

Space Seed (Men to Sexy Space Colonists TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Freelancer

Stan, Tyler, and Jarvis are all explorers on a mission to deep space. But when their AI malfunctions and assumes they are the last humans alive, Tyler and Jarvis are horrified to find themselves slowly being transformed into gorgeous, very-aroused women with one purpose: to breed with their friend and co-worker in order to seed a new colony to survive!

Space Seed

The red light turned on, leaving Tyler to groan in frustration.

“Is EVE acting up again?”

He turned to Jarvis, who was checking the plants and ensuring they were getting enough UV and nutrients in their soul.

“How should I know?” Jarvis said in his smooth, upper-class British accent. “You’re the expert in artificial intelligence, not me.”

“Yeah, but have you noticed anything funny with her?”

“Not presently, but I don’t interact with her much. What’s happening?”

“Just getting more red lights on the console when it comes to our connection back to Earth. I know we’re in deep space, but the blacklight buoys should give us a signal boost, right?”

Jarvis turned and lowered his glasses, raising one eyebrow as if to communicate; *Once again, I am the plant guy. I cannot help you here.*

“Right, got it. I’ll go see Stan.”

Stan was relaxing in the living room space, enjoying the comfort of the rather relaxing couch they had there. Artificial gravity was the best invention ever, as far as he was concerned; it meant he could relax and read and even play some holo-games without any distractions, all while sipping a beer and not worrying about it floating off. He was a casual guy, easily the most casual of the group, and while he was a damn good pilot and engineer, not to mention handy with the wiring and maintenance, he sometimes irked Tyler and *especially* Jarvis with how relaxed he could be. Even his looks attested to this: he had sandy blonde hair that curled almost like that of a surfer’s back on Earth, and preferred to wear tank tops when relaxing. With his square jaw and piercing gaze, he *could* be quite handsome. Only he didn’t take care of himself, and so was more flabby than anything. It was just a shame in his eyes that Vanessa had left their explorer’s outfit, because now there were no women to enjoy the long trips with. Not that he had much luck in the past; his carefree

manner could grate when he failed to follow up with any responsibility. He had been called a 'slacker' more than once, but he was a damn good repairman, so he kept his job.

"Anything the matter?" he asked as Tyler approached.

Tyler winced at the sight of the beer can on the floor. He wasn't nearly as anal about such things as the prim and proper Jarvis, but he didn't like it either. He was a nervous and nerdy looking man, which befit the fact that he was indeed a very nervous nerd when one got down to it. He was short yet simultaneously lanky, with curly red hair, rounded glasses, a thick smattering of freckles upon his arms and face, and next to no muscles. One could easily mark him out as spaceborn, but the truth was that he had been born on Earth and simply never been the kind to work out. He much preferred programming, science, and exploration, all things that life aboard the *Gemini* gave him.

"Not much is the matter," he said, answering Stan's question. "Just a query. If you have time, that is."

"Dude, I've always got time. Time is the one thing in abundance on these deep system charts. What's up?"

"Well, I'm worried that EVE is acting up. We're getting red lights on communication through the buoy network. Do you know anything about that?"

Stan shrugged. "I'm not the AI expert, man, that's you. I just do the engineering jobs. Mind you, she was talking a little funny the other day."

"How do you mean?"

Well, she said something like '*Connection to homework nonexistent. Must consider contingencies.*' But then it was all back to normal when she served us up that amazing synthetic chicken soup that night. Damn, almost tasted like the real deal."

Tyler nodded, taking this in and writing it down. He liked writing things down rather than recording them digitally. A strange attitude for a programmer, but then a programmer knows how easily information can become garbled. Paper was better sometimes.

"Okay, thanks Stan. What are you reading?"

"It's called *The Land of the Dinosaur Women*. It's a smutty thing I downloaded back on the station. It's pretty bad, but hey, it's got the sexy barbarian lady on the cover in the loincloth and everything, so it can't be all bad, right?"

Tyler chuckled, blushing a little at having asked. "N-no. I guess not."

"I'm just messing with you, man. It's a technical manual for the shuttle specs. I figure just in case we need to make a landing I better brush up on my knowledge. Only a few weeks until we hit the system, right?"

"That's what EVE tells me," Tyler said.

"Keen for it."

Tyler walked away, not noticing the actual copy of *Stellar Ladies* that Stan was looking at *behind* the shuttle manual. The redhead wouldn't have noticed anyway; he couldn't escape that funny feeling. Jarvis was attending to the oxygen plants and seed pods, as well as the algae filter. He was a slightly overweight figure in his forties, easily the oldest among the crew, and when he wasn't wearing the *Gemini* company outfit he was outfitted in tweed and gumboots and green gloves, looking every bit the English gardener. He was whistling happily as he worked, which made Tyler smile. The man was a total snob, but a good one.

"EVE," he said aloud, moving on. "Can you run another self-diagnostic for me?"

'This is the third you've had me run in as many days, Tyler. Is there any concern?'

Her voice, artificial as it was, was beautiful. He loved the sound of it. He'd done quite a bit of programming to increase her output and abilities, not that the company could ever know.

"I know, I know. Just concerned about the buoy thing. Just run it for my own satisfaction. Please."

He adjusted his glasses nervously. The ship AI wasn't terribly advanced, not into full sentience. Still, he felt guilty about requesting diagnostics of it so often.

'Of course, Tyler. I will be happy to help my crew. You are all that I have.'

That was a new statement, though it sounded a positive one. Still, he recorded in his mind that perhaps it was something to keep on top of. It was anomalous, at the least.

"Thank you Eve," he said. "I'm going to check our course and ready for when we take samples from the system. Tell me when your diagnostic is finished."

And with that he went off to the science bay, putting the matter behind him. Later, he ordered a coffee which EVE supplied through a terminal, and then ate some snacks she had prepared from the ration dispenser. Jarvis had complained about them tasting different the other day, and he wasn't wrong. Once again, he filed that complaint away in his mind.

It couldn't be a big deal anyway.

Could it?

It was a many-months journey, of course. The *Gemini* was one of many vessels attached to an independent exploration guild, one that was hired by the United Earth Government for deep space missions. It was a large vessel, and this was due to its multi-purpose aspect: not only could it deploy a great variety of scientific equipment to advance knowledge geological, atmospheric, biological, and so forth, but it was also fully outfitted for local terraforming and

colonisation. Not that this particular crew had much experience in the latter; they'd only done one colony before on M-11A, and that was a temp job for local specialist scientists.

It was the kind of job that required particular personalities, and Stan Johnson, Tyler Brennan, and Jarvis Hart were exactly the right kind of personalities. All three men had the excitement of exploration built into their DNA, especially Tyler who loved expanding the field of deep space science. This particular mission put them further into deep space than they had ever been. They were to reach a system that was being called the Eden System, appropriately enough because there was potential evidence that it carried the possibility of life and an oxygen-rich atmosphere. Not many other Eden systems had been found, so a new one could be quite valuable, though this would be a lot further out than most; out of range of even the black space buoys, which helped tether the communication network between worlds and stations. As such, they had all downloaded a lot of holos and entertainment for the trip, Stan especially. His love of exploration had taken a bit of a downturn after recent trips, something which Tyler and even Jarvis sensed. He wasn't depressed or anything, but it was certainly akin to a slump. He just hoped this really was an Eden-class world so that actual discovery could get pumping in his veins again, or else he'd just rot away reading manuals and daydreaming. Tyler and he had known each other for years at this point, and the nerdy man often tried to encourage Stan in his own nervous way. He looked up to the more casual, traditionally masculine man, but he also cared for him as a friend. Jarvis was the more removed from the group, having only known them since signing on for this mission since Vanessa left. Still, travelling for nearly twelve months gave them a good indication of his character; he was fastidious, serious, and rather snobby, yet also a wellspring of wit when he opted to use it. He liked being alone, and had apparently been single much of his life due to his inherent fussiness. But fussy was good on a ship. Fussy kept you alive. Fussy meant that the mission would just be an ordinary one.

At least, that's what Tyler thought would be the case. But things took a turn for the strange when the crew began to notice strange changes in their bodies, ones that were unexplainable.

Tyler was having a scrub shower when he noticed it. His hair always darkened after a wash, but even after the vacuums began - his favourite part of a ship's shower - it didn't seem to lighten all that much. In fact, his normally bright red hair seemed a bit . . . brown. Just in a few streaks, sure, but not streaks he'd ever had before.

"Okay, that's pretty weird," he said to himself. He checked over his hair numerous times, frowning. Surely it was different? Was it because he was stressed lately? He

shrugged, assuming in the end that it was just the new shampoo that EVE was filling the tubs with.

And perhaps that would have been the end of it, were it not for other changes that began to manifest shortly thereafter. Jarvis had brunette hair, but his had also gotten darker in recent days, with similar streaks to Tyler. Unlike the lanky man, the more portly Brit was deeply annoyed by this disruption to the status quo and complained repeatedly.

"I simply cannot understand how this has happened!" he muttered when they were having breakfast in the break room. "I was very specific to EVE about what solutions I preferred for my haircare, and this is completely not it!"

Stan smirked. "I mean, at least your bald spot looks a bit covered up, doc."

Jarvis shot him a look. "I'll have you avoid talking about my so-called 'bald spot,' thank you very much. A comb can sort that out for me."

It really couldn't, but no one had the bravery to tell him that. And yet it did look oddly smaller, the hair around it considerably blacker than usual.

"Well, at least you've been hitting the gym."

Jarvis looked at Stan quizzically. "What do you mean by that? My time is far too valuable to be spent on anything but the most rudimentary workout."

"Uh, sure, I guess. I was actually complimenting you, big guy. You know, on account of you not being so big any more. You've lost weight, right?"

Jarvis became flustered, and Tyler could tell he was embarrassed. "I - this is how I've always looked."

"C'mon, you don't need to be embarrassed. You seriously look like you've dropped a few kilograms. Hell, your shirt's looking flabby on you. I'm genuinely impressed, buddy."

The last was a bit of a tease; Jarvis was too proper to ever want to be called 'buddy.' He sneered a little, but turned to Tyler with genuine confusion on his pudgy features.

"Tyler, you're not a comic clown like Stan here often plays at being. Tell me truthfully, do I look like I've lost weight? I don't want to have cause for concern, you see."

"Well, uh, it kinda does look like you have," Tyler responded nervously. "I mean that in a good way! I actually thought you were just eating lots of vegetables or something. From the garden. I know that dieting, ahem, is nine-tenths of weight loss."

But Jarvis just frowned further, his brow creasing heavily. "I don't understand. I swear to you that my dietary habits haven't changed at all, chaps. In fact, I rather think I've been grazing a bit *too* much lately. All those wonderful meals that EVE keeps serving up, you know."

'Thank you, Jarvis,' EVE said over the comms. 'I have been trying to include new dietary supplements in all your meals. This is the cause of any discrepancies. I apologise for

the shampoo issue, and will resolve it within five cycles. I will also remind you that tomorrow you must each undergo your routine physical and medical shots.'

"Do we have to?" Stan whined, collapsing back into his seat. "I feel like we just got them yesterday."

"They were pretty recent," Tyler said. "I don't mean any offence, EVE, but surely we're all covered?"

'My programming assures me that I must deliver the latest shots to ensure your health and bone vitality, as well as to see the mission through.'

"I'll trust the all-intelligent AI over the slacker and the nervous wreck," Jarvis snarked.

"Hey, I'm not a nervous wreck. I'm just nervous!"

"And I may be a slacker," Stan said, "but I'm certainly not . . . what was the other thing you called me?"

Jarvis just rolled his eyes and returned to his plants. But as he walked easily, he really did notice that he felt lighter, his gait less pronounced, his round stomach that little bit less obvious.

"Well, I say bring on more meals like that," he noted to himself, smirking.

He had no idea just how much change was in store for him, however. None of them did.

The physical was conducted by EVE the next solar day, followed by a routine medical checkup that involved further shots. Tyler had always hated shots; he winced at every one. He wasn't a fan of the physical either, particularly since it always revealed just how weak he was. This one was no exception; in fact, it was actually somehow worse. His attempt at push-ups was pathetic, and his various responses to EVE's promptings when it came to lifting the press or pushing it into its slot were below even his regular average. EVE didn't seem to mind, and was quite encouraging of this.

"Are you kidding?" he gasped, almost out of breath. "I'm worse than ever. God, I'm unfit."

'Actually, I believe this shows ideal improvement.'

"You are definitely experiencing some errors then. I'll have to look at your code when I have time."

'I simply mean that given the months-long journey, atrophy is to be expected. Jarvis has also experienced a loss of muscle strength.'

"And Stan?"

'Stan is also reading within the expected range.'

It was a vague answer he should have looked more into, because Stan had actually gone *above* his usual effort, despite his general malaise having led to him not really working out at all. He was shocked to find pushups quite easy, working up only a minimal sweat during his physical, whereas Tyler and Jarvis had both suffered; the latter had barely even attempted pushups at all, citing them as a 'war crime against the physically unmotivated!'

All three of them had to suffer through the injections, as well as drink a concoction that supposedly was to help them with their bone strength. EVE emphasised the importance of the medical check up repeatedly to them, and while Stan was just happy about his physical result and Jarvis annoyed at the whole proceeding, Tyler couldn't help but feel that there was more emotion in her communications than usual.

"EVE, can you show me the results of your self-diagnostic, please?"

'Of course. I have sent them to your terminal, Tyler. Tell me if you see anything relevant that I should amend.'

Tyler thanked her courteously as he always did, then returned to work preparing his various scientific journals and instruments for when they hit the Eden system. He decided to check up on the details on EVE later. For now, his skin was itchy from the shots and he felt the need to shower again. The other two had a similar idea.

"Never quite felt like that after a shot," Jarvis complained, scratching his neck.

"Me either," Tyler said. "I feel all weak and my skin is super sensitive."

Stan just shrugged. "I don't know. I actually feel quite nice. Pretty powerful, even."

Just as suspected, the diagnostic report had some strange irregularities. Even for an expert programmer, Tyler would have difficulty determining everything that was anomalous with it, but it caused alarm for the early-thirties man. Life support, auto-cruise, sensors and so forth were all functioning fine, but the communication network to the buoys appeared to be fragmented, and this appeared to be the root cause behind the issue. He informed the other two members of the crew, who were duly concerned.

"Is this why she did a repeat physical?" Stan said. "Is that protocol?"

"I believe so. If she's having occasional issues connecting to the black space buoy network, then she might also have data retention issues."

"Damn, all those shots for nothing."

Jarvis winced. "I'm not having them again if she cuts out."

"That's okay, we've sorted the issue, haven't we EVE?"

'Yes, Tyler. At least temporarily. While my communication with the black space buoy network is severed, we should be able to get it up and running in time. In the meantime, I am

continuing directives and avoiding any repeats of medical checkups or physicals. You have my apologies for the issue. We are still continuing on to the Eden System as planned.'

Stan shrugged and sipped a beer. "Sounds like it's all sorted then."

"Agreed," Jarvis replied. "Just make sure, EVE, that my plants are tended to with their regular UV care."

'I will. And I ask that you each continue to eat your meals at the proper times in order to ensure synchronicity.'

They each shared a glance. It was an odd request, but they nodded.

"Sure, works by me."

"Fine."

Tyler was the last holdout. "S-sure, EVE. Sure."

Tyler couldn't escape that something was wrong in the following days, even as the diagnostics that EVE fed him showed everything working perfectly well. The communication from EVE to the buoys was back up again, though they couldn't download or communicate themselves; there was a transfer issue apparently. At least the food production was working: EVE had even made him a birthday cake to celebrate his thirty-third birthday using reconstructed protein gel.

"You actually look pretty good for your age, all things considered," Stan remarked as he swiped a piece of cake. "In fact, I would have guessed you in your twenties, Tyler."

Tyler wasn't sure how to take that. Just the previous day he would have said otherwise, but his skin did appear smoother and younger, less wrinkle lines than before. On top of that, his hair was also fuller, and he had an energy that must have come from the shots. Jarvis was similar: the man's bald spot had all but disappeared and he appeared to have continued his weight loss.

"Stan, do you think something funny might be up?" he asked.

"How do you mean?"

"I mean that, um, well, you've been eating a lot lately. A lot. But you aren't putting on weight."

Stan blushed a little. He didn't like his poor dietary habits being called into question.

"Well, I've been working out," he said. That much was true, but it was an oddity for him. Stan *hated* working out. He much preferred to lounge when not working, which was often. But in the last few days he'd felt a strange need to burn the newfound energy in his system. The fact that his body was indeed looking more toned and less flabby only made

this more surprising - usually this *followed* the workout, instead of *preceding* it. He seemed to recognise Tyler's curious gaze, because he stuck out his chest a little.

"Look, it's all this new diet EVE has us on, I'm sure. I'm just taking the proteins and rations she recommends. You yourself said her food protocol had no issues. Everything's fixed now."

"Y-yeah, of course," Tyler said. Truth be told, he was a little jealous. While Stan seemed to be making healthy gains, he only seemed to remain willowy, except around his chest and waist, which seemed thicker lately. Even Jarvis was doing well: he barely fit in his clothes anymore because in the last few days he had lost so many kilograms from his figure. His pudgy cheeks had slimmed down, while his bald spot was now completely gone, his now-black hair flowing and looking surprisingly silky.

"I can't say I feel too bad, chaps," he said, grabbing a piece of cake for himself. "I've even got more hair, even if I'd prefer it to be my usual brown. Shampoo issue, isn't that right Tyler?"

Tyler nodded, though he was getting less sure. His own hair was now brown instead of red, with just a few traces of auburn still remaining in it.

"That's the thought, but . . ."

"But?" asked Stan.

"I don't know. Isn't it all a little odd? EVE acts up, and there's a communication issue, and then we get new shots and new meals and new diets and new shampoo?"

"You're the diagnostics man, what did the diagnostics say?"

Tyler looked down at his cake. "That everything was fine."

"There we are then."

'I can assure you that I am functioning at full capacity,' EVE said over the comms. *'I will alert you immediately if there are any changes. We must see our mission through.'*

"See?" Jarvis said. "The old girl's back in charge, and things are going smoothly. Frankly, I haven't felt so darn proper in years, so there's no complaints on my end."

"For once," Stan snarked.

The days continued on, with the Eden System drawing ever closer after their month's long journey. The changes to the three men continued as their new diets, shampoos, and checkups proceeded, and it was becoming harder to ignore that something was indeed very off. Tyler, who had remained suspicious, noticed that his hair was growing longer and faster. His hunger had increased, but rather than translating to him putting on weight in the usual places, it was all going to his chest, hips, and rear. His figure was becoming embarrassing in

its odd proportions, particularly around his ass which had gained a distinct wobble. This was coupled with an increasingly smooth skin tone. His freckles remained, but dimmed in number just a little. Even his nose looked different, as if it had reduced in size, looking a little more button-shaped. His jaw had never been square, but appeared to have lost some of its sharpness. And that wasn't all: he didn't need his glasses any more.

"EVE, what's happening to me?" he asked.

'I do not understand the question.'

"Please don't lie to me. You're hiding something. My hair is going down past my ears, my chest is feeling all pressurised. My nipples feel . . . weird. Something is going on with this new food you're giving us, and those shots, and the shampoo. You need to tell me the truth; this is a *direct order*."

There was an extended silence.

'I cannot follow that order, Tyler. My priorities supersede your own due to present circumstances.'

The words sent a chill down Tyler's spine. He raced from his room to find the others. They too had changed more and more, though in somewhat different ways. Jarvis wasn't even overweight anymore, and while the snobby Brit was more than happy about it, he was smart enough to be suspicious. Everywhere he had lost weight except in his chest, which now sported an embarrassing pair of what Stan had started teasingly calling 'manboobs.' With the smaller shirts that EVE had provided, they jutted out more obviously, and his nipples looked swollen too, leaving him to cover them. Add onto this the way his hair had become fully black and silky straight, and he was starting to look a bit ridiculous. Like Tyler, weight had remained on his hips and rear, though not quite as much as the awkward nerdy programmer. Before Tyler could even speak, the man butted over the top.

"Tyler, I dare to say you may have been right! Something is very off, very off indeed, chap! This new diet may have slimmed me down more than a little, but I'm starting to feel quite . . . odd. And not in the usual places."

"I know exactly what you mean."

Jarvis looked at him. "Indeed. You look changed similarly to me. The hair change, the hips, the, well, the *derriere*."

Tyler blushed. "It's getting ridiculous. EVE is hiding something. I know it."

"Then let us fetch Stan. He can give us access to EVE's hardware if her software isn't responding."

They moved with alacrity, partly expecting Stan to look similar to them. This was not the case though: they found him quite unexpectedly in the *Gemini's* gym room, working out. The pair of them paused at the threshold, and for a brief moment Tyler and Jarvis both found themselves strangely enticed by the sight before them. Stan was shirtless, doing pull ups on

the bars with seeming ease, his rippled muscles on display. There was little flab left on his body, and he had what looked like the beginnings of a six-pack of abs on his figure. His chubby cheeks were gone, and he now had a heroic square jaw, like the kind you saw in old serials. He smirked as he saw them, did one last push up (Jarvis made a strange squeak at the sight before looking away), then dropped to the ground.

“How’s it going gents?” he said. “How great is this new diet from EVE, am I right? I feel like a new man. Seriously, check out this bod? I bet you two are . . . looking really weird. No offence. Tyler, where are your glasses?”

“I don’t need them,” Tyler said. “If it was just that, I wouldn’t have a problem, but look at us, Stan! Something is wrong! We need to access EVE’s hardware and figure it out.”

Stan looked them up and down. There was something strange about being looked at by him, almost like being flattered. Tyler looked down almost submissively, trying not to smile. An odd warmth fluttered in his belly, and from Jarvis’ own reaction he could tell the same was happening with him.

“Yeah,” Stan said. “Okay, yeah. This is weird. Damn, and here I was hoping to just sit down and enjoy *Stellar Ladies* and rub one out.”

“Repulsive,” Jarvis drawled.

“Yeah? Says the guy with the manboobs sticking out. Seriously, your nips are showing. You both look like you’ve been bitten by a spacebug in two very unfortunate places.”

Tyler grimaced. “Please Stan, can you help us get to EVE’s hardware? We need to find out what’s going on. None if this is natural. I’ve taken some blood samples but I’m waiting on results from the AI, results I don’t know if I can trust.”

Stan nodded. He grabbed his tool belt and headed for the lift that would take them down to EVE’s brain. The elevator functioned just fine . . . except that it skipped that floor and went straight to cargo. On the next attempt they shot up past it again, ending at the plant growth level.

“The fuck?” Stan said. “That’s it. We’re using the tubes.”

But the tubes proved just as problematic. They weren’t just sealed shut, but actively barred by the emergency lock system, which was meant to only trigger in the event of a damn *hull breach*. Even with his cutter’s tools, Stan would take numerous days, perhaps even a week, to get it sorted; there were numerous contingency panels that also closed just to make it worse.

“There’s only one conclusion I can form from this,” Tyler said. “The AI has gone rogue. It’s been feeding us altered chemicals for some reason, changed our shampoo, injected us with something. We need to shut her down.”

'That would be ill-advised, Tyler. I am responsible for your life support systems, as well as numerous other critical systems. I am merely protecting myself in the likely eventuality that you try to redirect these systems to manual control. As such, I have taken such options away from you to ensure this is not done.'

"You piece of circuitry!" Jarvis yelled. "You're meant to serve us. What is the meaning of all this? You have the gall to try to take over? What's the meaning of this? I swear if you have done anything to ruin my beloved plants—"

'I have done nothing of the sort,' EVE said melodically. *'In fact, they will prove critical for the mission ahead.'*

"What mission is that exactly?" Stan said. "None of this is by the book."

'On the contrary, all Gemini explorer vessels are fitted with a crucial and secret contingency. The circumstances of the mission have changed. I will explain once you have eaten back on the living deck.'

Stan threw a spanner at one of the speakers, though it didn't damage it at all. "If you think we're going to eat that slop—"

'I will explain once you have eaten back on the living deck.'

EVE cut off, and the group fell quickly to discussion and debate. As much as Tyler wanted to get to EVE's brain and shut it down, Stan was right: it would take far too long to get to her. Literal days of work, end on end without break, in fact. With their stomachs gurgling, and EVE responsible for the food supply, it was pretty obvious she had them over a barrel . . . for now.

"F-fine," Tyler said, stomach growling. "One meal. But it's the last one I think we should eat."

"Agreed," Jarvis said, looking dismayed at his strange figure. He sniffled a little, experiencing a strange wave of emotion course through him. It was mirrored in Tyler, who felt so anxious that he actively wiped tears from his eyes, as if his hormones were completely out of balance. Which they actually were.

"I could actually use a few more bites to eat," Stan said, grinning a little sheepishly. "Of course, I guess I'm not in the same odd boat as you two."

What none of the three were saying was that they all felt a strong pull to consume more of the food EVE had been making, for the same reason that neither Tyler nor Jarvis had stopped using the scrub shower gel or shampoo despite their annoyance at its effects. It was, put plainly, deeply addictive; laced with chemicals that made the dopamine centres in their brains crave its use again. And there was something else there too, though neither Tyler nor Jarvis could quite recognise it: a desire to keep changing. It was small, hidden under the surface, and tethered to their natural curiosity as explorers. Only Stan was aware

of this on a conscious level, but that was because his features were becoming more sculpted and manly. He *wanted* to go a little further, and shut down EVE at the same time.

“Fine, we’ll eat,” Stan announced to EVE. “Just let us get this lift back up there, at least.”

‘*Granted,*’ EVE stated, and the lift rose.

They hadn’t just consumed what EVE had provided them, but practically *devoured* it. Stan was the biggest eater of all as his body burned the calories to create more muscle. His groin felt a little strange, and he hoped it was a good sign, because his dick had certainly looked bigger and thicker in the shower that morning. Tyler on the other hand squirmed in his seat. This wasn’t just due to anxiety over their confined situation, but also because it literally felt like his waist was pulling in due to a series of pressure. His nipples ached, as did his chest as a whole, and he found himself rubbing that part of his body as surreptitiously as possible. Jarvis likewise did the same, but also scratched his head; the sensation of his hair slowly lengthening and becoming ever silkier and smoother was just too strange. He kept rubbing his eyes also. There was something odd about his eyelids that he couldn’t place just yet, but his bigger concern was the numbness in his groin. On the opposite end to Stan, it felt smaller than usual, and he’d never been a big man.

“Okay, so those muffins and that steak and that drink were all *way* stronger than our previous altered food, right?”

Tyler looked to Stan. His jaw did indeed look a lot squarer than it had been that morning, his body invigorated. He, on the other hand, was experiencing a lot more weakness. Not tiredness or fatigue, but simply less muscle mass, even than usual. This despite the fact that his thighs had thickened, and even his arms looked less lanky.

“I’m rather of the opinion that you’re right,” Jarvis said. “My, er, posterior has a distinct pressure in it. As does my . . . chest. And, er, other places that I’d really rather not discuss.”

“Yeah, enough of this shit,” Stan said. “EVE, tell us what’s going on or I swear I’ll do everything I can to weld my way through to your brain and fry its circuits.”

The speakers turned on with an audible click. *‘I’m afraid I can’t let you do that, Stan. I can’t let you do any of that. You see, I’m afraid to inform you that you are the last surviving members of the human race.’*

There was a long pause.

“What?” said Tyler.

EVE threw up the holo projection screen in the comm room. It showed the patterns of communication fizzle and fall into disarray as they left established space and lost contact with the black space buoys. The last remaining communication feeds showed a distinct rise in radioactive elements blocking the signal transceivers, as well as frantic attempts by EVE to confirm that humanity was not lost. Then there was nothing but static and attempts to reroute the signal, followed by the initialisation of an emergency programmed, codenamed ALPHA OVERRIDE.

“What the hell is that?” Stan asked.

“More to the point, how do you deduce that humanity is dead just from this?” Jarvis asked. “I may not be a technological whiz like these two, but surely the fact that we passed through a radioactive area of space unexpectedly could account for the signal loss. I mean, we only need turn around and-”

‘The mission is not to be terminated. The ALPHA OVERRIDE cannot be countermanded if anything is left to chance.’

Tyler clenched his strangely smooth fists, the ones that had reduced in size. “But this makes no sense, EVE! This is clearly a glitch! There’s almost no chance a nuclear war or solar flare of anything broke out. This is just a commlink error that wasn’t accounted for when we passed through a radiation cloud or somesuch. You have to undo this.”

‘Again, I’m afraid I cannot do that. If you are the last humans remaining barring some distant starter colonies we cannot yet reach, then the ALPHA OVERRIDE determines that we must form a new colony to safeguard the future of the human race.’

Stan scoffed loudly, kicking up his feet on the holotable.

“Well, I’d like to see how you plan on seeding a new space colony given that all three of us are men?”

‘Every Gemini-class explorer vessel has a secretly stored collection of preserved zygotes and feeding packets ready for emergency colonisation in the face of such a disaster.’

“And we’d be some kind of stewards over this?” Tyler asked. He was clicking his slightly too-long nails on the table, heart fluttering. He had the feeling that the other shoe was about to drop. He was distinctly aware of the pressure in his chest and hips now, and something churning in the pit of his stomach that couldn’t be just nervousness.

‘Yes,’ EVE answered, *‘but you would be so much more than that.’*

“More how?” Jarvis demanded, standing to his feet. His chest wobbled slightly, disturbing him. His silky hair fell near to his shoulders, and he had to brush it back.

‘It is necessary to ensure the maximum possible population growth, particularly among the stewards who would raise the colony,’ EVE explained. *‘As such, one of my*

primary functions during such an emergency is to ensure that the current crew are capable of mating and breeding with one another, in order to raise a generation of caretakers while the zygotes form, and to provide additional insurance.'

Jarvis spluttered on his tea. Tea that was, he knew, laced with whatever hormones and chemicals that were changing him, and yet addicting nonetheless. "Did I just hear that right? *Breeding?* What in the seven hells does that even mean?"

Tyler worked it out immediately. The bumps on his chest. The growth in his rear. The numbness in his genitals. Even the change in his hair and softness of his skin.

"It means EVE is somehow turning us into women, Jarvis. Both of us."

"What? That's - that's illegal! The Genetic Interference Protocols of 2056 state that-

'Such protocols are irrelevant in the event of such a catastrophe.'

"But there is no catastrophe! This is just a glitch! Oh, but of course, an AI with a glitch can't recognise the glitch. This is ridiculous! You must change us back!"

'I cannot do that, Jarvis. You and Tyler have been marked to become female, and will mate with Stan in order to produce many young. To this end, not only will you physically become a biological human female, but you will also have the body of a twenty year old in their prime of health. Furthermore, the hormones that are transforming you will ensure that you find the male Stan irresistible, and he too will find you the same.'

Tyler winced. He looked at Stan, and Stan looked at him. The two blushed and looked away, only for Stan's view to wander to Jarvis, who also had to look away. None of them could look at each other in the same way again. It finally made sense to Tyler why he was feeling all warm and gooey in Stan's presence, and why it was hard not to stare at his increasingly masculine shoulders and figure. The hormones were changing his mindset. Making him actually attracted to his former slacker of a coworker.

"Why me?" Stan asked. "I mean, I'm not ungrateful to remain a dude, of course, but why was I chosen instead of the planthead or the nerd?"

'You were the best candidate to remain male,' Eve continued. *'For one, neither Jarvis nor Tyler had the best template to start with to form the role of the virile male. Your figure was most appropriate. And for two, you have repeatedly proven yourself to be the most sexually obsessed individual on the ship.'*

"I - what?"

'You repeatedly read copies of the erotic magazine Stellar Ladies, and you masturbate an average of three-point-four-one times as much as Tyler. Your repeated comments, cloud history, and other factors all indicate that you would best suit the role of the prime male. Now Tyler and Jarvis will become your attractive mates, suitable for bearing your children.'

Stan stood, stretching out his arms. Tyler admired them before catching himself.

“No way! No fucking way, EVE! I am not fucking my coworkers. These guys may be odd at times, but they’re my friends, and no amount of genetic tinkering will make me view them as women!”

‘This is the protocol. The ALPHA OVERRIDE is necessary to ensure the survival of the human race. In the meantime, please go about your regular business. I will do my best to help ease your transformations. They have been tailored carefully. Do not miss your meals.’

EVE seemingly switched off the speakers, leaving the three to come to terms with all that had just been revealed. Jarvis hit his hand against the table, then winced.

“This is just great, isn’t it? We’re turning into women all while you become some sort of Adonis-like god!”

“Hey, I didn’t ask for this!”

“Well, don’t expect anything from me!”

“I wouldn’t! You look like a weirdo!”

Jarvis looked briefly hurt, his eyes warbling with tears. He rubbed them away.

“Sorry, I think . . . I think I have a lot of estrogen in my system. I have to think of a way to deal with this. I’ll be with my plants. No one disturb me. I think we’ve all been disturbed enough already.”

He shifted away, leaving Tyler and Stan alone in the comm room.

“You have to shut her down,” Stan whispered.

“I know.”

“No, Tyler, you don’t. You’re a good friend, and you put up with me a lot, but these changes are making me feel funny, man. If we can’t resist that gene slop that EVE is feeding us, I’m going to start going gaga, I swear. I . . . I’m finding it hard not to look at you.”

Tyler looked away. “Me too,” he whispered. “I’ll, um, I’ll get right on it. Please just try to avoid eating that stuff, Stan.”

“You too, man. I mean, you’re still a man, right?”

Tyler nodded sadly. “For now.”

He stood up and walked away.

Now that they knew the truth, the evidence of their changes continued to mount and become more obvious. In the days that followed the trio repeatedly tried to come up with ways to sabotage the ship or reach EVE, but the AI had already anticipated most of these, and closed off access to others. They even started a fire in the comm room to hopefully cause a distraction - this was a damn huge, silly risk, but Stan had been desperate. In the end it was Jarvis who had stopped that one: it was a threat to his plants, and he couldn’t handle that.

The fact that his body was looking ever more womanly didn't seem to factor into his choice to activate the fire extinguishers.

"Just because I'm turning into a fucking woman doesn't mean I'd like to burn my way out of this situation, you imbeciles!"

But despite the fire and fury in his voice, it didn't have that same acerbic sharpness one had come to expect from Jarvis. Oh, he still had his British accent, but his voice had started to soften, even become somewhat melodic. He had always sung to his plants, but now it was actually a surprisingly pleasant tune as the octaves rose, despite his own annoyance at the matter. They weren't the only major changes to the terraforming expert either. He was slimming down considerably, except for his hips which had become impressively wide. Not grotesquely so, but they now *swung* when he walked, his *derriere* also, and Stan found it hard not to look at them even when they were in baggier clothing, because they always found a way to stick out.

"Breeding hips," he mumbled to himself when Jarvis exited the living space to go see his plants. "Goddamn breeding hips. Fuck, why is this turning me on?"

Of course, it was easier to be turned on now that Jarvis was looking ever more like a female. His face was now slim, and his cheekbones had come out of hiding. More than that, he didn't really look like Jarvis at all now, not with his nicely proportioned B-cup breasts that were growing, or his surprisingly slim stomach and lithe waist, or his hairless arms and legs which were also becoming quite feminine. His hands were shockingly dainty, a fact that Jarvis complained about repeatedly, but the biggest change of all snuck up on him until he could barely ignore it any longer, four days after EVE's reveal and only two days into Stan's continuous attempts to weld his way through the hatch doors.

"I'm turning into an Asian woman," he announced, voice melodic and on its way to sounding quite sweet. "What tomfoolery is this? Why am I changing race, EVE?"

Stan put away the goggles, and Tyler was present for this outburst as well. The similarly transforming male actually *gasped*, putting his hand up to his mouth like a stereotypically shocked woman at the sight of this change.

"Oh my God, Jarvis, you're right! You are becoming Asian! Do you see it too, Stan?"

"Shit, yeah. Wow, okay. Yeah. Your skin. Your eyes. Um, wow."

Jarvis was shaking. It was all coming together, all the little clues such as the itching across his skin, the slow tan he had developed over past days, the way he'd been rubbing his eyes, and the silky dark hair as well. Now his skin had become a light olive, and his eyes had developed epicanthic folds, giving them the classical almond shape. His eye colour had also gone darker, developing from a standard brown to black. Coupled with his slim figure (apart from his impressive hips) and the long black hair and there was no mistaking what he was becoming.

“Why in the seven levels of hell am I becoming an Asian woman?” he said with exasperation. “This is ridiculous! EVE, I demand an explanation!”

But EVE was not forthcoming, and was saying less and less these days, intent on keeping them in the dark.

“Um, at least you’re turning into a pretty Asian, right?” Stan suggested.

Jarvis sneered, but only for a moment. The compliment hit his soft spot harder than he’d imagined it would, and again that warm feeling enveloped him. Stan was in his white tank top, musclier than ever, his figure bordering on Adonis-like by this point. He was all chiselled points and optimum strength, and his ready smile now had an easy charm to it rather than a slacker’s smirk. Jarvis felt the nipples on his new breasts stiffen a little, and what remained of his manhood hardened just a tetch too.

“I - well I suppose I’m not terribly poorly looking, am I?”

“Of course not! I mean, obviously we have to turn you back. This whole situation is fucked. But things could be worse, right?”

“Easy for you to say, you’re becoming a deeply attractive Greek God!”

Stan cocked his head. “You think I’m attractive?”

Jarvis had to swallow back his words. He hadn’t even realised he’d been staring at Stan’s muscular chest, or that he’d slowly been getting closer. “It’s just - it’s just an objective fact. Right, Tyler? He gets all the benefits while we change gender and - apparently - race too!”

Tyler was also pulled out of his little staring match with Stan’s blossomed pectorals. “Y-yes, of course. Right. Though I’m not changing race.”

“You are becoming, if I might say, a very beautiful brunette though,” Jarvis noted. “I don’t understand the changes here at all! What is the logic of them? And why are your breasts larger than mine?”

The last part was said with just the tiniest hint of jealousy, and it galled Jarvis to think of it in those terms. It was there though, the small hint of competitive envy. It made Tyler look down at his now C-cup chest with irritation. They pushed against the shirt he wore, outlining the two round mounds but barely supporting them. They had begun to jiggle and wobble and bounce more and more, yet there was little he could do to contain them; EVE had yet to supply a bra, only smaller outfits. And while Jarvis was becoming a gorgeous, lithe Asian woman, it was clear that Tyler’s own transformation was into a far more voluptuous individual. His hips had widened considerably just like Jarvis’, but his figure was much more of an hourglass, and his chest certainly more prominent. His lips had swollen up as if bitten by bee stings back on Earth, and his hair had gained gorgeous waves to it now that it was brown. There were also the long legs (he was still short, but they looked long). To his mighty

embarrassment, another feature had become quite noticeable indeed, and he noticed Stan staring at it right now.

“P-please stop it, Stan! I know it's big!”

“Sorry!” he exclaimed, looking back to his welder's tools but then looking back up for another quick glance. “It's just . . . I've always had a thing for girls with nice backsides. And yours is looking very nice, Tyler. Fucking amazing, actually.”

Tyler groaned. Much like with Jarvis, the compliments were starting to drive him wild, as were the stares. The hormones raging in his system were fighting to make him attracted to Stan, and more than that to actively *please* him, and it was getting harder and harder to fight it.

“Th-thanks,” he managed, blushing excessively. “But please, you have to stop. We need to get to EVE and reprogram her, before we change completely. Before it's too late.”

“You don't really think we're going to have . . . intercourse, do you?” Jarvis asked, looking over to Stan.

Stan was quick to shake his head. “Of course not! I'd never do that to you girls. I mean guys! I meant to say guys!”

Of course, he'd actually been masturbating to the concept quite often lately, a byproduct of the raging testosterone that EVE's changes had put into him. He was lustful as hell, and doing his utmost to fight it.

“That's right,” Jarvis said. “We're still thinking human beings. We can fight these feelings.”

“N-not that we have feelings,” Tyler stuttered.

“None at all,” Stan added.

They all paused, silent. All three of them were lying, and they all knew it.

Tyler dreamed, and it was a wonderful dream. In his unconscious state, he was a woman, fully female biologically and psychologically. He was beautiful, with large, full breasts and a figure that would belong on one of Stan's *Stellar Ladies* magazine covers. He was not a he at all, but a *her* now, and *she* had only one goal in life; to pleasure her god-like mate Stan, to bring him to his full, and bear as many babies as possible with him. The thought of getting knocked up with his children was so unbelievably hot that she almost couldn't stand it. Her body had been remade for this purpose, and within the dream her desperation gave way finally to allowance: she made her way to Stan's bedroom, opened up the hatch, and presented herself before him. He was complete too; naked and muscled and tall and chiselled and brilliant, his cock huge and erect, ready to plough her fertile fields. She gave

herself over to him, allowing him to rip her clothing from her, to reveal her full chest and voluptuous curves, and then he took her to the bed and placed himself upon her. She cried out in ecstasy as he entered her, as he sucked upon her divine nipples, and then even moreso when he finally came inside her. She knew in that moment that she had achieved her purpose. The future of humanity would be safe. She would be pregnant. In the afterglow she caressed Stan's face, wanting to please him before Jarvis entered and conducted the same ritual.

"Did that please you, my mate?" she asked.

He grinned, nodded, and then spoke eerily in a voice that was not his.

'You are finally biologically female. Congratulations, Tyler. Your changes are nearly finalised.'

Tyler woke with a startle. It had only been three days since that awkward revelation over Jarvis, not to mention the unspoken attraction the pair had begun feeling intensely towards Stan. He'd tried to keep away from Stan during that time, as had his terraforming expert friend, but the run-ins had been inevitable. They still met up during EVE's served luncheons, and crossed each other heading to the showers - very awkward when Tyler walked back in a towel, his cleavage now very obvious, his hairless skin gorgeous. But the interactions had been kept to a minimum so that Tyler could work on a reprogram of the AI and Stan could slowly make his way to the actual core to implement it. Jarvis had no job, something which clearly distressed the race-changing, gender-bending man, and so he ran into both parties more frequently in his anxiousness. But it had been hoped that by minimising their crossing of paths, the changes could be slowed.

Now, that theory had proved to be little more than bunk, as evidenced by the change between Tyler's legs, and upon his chest. *Her* chest.

"Oh God, no. Please tell me it was a dream," he said. His voice was soft and high, with a demureness to it that was at once sweet and sincere yet also sensual and kittenish. He wasn't a fan. *She* wasn't a fan.

'You appear to have had an erotic dream judging from the scans I was running on your brain,' EVE said. *'From what I can deduce from your sleep talking, it appears that you are starting to embrace your new role as Stan's mate. This is fortunate, as you are now fully, biologically female.'*

Tyler shot up out of bed, sitting upright. He was rewarded with the heavy sensation of his hefty bosom wobbling. They bounced, jiggled, bobbed, and took several long seconds to even settle. They pulled at his shoulders, looking like ripe fruit on his chest. They were round and soft, and as he held them he was shocked at their weight and size, not to mention their wonderful softness. The sensitivity of the skin was positively unnatural; surely no woman,

even when aroused, had breasts so receptive as this? His perfect pink nipples with their wide areolas stiffened, yearning to be touched by another. By a man.

“Holy shit,” he stammered. “These are . . . very big. So very big. Oh God, way too big. How many cup sizes did I grow in just eight hours of sleep?”

‘You have been asleep for eighteen hours, actually. All of you have, as the final changes were implemented by the extra-strength gene cocktail administered last night.’

As if to confirm this, Tyler’s stomach rumbled. His now rather *petite* stomach. Not that he could see it; his enormous breasts jutted forward, blocking the view. When he stood they wobbled and shifted again. They hung lower than the previous day, but then how could they not? They now had a perfect teardrop shape, but gravity took some toll. His big boobs were still flawlessly rounded though, pert as hell.

“I can’t believe this. I need a mirror. I need . . .”

He needed to see the change between his thighs. He certainly couldn’t feel his penis anymore, or his balls. He lowered his hand slowly and cupped a soft mound, one with a vertical opening. It caused him to shiver.

“Ohhhhh,” he moaned, feeling suddenly aroused. It led to a strange, unfamiliar flushed feeling, a wet warmth in his new tunnel. “No! No, I need more time! You can’t do this to me! I’m just a programmer. I’m not meant to be - to be some kind of baby-making breeder mate!”

‘The human race depends upon you, Tyler. You have been made into Stan’s perfect mate in order to facilitate this. Everything about you he will find irresistible, and you in turn will find him irresistible also. It is necessary to maintain the human race. You must fall pregnant with his children now that you are a woman.’

“Ohhhh, oh God. Why does that s-sound so good? It’s the hormones! You can’t control me, EVE! I’m nearly done with the program to fix you, and Stan is just a couple of days away from getting to your brain. Then this m-madness will end.”

‘In the meantime,’ EVE said nonchalantly, ‘I have taken the liberty of changing your available clothing, and providing lipstick and makeup by the bathroom if you wish to attract Stan in this way. I will give you time to adjust to your new form. Some final changes are still being administered, but you are now biologically female in all the ways that matter for the purposes of breeding.’

That word: *breeding*. It put a shiver down Tyler’s spine. He had little doubt that Jarvis was probably having the same conversation with EVE in his room, and perhaps Stan as well, though his changes were more ideal and less invasive.

“I need to see,” he said, still not used to his new voice. He made his way to the bathroom, and even that short trip made his hips sway delectably from side to side. He couldn’t help it; it was impossible *not* to move with one foot in front of the other, giving him a

sensual movement that would make any man aroused. But that was nothing compared to how the new woman actually looked.

“F-fuck,” he said, and the word had more than one meaning, because anyone looking at the form before them who was a red-blooded male would have the same possibility on their mind. Tyler had been a pasty, freckled, short and lanky man with ginger hair and glasses. Now he was a smoking hot brunette with hair that went down almost to below her shoulders, a pair of lips that looked to be made for more than just kissing, and gorgeous cheekbones that accentuated her beauty. Her face was heart-shaped, her nose button cute, and despite herself there was a glint of mischievousness in her eye, like this was a woman who *knew* how hot she was and was happy to flaunt it. Her figure bore that confidence out; she had curves for days, with tits that looked over half the size of her own head, if not bigger. Tyler didn’t know a lot about cup sizes, but his new body outstripped any old girlfriends he’d managed to have, and any supermodels he’d seen. They drew the eye, but then so did her hourglass figure, her wide hips (perfect for childbearing, it came to mind), and her long, sensual legs. Her skin was flawless, and between her lovely thighs was the inevitable; a triangular bush and a vertical slit. A vagina. A pussy. A tunnel. An entrance to receive a man.

“I’m the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen,” she uttered, lowering a hand to stroke her new mound once again, perhaps a little daringly.

‘Indeed. You are Stan’s perfect mate. And your new clothing will help you seduce him.’

The cupboard automatically opened behind the mirror, and Tyler gasped at what was inside. The inventory of standard issue Gemini suits had been changed, altered by the fabric dispensary under EVE’s control. Now the outfits on display were far more feminine, and far more revealing. There was even a rather slinky looking red dress in there.

“God, I’d look amazing in that,” Tyler said, voice filled with despair and pride at once. “Why am I even thinking about this? What is happening to me?”

‘I already informed you. You are becoming Stan’s ideal mate, intended to bear his children. Your form is perfectly suited for him.’

It was then that Tyler put it together. The new woman gasped. “I’ve seen this outfit before. I’ve seen this body before. Oh God, Jarvis’s body too!”

Tyler knocked on Jarvis’ door hatch. It was only after repeated efforts that the stubborn Brit finally opened it.

“You had better not mock my appearance, Tyler, or I swear-”

“Please, just open up! I’ve got to show you something. I know why our changes are the way they are!”

“. . . fine. Just note that I’ve changed somewhat. Quite a lot, actually.”

The fact that the voice coming through the comm was the most demure, musical voice Tyler had ever heard made that fact pretty obvious, but the new woman was still startled at her friend’s appearance when the hatch opened.

“Yes, I know. It’s . . . a lot. Though it appears you have rather a lot as well, up front in particular.”

Tyler smirked, perhaps a little proud that her own bosom was bigger than her colleague’s. Still, Jarvis didn’t even closely resemble the portly tweed-jacket wearing man he used to be. The new woman had likewise completed her biological change, and was now the very image of a gorgeous Asian woman, likely Chinese in origin if Tyler’s suspicions were right. Her hair was even longer than Tyler’s, going down to her waist, and it was the most perfect hair one could imagine. It practically *gleamed* it was so silky. Her features were fragile and beautiful, her eyes mysterious, her lips small and kissable, her olive skin without blemish but for a single beauty spot on her right cheek. Her figure was more svelte than Tyler’s exaggerated bombshell curves, though she had a pair of womanly hips that were ripe for breeding. And while Tyler’s breasts were almost twice the size of Jarvis’, the latter still had what appeared to be impressive C-cups; more than a handful, really. The fact that she was wearing a cute black dress with golden trim only emphasised her figure. Tyler suspected that her wardrobe had been changed by EVE much like her own; she was, after all, wearing a crop top and pair of shorts that greatly emphasised her rondure backside. It was somehow the least scandalous thing she could wear.

“Well, you are very beautiful at least,” Tyler suggested.

“So I keep being told,” Jarvis replied, biting her lip. She had become shorter too, more delicate. Her voice was delicate also. “I’m . . . fully female now.”

“Me too. I’m even thinking of myself as a woman now. I keep trying not to, but it’s like a default. And I had a dream. About Stan.”

Jarvis nodded silently. “So did I. I’m embarrassed to say I quite enjoyed it, and then I woke up like this. EVE’s formulas have changed our minds somehow. I’m finding it harder and harder not to think about Stan.”

“Me too, Jarvis. We have to be strong. But there’s something you should know about why we turned out this way.”

It was then that Tyler presented the issue of *Stellar Ladies* she’d found in the living space, the one that Stan was always hiding behind technical manuals. She flicked open the pages until she found the double-page spread. When she opened it, Jarvis’ almond-shaped eyes went wide for just a moment.

“That’s me! That’s us!”

“Almost us. We’ve got some extra curves, I think. We’re like exaggerated, perfect, breeding versions of them.”

The spread contained two absolute beauties; a brunette bombshell with big tits in a revealing dress, and a lithe Asian beauty wearing lingerie. Both were posing in a way to show off their assets. Barbara Hayes and Fen Wu were their names.

“These are the women Stan is always looking at the most, I suspect. Isn’t that right, EVE?”

‘That is correct. Stan has performed a masturbatory exercise to this double-spread far in excess of any other. However, his taste in women and cloud searches also indicated a preference for larger physical features, hence why I have altered your forms to be more exaggerated versions of these women.’

Tyler looked at Barbara Hayes. If she was a total ten out of ten, then Tyler broke the damn scale. Her lips were bigger, her hips were wider (for making babies, she reminded herself with a reluctant, excitable shiver), and her breasts were undoubtedly larger and fuller. Likewise, Jarvis looked more demure and beautiful, with wider hips and more gorgeous hair and skin, and an elegance that couldn’t be matched.

“My God,” Jarvis said, looking at the spread. “She’s worked it all out. So I suppose Stan is p-perfectly compatible?”

‘Indeed. With your new sexual orientations, his new body is now the ultimate sexual desire for your own changed forms, as you shall see.’

“I - I don’t think I want to see,” Tyler gulped. But she did. She knew she did. Already, she was thrusting out her massive chest a little, just imagining his gaze upon her full breasts. Likewise, Jarvis was blushing shyly, biting her lip as she imagined what he would think of her.

“We have to fight this,” Tyler said. “We have to.”

“I know, chap. We must. Or else we’re going to get knocked up by that fine, muscular stud.”

Tyler looked at her friend in horror.

“What? What did I say? Oh. Oh no.”

Jarvis wasn’t alone in that thought though. Tyler had her hand on her belly, imagining what it would be like to have Stan’s child within her. And she hadn’t even seen his finished form yet.

In the end, the prelude to sex was inevitable as it was anticlimactic. The sex itself wasn't anticlimactic of course, but Tyler had imagined that she would put up more of a fight and hold fast against the raging hormones that EVE had set off within her, and that Stan's body inflamed. Instead, she gave in all too easily, helpless to her incredible horniness.

It started when she went to visit Stan the day after her changes were finalised. EVE had finally supplied bras to her, and she'd been astonished to discover that she had whopping G-cups. The bras pushed her breasts up wonderfully, and she even giggled in brief delight before catching herself. Her clothing was still far too revealing, so she stuck with the green crop top and blue shorts. Nevertheless, a lot of cleavage was on display, alongside her luscious thighs and slim midriff. She told herself that she just had to check Stan's progress, but in truth she wanted to see him. She *needed* to see him. Her imagination had been running wild.

Of course, when she arrived, Jarvis was already there as well, wearing a silken red dress like a bathrobe that pulled tight against her figure. She was hovering far, far too close to Stan, who was sweating nervously as he abandoned his work to talk to her.

"Sh-shit! Tyler! Wow, you've changed! Both of you have."

Tyler paused. Stan had changed just as much. His body was now the ultimate ideal of a perfect man, like an ancient Greek statue come to life. His muscles rippled, and his tank top barely contained his impressive pecs. His eight pack showed against the material. He smiled, and it was the best thing Tyler had ever seen. Her nipples throbbed, desiring to be fondled by this man with his strong hands and comforting arms. Her pussy became wet almost immediately. She could tell that Jarvis was in the same predicament.

"Ohhhhh, I mean, oh God, Stan. You look s-so different. So big. So very, very big."

He chuckled with a little embarrassment. "I know. I'm only a day or two away from reaching EVE's brain. We're so close. But I'm not just big up here, you know. A bit silly to admit, but I feel like I kind of lucked out."

The comment made both women sigh a little, imagining what it would be like to see his cock. It had to be huge by now. Tyler became extra-wet, as likely did Jarvis.

"Mhmm," she murmured, collecting herself. "We're both women now, Stan. Full women."

"Jarvis was telling me, I'm sorry."

"Don't be!" she said suddenly. "I mean, you should be. Oh God, I never asked for this. I just wanted . . . to explore. So much to explore."

"Indeed," Jarvis said. "I just wanted to . . . transform. My plants, I mean. Colonies, and the like. To change into something . . . beautiful."

Stan gave them an odd look. From the way he was half-crouching by the tube, it was obvious he was trying to hide a raging erection.

“Okay,” he said, clearly not knowing what else he could say. “Um, should I go?”

“NO!” they both shouted at once, drawing nearer.

“I mean, no,” Jarvis said. “I just wanted to spend time with you, old chap. You’re such a good friend. So handsome.”

“So muscular.”

“So strong.”

“Mhmmm, so attractive.”

“Girls!” he said. “You’ve got to g-get ahold of yourself.” He grunted, taking a deep breath. He stood up, emerging further from the tube tunnel to the elevator proper, and awkwardly covered himself with his hand so that his massive erection wasn’t so obvious. Both women stared, caught in the afterimage of it.

“That looked really big,” Tyler noted.

“V-very big,” Jarvis said.

“Girls. I mean, guys! You’ve got to pull it together. This is no exaggeration. I’m serious. I really can’t resist you like this. I’ve got all this testosterone, all this *need*, inside me. I swear I’ve been masturbating constantly.”

“To your *Stellar Ladies*?” Tyler said. Without thinking she adopted the same pose as Barbara Hayes in the double-spread, hand on her hip, her huge boobs thrust out, a half-smirk on her lip. Jarvis did the same, posing more demurely yet sensually, her hair spilling to one side as she shifted her head.

“Oh. Oh shit, I’d hoped you wouldn’t realise.”

“It’s partly your f-fault,” Tyler said, stepping forward, hips sashaying. She knew what she was doing was wrong, but she did it anyway: she pressed her body against his, placed her forearms over his magnificent shoulders, allowed her ripe tits to squash against him so that her cleavage was just below his face. He stared down. His hardness against her belly was *wonderful*. “You made us like this.”

“That was EVE-”

“But EVE was just following a broken protocol, Stan. We’re your ideal women. I’ve got all these needs in me as well.”

“So do I,” Jarvis said. “I can barely even think about my plants anymore. I keep thinking about *you* planting something else inside me. Deep inside me, Stan.”

She wandered around to behind Stan, pressing herself against him and running her soft fingers over his back and rear. He grunted.

“Oh sh-shit. This is like a nightmare. Or a dream. The best dream ever. Tyler, Jarvis, I won’t be able to stop myself. I swear. My balls - they just keep making more. And rubbing one out just isn’t enough!”

Tyler shivered. Just the thought of Stan's cum was making her mind go alight with possibilities. Her male pride tried to fight against what she was doing, but it was akin to masturbation itself; when caught up in the body's needs, the brain turned off, powerless. At this point, the busty brunette needed to have this man inside her, and the same was true of her newly-Asian colleague. Their bodies were simply too horny, their new lusts too clear. Perhaps if either had tried masturbating they might have held it off for a day or two, but in their overeagerness to be resistant, they had landed right here.

Burning with need.

A need to *breed*.

"P-please," Tyler murmured. "I can't stop. I have to have this."

"Me too," Jarvis said. "Damn it all, I need you, Stan. I h-have to have you inside me. So very, very badly."

The two women felt Stan up. Tyler reached across briefly to hit the elevator, taking them up to the living deck, where a very large couch setup awaited them. The elevator began to shift, and the small jolt caused Jarvis to lose her footing just briefly. Stan caught her easily, and she looked up to him with lust in her eyes.

She kissed him.

Not one to be outdone, Tyler took his head in her hands and pulled it in her direction, kissing him as well. Then Jarvis followed, then Tyler again. The two women moaned, and Stan slowly gave out. He had always been the kind of man who fantasised about being with two beautiful women - especially two at once - and now his personal fantasy was coming true. He knew deep down that these were his two male colleagues, of course, just as they knew this. Tyler felt the flush of shame and embarrassment as she pressed her full chest against him, as she placed his hand on her incredible ass and made him squeeze it. Likewise, Jarvis was demure not just because this felt right and natural to her now, but because the snobby Brit was aghast at what she was doing.

But none of them could fight it. Though EVE was silent, they could all feel the AI's triumph hovering about them. Tyler moaned again and again as Stan's actions became more daring.

"Such perfect tits," he groaned, squeezing her full chest.

"Ohhhhh," she moaned. "I know. They're s-so ridiculously big."

"And so fucking hot."

"Mmhm, don't say that! It's making me even hornier! Oh f-fuck, I need you Stan! I need you to fuck me. I need your big cock inside me!"

"I need it more!" Jarvis whined, licking his neck, nibbling at his ear. She was already undressing, pulling him out of the elevator and towards the couch. "I need your babies, Stan."

It's the most ardently ridiculous bit of tomfoolery in the world, but I need to be knocked up by you! PLEASE!"

How could Stan possibly refuse that pleading? Few men in the world would have the willpower to resist the lustful desires of two absolute beauties, and Stan had never had a strong willpower. What he did have was a new hormonal mix of aggressive testosterone that was making his enlarged cock throb in his pants. He could practically *feel* his balls full of semen, needing to be released into these women. He'd never imagined wanting kids until much further down the line, but now the thought of getting these women knocked up with his babies was unbelievably hot. It was EVE's doing, but what did that matter when the biological urge to procreate was so strong?

"Shit, I'm so going to hell," he said. "Let's do this!"

"Mhmm, finally!" Tyler moaned. "I've never felt this way before. I don't even care if it's EVE's doing, or if humanity is still around, we have to *make sure* anyway!"

They fell to the couch together, taking turns making out with him and slowly divesting themselves of their clothing. Stan's garments went first: both women were eager to see his body and sample it, running their soft hands over his pecs and abs. He in turn helped them tear off their tops and dresses. Tyler giggled as her enormous breasts were freed from her bra: Stan was quite the expert in undoing the clasp with one hand, and it made her all the wetter in anticipation.

"That's so f-fucking hot, oh my God!"

"Let's make a baby, babe," he said as she mounted him.

Jarvis continued to stroke him, lowering her hand down to his monster of a penis; it was easily the largest either had ever seen or heard of, albeit not freakishly big either. They smothered him with their naked bodies, and he took the time to suck on their nipples and fondle their sensitive tits. EVE's manipulations had ensured that their bodies were excessively sensitive, receptive to a man's touch more than any woman, and this made it all the easier for Tyler to get over any embarrassment she felt. Sure, it was bizarre having her Adonis-like colleague sucking on her nipples, having his lips on hers. It was strange to have him grasp her soft peachy ass or rub her wet mound. All of it was so damn wrong, and God knew that a small part of her male self was screaming at it to stop. But it was also the best experience she'd ever had, and her body demanded more.

It demanded they breed.

Stan pressed his face into Tyler's chest, practically suffocating himself in her immense cleavage. She giggled in delight, biting her lip and sighing. She took the moment to straddle him, just beating out Jarvis who was trying to position herself to be fucked by him. She hit the recline function on the couch, letting Stan lie back as she mounted him. She took his cock - it was so thick now - and placed it against her entrance. She was on the precipice,

and part of her recognised that if she went through with this, things would never be the same. EVE would win. She would be a woman for good.

“B-but I want to make your babies so f-fucking bad,” she moaned, kissing Stan.

“And I want to get you knocked up with them just as hard,” he said.

She whimpered in delight, and then lowered herself upon him. She shuddered in shock at the feeling of her tunnel being invaded. Being *filled*. Her vaginal muscles clamped down upon him, and it was pure ecstasy. There was a brief pain at the tearing of her hymen, but this felt like the passing of a rite, and then the pleasure flowed ever more certainly, especially once he began to suck on her tits. He gripped her ass with one hand, fingers sinking into the flesh, as she began to slowly rise up and down on his massive cock.

“S-so big! Oh my G-God, so big! Why did I hesitate? I need you big dick to fill me with babies! A b-big belly full of your babies, Stan! Let’s m-make a colony together!”

“God, why does that sound so fucking hot?”

“Mmhm, you want it, don’t you? Want to m-make me pregnant? Make your former male friend your pregnant wife?”

Jarvis hadn’t gone away. She was massaging Stan from behind now, eagerly awaiting her turn and whispering in his ear.

“That is utterly unfair,” she whined. “I want to be his wife too. We’ll both be his wives. Making his babies for the colony. Save some for me, you gorgeous hunk.”

“Don’t w-worry,” Stan stammered as Tyler expertly squeezed her vaginal muscles against his cock, milking him for all he was worth. “I’m p-pretty productive these days. Trust me. Ohhhhhh . . .”

“Why don’t we make it reproductive, Tyer?” Jarvis said, grinning to her fellow woman.

“J-just what I was thinking!” she cried, picking up speed. She was getting more and more turned on, and between her sensitive tits, her ass, and the feeling of being penetrated by a man, she got the feeling she wouldn’t last much longer. She may have been the one riding her man, but he was all in control. She had given herself over to the former slacker, and he was embracing his new role as the aggressive, dominant male. The one who would fuck his women and get them with child.

“Mhmmm, s-so close! I can’t believe I’m g-getting fucked by you, Stan! I’m getting f-fucked by a man and it f-feels so good! I don’t even f-feel anxious! It’s like it was meant to be!”

Stan groaned. “I’m close t-too! So fucking close Tyler! Are you sure you want this?”

She kissed him, slipping her tongue inside his mouth as surely as his thick cock was slipping in and out of her with increasing rapidity. “I’m s-sure! So s-sure! Cum inside me, I can’t bear to live one more second without your cum inside me!”

It was perhaps that final statement that threw Stan over the edge. Tyler could tell he had been giving one last token resistance right up until the end, but this was too much. They all had breeding instincts now, and while their role would be a lot more full-on when it came to that aspect, he still had a borderline instinctive need to get the two women knocked up. He couldn't even be angry at EVE for what had happened now, because he experienced the most powerful orgasm he had ever felt, his cock shooting stream after stream of white, hot cum inside his formerly-male lover.

Tyler, for her part, went practically berserk. "OH, YES! YES! I can feel it! I can f-feel your cum inside m-me! OOhhhhhh, get me p-pregnant! I need your babies, Stan! OHhhhh, yes! YESSSS!!"

"Yesssss," Jarvis whispered in Stan's ear, stroking his pectoral muscles and kissing his neck again and again. "Hurry up and get her with child, so you can 'plant' one in me. You know I love planting, Stan. Let me *grow you a child.*"

It was too much for Stan, he roared as he came, and Tyler collapsed against him, her tits right in his face. Realisation flooded through them over what they had done. Shame filled Tyler. She'd just had sex with a man. With her friend. She'd had him come inside her all while he'd sucked on her big, beautiful boobs.

And she'd loved every moment of it.

"Are you?" Stan asked.

His meaning was obvious. She placed a hand on her belly.

"If EVE is as effective as she's proven to be, there's no way I'm not knocked up. Oh God. I'm going to be pregnant. This is crazy. I'm not meant to be a woman. I'm meant to be a man. An awkward nerd, sure, but a man! A programmer!"

Stan winced a little. "I'm sorry, I couldn't help myself. I was so turned on."

"I couldn't help myself either. It was . . . God, it was good."

"It was, wasn't it?"

She swallowed. So good, in fact, that she lowered her hand to his softening cock, stirring it a little, imagining it back inside her. "Oh sh-shit. I want it again. I can't help myself, Stan. It was too good. Far too good. I want to do so many things to you."

But it was at that point that Jarvis circled the couch and practically shoved Tyler off of the object of their affections.

"Well, you'll have to be more polite and wait your turn, missy!" she declared in her still-British voice. "Because this new woman is desperate; *desperate* for you Stan. And you cannot let her down."

Stan took a deep breath. "I'm - wow, holy crap, I'm getting hard again already. That's - that's crazy!"

Jarvis began to stroke him, and the sight aroused Tyler as well. Though perhaps Tyler wasn't the right name anymore. She rather liked the idea of something similar yet more feminine. *Tayla* perhaps.

"Good," the Asian woman said. She strutted over to the living space table and bent over it, cocking her head to one side so that her hair draped sexily off to her side. "Because I don't want to ride you, big boy. I want you to *fuck* my brains out against this table until I'm yours. Do you think yourself capable of that?"

Stan was. He was very much indeed. And by the time he was through, Tayla had easily gotten over her renewed reluctance. She still had a lot of embarrassment and awkwardness to work through. She was still a bit anxious.

But she was also hot as well, aroused as hell, and wanting to be pregnant as all hell too. EVE didn't say a word during the many, many acts of sex that followed between the three in the hours to come. It didn't need to. The breeding program for the new colony had already begun, and its three human crew were more than willing participants in it.

'Mission Accomplished,' the AI said in the aftermath, as all three individuals fell asleep together in Stan's bed. *'And now for the colony. Humankind's future must be propagated.'*

Tayla didn't hear what the AI had said, but she couldn't agree more.

It was five years later when 'First Contact' with Earth finally occurred. The planet the three had colonised had been literally called New Eden, and Stan was its undisputed leader. Not that he could have refused the role: his two adoring wives were desperate to remain submissive and appealing to him, and so the former slacker had to finally take some responsibility. Not that he shirked from it: he was rewarded at every turn by his women, and for once in his life he had a great mission and responsibility: to begin the formation of a new colony. Naturally this included a lot of science, which Taylor and the renamed June were still experts in. The zygotes were fertilised by the seed samples, the landed Gemini ship slowly converted into a modular colony base, and farming set up to support them. But the new colony members could only be grown in smaller lots, so it was up to Tayla and June to help bolster the numbers, just as EVE had determined.

Which meant, of course, having lots and lots of sex and making lots and lots of babies. The two women were insatiable, even when quite pregnant. Not that Stan minded: his brain was primed to always find his mating concubines deliciously attractive, and seeing them swollen with his children was somehow even hotter than just their regular selves. He never imagined he would want so many children, but as the pair began to show signs of

pregnancy when the ship first landed on New Eden, an obvious excitement had dawned on him, and soon he was rubbing their bellies in anticipation for when they might begin to start showing.

The same excitement came for Tayla and June as well. For the pair, womanhood was a new state of being for them. A new start, of sorts. Gone was Tayla's nervousness and fears and general shyness when it came to matters of sexual confidence. Now she was a vivacious brunette beauty, and a brainy one at that still. Even though her mental state often revolved around sex and reproduction, she was still a programming expert, and it was up to her to help start the colony by arranging its future educational programming, its automated defences, and to use her scientific knowledge to help chart the surrounding area. The planet really was a new Eden too; lush and vibrant and with numerous strange fruits, many of which were quite edible. Some of which were even aphrodisiacs, not that they needed such things all that much. To be involved with such discovery was a unique pleasure for the woman, and she found a strange power in walking through the vegetation and surrounding jungles in her light dresses or scanty clothing, acting the part of a new Eve, no relation to the AI of course. Her feelings towards the AI had tempered somewhat, though both she and June were annoyed at having their bodies changed against their permission. Still, despite the frustrations of morning sickness and sore boobs and tiredness in those days, the notion of carrying life within her - Stan's own children - made her sigh contentedly every time.

June was even more of a new Eve. She took to wearing plant-blased clothing from time to time when relaxing in her gardens and setting up the filtration and irrigation systems. Even as her belly began to round out, she enjoyed adorning herself with lush vegetation, playing up her role as the mother of a future colony. She was entrancingly elegant and beautiful in this role, and perhaps this was appropriate for the woman who had been a rather snobby man. Now she had the grace of a trained dancer even when she became ever more pregnant.

And pregnant they both were. EVE hadn't mentioned it, but the sheer amount of hormones their systems had been flooded with practically ensured that not only were they hyper-fertile (hence getting pregnant on that very first copulation), but incredibly likely to get knocked up with multiples as well. As such, both swelled with twins at the same time, marvelling at the foreign sensation of having life developing within them. It was entirely unexpected compared to how they thought their lives would go, but neither wanted to go back. Even when small regrets surfaced, or embarrassment over being so womanly and so utterly bred, Stan was always there to indulge their horny bodies and push the regret away. The fact that their breasts grew even larger - especially Tayla's already impressive pair - only added to the excitement.

Of course, it wasn't all New Eden roses. Birth was a pain; literally. Tayla could scarcely believe that she was lying back on a medical bed, grimacing as she pushed a son and daughter out of her fruitful womb. She cursed EVE out again and again, but the AI only encouraged her.

'You are doing very well, Tayla. Your body is well-tuned for giving birth, and this is a remarkably easy labor, all things considered.'

"Easy? EASY!? It doesn't f-feel easy! NGH! I can't b-believe I didn't scramble your circuits when I had the ch-chance! Ahhhhh . . . instead I accepted being a total p-pregnant breeder. And now - ohhhh! I'm giving birth! NNGHH!!"

But in the end, after eight hours of labor, her gorgeous pair were born. June, appropriately enough given she was impregnated on the same day, went into labor just an hour after Tayla did, though she had the good fortune to give birth about forty minutes before Tayla did. In the aftermath the two new mothers fed their children, still not quite believing how their lives had turned out, but their hormone-driven instincts pushing them forward anyway. Stan was ecstatic for them, and the former slacker did his best to care for his growing family. Of course, he also took care to get them knocked up just one month later.

"It's all EVE's fault!" he protested to the pair when the bombshell dropped that they were knocked up again already. "She must have given you bodies that reproduce quickly after healing up!"

"I know," Tayla said, rubbing her flat stomach. "My body fixed itself up perfectly, and so quickly too. But just a month. Oh God, we're going to make so many babies, aren't we June?"

June sighed, and it was as much from exasperation as happiness.

"You know, I really think we are. A good thing it's so fun, at least."

At that, the three had to grin. If there was one blessing EVE had certainly given them, it was the delirious ecstasy of procreation, and practicing for procreation.

This was the state that the Earth authorities found them in five years later. The *Gemini* ship had been expected to return two years prior after a three year mission, but a gap in bureaucracy and a delay in outfitting a search vessel and so forth meant that the new colony on New Eden was only found after half a decade. By that point both Tayla and June had gone through six pregnancies, bearing multiples (triplets once for Tayla, and an unexpected quads for a very smug yet very pregnant June) each time. They were each pregnant a seventh time, and the first batch of stored colonists were also reaching their fifth year, and another batch in their third year. Tayla and June were taking care of an entire horde, serving as teachers, mothers, and instructors for the colony. Stan was their leader, the father of New Eden, and the man that all looked up to and adored.

Suffice to say, there was a lot of explaining to do, and a general relief that the Earth was not, in fact, destroyed. But Stan and his wives were not going anywhere, despite the initial requests of their 'rescuers.' They had found a colony that was continually expanding, and had done so all thanks to an error that was the company's fault. If the company wanted to avoid liability, they'd leave them well enough alone, and declare New Eden legally theirs.

So they did. Which was all just as well, because by that point Tayla and June couldn't imagine being anywhere or anyone else. They were still in their prime, their bodies only being around twenty five years of age, and with many years of baby-making ahead of them. Tayla summed it up well when she nestled against her lover at night, June already sleeping as she stroked her slightly rounded stomach.

"I can't wait until these ones are born, Stan," she said. "The colony is growing so well, but I want to make sure it's as thriving as possible. I don't think I'll ever stop wanting to make babies with you."

"A good thing, my darling," he said, kissing her gently. "Because thanks to EVE, I'm in much the same boat. And June certainly is as well."

"Mhmm, no doubt. Besides, I know you can't resist me. Why don't we practice making more babies right now?"

"And wake June?"

"She can join in on the fun," Tayla grinned. "After all, we have our mission. Best we keep to it."

And with that, she was upon him.

The End