Unfortunately due to several major complications in the failsafe systems we lost twelve sectors including a crucial engine one that will initiate the firing of the engines.”

“Casualties?” another human asked after raising his hand.

“Initially we thought that it was zero,” Garthak said with a small sigh. “We had caught the engine breach early enough that we could activate the dampening field and get everyone to safety, but so far it appears that six crew members have not checked-in after their call. Right now we’re doing a ship-wide roll call to see if they didn’t happen to be somewhere else but right now we have to presume that they were somehow killed when the neutron radiation spilled into the occupied compartments that were supposed to be evacuated.”

“Anyway, until we can get the radiation leak under control we’re not going to be able to fire up the engines again,” Garthak continued explaining. “While they’re in cooldown we’re flushing the entire section of the ship to reduce the radiation, then once the readings are safe enough for us to go in with suits we will be sending a team that will include myself to try and install Falchorite patches onto the areas where the engines have been breached. Hopefully we can get them into place and cycle the engines long enough for us to get to the nearest colony with a spaceport so we can make repairs.”

After a little more technical talk Garthak announced the meeting was adjured and everyone began to go to their assigned tasks, the captain standing up and motioning for the reptilian alien creature to follow him back to his office. The engineer did so and once they were inside Daniel closed the door and activated the sound dampeners. “I hope you don’t mind me taking you away from your duties,” the captain said as he went and grabbed them both drinks, setting one of the hot mugs down in front of the engineer. “But there’s been a few things bothering me about all this and I thought I could pick your brain for a moment about the problem.”

“Of course Captain,” Garthak stated as he took the beverage. “Two heads are better then one I always say, what do you need? Is it about the engine leaks?”

“It’s about a lot of strange things that have been happening as of late,” Daniel replied as he sat down, sliding the report over towards the alien. “I took the opportunity to reread the case report submitted by Alpha team after their insertion into the mining facility and also the witness statements from the three survivors. These creatures that the miners turned into, their alien physiology was covered in shiny purple plates and were impervious not only to standard weapons fire but also energy ones as well.”

“Tough buggers,” Garthak stated as he flipped through the electronic pages.

“Very tough,” Daniel replied. “Also interesting that they happened to be found in a Falchorite mine right as reports that were downloaded from the base said they had hit the main vein. It made me start to wonder, with the way that those aliens looked, their resistance to energy weapons, and now the problems happening with our engines…”

There was a moment of pause as the Captain watched the look of recognition on Garthak’s face, his muzzle twisting from realization to sheer bewilderment as he considered the same possibility that he had come to earlier. “You think these creatures… consume Falchorite, and then somehow integrate it into their bodies?” the engineer asked, the captain merely shrugging. “But if that’s true, then that means you also think that they are somehow the cause for our engine problems?”

Though the Captain didn’t want to outright say it that was exactly what he was thinking. Ever since they had taken up orbit over this accursed planet things didn’t feel right, especially when they had to go down and glass the entire facility. But the Triple Take was essentially a neutron bomb, and if these creatures were made of Falchorite that meant that they might still be down there on the surface somehow surviving. They had other means to destroy them, including a planet cracker he had wanted to use initially but was told not to because it would destroy the minerals, but it also meant that somehow it had gotten onto the ship as well.

After a few minutes of the two attempting to figure out how something from the planet managed to get up to the Polaris the intercom dinged and Daniel answered it. “Sir, you wanted us to give you the results of the roll call as soon as they were finished,” the voice on the other end of the line answered. “We can confirm that the six missing maintenance personnel are indeed not able to be reached… but there’s something else too. We’re missing three others that aren’t part of the engineering department at all.”

“Let me guess…” Daniel said as he looked up into the shocked eyes of the alien. “It’s Grayson, Lawrence, and Scathe. Am I right?”

“Um… yes, sir,” the voice said. “How did you know that?”

“Get security personnel down to the medical bay,” Daniel said immediately. “Get every physician that touched the debrief and health check of those three when they came back to the ship. I also want Alpha team to head down there as well for a full scan, as well as anyone that would have helped with the decontamination process. You have twenty minutes until I get there, so I suggest you hurry.”

The other voice on the line clearly sounded nervous despite himself as he gave a yes sir before the line went dead, Daniel and Garthak standing up at the same time. “I’m going down to engineering,” Garthak replied. “If there was some sort of alien contaminant the decon crew is going to need to know that, perhaps even need an armed escort.”

The Captain told the head engineer to keep in contact with him if anything should change about the engine situation before the two of them left the office, Daniel heading down towards medical while Garthak went towards the back of the ship in engineering. This entire situation was making Daniel’s head spin as he rode the lift down, still trying to figure out how this could have possibly happened. He hoped that medical would have some answers waiting for him when he arrived, the man stepping off as soon as the doors opened.

What Daniel found inside the wing however was chaos. Not only was the alpha team and the decontamination crew there but also what appeared to be at least two dozen other crew members. When he managed to flag down one of the doctors and asked what was going on he said that someone had stupidly mentioned that an alien virus had gotten on board the ship and was turning people into monsters, prompting anyone who had heard it to race down here to get checked. He gritted his teeth and went up to one of the nearby chairs, whistling to get everyone’s attention. As soon as people noticed that it was the Captain of the Polaris they immediately stopped what they were doing and looked up at him.

“Unless you a member of alpha team and the decontamination unit assigned to most recent mission I’m going to ask you to leave now!” Daniel shouted. “We have an urgent matter to take care of and overloading the medical team isn’t going to help us at all. I can assure you that no one is in danger of turning into anything, so please go back to your assigned posts and help us with this problem by doing your jobs.”

That seemed to speak to most people, those that weren’t specifically called out by the captain muttering and whispering to one another as they filed out. With the bulk of the people gone they were left with the half a dozen alpha team members and the decon crew, the doctors immediately going to work examining them while Daniel got the attention of the lead physician. “No doubt you already heard about our missing person problem Dr. Zac,” he said, the doctor, who was a mix of human, canine, and avian features, nodding. “I need every piece of data you scrapped together during their quarantine, if they so much as sneezed I want it compiled into a report immediately.”

“Yes Captain,” the doctor replied. “I am very interested to look as well. As the overseer of that project I can assure you that the testing we did on them was extensive to say the least, if any of these bugs or parasites was hiding in them they would have had to escape everything from a full electron scan to molecular screening.”

The Captain just nodded and told him to bring the results to the doctor’s office, setting up a work station so they could review all the results. Even though Daniel had faith in his team that they wouldn’t have missed something like a parasite riding on the survivors or even a change in their body chemistry something had just eaten a hole in one of their engines. While it was possible that maybe using the ordinance on the planet possibly blew something back into space the thought that something could survive the blast, the vacuum of space, and then somehow manage to land on their engine was more farfetched then the medical staff missing something. Plus there was the fact that the three they had brought aboard couldn’t be found anywhere, prompting a ship-wide sweep save for the areas that were effected by the neutron radiation.

After a few minutes Dr. Zac had come back and started typing things into the projection screen, which caused screen after screen of data piled up onto it. The doctor wasn’t kidding when he said they were through, Daniel thought to himself as he saw stacks of reports come up on the screen. When he asked if this was everything for the week the alien creature chuckled and stated this was only the first day and that they could get started on this while the rest of it downloaded in the background. With nothing clear that they were looking for the thoroughness of the medical department turned from boon to bane as both had no idea where to begin to look for an anomaly that the computer and the testing physician would have missed.

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Meanwhile a security guard opened the door and left one of the storage rooms, rolling his eyes as he checked off another section cleared on the list that he had gotten. He and his partner had been assigned secondary storage to try and find the three missing crew and despite the initial excitement to find them the tedium of going from room to room was starting to wear on him. Though they were supposed to be looking while in pairs they had decided to split up and cover more ground, checking through their list at twice the speed. It was working well for them so far, the two soon would be able to go on break after this while everyone else continued their checks, but as the minutes passed and his fellow security guard didn’t come out of his room he began to get concerned.

“Security two-one to security four-six please respond,” he called out on the radio, keeping up their callsigns even though the channel was a private one that only they were on. “Security two-one to security four-six, you are over time currently, please respond with your current situation.” For another minute he waited, only hearing dead air on the line as he gritted his teeth. “Jax, pick up your damn radio and talk to me, you should have been down with that room ten minutes ago!”

Once more there was nothing but silence and the annoyance that he had to wait was soon replaced with the fear that something had happened to him. Though his first thought was to call it in then he would have to explain why he wasn’t aware of what was happening with his partner and would probably get written up for it, plus it would take at least a few minutes for anyone else to get down there and whatever situation was happening might get worse. At the very least he could go in and check it out before he called for back-up, the security guard thought to himself as he flashed his keycard to open the door and looked inside. When he first looked inside he initially thought all the lights were off, but when he flicked them on and off he realized that only the ones directly above him seemed to be working.

Not a good start… the guard thought to himself as he raised his weapon and slowly walked inside. Even though the head of security had told them this was merely a search mission and that no harm was to come to the three missing crew they had still armed them with energy shotguns that had the potential to be fatal at close range. They were normally used in the case of a breach or invasion by another ship, which only fed into the rumors they had been hearing about alien creatures trying to eat their brains or lay eggs in them. As the security guard continued forward he remembered thinking how foolish that thought was back when he heard it, only to have the mere idea cause his heart to pound in his chest now as he ventured inside.

The darkness that had enveloped most of the room only grew more as he heard the door close behind him, leaving the security guard with only the few lights directly above it to light the area. The way the store room was set up however he was quickly going to get plunged into the shadows, taking out his flashlight and shining it down the rows of bulky supplies. He continued to shout the name of his friend, only to receive nothing but the echoes of his own voice coming back to him. When he still hadn’t received any sort of confirmation from his partner he mustered up as much courage as he could and made his way down towards the back of the room.

About two-thirds of the way down he still hadn’t seen his partner, but he also hadn’t noticed anything that was amiss either. He had decided to hug the wall that was the same side as the door in case he had to make a hasty getaway but all he had seen so far were spare ship parts. When he moved in and went up a row however he heard something wet beneath his shoes and shined the beam of light down into the floor. It looked like some sort of purple liquid had been dumped all over the floor, the surface ripping as he took the boot he had accidently stepped into it and lifted it up. Nothing in this room was supposed to have any sort of fluid in it, the room mostly for dry storage of parts, and as he went to the next aisle over he found the mysterious substance there too.

About halfway down the aisles when he started to see something else besides the purple liquid, which had started to thicken into more of an ooze consistency, laying in the liquid. It was hard to see from the distance he was at but from the light of his flashlight he could see it was a similar purple color to the liquid on the ground. Even though the last thing he wanted to do was go and investigate what could have made such a thing he had to check it out, especially with his partner still missing and not a lot of space left. The sound of splashing was soon replaced with a stickier one as he trained his gun on the strange thing, which as he got closer was looking more and more like a tentacle.

When he got to the corner instead of just going around it the security guard peeked his head around to the other side, his eyes going wide at what he saw. It looked like a giant deflated purple balloon surrounded by thick vines, all of it having an unnaturally rubbery appearance as the purple goo oozed out of the front of it. “Fuck this,” the security guard whispered to himself as he turned back around. “Jax is on his own.”

Just as he turned to leave he saw something blocking his way, the creature lunging at him as soon as he made eye contact with it. There was a loud bang as the shotgun went off, but the insectile anthro had already grabbed the gun and aimed it away from him. Even if it had hit it probably wouldn’t have done any damage to it, seeing the heavy purple plates that were on its chest and arms. As the panicking guard attempted to try and get away he suddenly found himself getting drenched in similarly-colored slime, smoke rising up from his clothing as it was quickly eaten away before being absorbed into his skin. The guard went from fearful to delirious as the virus soaked into him, quickly altering his genetic code as he began to feel his own flesh starting to harden.

The fight was quickly leeched out of the security guard as the one that was known as Jax before his mutation he felt himself fall down to his knees. As the goo that was around his legs began to get sucked up by his skin he saw that the transforming human looked incredibly… top heavy, like his chest and arms were that of a bodybuilder while his legs were the same humanoid shape that they were before with some of his security guard uniform still clinging on to it. As the alien DNA began to seep into his mind and corrupted his synapses he realized why, his gaze looking over to the completely deflated pod that was in the corner. With nothing powering it the pod had little life left, though it was enough to pull in Jax and transform him about halfway before finally losing its last semblance of life and shutting down completely.

This had left Jax incomplete, but thankfully for the changing creature there was another way that he could get the organic material that he needed to finish off his body. The pod had been programmed to merge the two original creatures that were intended for it to be a queen of the hive, and though this new insectoid anthro creature couldn’t hope to reach such heights it still had the capability to merge. Already he had had found a suitable second, though in reality any organic tissue would have done, and since the security guard kneeling before him wasn’t too bright it was easy enough to subdue. As the specialized fluid they excrete quickly ate away at the clothing and armor of the other male it had exposed the other human had already begun to change.

Jax wasted no time and pushed the head of the human forward, stretching open his maw and feeding his tool down into his throat. Already the arms of the other security guard had started to merge the second they touched the half-formed legs of the alien species, the purple skin melting and knitting together in order to make them more powerful. Like their queen they would be adopting a quadrupedal stance and Jax could feel the consciousness of the male that was quickly deepthroating his cock flowing into him just like his altered cells where. Soon the growing insects took their somewhat awkward legs, still misshapen slightly by their transformation, and began to move forward with his clawed, segmented hands still tight on the human’s head. As the instincts of the male took over he thrusted his own cock deeper down into the throat squeezing against it, though that wouldn’t last long as the face of the security guard was pushed into the groin to the point where it merged.

At the same time as that head was disappearing the shoulders of the alien creature were expanding, making room for the growing lump of shiny purple flesh that was growing out of them as the increasingly inhuman body between their legs began to fill with muscle. The lump continued to grow until a second head similar to the one that it had pushed to the side grew out, everything from the antennae to the mandibles and even the two sets of eyes grew from the copy. Though it would provide a home for the psyche of the other guard since his body had become the hindquarters of their shared form as more segmented plates grew out over their body Jax could continue to remain the dominant force. That didn’t meant that they couldn’t have their fun, the rapidly enlarging cock of the security guard throbbing between their legs as Jax gave his new head a kiss…

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Dr. Zac and the captain continued to pour over the files in the medical bay as they continued to wait for the engineering team to get the engines back on-line. There was still nothing that had given them any clue on how this potential infection could have gotten on board, true to the researcher’s word they had thrown everything at the three but an autopsy and they passed with flying colors. With nothing in their biology to indicate that there was something wrong Daniel began to think it was possible that something else might have happened. There SPIKE shuttles had been decontaminated, the suits that alpha team wore as well, so what could have possibly gotten on board the ship that might have caused this?

Daniel was just about to have a sip of his coffee when he got an epiphany, one that he couldn’t believe that he hadn’t realized before. He patted the doctor on the shoulder and continued to tell him to keep looking for anything unusual and to expand his search to their mental health records. When Dr. Zac asked where he was going the captain told him that there was specimen of alien material on board that they had walked right through the airlock, one that caused the other creature to pause on before his eyes widened. Though the doctor said something else Daniel didn’t hear it as he was already out the door putting in a call to the bridge in order to have the science staff meet him in the research wing.

In only the matter of minutes everyone that had any involvement in the research wing of the ship were there at the door when the captain came in, the first question out of his lips was where the alien sample was. “Sir, you know we don’t get to even look at it once it goes into the vault.” A reptilian alien said as he blinked with his two sets of eyes. “Proper protocol dictates that-“

“These aliens don’t exactly have our same adherence to the rules that we do,” Daniel replied dryly as he went to the door and put in his master code to unlock it. “Go in there and tell me that the alien sample hasn’t broken out of containment and has started eating the brains of my crew. And if it is out there eating the brains of my crew I want to know exactly what it’s capable of.”

As the scientists all rushed into the wing Daniel was still kicking himself that he didn’t have a parapsychological panel done on the sample itself… though it is something that is only required if the aliens involved exhibit some sort of psychic phenomenon. After the reports that he had been given he thought that this alien virus had just mutated his crew and the miners on the planet into mindless monsters, an underestimation that may have cost them dearly. It didn’t take long for his theory to be proven too as they brought up the inventory logs and saw that the sample in question had been taken out of its case. A missing alien sample, three crew members gone, and a bunch of holes in the Falchorite plating of his engines… the captain could feel himself start to sweat despite himself at how dire the situation was that unfolded in front of him.

Just when he thought that things couldn’t get any worse the lights in the science wing flickered, the captain and the scientists looking up as the white lights that lined the metal walls suddenly turned to a deep crimson hue. “Bridge, report,” Captain Daniel said as he activated the intercom. “Why have we gone to red alert?”

“Crew have reported multiple breaches coming from the storage section of the ship,” the first mate replied. “Multiple injuries reported before security was able to beat them back.”

“We’ve been infested,” Daniel replied simply, hearing the sounds of gasps all around him. “Quarantine those that have been injured and seal off all affected decks; no one is to move in or out of that area unless I give the word. How many were reported that attacked the other crew members?”

“Just one sir,” the first mate replied. “Security is currently taking the infected crew to the quarantine section of the ship but they’re already reporting that the virus is starting to change them.”

“Nothing we can do about that,” Captain Daniel replied. “I’m going to be heading my way back up to the bridge now to take direct command, until I do make sure all affected decks are completely sealed and protect all vital areas of the ship.” As he was about to leave he realized something else and reactivated the communication link. “I also need you to get in touch with engineering and pull out the team that’s going in to try and fix the engines, with all this evidence it’s clear these bugs mean to try and take over the entire ship and engineering would be a good start for them.”

Daniel couldn’t help but shake his head as his mind began to spin with the possible plans that he could enact in order to restore order on his ship. An alien infection that had brought down an entire mining facility on the planet was on the Polaris, and other then a few select weapons that they couldn’t even risk firing on the ship itself they didn’t know how to beat it. Not to mention the reports that the neutron radiation was still extremely high in the engine rooms so they couldn’t even make a hyperjump to try and get help at some space station. As his thoughts turned to arriving at one of them his hurried steps towards the bridge suddenly stopped dead.

The captain had heard tales before of what they called plague ships, space freighters that harbored some sort of illness or other contagion on board that they knew nothing about. Most times the federation wouldn’t even allow such ships to dock until they could get a grasp of what was going on, leaving the entire crew to slowly parish until it was nothing but a ghost ship. For cases like this they would probably just blow up their vessel instead of risking something as virulent and hard to eradicate as these alien creatures spreading any further. Though it sickened him to think of it he realized he had to start thinking of the possibility that none of them were getting off of this ship alive as he restarted his journey back towards the bridge.

When he got there he saw it busier then ever, the red hue of the lights continuing to flash as reports were coming in all over the ship of the statue of areas. He could see his second in command trying her best to keep tabs on what was happening until her eyes saw him walk through the door. “Captain on the bridge!” she announced, the others giving a quick salute before going back to their tasks as the first mate went up to him. “Thank the stars that you’re here Daniel, things have gotten into an absolute frenzy ever since we initiated the code red.”

“We may be in a little more trouble then just a few people getting scared,” the captain replied with a small sigh as they went back over to their command stations. “Did you manage to get a hold of Garthak to call back the teams?”

“That’s one of the biggest problems we have right now,” the first mate replied. “When you told us to contact engineering we immediately did so and found out that Garthak had already taken a team in with the Falchorite patches to try and repair the engines. They’re trying to get a hold of them now but with all the neutron radiation in the that area hailing them on comms is next to impossible.”

“Well get them to redouble their efforts, “ Captain Daniel said. “I think they might be walking right into an ambush…”

Part 8:

It had been almost half an hour since the neutron radiation in the aft section of the ship was low enough for a team to be sent in, Garthak in his special made special for him leading the way while half a dozen humans followed behind him holding several very large, shiny purple panels between them. The Falchorite patches were designed to stretch and completely cover any hole that might have formed in the plating that covered the neutron engines as a last resort. The lead engineer still couldn’t believe that they were in a position to have to use them as he put in his passcode and opened the containment seal to get into the first of the three huge neutron engine relays. While most of the engine stuck out of the back of the ship, the radiation it expended drifting off harmlessly into space to mingle with the rest of the cosmic rays, it was the parts that needed to still be inside the ship that were their target.

“Would you look at that,” one of the crew said as they all looked down at the rather large room that housed the primary casing and saw that a huge hole had been eaten out of the wall of the engine to the point where they could see the mechanisms underneath. “If that was still going, we’d all be toast right now, is one patch really going to do it sir?”

“If we can’t then I’m going to have to explain to the captain how we managed to break a multi-trillion credit ship,” Garthak replied. “In any case we’re not going to do anything standing up here and gawking, everyone be very careful and lets see about getting at least one engine back on-line. I don’t think I have to remind you what would happen if you ripped one of those suits…”

The others looked at one another and though it was hard to see their faces with the tinted visors covering their faces they all knew they were giving each other worried glances. In the intensity of the radiation that was around them they would likely liquidate before they could even get back to the door. That note of caution was translated into them very slowly walking down the stairs towards the engine room. Even with the protection of the suits they could all feel very warm as they got down towards the floor of the room.

Once they got to the bottom of the floor Garthak instructed them to start work on the patch while he attempted to get communications back up with engineering. With all the radiation their comms were essentially useless, which was why all systems had an emergency relay that was hardwired through the ship in case such a thing could happen. As the reptilian alien creature went into the separate room he failed to notice that something had been lurking in the shadows watching him until it skittered off with his approach. When he got inside the control room though he looked around suspiciously, as though he could feel that something was off before he shrugged his shoulders and got to work.

Meanwhile one of the engineers that was working on the patch realized that they were missing one of the tools needed to get a proper seal, which fortunately was in the actual engine bay so that he didn’t need to go all the way back to get. While the others continued to put the seal into place he went over to the storage room off to the side and opened up the tool section. As he went inside however he saw something that had caused him to pause. Various tools were scattered all over the place, causing quite the mess as he carefully stepped over them in order to get to the sealer on the other side of the room.

The second the door closed behind him however he felt something pierce into his shoulder, the engineer gasping in his suit as something clearly had bypassed the protective layer and pushed its way into his body. At first he thought that some sort of tool had fallen and stabbed him, but not only did he not feel any pain from the insertion but he wasn’t melting from the radiation that should have been flooding into his suit. Whatever it was the emergency seals of his suit had activated to form around the intrusion, so it must have still been inside of him as his mind raced to think of what to do next.

All those thoughts quickly evaporating from his mind however as the thing inside of him felt like it was… pumping something into his body. The sensation was incredibly surreal… but also quickly becoming intensely pleasurable as he fell to his knees. His entire body quivered as whatever was injected into his body quickly made the rounds in his system, at first just liquid until he could feel something clearly more substantial getting pushed into him. As he fell on all fours and began to rock back and forth a shadow seemed to start looming over him and he could hear the sound of chittering above his prone form…

Then, suddenly, it was gone. The engineer gasped as the sensation of being practically impaled was completely vacant, like it had never happened as he found himself able to stand up once more. When he looked around he saw nothing but the scattered tools as he continued to breathe heavily in his chest. Likewise there was no more weight or pressure on his back and for a second he wondered if he had just had some sort of hallucination caused by the intense neutron radiation, though he quickly shook that off as being improbable. One thing he failed to notice was that inside his suit his cock was throbbing wildly, his hand instinctively going down to adjust it as he grabbed the sealer and walked back out of the tool chest.

“There you are!” one of the others said as he returned with the tool, handing it over to the one who was keeping the seal held down with his knee. “We thought you had gone off and died on us.”

“I was just getting the sealer,” the flustered engineer said, feeling sweat forming on his brow despite the environmental controls of the suit. “Why didn’t you call me if you were so worried?”

“You know that comms don’t work for shit while in irradiated areas like this,” the other one said as he began to get back to work. “Practically have to be sitting on their head to talk like we are now, so next time you go off to have a wank or something make sure you at least tell us so we don’t have to get a search party ready. Honestly, I swear that you all-“

A sudden scream over the comms suddenly turned everyone’s attention to the one that had made it, and when they looked at where they were pointing they immediately saw why they had made such a noise. A giant purple creature was crawling on the wall of the engine bay coming towards them, its mandibles clicking together as the multi-limbed humanoid creature came towards them. The engineer on the engine dropped the sealer and shouted for them all to run towards the control room. They all immediately began to scramble for where their lead engineer was as the creature leapt from the wall and pounced on one of them to bring them to the ground.

Soon others quickly began to enter into the room as well as the remaining four piled in, another one getting grabbed by a thick strand of purple webbing like a lasso and being pulled up into the air. The others managed to make it just as the swarm of transformed crew bore down on them, Garthak looking up as the door opened suddenly and the remaining engineering team got inside. As the reptilian alien looked up in surprise the other engineer closed the door just in time to prevent the pincer of one of the bug creatures from getting yet another member of their team, leaving the three of them panting as Garthak demanded a status report.

“It’s those… bug creatures…” one of the engineers said as the other two grabbed nearby chairs and sat down. “They’re on… the ship…”

“By the gods,” Garthak said, the four of them jumping when they heard a loud bang against the door. “Well, we should be safe in here while the bulkheads are still active, they’re made to withstand the vacuum of space they should be fine against those creatures. You three just sit tight and I’m going to get the captain… he’ll know what to do.”

Garthak immediately went back to the control panel and more frantically attempted to get communications going, though he was having trouble getting a connection. Had those alien bugs somehow managed to sabotage the system and make it so that they couldn’t call for help? The mere thought of it caused a pit to form in the stomach of the reptilian creature as he continued to cycle through the channels, hoping that one would connect. There were dozens of redundancies that he knew of to get to the bridge, all he had to do was find one…

Meanwhile the other engineers could only watch their boss work, one of them continuing to pace while the other two remained seated. They had no idea what happened to those that were still outside but they knew that they were probably gone, either killed by the creatures, the neutron radiation, or transformed. Though none of them were completely briefed on the situation that had happened down in the mining planet they knew enough that it caused them to be terrified of what was going to happen to them if those creatures got in. After going over to offer Garthak his assistance the one that had bene in charge of sealing the engines came back to find that one of the other two was practically rocking in their seats.

“What’s wrong with him?” he asked, the other engineer shrugging her shoulders.

“He just started to do this a few seconds ago,” the other engineer explained. “One minute he was talking fine and now I can hardly get him to speak.”

“Well we need to snap him out of it,” the first engineer said as he went down to one knee to try and look the other male in the eye even with their tinted helmets. “Hey, buddy, I know it’s scary but we need you to pull through on this, alright? We may have to run soon and we can’t do that if you’re catatonic.”

There was a moment of pause between the other two as they waited for the engineer to say something, which didn’t look like it was going to happen until they suddenly heard his voice say something softly over the comms. “We… aren’t going to get out of here…” the engineer stated as he continued to rock back and forth. “They won’t let us leave.”

“Don’t say that,” the other engineer said. “Once they get security teams in place they’ll come and get us.”

“You don’t understand!” the one between the two said quite suddenly and explosively, standing up on his feet as he put his hands to his helmet. “They already know that we can’t escape, the ship is theirs now. The only thing we can do is join them…”

“Uh… Garthak,” the other male engineer said as he got to his feet, looking over at their boss still working. “Need your help over here.”

But despite their close distance it appeared that they were still too far away for the comms to cut through the interference as they watched the raving crewmate start to walk towards the door. “I can hear them…” he said softly once more, the two looking at one another as he started to drift towards the door. “They’re in my head, they’re telling me that you need to join them. They can show us the glory of the hive if we just let them in…”

When the other two realized what the other engineer was about to do they scrambled to their feet, but it was too late. The infected engineer’s gloves, which had started to bloat the second he got to his feet, popped to reveal thick-clawed, merged purple digits that pushed the door release mechanism. Even Garthak looked up in surprise when he heard the door open, and almost immediately one of the bug creatures that had been lying in wait barged passed the infected crewmate and went after another one. When the female engineer went to try and help she was suddenly grabbed from behind by the mutating human, whose suit ripped once more as spikes sprouted from the chitin chest plate and pushed out of his suit and into hers to pump it full of thick purple alien goo.

Garthak found himself frozen in pure terror as the aliens and the corrupted engineer quickly started to transform the others, first coating their bodies in the protective Falchorite so that the neutron radiation didn’t outright kill them while they were changing. The reptilian alien began to back away just as he heard a voice over his commlink, and though his mind processed that it was someone that he had been attempting to reach all this time it mattered very little as a huge dark purple spider-taur came over to him. Its humanoid upper body flexed its muscles as it came over towards him as Garthak found himself practically cowering in the corner. He was not a warrior or any sort of fighter, but he was a brilliant engineer… which was why the creature coming at him had not merely pounced.

“Garthak…” the creature’s voice rumbled, the reptilian creature gasping slightly as the alien said his name. “Submit to us… willingly… and you will be uplifted to a leader of the hive. With your… intelligence… we will be… unstoppable…”

At this point it was clear exactly how the creature expected him to submit as the thick purple cock of the creature pointed straight at his prone form. With his back against the wall and already seeing that the other three had begun to become heavily mutated it was clear that there was only two choices for him, either to submit to this creature’s demands and become one of them, or to try and resist and become one of them anyway. Even if being transformed wasn’t on the table all it would take was one good slice from those wicked looking claws and he would be turned into a puddle of goo. In the end there wasn’t much he could do but nod, watching as the creature did the same and put his hands on the respirator valves that connected to his radiation suit.

There was a slight change of pressure as something began to flood into the tubes that normally held the precious oxygen that he needed to live, and it wasn’t long before his muzzle was suddenly coated with the thick purple ooze that seemed to leak from the bodies of those that had been converted. It had taken him by such surprise that he nearly choked on it, sputtering as it started to fill his helmet and quickly trickle down into his suit. While it wasn’t normally considered too toxic Falchorite wasn’t something that one wanted on their skin, but with the addition of the alien virus in it instead of causing internal problems it already started to shift his insides from accidently swallowing it. As his suit continued to fill he could feel it clinging to every inch of him as the creature showed no signs of slowing it down.

Just when the material of his radiation suit began to flood with the excess ooze being pumped into it the creature stopped, then took his clawed hands and ripped the hoses off of his helmet completely and exposed his muzzle. There was a moment of pure terror as he was exposed to the neutron radiation within the engine room, but with the altered Falchorite coating him inside and out it appeared that he had gained the same resistances as the others in the room. But the insectile taur wasn’t even close to finished with him just yet, the prehensile cock immediately snaking up and taking advantage of the opening in the helmet to spread open the lips of the reptilian creature. There was a momentary gasp followed by a gurgle as Garthak’s jaw was spread open, the helmet cracking and splitting even more as the cock took advantage of the already altered physiology and pushed its way down the reptile’s throat.

The alien virus had already eliminated Garthak’s gag reflex completely, which allowed him to not only swallow the torrent of purple alien cum but also something else that was with it. At first he thought it might have been some sort of egg, but as it got to his filled stomach he could feel it… moving inside of him. With the corrupted Falchorite quickly assimilating his insides it didn’t take long for the tiny creature to wiggle its way back up, this time traveling up along his spine as he could feel tendrils sprouting from it along the way. With the incredibly thick purple alien cock still in his maw there was nothing that the reptile could do but continue to sit there as the arms and legs of his suit began to rip from the muscle swelling underneath.

Just as Garthak’s eyes rolled back into his head and his throat bulged from alien flesh being shoved down into it he could feel the parasite that had been swimming about inside his mutating body finally start to manifest in his mind… along with something else. “Finally…” a voice said, soft at first but with rapidly increasing volume. “You wouldn’t believe how long it was before they found me a suitable host…”

The reptile tried to respond but he was suddenly met with a surge of euphoria so intense that it caused his entire body to shake and his own growing cock to burst out the crotch of his rapidly deterorating suit. “Don’t worry…” the voice said with a chuckle as Garthak began to lose sensation of his transforming limbs. “As they said your mind will remain intact, but I’m going to be running the show from here on out. It’s as you say… two heads are definitely better than one.”

The infected engineer’s body suddenly began to surge with growth, his muscles growing exponentially as the virus modified his frame to support it. Though it appeared that Garthak was going to keep the reptilian nature of his head the bug morph that was still thrusting into his throat found that he had company in the maw of the creature. Tentacles began to push out past the already stretched lips of the male as a second pair of eyes grew underneath the first. The queen thought that the parasite they had delivered to the creature was manifesting there, but they were given another surprise as a second head began to grow from the rapidly broadening shoulders of the gooey purple creature. As their feet developed into chitinous talons the second head also became similar to the one with the cock stuffed down it, though unlike the blank stare that came from Garthak’s side the parasite looked down at his new body as he flexed his still growing arms…

Meanwhile the communications room continued to attempt to reconnect with the engine bay, though the avian alien continued to hear nothing but static after the initial noise that had went over the line. “I don’t get it sir,” she said as she continued to click through the dial while the human that oversaw the entire section looked over her shoulder. “Garthak was supposed to try and make connections with us as soon as they got to the first engine room but every time I try and bring up the hardlines I get nothing but static. It’s almost like something is actively preventing me from trying to get a hold of them.”

“Well keep trying!” the overseer said. “The captain needs us to relay this message to them as soon as possible that they might be in danger, if we don’t then-“

Suddenly the human was cut off as an alarm started to blare overhead, causing everyone in the communications bay to look up. They had been under a red alert for some time now but this was something completely different; it was the radiation detector that was outfitted on all the bays, and with the blue light flashing it meant that it was detecting neutron radiation. The overseer immediately started to tell everyone to evacuate from the bay as he reported it to the captain, but before they could even get to the door they started to see it open. Everyone stood there perplexed, the only ones that could override a security lockdown like that from the outside was either the captain or the head of security… though what they didn’t know was that in the event of a radiation alarm the head of engineering could also do it as well.

Those closest to the door didn’t even have a chance to react as they were immediately hit with strands of dark purple webbing, the heavy substance weighing them to the ground while the others immediately turned to run. Those few that had weapons attempted in vain to try and hold off the flood of creatures that were coming in but the already corrupted crew members easily outnumbered them as they pounced and infected others as quickly as they could. It wasn’t long before those caught in the initial wave were starting to sprout extra limbs, gossamer wings, mandibles, and antennae as purple goo dripped from their transforming bodies. As the security that were in the area were quickly disarmed the overseer did the only thing he could think of, call it in to the captain before he was captured as well.

Similar events were happening all over the ship, the hivemind of alien creatures able to spread the information that it assimilated with its infection in order to get past the safeguards that had tried to keep them out. At the same time the parasite Garthak went to the primary engineering bay and began to cycle the engines once more, which with the holes that they had eaten through the casing began to pump more neutron radiation through the ship. It gave those that had managed to find a means to get past the hive only two options; either they could perish when it eventually reached their section of the ship or they could be converted and growing the ever spreading monsters that were continuing its advancement through the ship.

Part 9:

Captain Daniel could feel the sweat forming on his brow as the reports continued to come pouring in of breaches that were happening all over the ship. The alien contagion had spread to the point where not only was it infecting people from the radiation affected parts, of which were also starting to grow in nature, but also from other sections of the ship where human and alien alike suddenly mutated. Not only had engineering been completely compromised but also other sections of the ship such as communications, logistics, and even their food and water stores. From what he could tell the bridge was the last bastion of the uninfected, and if the spread of the creatures was any indicator he knew it wouldn’t be that way for long.

“Captain,” Daniel’s first officer replied. “We’ve attempted to make contact with any of the other freighters in the area but it appears that our long-range transmission beacons are out.”

“Not sure that we need to have the formalities anyone Sonya,” Daniel replied as he took a drink from his cup. “The ship is lost and we’re trapped here, and from tall the reports that are coming in I don’t think that anyone would be able to take it back without severe casualties. That means only one thing…”

The frantic communications that were happening throughout the bridge stopped, everyone looking at one another as the first officer looked at Daniel in shock. “Sir, Daniel, you can’t be serious,” she said. “We’re just… giving up?”

“We’re protecting the galaxy,” Daniel replied sternly as he looked back up at the viewscreen that showed the damaged planet below. “Even if we somehow manage to escape we can’t stop others from coming here in search of the Falchorite that is below the surface, and if this infection gets to any decent sized space station or colony then the result is going to be an infestation unlike anything space has ever seen before. That’s why it’s not just enough to self-destruct the ship like you’re thinking… luckily in the attempts to flush us out the aliens gave us our opportunity to end this once and for.”

“You want to crash the ship into the planet,” Sonya replied. “Even without the ordinance that we have on board if we go headfirst into the surface it’s going to cause the core to go critical… which means that we’re going to likely crack the entire planet itself.”

“Destroying not only the infection on this ship but also the mining facility below,” Daniel confirmed. “With what we know about these creatures now it’s very unlikely our weapons did much to them aside from the initial impact, so we have to turn the entire place into dust.” Daniel turned towards the bridge officer in charge of their engines and navigation, who promptly stood at attention. “Do you think that we can break orbit and hit the surface with enough force to give our new friends a going away party they’ll never forget?”

There were a few moments as the human officer punched in a few things into his station before looking back up. “At this current position we wouldn’t reach enough speed to hit critical velocity,” he told them. “But… if we go around the planet once then even with only having one engine we should be able to make planetfall to the point where we will make quite the landing. The computer is calculating that there will be no survivors…”

“That’s kind of the point of his entire endeavor,” Daniel said, standing up and glancing over at his first officer. “First officer, do you concur?”

“Don’t you think we should at least try and get help?” Sonya replied wearily. “I’m all for giving my life to the protection of the people in this federation, but I wouldn’t want to do so hastily.”

“If we don’t do it soon then we’re not going to have the opportunity,” Daniel explained as he gestured towards the flickering controls of the bridge. “Even now the bugs are trying to wrestle away control of the ship from us, if they manage to succeed in that then everyone we ever knew and loved in this galaxy is in danger of falling to this. Hell, the second that we start moving I’m sure that they’re going to figure out what we’re attempting to do, which is why we need to do this now before they have a chance to get themselves into place.”

There was a grim silence that came over the entire bridge as they realized that the captain was correct. With communications down and sensors going haywire across the ship it was clear that even if they entirety of it wasn’t lost there was enough damage that they probably wouldn’t be able to take it back. “Well, what are you all waiting for?” Sonya shouted, snapping everyone back to the present. “I do believe your Captain gave an order, let’s get it going! I want this ship moving in the next ten minutes or I’m putting demerits in all your records!”

Once more there was a flurry of activity as the crew got set to proceed with what would be its final mission. Even without the support of the engineering section they managed to get the engine that was running at full capacity to start to push them along, their navigator plotting in a course that would take them once around the small planet before taking a nosedive. With the size of the ship they were definitely going to make a big splash, the captain thought to himself as he sipped his drink, it was just unfortunate that no one was going to see it. As they started to move he thought of something that he could do to make sure that no one else would go near this planet again and instructed his first officer to put out a danger buoy that warned of intense neutron radiation.

The first officer attempted to joke that soon that would be true, but at the moment that didn’t seem to settle anyone’s nerves as they began to watch the surface of the planet shift around them. The navigation officer announced they would be at their final destination in fifteen minutes and break through the atmosphere in ten. Ten minutes… the entire crew looked grimly at one another as they realized their lives had such a short clock on it. As they began to accelerate their position through orbit however the captain got a call that wasn’t inside of the ship.

“How the hell…” he said as he looked at the first officer, who merely shrugged before he decided to take it. “Hello? This is the Polaris!”

“Captain Daniels, what in the darkest depths of space do you think you’re doing?!” a familiar face said as Daniel put a hand against his and sighed loudly. “We just got reports from your navigation hub that your ship is about to enter into a collision course with the planet!”

“This is one person I could have never seen again in my entire remaining life,” the captain grumbled before composing himself, looking up at the viewscreen that had turned on and smiled. “Well shoot, is that what we’re doing? I thought that planet looked so pretty we might all go down there and have a look at it ourselves.”

“Captain, what are you doing?” Sonya whispered as they saw the man’s face get flustered.

“If he somehow finds out that there are creatures made of Falchorite on our ship then they might be dumb enough to try and salvage something from our wreck,” Daniel whispered back as they largely ignored the tirade that was happening from the other man. “I don’t know how he managed to get through but if we don’t eradicate every last one trace of this infection then who knows what might happen if they get their hands on it. We just need to stall for about… eight and a half more minutes.”

“Are you even listening to me!?” Councilor Abborus shouted. “You need to tell me right now what you’re about to do with my property Daniel!”

Daniel tried not to audibly sigh as he attempted to think of something clever that he could say in order to make sure that they wouldn’t come looking after the crash but also sounded plausible. “First of all, what did I tell you about calling me Captain Voltaire or Sir when you address me?” Daniel replied. “Second of all it appears that the sterilization measures failed and the Polaris has been completely infected with an alien virus. Now the last thing I wanted was a plague barge floating through space and up until a minute ago we hadn’t been able to make contact with anyone, so we decided to take the best course of action and make sure this thing dies with us.”

Seven minutes… even though Daniel had to say a half-truth in order to try and sell the rest of his lie it was clear that the Lead Councilor wasn’t having any of it. It didn’t matter much in the long run, he thought to himself as he watched the seconds tick down, soon this problem would be over and the old man could yell at his corpse all he wanted. He quickly paused when he heard the security officer announce that the bugs had started to go through the corridor that led to the bridge, also attempting to stop them from carrying out the plan that they had started on. Six minutes now… soon this whole thing will be nothing more than a crater in the ground of a shattered planet that they might put in a footnote of history books about.

“Well now that you’ve contacted me I think it’s best that you abort your sequence right now and head back to one of the stations!” Councilor Abborus dictated. “Even if you all die on the journey we can still retrieve the ship and study the contagion that you brought aboard. Maybe we could even cure some of you along the way if you act quick enough.”

“That’s what I love about you,” Daniel replied with a smirk. “Always got your priorities straight. As I seem to have to remind you however I am the captain of this ship, and as the captain I am going to have to tell you that we will not be risking the spread of this plague. If you don’t like it then I strongly urge you to make sure that you don’t send anything else around here just in case our little escapade doesn’t work as well as we think.”

Even though it looked like Abborus was about to blow a blood vessel the only thing that the Captain could find himself concentrating on was the timer as the three at the end of it turned to two. “You will stand down this instant!” the Councilor shouted. “If you continue on this course of action then I’ll-“

“You’ll what?!” Daniel replied, finally snapping as he watched the seconds tick away. “Reprimand me? Court marshal me? In two minutes we’re going to be nothing more then vaporized metal and ash, and there is nothing you can do to stop me!”

Much to the Captain’s surprise, as well as everyone else on the bridge watching the exchange, Lead Council Abborus went from being in a complete rage to a murderous calm complete with a smirk on his face. They watched as he looked away from the camera for a few seconds to nod at someone off screen, and a few seconds later there were started gasps and sounds of shock as the bridge was plunged into darkness. “Wha-what…” Daniel said as he looked around, everyone attempting to get some response from their panels only to report them dead as he spun back around. “What the hell did you just do?!”

“Do you think that we don’t have safeguards for hot-headed captains like you?” Abborus said coldly. “The Polaris, like all ships in the fleet, are equipped with a kill switch that only the Council knows about. I didn’t want it to come to this but you’re going to be dead in the water until a sanctioned vessel comes and gets you, though such things as life support will still be on so that if that plague doesn’t kill you then you can live long enough to be picked up and treated. Then we’re going to have that lovely Court Marshal you were talking about a few moments ago.”

“You… you fool…” Daniel said as he fell to his knees. “You doomed us, doomed us all…” the man on the other end of the line just gave him a look of scorn before the call was shut down, leaving the Captain alone on the now powerless deck. “I’m so sorry everyone.”

Without power the bridge was not only able to carry out the last of its flight path but it also disabled the magnetic locks that had been keeping the creature out until this point. It wasn’t long after everything had gone dark that they heard the bridge doors get pulled open and the loud hiss of the bugs filled the air. The screams of the bridge crew rang out as they tried to run away from the incoming horde, though with the bridge being the last sanctuary away from them there were few places they could go and were quickly caught. Daniel continued to pay it little mind; he knew that it was their fate the second that they had the power swept out from underneath their feet.

“That is a shame…” a voice hissed as he suddenly became aware of another next to him, looking over to see that his first mate had been put down to her knees as well. “I understand what you were doing and admittedly it would have worked quite well, had you not had the council with their own plans.”

“Well at least one of you can talk it seems,” Daniel replied, looking straight up into the six sets of eyes that the green of the alien bugs possessed. “At least I can tell you know that you all can go fuck yourselves and I know you’ll understand it.”

“Don’t be a sore loser Captain,” the spider-taur replied, his clawed forelimbs reaching out and stroking not only his face but that of his first officer. “You tried to destroy us and failed, now you will join us. The only question is whether you wish to be one of the many that are consumed with their instincts to protect the hive or spread our gift, or do you wish to me something… like me, a controller of beasts instead of merely one of their number.”

“Quite the offer,” the Captain replied, glancing around to see the fate of the rest of the bridge crew. “I don’t suppose the others here get that same deal, do they?”

“They are followers Captain,” the antho insect stated as he leaned down to get even more face to face with the defiant human. “If you would like you could have them serve you in their entirety, a consort for one of our assets in the hive. We did the same thing with Garthak, and though he had gotten an unexpected roommate he is much happier now in the engine room as one of us.”

Daniel had to grit his teeth in order to not lash out as he heard the fate of his lead engineer. Though he knew in his mind that he probably never got out of the engine room he held out some hope that the reptilian creature had somehow managed to either escape or continue to hide out until all this was over. It was just another nail on the head as he felt the thick tips of the merged fingers of the creature reach under his chin and lift his head up in order to continue to have him make eye contact. Even though this creature played at being more intelligent then the others Daniel could see the hunger in their eyes… which meant that if he didn’t come to some sort of conclusion both he and his first mate would merely be pounced upon and transformed in that manner.

“I’ll do it,” Daniel looked over in shock as he heard the voice of his first officer call out, Sonya looking up as well. “I’ll be a willing part of the hive.”

“What makes you think we want you too?” the shiny purple spider-taur hissed.

“If you wanted me to be like the others you would have done so instead of keeping me here like this,” she reasoned, both her and Daniel looking around to see the half-mutated bridge crew starting to stand back up as purple plates of alien chitin grew across their bodies. “So you must want me as well as Captain Daniel.”

Though it was hard to tell with the mandibles Daniel could swear the creature was smiling at him as his head turned back and forth between the two of them. “I suppose you are right,” the queen replied before his gaze settled on Daniel. “What about you Captain Daniel? Do you wish to lead once more or do you resign yourself to the fate of so many others to be in service to the hive?”

After hearing his first officer so willingly join the others it was almost a little jarring, but also put everything into perspective. This alien virus had completely taken over every aspect of the ship and it was his fault that they were in it in the first place. He mentally cursed the council… it was really their fault that they were there, them and their need to catalogue every alien thing no matter how dangerous it was. Well… he was going to make sure that they would get exactly that, and if that meant that he would be the one to shove his cock or ovipositor or whatever he was about to get he would do so.

The queen didn’t have to ask again, seeing the confirmation on the face of the Captain. Once they had both been determined to be willing to join the hive the queen was just left to transform them. Since the ship was no longer in danger of crashing down into the planet, saving the hive on the planet surface that was recovering and burrowing down towards the Falchorite ore, he could really spend some time on these two. The only question was how they were going to change… were they going to merge, or perhaps they would become a taur, but before any of that happened they were going to have to start with the initial infection.

Daniel could only watch as the queen immediately began to take the purple webbing that he produced from his backside and wrapped up the first officer, the cock of the creature pushed into her mouth as she is wrapped up. Though he wanted to do something to spare her from such a fate he knew that this was inevitable and all he could do was kneel there. As the last of her body was covered he noticed something pushing through the giant purple member and into the cocoon. It only took a matter of minutes before there was merely a pod on the floor before the queen looked at him.

“What.. was that…” the Captain asked, causing the creature to chitter in what he assumed was laughter.

“Your first officer required extensive… alterations,” the queen replied. “The virus was imprinted upon rather specific DNA. You’re going to find that they will be rather different when you two wake up, but for now you are going to need to marinate yourself.”

It didn’t take long for the Captain to figure out what that meant, more of the purple rubber webbing coming out of the queen to completely envelop him. The second that the strands were pressed against his clothing he could feel the material dissolving. In no time he was wrapped up in the strange alien substance just like his first officer, but unlike them there was no tentacles being shoved into his face. Though the former captain didn’t know what to expect when it came to being infected with an alien virus, but pleasurable was not one of them.

Soon through his head was covered as well, and with that his vision turned into nothing but darkness. The Captain could feel himself getting lifted up as easily as a pillow before being moved somewhere, and though he couldn’t see where he was going or hear anything other then the sounds of the creatures hissing and chittering around him he had an idea of where this queen was taking him. However as the seconds passed and the shiny material continued to press against his naked body it started to become harder to think. His mind quickly became clouded by the potent alien virus that was assimilating and transforming him both mentally and physically.

By the time they had gotten to their destination and he felt himself get gently laid down on something soft his whole world was nothing but the gradually intensifying lust that was coursing through his system as he squirmed. Already he could start to feel his body begin to grow larger and the strands that had tightly bound his body together started to stretch from new newly developing muscles. In the back of his mind he wondered just what type of alien bug man he was about to come before his attention was brought back towards his head. Even with his cocoon already starting to strain from the increasing dimensions of his own frame something outside of it decided that it wasn’t enough to wait and had begun to tear the shiny webbing away from him.

When Daniel was able to see once more the creature that had freed him from that latex-like prison caused his eyes to widen in shock. The one before him clearly had features of his former first officer, this not being the first time that he had seen her naked, but it was clear that the virus had already altered her physiology to the point where she was growing unrecognizable. Her chest and abs had been completely subsumed with powerful muscle and thick purple chitin plates that gave her a distinctive masculine appearance, and his eyes trailed down lower he quickly found that wasn’t the only thing. A thick, throbbing ovipositor sat between the former female’s legs, the purple organ practically reaching out towards him as Sonya’s legs shifted and cracked into a new configuration.

As the alien’s partially merged fingers pressed against his head he could feel the same features he saw on her face, namely that his lower lip had started to split down the middle and that he was growing a set of mandibles on his lower jaw. As they went up and pressed against the alien antennae growing out of his skull he could start to hear Sonya’s thoughts… and though they were growing increasingly corrupted by the virus that was ravaging through their systems he found out that his first officer had secretly had a crush on him for some time. Though they had slept together on occasion, the rigorous boredom of space lending to such activities, he didn’t know that she had thought of him that way.

In his distracted state he didn’t realize that Sonya was about to take advantage and push her new cock into his mouth, stretching open his new orifice as purple goo oozed out of his mouth. As it continued to slide down into him their roles in the hive started to crystalize in his mind; they would become a mated pair with the athletic creature in front of him being the one that would carry the eggs of their new species while he would be their protector. As such her transformation was rather muted and left her mostly humanoid, albeit a male humanoid as her legs adopted a reverse-knee configuration and her feet began to massively swell with talons forming on the darkening flesh. His body, however, was not going to remain nearly as human as the strands of the cocoon started to rip and tear around him.

As he began to feel something sliding into him from the appendage that had lodged its way down his mutated throat he began to feel something that superseded the passion of being with his new hivemate. It was power, raw power unlike anything that he had ever experienced in his entire life. While he had the accolades of a Captain and a ship that he commanded he was never truly in power, either he would have to cater to the whims of the corporations that hired him out or else be on loan to the galactic federation whenever they pleased. This however, this was a primal, deep strength that continued to multiply in his rapidly expanding body as spikes began to push their way out.

Soon the cocoon was no longer able to hold his form and it burst, revealing his heavily muscular body that quivered as his dark purple skin grew shiny and hard when exposed to the air. Like many of his new kin he had grown an extra set of arms but his lower body remained the same, save for the thick slabs of muscles that grew all the way down to his massive feet. Despite how huge they were he found that he could manipulate the new talon toes of his lower body like hands, which became very important as the purple rubbery alien flesh continued to push out over the actual appendages. With the cock of his partner still inside of him the only noises he could make were loud gurgles as the purple gained an even more unnatural glint and curved until they had become deadly blades that could slice through metal.

Even though Daniel had grown to be twice the size of the other creature in his bed Sonya continued to remain in control, pulling out of his anthropoid maw just as his entire face stretched out from human into an alien muzzle. The hulking creature blinked with two sets of eyes as he suddenly found himself on his back, his bed practically folding in on their combined wait as the smaller alien crawled on top of his body. With its thick skin and chitinous plates it had no problem maneuvering around the small spikes that continued to grow on Daniel’s body as it slid down towards his groin. Even though he couldn’t see it the new behemoth was sure that his cock had grown to press against the smaller alien’s back, the bright purple flesh throbbing as Sonya raised up their body to mount him.

Seed them for the hive… the words rang out in both their minds as they became connected to the rest of the creatures in the ship as well as on the planet itself. He could feel them as though they were right there in their own bodies, sharing the experience that they were about to have as the tip of the nearly two foot long cock pushed against the tailhole of the other creature. Sonya’s tail, which unlike the scorpion one that their queen had, swayed in the air as they began to push themselves down onto him to seal their bond. Even though Daniel’s new cock was huge it appeared the altered anatomy of the one straddling him was able to take it as gossamer wings began to form on their backs.

Even though the alien virus had finished with its mutations on their body it wasn’t quite done with their psyche’s at that moment. With their minds connected to the hive they quickly learned their place within it, the queen granting Daniel control over the hive ship that had been created here but still making sure that the new creature knew that they were in control. The upper set of his eyes glowed slightly as the queen continued to reinforce that in his mind while the sublime pleasure of having the sensitive flesh of his cock squeezed by the internal walls of the one sliding down on it distracted him. It didn’t take long for Sonya to get the entirety of his member inside of him, helping to create new eggs in their stomach that bulged slightly from the thick cock inside of them…

Meanwhile in the bridge the bug creatures had quickly gotten to work to make this place more appealing for their kind, the steel walls and consoles being covered with bright purple alien latex. With the brilliance of all those that had been assimilated by the virus it didn’t take long to figure out how to integrate the consoles with their hivemind so that the ship no longer needed anything more then a thought to guide it. Ship diagnostics, communications, engines, and anything else had been seamlessly integrated to the point where the entire thing was practically a living entity in itself. Down on the fractured planet they found the hive that had survived down there doing something similar, creating a new place where they could live and thrive.

But the queen knew that merely settling for one ship and a planet wasn’t going to be enough for them. Much like the alien virus that had spurred on the evolution of their new species in the first place the need to spread was practically ingrained into them, especially after taking over the Polaris and adding so many new minds to the hive. Plus there were untold number of colonies out there that had stores of precious Falchorite, which would prove to be their downfall as they would use it to explode their population across the galaxy. They knew exactly what they were about to do and what that would look like; they would likely be called a scourge, a plague that would infect the entire federation and become a potentially unstoppable, ravenous force that knew nothing more than to assimilate and convert until every alien race had been absorbed and their hives infested every planet.

It was a thought that everyone on the ship and surface was very comfortable with as they began to make their preparations…

Chapter 10:

Councilor Abborus sat in the meeting room on colony that had a number which the man couldn’t be bothered to remember, especially considering the backwater nature of those that had made the small planet its home. The only reason that he was even there in the first place was because of the Polaris, or rather the two recovery ships that had gone dark after attempting to make contact with it. This was the closest outpost to Dathmoth that had a functional space station orbiting it, though it was little more then a place for ships to get refitted and resupplied before venturing out into deep space. It was also the location where a strange message had been intercepted that had required Aborrus to be there.

As the councilor waited he looked outside the window of the administration building, seeing the skyscrapers that made up most of the capital city. Even though this was considered a small city by most definitions it probably housed hundreds of thousands if not millions, all of them either farming the land or providing some task to help with the deep space exploration efforts of the federation. One of those tasks was monitoring for new alien signals, which was likely the only reason they had managed to get the message in the first place. Abborus still didn’t know why he had to be there in person though as he saw the greenish-blue sky slowly turning to red from the setting of the blue star that gave the planet life.

“Councilor Abborus?” another male human said, their smile fading slightly when he saw Abborus give him a sour look. “I’m Regent Ulyssis, I’m here to escort you to the meeting room where the others are waiting for you.”

“It’s about time,” the Councilor said impatiently as he got up from his chair and followed the other male towards a set of large metal double doors.

“I apologize profusely for the delay,” Ulyssis replied as they walked through the threshold to the hallway on the other side, heading further into the administration building. “As much as we didn’t wish to hold up someone of your position I’m afraid the nature of the message needed some special preparation to be able to view it to you. I’m also going to warn you that what you see is going to be… a bit shocking.”

The Councilor just continued to huff as they walked into the colony’s war room, which was basically just a command center that was connected to almost all the systems of the colony as well as the space station that hovered above it. In the middle of the circular room there was a table that completely encircled a holographic generator that had the planet and space station currently displayed. There were other military and civilian advisors present that had been standing until they entered, and when the Regent told them all to sit they did so. Abborus was the last to take a seat right at the right side of the Ulyssis as the commanders all asked what was so important that they needed to call a meeting.

“As some of you may know we had been tasked with attempting to find any sort of sign that the two ships, the Nebula and the Horizon, after they had gone dark.” Ulyssis explained as he took a remote and clicked it, the holograms changing from the planet and station to three spaceships. “Their mission before they had completely gone dark was to tow back the Polaris to this station to assess the current state of its crew, which had engaged a level four quarantine order before also losing all communications. After a few weeks we were ready to declare all three ships lost until one of our long-range scanners picked this up; and I’m going to warn you right now that what you see on this footage may be shocking, so be wary.”

The Regent clicked the remote again and the scene before them shifted once more, this time to what looked like three-dimensional security cam footage of their communications room. The stamp at the bottom of it said that it came from the Nebula, which was the larger of the two ships, and at first it didn’t look like anything out of the ordinary. Then about a minute in the blast doors opened and several of the crew ran through it, their bodies and uniforms covered with some sort of slime as they took the blast bolts and activated them to completely seal them off to the rest of the ship. With the distortion of the file it was hard to make out what they were saying, but as they began to take off their uniforms and the purple goo that was on them one of them went to the emergency beacon console and activated it.

“To anyone that might get this message,” the man said, groaning slightly as he seemed to be in some sort of pain, holding his stomach as the others in the room also looked to be suffering the same sort of discomfort. “Mayday mayday, this is the Nebula, our ship and the Horizon have been infested with some alien creature from the Polaris. Horizon has already lost… control… and we’ve been… holding off this horde as best we can…”

The one making the message sounded like he was choking slightly and as everyone at the table leaned in they saw that it looked like he was starting to drool excessively. As more of the purple ooze leaked out of his ears and nose the others in his squad were already starting to transform, and as their uniforms began to fall off of their bodies it was clear that they humans had started to mutate as they locked lips with one another. Everyone at the table was wide eyed with their jaw to the floor as the one that was attempting to compose the message had started to grope himself, groaning as his entire body began to quiver from the changes. At first it seemed like that was it, but the one at the console seemed to get enough of a grip to continue on as he pushed the record button once again.

“I can… hear their voices…” the soldier said, his forehead pushing out into a pair of purple antennae as his own voice started to become more distant. “Yes… yes I see now… we must join them…” Though it was hard to see they could all make out the eyes of the soldier becoming a solid purple as his body began to extend, a second pair of legs growing out of the first as the look of fear and concern on his mutating face become one of almost blissful euphoria. “We must all join them…”

Just as the transforming humans began to get into acts that most there would call depraved the feed cut off, most likely the emergency beacon hitting the end of its recording. Those in the war room all began to immediately talk at once, everything from murmuring of concern to practically shouting before the Regent calmed them all down. “As you can see this is a rather alarming situation,” Ulyssis stated as the hologram went back to the three ships. “If this recording is an accurate representation of what happened then we have to assume that both the Horizon and the Nebula have succumbed to this alien infection.”

“Where are the ships now?” one of the military advisors asked.

“As of right now we do not know,” Ulyssis explained. “Somehow they were able to get rid of all tracking and monitoring programs, as well as hardware, on all three ships. The last time the Horizon and Nebula were pinged they were still in orbit over Dathmoth, which is where the infection originally came from.”

“Then we should take action right now!” the same advisor said, slamming his fist down. “If what we just saw was true then that means every space ship, space station, and colony is under threat! Let’s just take two of our biggest warships and blow these creatures to kingdom come!”

“Now just hold on a second,” another advisor said. “We have no idea what’s actually going on here and the only thing we have to go on is this recording. Who is to say that this isn’t some sort of new intelligent species that just happens to have a peculiar reproduction cycle? Can we honestly commit a genocide of a new species just because it happens to display characteristics that we haven’t handled very well?”

“You both bring up really good points,” Ulyssis stated as he held up his hands to prevent any further outbursts. “I don’t think that either ship knew what they were in for when they tried to see what was happening with the Polaris, and with the unusual nature of this species we may be rushing ahead to try and sterilize it from the rest of the galaxy.”

Just as the Regent was about to continue Abborus raised his hand, prompting Ulyssis to yield the floor to him. “You all already have the reports that my office has given you concerning this alien infection, which in turn I had gotten from the Polaris before it went off-line,” the councilor explained. “Now in my opinion I would find the nearest sun and send every one of those creatures there so that we can get back to Dathmoth and get those Falchorite deposits, but the question that is really burning in my mind right now is why I had to come all the way here just to be a part of this when we easily could have done this over the interlink?”

As Abborus looked at the others he saw that there were primarily looks of confusion on their faces, especially the Regent as he scratched his head. “Wait…” he said finally. “You don’t know why you’re here?”

“I wouldn’t have asked otherwise,” Abborus stated as he crossed his hands over his chest. “So can someone tell me why I’m here?”

“But sir,” Ulyssis said as he took a datapad and slid it over to him. “We thought that it was you that had prompted us to have this meeting, not the other way around. The colony didn’t send you a summons at all.”

The blood in Councilor Abborus’ body suddenly ran cold as he heard the Regent say that they weren’t the ones that had told him to come here. He remembered specifically getting the summons through his office that he was required urgently to come to the colony in order to deal with the situation on the Polaris… which could have only come from the Regent himself. If he hadn’t been the one that brought him there, then who…

Suddenly the intercom in the war room came to life as a voice said that there were three space ships that had just came into range from hyperspace. Even though everyone had an idea of what those three were the Regent asked for their identifications anyway. There was a few seconds of pause before the station attendants replied that it was the ones they were looking for, the Polaris, the Nebula, and the Horizon. There was a stunned silence in the room, save for Ulyssis that told the station to immediately tag the three as plague ships and for no one to go near them.

As the advisors started to shout again Abborus was still sitting there, his face as white as a sheet as he stared ahead. The Regent hadn’t invited him, which meant that someone wanted him there, and just as he was confirmed to be on the planet there were suddenly three ships that had been infected with the alien virus that he had been warned about. He found himself slowly standing up and tried to tell Ulyssis that he was leaving, only to get practically shouted at that no one was leaving as the hologram in the middle of the room switched to the space station. Overhead they could hear the voice of the space station attendants attempting to get any of the ships over the radio, only to be met with static as they continued to make their approach.

“Shoot them down!” Councilor Abborus suddenly shouted, his panicked tone getting the attention of the rest of the room. “You need to destroy those ships immediately! They’re coming for all of us!”

“Councilor Abborus, control yourself!” Regent Ulyssis shouted back, slamming his palm down on the metal table. “We’re not going to destroy three space frigates like that on a whim!” His attention went back to the voice on the intercom as the councilor just stood there frozen. “Now whether or not you can get a hold of them try to tell them to follow quarantine protocols and have them maintain a distance of at least fifty thousand meters away from the station.”

“Roger that,” the voice said as everyone listened to them relay the message. “Looks like all we’re getting back is static, so… wait, I think we’re hearing something… you might want to have a listen for yourselves on this.”

Everyone stopped what they were doing as they heard over the speakers a low hissing noise. At first listen they would have assumed it to be some sort of distortion, but as it grew louder it was clear that it was hissing and chittering. It wasn’t just one voice either, the longer they listened to it the more they heard until it was a cacophony of noise that filled the entire war room. Before Ulyssis could tell them to shut it off however the noise suddenly stopped and was replaced with the panicked voice of the station attendant as they shouted that one of the ships had started to accelerate right for the docking bay!

The radio suddenly cut off and everyone looked at the projector as the Horizon had broken the formation of the other two ships and had put itself on a collision course with the station. Before Ulyssis could get back in contact with them they watched as the representation of the ship smashed into the station, which meant that miles above them in space the Horizon and the station were both breached as the entire docking bay was destroyed in the collision. Though it wouldn’t have been enough to destroy either of the two structures there was now a ship sticking out of the station itself… and the plague that was contained within would likely be able to spill out of the impromptu dock that had just been created.

That thought was quickly confirmed as the Regent switched the views to station diagnostics near the impact site, and when he turned it to the life sign detector they could see dozens of dots spilling out from the fused ship and station. It was also clear from the fact that those dots were red that it was a species that it had never identified before, and as they watched those little spheres of light collided with the white, blue, yellow, and other life sign indicators very quickly. They watched in horror as those that had met with a red dot soon became red themselves, spreading like a virus over the space station faster then anyone could do anything about it.

“Alright, we can officially classify this as a xenomorphic threat level five,” the Regent said with gritted teeth as he switched the intercom from the sound of people screaming on the station to an office on the surface. “We have a situation in the station and need all traffic to and from grounded immediately. I don’t care if there are ships that have already gotten up into space, bring everything down and lock down the city.”

A stage five xenomorphic threat… no one in that room had ever experienced such a thing before. It meant that a colony was under direct invasion by a hostile species, which meant not only was the entire federation put on alert but the colony itself was to remain on the planet until the threat could be dealt with. Thankfully, one of the advisors pointed out, the frigates were too big to enter into the atmosphere and with the lockdown in place they wouldn’t be able to use the ships on the station to get down to the planet. That meant they were all safe for the moment… even though there was a huge threat hovering above their heads they just needed to wait for the battle frigates to come in and deal with the situation above.

But as they watched the holographic screen they saw the entire scene zoom back out, showing not only the crashed ship and station but the other ship marked as the Polaris starting to get closer to the planet. “What are those fools doing?!” the military advisor shouted as the proximity warnings started to go off. “If they try to crash down into the planet they’re going to kill us all!”

“Oh… oh no…” Councilor Abborus said as he put his hand to his mouth. “The Polaris… it doesn’t need to come down itself…”

Before Ulyssis could ask what that meant he got he answer in the form of more warnings flashing on the screen, this time of unauthorized entry of projectiles into the city itself. Suddenly the ground under their feet shook from multiple impacts with the surface of the planet as the SPIKEs that were equipped by the Polaris crashed down. Once more the scene on the projector switched, this time to a planet side view as it registered multiple impacts among the streets of the city while some had managed to land in the middle of parks with pinpoint accuracy. As the heat from entry through the atmosphere dissipated those that had been near the crash began to move forwards, their fear mostly replaced with curiosity as the doors to the pods began to open.

 The advisors watched as the emotions of the crowd quickly turned back to that of horror as a large, dark purple anthropomorphic scorpion man practically burst out of the metal tube and lunged for the first person that they could find. Within a matter of minutes it had infected a dozen people as the citizens of the colonies ran for their lives. Those that had been hit by the tail or bite of the alien quickly began to transform, the virus mutating their bodies and minds so that they could spread more quickly. As the feed switched from that pod to others they saw similar situations, some of the areas filled with cocooned victims while others were covered with the purple ooze had begun to rut with one another and cause their infected bodies to merge.

“Damnit!” Regent Ulyssis said as a computerized voice announced that unauthorized bio signs were spreading throughout the city. “We need to contain this now!”

“How?!” one of the advisors said, motioning over to the projector as it displayed a rapidly reddening map of the city. “Even if we somehow manage to contain the borders of the city that’s not going to stop the Polaris from spiking another one, not to mention it’s the city that we’re in right now!”

“We have to try!” Regent Ulyssis stated. “I’m going to order the containment grid go up… we may all get trapped here but it’s either us or the planet. Councilor Abborus, I’m sorry that…”

The Regent paused when he looked around and saw that the man that had been standing next to him this entire time was gone and that the doors were opened. The fleeing councilor could hear Ulyssis shouting his name as he used his override code in order to get past the lockdown and back into the administration building. His ship was in a hanger just on the other side of the structure… if he could get to that before they called down the containment grid then he would be able to escape whatever fate waited for him there. If he didn’t though not even his code would be able to get past it, which only prompted him to run faster down the hallway past the windows that showed the doomed city.

Just as he got halfway down Abborus was blown off his feet and pushed into the nearby wall as the glass shattered, a loud boom echoing across the area as a SPIKE craft landed right in the courtyard of the building. Though he wasn’t severely injured the man knew that he was in trouble as he got back to his feet and saw the metal craft starting to open. Had they come here specifically for him? It was something that he didn’t wish to find out as he continued to race towards the landing platform of the building.

Councilor Abborus managed to make it to the lobby area before he had to stop, ducking behind a corner as those who had went to the smashed windows to see what was happening were suddenly overrun with those creatures. Those closest were quickly pounced upon, several getting webbed in the process while others were poisoned. Those that had gotten brought down to the floor struggled for a bit before it appeared that the virus would take effect, and when it did it was clear that the alien bug people were not shy about where they put their eggs into people. Just seeing those wiggling cock get pushed into those already infected, for what purpose he couldn’t fathom since they were already mutating, made his stomach drop to his feet.

But with those that were infesting the administration building focused on their latest victims it gave him a chance to continue his escape, going around the back and into the hallways to reach the landing pad. With every second that passed the double threat of being trapped down there and the number of marauding aliens increasing he grew ever bolder in his attempts to try and push forward. It appeared that luck would be on his side though as he got to the landing bay and found that not only was the hanger still open but his ship remained unmolested. He breathed a sigh of relief and gave a weary look around before sprinting as fast as he could to it, practically passing out when he got inside and closed the door behind him.

“This is Regent Ulyssis to Councilor Abborus!” a voice over the radio said as the sweating man got into the pilot seat, his own likely already transforming into one of those swarming creatures. “The containment grid is about to be put into place, you can not leave the hanger! Do you know how many lives you are putting at risk right now?!”

“I’m saving my own, thank you very much.” Abborus said back in a quiet but cold tone as he turned on his ship computer to find that only the lockdown was still in effect, punching in his code to allow him to override it. “I wish you all the luck in the world and will make sure to tell the federation to give you some sort of honor for your sacrifice.”

“Damnit Councilor, you can’t leave this planet!” Ulyssis shouted. “If you bring this alien infection to another planet then-“

Abborus switched off the radio and began the take-off sequence, his ship rising up and out of the launch bay. As he left the building and got a chance to take a look at the city he could see the chaos had spread through most of it, bug creatures could be seen crawling up the skyscrapers and breaking into the windows as others were converted right there in the streets. As he looked back towards the building he had just exited he could see that the same thing was happening there as well. He could just imagine all those people that were in the war room huddling around their table, trying desperately to keep out the scourge infecting their colony as they came banging on that door…

It didn’t matter to him anymore though, soon Abborus saw the red skies of the planet that surrounded him turn into the blackness of space. To his left he could see that a similar situation was happening in the space station, the area of the ship that had forcefully merged itself with it covered in shiny purple biomass as other sections could be seen imploding from the fighting that was happening. If his own ship wasn’t equipped with light drive he would have had to try and find a way to get one of the frigates that was fleeing the area to help him, but instead he just punched in the coordinates to the nearest space station with actual federation presence and got ready to jump. A few seconds later the stars stretched out around him and he properly left the growing nightmare behind him.

Once he was en route to his new destination he got out of the pilot’s chair in order to go back to his cabin and fix himself a stiff drink, only to find himself unable to get up. When he looked down at himself he gasped in surprise to see the thin strand of purple that was across his chest. Even with it looking like some sort of string he found it quite strong, pinning his arms to his side and keeping him there even when he tried to wiggle out of his chair. “Looks like I guessed right,” a deep, gravelly voice said that caused Abborus to freeze. “Sonya thought that you might remain in the war room with the others for safety, but I knew that a spineless, arrogant blowhard like you would use their power to attempt to escape the fate we laid out so carefully for you.”

Suddenly the councilor was wrenched around in his seat, facing two purple bug creatures that stared at them with multiple sets of eyes. “Captain Daniel…” Abborus said in a mixture of shock and outrage. “How…”

“Not important right now,” the extremely muscular creature replied, taking one of the scythe blades that were his arms and bringing it up to the trapped man’s neck. “What is important is what we’re going to do to you. Though the queen has allowed us to execute judgement on you I find myself conflicted on bringing such a poisonous personality like you into the hive… though I’m sure that we could make a few changes. I wouldn’t mind just killing you and being done with it.”

“W-wait!” Abborus said as the surprisingly sharp purple edge of the blade pressed against his throat, causing him to lean back in his chair to try and get away from it. “You-you know you can’t just go around like a plague of locusts, even now the colony has you on every extermination list in the federation! Sure you might get that one, maybe even one or two more, but your little species will soon find themselves on the wrong end of a war frigate’s guns and they’ll tear you all to pieces all the way back to Dathmoth!”

The two creatures looked at one another and despite their alien features Abborus knew that he had struck a chord with them. The hive seemed to have some intelligence behind it, and they knew that once they were marked for extermination the federation would stop at nothing to do so. “Alright then,” the smaller of the two said, Sonya’s clawed hands pressing against his face while the blade remained. “What do you propose we do with you?”

“Just… let me go and allow me to state the case for your kind,” Abborus stated. “You are an intelligent species, even if you seem to be driven by certain instincts, and if you can prove that you can behave yourselves perhaps you’ll even get status in the federation. Of course you’re going to have to smooth over the colony that you just infested but I’m sure with a little talking and some greased palms we can make it happen.”

“It’s becoming more clear how you manage to retain your position despite being a waste of flesh,” the smaller creature said as the blade was taken away from the human’s throat. “Your offer does intrigue the queen though, so perhaps we can find some common ground after all. You will be let go, but you will not be left unaltered.”

Once more the councilor began to squirm as Sonya’s claws began to rip through his suit. “Wait, you can’t do this!” he shouted. “I can’t argue your case if you turn me into one of you!”

“Your physical form will be left unaltered,” Daniel hissed as Abborus continued to get stripped. “With so many more joining the hive we have learned to control the virus somewhat… and with the addition of the eggs we’re about to implant in you we will be assured that you will not betray us. If you do not wish to comply then we can just fully infest you and release you to the world that you are warping too… I bet you would convert quite a few before they put you down.”

The threat of death, either immediate or through being infected, was enough for Abborus to comply as the last of his suit was ripped off to reveal the toned body underneath. “Would you look at that…” Sonya said with a smirk and a chitter as he turned the augmented human on the chair. “How much did you pay for this body Abborus?”

“None of your business,” Abborus replied bitterly after turning his head from being smushed into the rest of the chair. As he continued to feel Sonya groping his backside he suddenly found his vision filled with the spiked head of the bigger male, who merely smirked at him before leaning in. “Wh-what are you doing?”

“Distracting you,” Daniel said before leaning in and opening his jaw to reveal the shiny purple tongue within. Just as Abborus shouted in terror the alien creature’s face practically latched onto his, shoving the appendage deep in his mouth before sliding down into his throat. At first he gagged slightly but as the thick goo oozed its way down into him it immediately seemed to numb the muscles within so that it could continue to snake down into him. At the same time Sonya was doing something similar, taking advantage of the human’s focus on the one in front of him to push theirs into his backside to prepare him for implantation.

Though it made both of them a little sad that they weren’t going to turn him into something like a biopod or something more like the parasite he was they knew that the hive would need his power to continue to survive. Despite being driven by instinct they were capable of seeing the use of having him retain his human form… mostly. As the virus continued to seep into the human’s insides it would keep their eggs inside of him, ready to hatch if they sensed that he was about to betray him. They would also give him a limited connection to the hive itself, though they made sure to keep the rather whiny man’s voice as separate as possible.

Despite the initial protests they could feel his fit, augmented body already taking quite well to their ministrations, sensing that he had gotten more than a few modifications for such a thing. It didn’t take much for Sonya to start to shove her ovipositor into him, the alien appendage spreading open the lubed passage way while causing Abborus to moan into the maw of the other creature. Both creatures basked in the pleasure of the laying, Daniel’s own cock throbbing as he could practically feel the egg sliding through the member of his mate before being pushed into the human. As the bulge stretched open the ring of the human it caused him to practically jump, his eyes widening as the virus spread through his system and into his brain.

Though one egg would have been enough to keep the council under control the two aliens decided to make it a half-dozen, the sensations intensifying with each egg that left Sonya and was thrusted into the body of the human they were thrusting into. When they were finally finished all three of them had achieved multiple orgasms and Abborus was left a sticky, purple-goo covered mess while the two aliens rubbed the bulge that had formed in his otherwise washboard abs. There was also a slight tint in the eyes of the ambassador as the virus made a few subtle tweaks in his mind, helping to enforce the truth that they had just given to him. The creature may still look human, but he was now a slave to the hive and would do whatever he could to ensure its protection and growth.

Once they had pulled their tongue and cock out of the male they dissolved the string that had continued to hold him to the chair and allowed him to leave, Councilor Abborus stumbling back into the ship in order to take a shower while the two bug creatures watched. “Do you think he could really do it?” Sonya asked as Daniel knelt down to keep his hulking body from continuing to be slouched over in the rather cramped space of the cockpit. “Turn us from a species that will be feared across the galaxy to one that might actually be accepted into it?”

“It’s going to be hard to argue our continuous need to spread,” Daniel rumbled in reply. “But we are creatures born of Falchorite, which means we can work inside many starship engines where people can’t go without having to get into three layers of suits. If the hive can stay manageable and we can staunch our desire to infect then perhaps we will.”

The two once more remained silent as they continued their trip, arriving at a planet ripe with converts. Already they could feel their needs bubbling to the surface with the mere thought, and this was going to prove to be quite the test for their kind. Can they manage to keep themselves satiated and under control… or would they become the alien plague that had already visited themselves upon one colony with no plans of stopping? Would they become an invaluable ally, or a powerful and dangerous enemy?

As the computer beeps to notify them of their destination they knew one thing was for certain, whatever might happen they were going to find out very, very quickly…