Parasitic Duplication

When investigating the furthest reaches of space there were typically two ways of doing it; one was to take a fully stocked and massive space station-like frigate on a years long exploration mission charting out every object of interest in a sector, or if there happens to be a potential point of interest a faster science vessel manned by a dozen or so people could be deployed. For Ailsa she was on the latter of the two as she laid back in her cot. While it meant that she would be back at the planet that she called home relatively quickly it also meant that the amenities for such a vessel were rather limited.

Not that she minded it, as the stringray played on her handheld she knew that having things like a food court or a pool meant that she would be stuck with the same people for years on end. For a fast-travel vessel it might be a few days at most and that meant being able to stay by herself for the most part. As one of the researchers on the station she was allowed to sit back and relax until they got to whatever anomaly was out there. Not to mention that there was a potential chance that it could be nothing, which if that was the case then she wouldn’t even have to do anything to claim her paycheck.

So for the last two days she had been sticking around the comfort of her small but cozy room enjoying her own company while waiting for them to get to the coordinates of an alien signal. When she felt the inertia dampeners kicking in and felt her body shift slightly Ailsa knew that it was time to at least get to her position. That unfortunately meant putting on clothes and as she got up she saw her own midnight blue body in the nearby mirror, purple stripes adorning her frame as she got dressed. After getting on her space suit she gave a few brushes to her long mane of white hair before heading out to the research lab.

Before she could get there though she came across a snow leopard man that put up his hands to stop her. “I was just about to get you,” the feline said with a small smirk on his face. “You’re on expedition party, head towards the airlock.”

“You guys already chose that?” Ailsa asked with a scowl as she crossed her arms. “What the hell Rufus, you’re supposed to wait for everyone to get there before doing that.”

“Well you should have been paying attention to your messages instead of playing games all day,” Rufus explained with a smirk. “Airlock. Ten minutes. You’ll be going with Lyn.”

Ailsa sighed and nodded, not feeling like trying to start an argument that would get their draconic captain involved. One downside about being not very personable was that she was sometimes left out of things like this, which in this case involved her getting teamed up with the extremely chatty raven girl that was new to the team. As soon as she got to the airlock she saw Lyn already waiting for her, which was when she got the full briefing of the mission whether she liked it or not. From all the words that were thrown at her Ailsa got the idea that they had found some sort of alien vessel floating through space and they to check out if there was anything of interest.

It wouldn’t be the first time someone had stumbled across some sort of strange vessel; space was littered with such things from long lost civilizations, some from the other side of the galaxy from what information could be deciphered. The stingray had already been on a few explorations like this and after the first time the excitement of the discovery wears off and she was left with just the filing and the paperwork. Occasionally something interesting would come from it but most of the time it was either data that couldn’t be processed, a language that couldn’t be read, or samples of something that had long since passed their usefulness. At least it was a small craft from what Lyn had told her as she put on her facemask and pressurization suit.

Even though scans determined there was an atmosphere inside of the ship there was no telling what was contained in an alien environment. It was another set of data they were sent to collect and as the ship docked up against the area where they would be breaching they watched from the other side of the airlock as the metal heated up. Ailsa wondered if this might be one of those times that they couldn’t even get inside as the alien material glowed, but it wasn’t long before a hexagonal opening appeared in the alien ship’s hull while the umbilical gate suctioned to it.

After the initial connection it was a series of security and biohazard checkpoints before Ailsa stepped foot inside the derelict vessel. As she walked inside she immediately began to hear Lyn talking away on the radio, and after walking through the hallway they had breached into the stingray suggested splitting up to cover more ground. The raven agreed and as soon as they were out of sight she turned off her radio. If she had to deal with that the entire time she would have a splitting headache as she made her way to the front of the ship. With no idea what the aliens looked like or what this vessel was used for she wouldn’t know where anything was, but as she passed through what appeared to be a doorway she was thankful that at least they left everything open for her.

It didn’t take too long before Ailsa found something that was somewhat familiar to her. It looked like a science lab that was on the ship but with much stranger designs, along with glyphs that she guessed was writing. As per usual she took out her camera and recorded everything to send back to the main data archival teams. If it matched anything in the database they would know, though the stingray wasn’t too interested in such things. The only discoveries that made big money were things that were either significant scientifically or provided great insight to whatever aliens used to call this place home.

As she was about to go forward towards what she expected was the cockpit of the ship however she heard something that caused her to stop and spin around. It sounded a bit like a voice, but with her radio off and the raven not behind her the only one in this room was her. Yet as she continued to step back into the room the voice was getting stronger, only to realize it was actually her own internal monologue. There’s something in this room… though she hadn’t thought of such a thing initially there was a strong force or feeling that was compelling her towards one of the back walls.

Yes, there was something about this wall that made it much different than the others. There were the same glyphs and symbols that were elsewhere that surrounded the entirety of a metal square that was in the middle of it. Though she had no idea what they meant it almost felt like some sort of warning, though the more she looked at the square in the middle the more she wanted to touch it. Soon the idea of some sort of alien danger was pushed aside as she wondered just what might be on the other side of such a thing.

Once more Ailsa wasn’t sure why she knew it would work, but as she brushed her hands against the spot she found herself unsurprised that it glowed before pushing out. Inside of it was a glass cube, and with the metal pushed out she suddenly found a need to grab it and pull it out from the confines. Even though part of her mind thought it was strange to think that way her hand seemed to know what she wanted and reached in for it. All the thoughts of proper handling of anything alien flew out of her mind as she gripped the case and pulled it out to reveal something inside that she didn’t expect.

It looked like some sort of liquid at first, but as she held onto the box she saw it solidify into a slug-like shape before tendrils formed out of its body and pressed against the glass where her slender fingers were holding it. A living specimen… that was rare even for the largest of vessels that they find out in deep space, and this one appeared to be very active. But as she watched it try to wrap around her fingers she noticed it was starting to discorporate again, melting into liquid even as those tendrils formed. It was outside containment, she realized somehow as she looked at the extended metal square, if she was going to save this thing it would need a vessel.

It would need a host.

It would need her to be a host.

For the first time since she had walked back into the alien science bay she found herself pushing back against the voice in her head. This was insane… even if she was looking for such glory there was no way she would put an alien inside her. Not to mention that would just make her the science project once they got back. No, the proper protocol was to contain the specimen and whether it lived or died it would be examined. But even as she thought about doing that Ailsa felt a pain inside of her, not a physical one but more of an emotional turmoil even though this thing was some sort of slug.

But it could be so much more, she found her voice whispering in her mind.

Haven’t there been some alien augmentations that have been essentially bio-mods? Though why she was trying to convince herself to do this was lost on her the stingray found herself biting her lip as her mind began to succumb to the idea. Even though it was the worst idea she could think of she couldn’t help it, she needed to feel what this thing was like inside of her. It was so inviting, so mysterious, and as she watched it continue to squirm a thought firmly cemented itself.

She needed this thing inside her.

And she was going to get it.

Once more it felt like an unseen force was guiding her hands as Ailsa broke the seal of the container and pulled back the piece that fell away from it. While she had half-expected it to leap out at her for being freed from its prison it remained inside. It was waiting… it knew what needed to be done and though the she looked at it wearily she found herself bringing the container up towards her head. She found herself swallowing hard as she looked directly at the creature, then slowly guided the opening underneath her long ear and pressed it up against the opening.

The effect was instantaneous; no sooner had she gotten it close then her eyes snapped open as something began to push its way inside. With it being out of her peripheral vision she couldn’t see what was going on, but that didn’t stop her from imagining it. The mental desire that she had to do such a thing evaporated and she found herself dropping the container, but it was already too late. She could feel several smaller tendrils pushing their way inside and while it was a bizarre pressure that was building up she found no desire to try to grab at the thing wiggling around in her ear.

Ailsa wasn’t sure how long she stood there, every second felt drawn out as she could feel it pushing and squishing its way inside of her head. For a bit she couldn’t hear anything on that side, but she could feel the tendrils slithering around her ear as it twitched from the insertion. What was she doing… as her mind finally registered the insanity of her actions it was already too late, her eyes twitched and squeezed shut as the creature finally pushed its way deep inside of her. When she brought up her fingers the only thing that was left there was a light coating of black slime, which as she rubbed against her fingers she could still feel it moving inside her skull.

When the realization of her actions dawned on her Ailsa’s first thought was to go to the sick bay, but that was quickly met with a feeling of extreme disapproval. No… she had to protect this creature, she had to make sure that it would survive. That was all that mattered, and when she began to think that way she found herself smiling as she felt a small wave of satisfaction. Yes, she needed to get it back to the ship, she needed to make sure it stayed alive inside her.

With the container shattered on the floor she just took her foot and brushed the glass to the side before sliding the metal panel back in. When she looked at the wall she found she could suddenly understand the glyphs, which were a warning that there was a mind-altering parasite being stored and to keep away when not studying it. Good to know that now, Ailsa thought, but as she looked it over she believed it all to be a lie. It was just something that they probably put there so that no one could get such a valuable specimen, brushing her long hair aside as tendrils could be seen pushing out the back of her neck and slithering down her spinal cord…

A few minutes later Ailsa was at the cockpit of the ship, or at least that’s what she assumed it was as she noticed that more of the glyphs were translated for her. Perhaps this thing was some sort of interpreter, her mind attempted to justify, but as she thought about it she heard a loud beeping in her ear that caused her to hiss. It was the emergency signal and as she put the earpiece in and turned on the radio she immediately heard Lyn’s voice practically screaming at her. At first she thought that the raven was overreacting but when she was told that she had been out of communication for an hour they were about to bring in the containment team.

No, no containment team! Ailsa could feel a primal fear grip her heart as she quickly stated that she just found the cockpit and had lost track of time, a bad lie but one that would hopefully cover things without too much trouble. She also immediately called for the cancellation of the team and said she would be right back. Suddenly another voice was on the line, and when the stingray heard Rufus ask if she found anything at least she told him no, there was nothing there.

Good girl.

The words had just floated into her head, but when it did she almost felt herself blushing. As she made her way back towards the ship she had to stop when a wave of disorientation swept over her. It almost brought her to her feet but she knew she couldn’t pass out, that would mean people poking and prodding her to try and find her secret. While she could feel the energy draining out of her body she kept her composure and eventually walked out of the alien ship, once more hearing that whisper of good girl in her mind as they walked through decontamination.

For once the airlock was silent as Lyn just gave Ailsa a disapproving look, but that wasn’t something that she cared about at the moment. She needed food and sleep more than ever in her life, but before she could get to the small mess hall of the ship she was told to head towards the lead researcher’s office. Faaran was best described as a cobra morph, and while he was rather masculine in nature she knew that he was also like her with both sexes. She wasn’t quite sure why that information had popped into her head, especially with the fact that she knew that she was probably in trouble.

The next two hours were an absolute nightmare as she was chewed out for just disappearing and not reporting in. The snake man wrote her up and told her that she would be working the last shift, which was when they had to do all the tedious paperwork, and she would have to apologize to Lyn. Ailsa didn’t care… her head was pounding and she could hardly focus on what was being said to her. She didn’t fight a thing and said she would do anything to make it right before asking to be dismissed.

The snake seemed to sense her discomfort and asked if she was alright, to which Ailsa immediately straightened up and said that she was fine before getting out. Deep down she knew that she was anything but fine, especially as she could feel something slithering down her back. If her long hair hadn’t been in the way people might have noticed the growing protrusions that were snaking their way down. Even though Ailsa could feel her insides changing she just ate the meal she grabbed as quickly as she could before stumbling back to her room.

Despite feeling awful there was also a strange sense of euphoria that was flooding into her body. She was doing what she was supposed to be doing, she was keeping the parasite safe. When that word floated in her mind the previous glossing over that it had done before was no longer there. It didn’t seem to care that she thought of it that way, not when the idea of potentially getting it taken out filled her was a sudden and intense revulsion.

With the survival of the parasite intact Ailsa could only think about what to do next. Would she have to carry this thing for the rest of her life? What would its intentions be once they were off the ship? None of these things seemed to concern it, in fact as she began to feel her strength returning she noticed that she wasn’t in front of her door.

She was in front of Lyn’s.

The raven was the last person that she wanted to deal with, but when she tried to move she found herself unable too. She could feel something stirring inside of her body, the light blue skin of her chest and stomach visibly stretching as the parasite infesting her had reached the next stage of maturation. With its safety somewhat ensured it needed to spread, and they had been given the perfect excuse to visit themselves upon another. The eyes of the stingray glazed over and without even doing anything she found her hand knocking on the door.

It didn’t take long for Lyn to open up, Ailsa feeling her heart pounding in her chest as the raven looked at her with a smirk on her face. “Ah, they told me you might come soon to apologize,” Lyn stated as she backed away from the doorframe and allowed her inside. “I can’t believe you did that too me, just leaving me cut out like that. Do you know how long I was talking to myself before realized that you cut off the radio?”

“Oh… yeah….” Ailsa said, her eyes becoming unfocused as she stepped inside and closed the door behind her. A heat was building up inside her, and as the raven continued to talk she remained oblivious to her starting to shake and quiver. The throbbing in her head began to subside but as she began to lose control of her thoughts the only thing she could focus on was the raven in front of her and the growing need inside as her pants began to tent.

The need… to spread…

To breed…

To find more hosts…

As Lyn finished up what she had to say the raven waited to hear the apology come from the crew mate that had humiliated her, only to hear something completely different. It sounded like wet tissue paper tearing and as a loud gurgle came from the one behind her she turned to see that Ailsa was braced up against the wall and that she was starting to spasm. She gasped and shouted that she would call for medical, but as she reached for the control panel the stringray quickly wrapped her fingers around her wrist. Lyn attempted to pull away but as she tried it was like she was being held by a vice grip, her beak dropping open in horror as her fingers began to pop and stretch to push out over her arm.

Suddenly the raven found herself swept off her feet and pressed up against the metal wall of her room, struggling against the creature that had pinned her there. When Lyn looked down she saw that the stringray had a wide smile on her face and a gleam in her eyes, though there was also a panicked look that was there as well. Her entire body was shaking and when she looked down she saw that the twin shafts of the hermaphrodite had pushed out past her waistband. Even though she had never seen them before the avian creature knew that those weren’t normal cocks, though as she could feel something happening to her arm it was getting harder to form thoughts.

Lyn’s fingers curled as tendrils of parasitic flesh pushed in from the tendrils that wrapped around them, the black sclera of her eyes encroaching over the rest of her reddish purple iris. Ailsa couldn’t tell where she ended and the parasite began, her mind so overwhelmed with need the only thing she could think of was claiming this host for her own. Already the same mental influence that had caused her to succumb was already turning the Raven’s mind against her and leaving her docile enough to infest. It had been so long since it had infested someone, Ailsa’s corrupted mind finding a perverse glee as she leaned towards the Raven’s beak as though to give her a kiss.

Instead her throat bulged out as half a dozen slimy tentacles all emerged from it at once. Several thicker ones pushed into the raven’s beak and down into her throat while the smaller ones pushed their way past the feathers of her head into her ear. This was their first new host, and if they were going to take the ship then they couldn’t afford to let this one call for help. The toes of the raven curled as the same corrupted pleasure that Ailsa had fallen into was being fed to her, especially as the infested stingray pushed her body up against the other woman’s. Tendrils emerged from the purple flesh of the creature and pulled down the raven’s pants, allowing the corrupted twin cocks to push up into her pussy and tailhole at the same time.

With both her holes between her legs being stretched open and the parasite spreading inside of her the Raven’s eyes were practically bulging out of her head just like the flesh of her throat. Though the infestation had started the second the parasite-laden stingray had touched her Ailsa… the parasite needed to makes sure it took. As their breasts pressed together the mounds on the creature’s side swelled and bulged before more parasitic tendrils slid inside, eager to infect every cell in this creature’s body as fast as possible. The ones in the bird’s beak, pussy, and tailhole continued to slither deeper and deeper into the body of the raven as her feathered flesh squirmed from underneath, the stingray continuing to pump her hips forward deeper and deeper while her tail mutated and grew even longer.

Stop… the word hit Ailsa like a freight train as the parasite’s will was exerted over her. As she pulled back she felt like every inch of her body was slithering back inside of her as the frenzied activity settled down. As she breathed heavily she could still see Lyn laying back against the wall, her eyes rolled back into her head with her body twitching from the rapturous pleasure. She would need time for maturation, Ailsa’s corrupted mind told her, but if they were going to corrupt the ship she would need more drones right away before she completely turned. While she wasn’t quite sure what that meant the only thing she could think of as her rational mind returned was that she needed to get out of there.

As Ailsa wiped the thick drool from her face she readjusted her clothing and ran out, leaving Lyn against the wall still panting heavily. As the raven tried to refocus her thoughts she found it was hard to even think, like her mind was trying to think through quicksand. For a few moments she hadn’t even remembered who she was, or where she was, and even as she stood there the only thing that could form in her thoughts was Ailsa. When she tried to step forward to get away from the wall she also found that she was stuck to the wall, though she looked down at her naked body and saw her stomach and chest swelling she realized it was the least of her concern.

The raven let out a sharp cry of pleasure as something pushed out of her pussy, a thick purple tentacle slithering out and stimulating her sensitive lips as a second quickly joined it. Somewhere deep in her mind she knew something wasn’t right, but it was being pushed aside by a growing pressure in her mind. Her head rolled back and forth from the stimulation as her entire body convulsed as the writing in her body increased in intensity. Her limbs trembled and her head pressed back against the wall as her gasping became shallower and shallower before finally her beak was spread open and tentacles began to slither out of it.

As the ones emerging from her mouth began to wrap around her head the raven tried to sway back and forth to get them off, but soon rivulets of purple goo was dripping from her encased head even as more emerged from her ears. As the last of her head disappeared the avian’s skull was being pushed out, the flesh stretching while her body quivered from more tentacles emerging from her pussy and tailhole to wrap down her legs. The muffled cries of the infested creature soon became slight moans as the feathers of her chest and stomach were suddenly pushed out by the dozens of slimy appendages emerging from her flesh. They wrapped around her swollen breasts and midsection to completely envelop her, forming into a cocoon of purple flesh that quickly tightened and knitted together until only a vaguely humanoid creature could be noticed within…

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As Ailsa walked away from Lyn’s room in a panic it wasn’t long before a sweeping calm came over her. Relax… soon this entire ship would belong to her, a thought that was strangely reassuring as she made her way back to her room. At the moment she was still gestating… her parasite was just gestating, she corrected herself, but this was the crucial time for infestation. She wasn’t sure why that was until she found that her muzzle was filling with liquid, and as she stopped in a nearby trash can to spit she let out a torrent of purple slime and her tongue flopped out past her lips. It had stretched out nearly a foot and deep down she knew that something was happening to her body.

Something wonderful… the words just floated in her mind and as she felt her body shift she found that she wasn’t scared. She wanted this, she needed what was being offered to her, this was a gift. A gift that she was going to spread to the entire crew, the space station, and then as far as the corners of the galaxy that she could go. But before she could do any of that she needed this ship, she needed drones to do her bidding, more of her as she passed by the weight room.

With most of the crew at their stations and most of the researchers studying what they had found the only other person that would be out was the night crew. It was the person that she would have been working with and as she peeked into the small gym area she saw that it was Rufus. Spending all night hearing him bitch and moan would not have been ideal, but what was is the fact that he was alone with no one around was. The only other crew mate would have been Lyn and she could sense her currently incubating at that moment as she crept inside while slowly pulling off her purple-stained clothing.

The snow leopard gritted his teeth as he continued his set, pumping the bar up and down from his white-furred chest until he had counted to ten. As he put the bar back on the stand he heard the door close to the gym and looked up to see what it was. When he looked over there was no one there, and as he glanced around the somewhat small space he didn’t see anyone either. Despite that it felt like someone was watching him… but he quickly wrote it off as just being paranoid and brought his fingers up to the bar to do a second set.

Suddenly one of the plates clanged to the floor and the snow leopard nearly knocked his head into the bar as he sat up and looked at where it was. “Hey, someone out there?” Rufus asked, looking around at the areas that someone might hide to see if there was movement. “If this is a prank or something it’s not funny, you should be back at work.”

Once more there was nothing but silence and when nothing moved Rufus just sighed and went back to lying down on the bench. The only ones that weren’t at work right now were Lyn and Ailsa, which if the stingray was trying to do something as revenge to him it would be a first. He reminded himself he only had two more sets to go and after taking a few breathes he grabbed onto the bar and pushed it off before bringing it down to his chest. Just as he was about to push it back up though he stopped as he saw the sight of the naked stingray herm standing above him, an evil smirk on her face as her twin shafts dripped a thick purple goo down towards her groin.

“Ailsa, what the fuck are you doing?!” Rufus asked as he stared up angrily at the naked creature, though as he tried to push the bar back up she leaned down and pushed it onto his chest. As it pressed down against his fur his eyes widened for a fleeting moment that she was going to kill him or something, only to feel her hand go to the side of his head while her groin pressed against the other. “WHAT THE Fffffuuuuuggghhhnnnnnnnn…”

Ailsa wasn’t sure if her plan was going to work, but as her cock squished into the ear of the snow leopard the protest quickly devolved to a low groan as the parasitic member rapidly converted the flesh to allow it inside. The face of the man went from stunned to slackened as she began to thrust into him, the stringray part of her enjoying thrusting into his mind as much as the parasite did infested it. Thick purple goo began to leak out of his eyes and nose as he lazily looked up at her and asked what she was doing there, this time in a monotone that was punctuated with a moan of pure pleasure. As she just continued to smile she could see the flesh of his head and face begin to throb, tendrils burrowing their way through as he was assimilated just like Lyn.

But Ailsa wasn’t quite done with this one yet, not when they had more time to deal with him. With Rufus being the only other crew mate that wouldn’t stuck to their station and the parasite evolving they needed a fresh drone, especially as she took a step forward to pound her cock into the head of the blissed out snow leopard and felt the skin of her leg split. When she looked down she saw that her feet had become completely misshapen and several tentacles spill out from the gap, her parasitic form emerging as she got ready to claim another host.

The snow leopard was still holding the bar as he felt his ear hole get stretched well beyond what it should, the furry purple ear being squished against one of the two cocks while his outer ear was rubbed against by the other. As he blinked a few times he knew that he should probably be dead, especially with the copious amounts of fluid that were running down his nose and ears, but while his thoughts had been completely blank for a while they were starting to come back full force. He was… a drone, a drone that needed to be infested… after his workout…

Ailsa gave a few more pumps of her cock into the ear of the snow leopard before pulling out, most of the alien slime staying in his skull with a bit of it leaking out. Rufus’ eyes were completely glazed over and as he slowly pushed the bar up he began to count once more, his body mimicking what he had been doing before. Though she had literally pumped his mind full of parasites that were assimilating his mind she needed to finish him off, finally creating a proper drone as her muzzle began to stretch from the thin tendrils that emerged from her maw. More were emerging from her back as the parasitic influence of her infected body continued to manifest while walking over and pulling up the legs of the snow leopard.

With purple goo leaking out of his ears Rufus once more seemed to be concentrating on his last set, seemingly unaware that his shorts and underwear were being taken off. He was being taken by some sort of alien creature infesting his crewmate and he couldn’t even focus on it as he lifted the bar up methodically. Any idea of running, calling for help, or anything that could potentially help his situation was gone from his mind, fucked out of it by the parasitic substance spreading in its place. Ailsa could see something wiggling around the back of his neck and she knew that eventually like Lyn he would turn if just left alone…

…but she didn’t have that kind of time, not when she had an entire ship to infect.

Once she had gotten the snow leopard naked she lifted up his legs and scooted under him, holding him in place even as he continued to lift the weight bar. With her twin cocks still emerged from her slit they had mutated to the point where they were practically one, the shafts intertwined around one another with the flesh merged together. Tendrils of flesh were also wrapped around it that seemed to make it even more sensitive as it was pushed into his tailhole, causing the snow leopard to let out a loud cry. Fortunately everyone would not hear him, they would not bother her as she plunged her alien cock deep inside his hole.

The fingers of snow leopard gripped the bar as he felt a surge of pleasure, his purple-tinted eyes looking up to see that the stingray was starting to look very different from before. Her muzzle looked like it had a divot down the center and her fins were more stretched out, giving the look of tentacles. As she palmed one of her breasts while thrusting inside of him they began to balloon out, growing bigger with each breath as tendrils could be seen pushing out the flesh. When he looked down at his own furry belly he could see that it was distended as well, but for some reason he couldn’t think of anything but watching as that thick cock grew even wider within him.

As the bulge traveled further up his body Rufus finally dropped the weights, the need for obfuscation no longer needed as his trembling hands went down to the bulge of fur traveling up his stomach. Though Ailsa could have easily kept his mind occupied the entire time a smirk grew as she wanted him to see this. Throughout their careers on this ship he always had it out for her, and as his legs trembled against him she would not only get a new thrall but also the revenge on him. Both parasite and stringray were united on this and as the snow leopard let out a cry of shock purple tendrils began to push out of his belly button and wiggle in the air.

“Oh gods…” Rufus gasped, which only caused the stringray to lean in more and push her hips deeper into him. The sensation he was experiencing was that of extremely fullness, and while he had taken things up there before his tailhole was stretched to the limit already. Yet more of the tentacle cock pushed into him, sliding up impossibly far as the stingray continued to morph and change in front of his eyes. The big smile Ailsa had was suddenly deformed as the divot in her muzzle suddenly split completely, the snow leopard screaming as her upper and lower jaw pulled back like flower petals to reveal several tentacles wiggling about. “What’s… happening… to me?!”

Though Ailsa didn’t reply an image flashed in the mind of the infested snow leopard, one that caused his eyes to widen. It was an ancient memory of the parasite that showed the creatures that had fallen before it, of starting as something small like what Ailsa had encountered before taking over others. As the new muzzle of the stingray closed he could see the look of shock on Rufus face as he saw his fate, one that was about to happen to him as another surge of pleasure cascaded through his body.

As he felt the tentacle cock inside him growing bigger he gripped onto the sides of the weight bar, his spotted fur bulging and stretching out with every thrust of the creature growing inside of him. Rufus could feel something happening inside of him and with every second it was becoming more intense, especially as his chest swelled out. When he gripped tight onto the sides of the bench there was a loud, wet ripping sound and when he looked down he saw purple alien flesh where his fur should have been. The weight bench was starting to shake with every convulsion of the infested snow leopard, crying out as his cock throbbed and swelled to grow huge while tentacles pushed from the tips of his fingers.

Though Ailsa could still feel him trying to fight it there was no use, there hadn’t been ever since she had first taken him. While his fate had been sealed quite a while ago seeing the snow leopard try to comprehend what was happening to him was greatly pleasing, especially as the thick mounds that pushed up from his chest and abs erupted into several large tentacles that mingled with her own. He was facing the more surreal and bizarre form of euphoria as his cells were assimilated, feeling every inch of his body become more alien as thickly-taloned feet burst out from his toes that had been merging together. As his body rippled and swelled with thick, alien muscle his eyes shot open as they looked at Ailsa as though to plead to not change him, only for them to see her muzzle reform enough to smirk back before they squeezed shut.

Rufus began to pant heavily as a split formed in his forehead, his body trembling and his head shaking as he let out a loud cry that turned into a heavy gurgle as something pushed out of it. His muzzle split and tore as something emerged out of it, the glistening purple flesh stretching out from the tentacles inside of it pushing out into the air. The tear in his forehead grew before the fur was completely rend down the middle, the eyes of the snow leopard sliding away to reveal two pairs of bright purple ones underneath. The cry had turned into a roar as the rest of Rufus fell away to reveal the monstrous alien creature that he had mutated into.

As the new parasitic creature exposed himself Ailsa’s body had mutated too, her legs splitting down the middle and spilling out several tentacles that formed all the way up to her thighs. With her muzzle already mutated she could feel her wet hair plastered against her head that had grown, her neck elongating to give her a truly eldritch appearance. As she slowly pulled out of the former snow leopard she knew that there was no going back, the parasite that had gave her such awe-inspiring powers had also taken her metahumanity in exchange. It was what she had been warned about before as her tentacle cocks unwound and retracted into her body.

But as she withdrew from the creature on the workbench she saw his body starting to change once more, Rufus convulsing as his monstrous features began to recede. Her thralls could change back… while her body was so overloaded with parasitic material that her mutations were permanent it was not the same for those that she infested. But as the snow leopard began to reform she found that there was a caveat with that, her red eyes watching in interest as the purple flesh remained as the tentacles on his chest melted until they became a pair of sizable breasts. As the tentacles and monstrous mutations receded what laid on the bench was a familiar stingray, her twin cock still out from her slit as she found herself looking at what could have been her identical twin.

When Ailsa was about to comment she heard a voice from behind, her tentacles raising up before seeing another familiar face in the doorway. “Well hello beautiful,” the Ailsa at the door said, the stingray dressed in a uniform that had Lyn’s name on it as she walked over towards her. “We are here to serve you, my queen.”

Queen… that had a nice ring to it, the real Ailsa thought to herself as she looked down at the two. While she hadn’t been sure what was going on new information bubbled into her infested brain, the parasite telling her that she could use them to continue to explore and infest while they took her form. They also could turn back into their other selves, but she was warned that if they spread on their own then eventually their bodies would mutate like hers did. That was the nature of their parasitic bond; they could look normal unless they were about to infest another, which was when they would have to revert back to their parasite forms to take another.

By this point Ailsa found the trade-off to be inconsequential, reveling so much in the perverse pleasure that she no longer saw her or the parasite as individual creatures. There was so much she could do, so far she could spread… a rumble came from her mutated body as she shifted her perspective to her two thralls. The newly created Ailsa had already been looking at the one that had come in, and as the former Raven stared back the had begun to kiss one another. Even when in the bodies of the two making out she could always feel herself lurking in the background, the presence of her immense force even as she tasted her own lips from both sides.

Though the experience was intensely sensual Ailsa knew that with two drones they had the capabilities to take over the ship, she just needed to move to a slightly bigger location before they did…

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Faaran sighed as he continued to go through the data of the ship, most of it being stuff that was either unusable or things they couldn’t test in their lab. At this point they only two people in the lab to finish everything up and at the rate they were going they would be heading back to home space soon. Another wasted trip… at this rate the only thing of note was Ailsa abandoning her crew mate for a few hours while on the ship. As much as Lyn annoyed her that was something that she couldn’t just do, though it appeared the punishment of the late shift was going to fall through as he looked at his watch.

Just as Faaran thought about heading to the kitchen area to get something to eat there was a call from the lab. When he answered it he recognized the voice of Ailsa asking if she could come down for a second to look at a few things. The cobra found himself looking at the clock again, wondering why she was down there at all when she didn’t have to report there for another few hours. Maybe looking for some points to stave off having anything put on her record, he thought to himself. He told her that he would be right down and decided to wait on the snacks until after seeing what was going on.

As Faaran walked down the corridor of the ship he immediately began to feel like something was out of place. Though they were a small crew there should have been some signs of activity going on, yet as he went past several areas he didn’t find any signs of life. What he did see were purple splotches on the carpet, streaks of it heading in the same direction that he was going. His serpentine snout parsed into a frown as he hoped that they weren’t planning some sort of prank, which given the bad mood he was already in would not be good for them.

When he got into the main lab Faaran was slightly stunned to find that the lights were all off, even the emergency lighting that was supposed to at least illuminate the floor. As he walked in a little ways and tried the switch nothing came on except for the flickering one right above them. His scaly nose wrinkled as the purple translucent substance that seemed to be on it and found his ire increasing. The cobra dipped into his coat and took out his flashlight to try and find the culprit.

As the light illuminated the space in front of him Faaran went from irritation to shock as he saw what looked like tentacles spread out over the entire room. Pulsating purple flesh covered parts of the floor, walls, and ceiling as he slowly stepped forward only to see one of them move. This was too weird… but as he tried to head back to the door to get out of there he found the panel completely coated as well. Whatever this was had locked him in… though as he looked at it in question he heard a groan that caused him to turn and face it.

The flashlight revealed someone that had been partially hidden, Faaran recognizing the wolf male as one of the technicians that was supposed to be working here. When he got up to him the cobra had to take a step back as he saw that his entire lower body was enveloped by the strange alien flesh, forming around him like a cocoon while tendrils crawled up his exposed upper half. “What happened to you?” Faaran asked as he continued to look around while the wolf panted heavily. “What is going on here?”

“I’m not sure…” the wolf replied before groaning again as Faaran could see something pushing out his stomach, which the lupine confirmed was some sort of tentacle thrusting into him. “I was in specimen containment doing the last checks for the day and when I came out something was in here. It… it took the others, and left me like… this… uugh…”

As the wolf’s back arched the fur of his chest began to shift as the unseen tendrils underneath continued to slither upwards, but as it did his chest began to push out. “It’s… it’s changing me,” the wolf managed to mutter, purple drool starting to drip out of his mouth while his new breasts continued to swell outwards. “A-ailsa…”

“Ailsa?” Faaran repeated, seeing his fur being melded with the flesh spreading up his body while the tendrils could be seen traveling up his neck. The eyes of the wolf rolled back into his head as suddenly the small tentacles exposed themselves, traveling up and starting to wrap around his lower jaw as Faaran felt he was running out of time. “Did Ailsa cause this, is she the one behind what’s happening here?”

“I… I…” Suddenly the wolf let out a gasp, his voice shifting in tone as tentacles wrapped around his ears and pushed inside them as well as his nostrils and mouth. His eyes rolled completely back in his head as his hair turned white, growing longer while his muzzle actually looked like it was being pushed in. As the tentacles merged into one another and formed into purple skin the transformed wolf looked at him with reddish-purple eyes. “I am Ailsa…”

Faaran nearly fell backwards as the tendrils continued to swarm around the former wolf before it formed a thick membrane over him, sealing up his new feminine stingray features while writhing in pleasure. He needed to tell someone, to let the captain know that there was something very wrong on this ship. But with the tentacles everywhere he didn’t know where to even go, especially with his flashlight being the only light source. The only thing he could think of was that there was an emergency phone in the back and despite the parasitic flesh actually being thicker he made a run for it.

“Where do you think you’re going?” a voice called out, Faaran turning to see Ailsa standing there completely naked.

“Ailsa, what have you done?” Faaran asked as he gestured around him. “What is all this?!”

“Oh, I’ve been stretching out a bit,” Ailsa replied as she began to move towards him, only for the cobra to keep his distance. “Also, if you’re looking for the real Ailsa it’s not me.” Once more Faaran found his heart skipping a beat as the creature changed right in front of him, flesh warping and fur growing until a male snow leopard stood there before him. “Would this be a little better to talk to?”

“Rufus?” Faaran asked, though as the feline nodded he could see something shifting about in the shadows. “Rufus, whatever is happening to you, I need you to fight it so we can contact the captain on the bridge. If we don’t stop this right now than it might spread, the entire system might be in danger.”

“Oh, I wouldn’t worry about trying to get in contact with the captain,” Ailsa said as the snow leopard morphed back into the stingray form, gesturing towards the movement in the shadows behind her. “We already invited him to become a part of this, just like you.” Though Faaran didn’t want to reveal what was happening in the darkness he swallowed hard and moved the beam of light over, which revealed the naked dragon man being restrained by several tentacles that kept him spread eagle as another was pushing into his tailhole.

Faaran was at a loss for what to do, and when the captain realized that he was being illuminated he looked right at the cobra with a mix of pleasure and fear in his eyes. He saw the dragon’s mouth open and close a few times like he wanted to say something, perhaps give some last instruction to stop this before he was converted. Nothing came out of his mouth but pleasured grunts and groans as he could see one of the tentacles was latched around his cock while his chest and stomach continued to stretch and retract with what must have been a huge appendage inside of him. Finally it seemed that the captain had enough control to say something, but as he opened his mouth his eyes seemed to widen in shock and horror before his throat bulged at the base…

Purple goo dripped from the jaws of the dragon as his jaws remained stretched open, his body being thrusted forward as the thing in his neck slowly pushed its way upwards. Faaran nearly dropped his flashlight as the tentacle slithering in his tailhole slithered out, the dragon’s eyes rolling back into his head as he was completely penetrated. The ones that had been holding onto his wrists and ankles suddenly let go and let him hang there, his body wiggling with the movement of the tentacle inside of him. Even as Faaran backed away he continued to watch it push more and more out of him, stretching out his jaws and throat as his snout started to turn a deep purple.

“As you can see, we already have the situation taken care of,” Ailsa said as the cobra spun around, dropping the flashlight and illuminating her as her skin began to bulge and swell. “Only thing left really is you, and then once our fresh drones are ready they’ll go down and bring engineering up here. That includes you, by the way.”

As Faaran tried to keep backing up he suddenly found himself bumping into someone, turning back and gasping as he saw another Ailsa with a slightly more monstrous countenance. Claws were suddenly pressed against scales as his suit was ripped from his body, revealing his muscular scaled form and thick cock. He could still hear the muffled cries of ecstasy coming from the captain as he could feel the twin shafts of the stingray pressing up both behind and in front of him. There was no escape, there was no hope for them as he began to feel a tingling sensation where the two were touching him.

Deep in the shadows of the lab the queen watched and experienced her first two thralls taking the former supervisor. While they would be mutated by this endeavor there were plenty more of her to go and take the engineering bay, and aside from wanting to experience both sides of such a thing the infestation of her supervisor was something she looked forward to. As the two creature revealed their true forms the Ailsa in front kissed the cobra on the lips as her own transformed, her head pushing out into the same petal-like configuration that her own had. The last thing that the queen saw was the look of shock and terror on Faaran’s face before his entire head was engulfed, the flaps of flesh tightening and suctioning around him while tentacles could be seen pushing down into his throat.

Almost immediately the cock of the cobra began to harden as pleasure was rushed into his brain, the parasitic tendrils also pushing into his ears as the Ailsa behind him slid her cocks into his tailhole. At first Faaran tried to flail about as he was penetrated, but between the two very strong mutating thralls and the potent slime being pumped down his throat there was little he could do. Once the one in front had secured his head in her worm-like neck and throat, the outline of his face practically visible in it, the two cocks she had bloated with new growth as one pushed into his pussy while the other slid over his cock. It wasn’t long until the two increasingly monstrous Ailsa’s were thrusting up into the snake creature, whose fingers twitched as the scales of his body stretched from the thickening muscle.

Another drone for the hive, the queen thought to herself as she watched the three all grow together. With his head being completely covered it was hard to see what was happening there, but he could see his legs growing massive while his sides bulged with new parasitic growth. The hips of the trapped cobra thrusted upwards as a second pair of arms suddenly emerged out of him, which only caused the muffled cries of ecstasy grow more intense with each thrust. With how fast his muscles grew the scales of his form ripped off of his body like shedding skin, which she mused was what happened as she could hear his voice growing deeper and more guttural.

With feeling all the sensations of having three thralls engaged like that, feeling her pussy and tail stretched out along with three different cocks being squeezed and massaged by the parasitic creatures, the queen finally pulled away and looked to the others. Thanks to her thralls the entire science team was there, all of them either transforming into one of her or becoming part of her tentacles that filled the room. As she looked down at the captain that she had taken the smile curled across her alien face as he began to merge into it after the thick cock tentacle pushed all the way through him. All she needed was his information, Ailsa mused as she looked down to see his scales fusing with her flesh, and perhaps he could take his form as well as his form sank into the tentacle impaling him from tailhole to maw…

A day or so later the science vessel returned from the edge of space, the station receiving their usual filing record and all the information needed in order to allow them to dock. When they got there the team that was on deck got the usual orders to refuel and repair, though only the outside of the ship. As the bull in charge for the shift was about to sign for the order though while heading back to his office he noticed that the form had been filled out wrong. It wasn’t a big deal, but if he was going to change it he needed to have the captain do so while heading back to the bay.

When he got there he saw that several of the crew were already starting to disembark, though some had decided to stick around. Strangely they were all wearing their space suits complete with helmets even though their paperwork said that they were standard humanoid aliens that didn’t require such. Though it was weird it wasn’t what he got paid for as he went back to the office where the captain had been. He hoped their engineer assigned to work on the order was there so he didn’t have to find him to relay the change, but as he stepped inside the clipboard fell to the ground with a loud clatter.

Instead of the dragon that had been there a stingray was sitting there instead, and with the cheetah that was supposed to be taking care of things between her legs. As she looked up at him her face pulled back into an unnatural smile while he heard gasping sounds coming from the cheetah. His wide eyes looked down to see tentacles slithering over his body from her pussy, several pushing into his maw while the two cocks she had pushed their way into his ears and slid visibly into his skull. The bull let out a gasp of shock and tried to turn to run, only to see an almost identical stingray right behind him with an evil smile on her face. Before he knew it he suddenly was pushed into the office, disappearing out of sight like so many others on the station…