

Adaptation Part Two

By Abe E Seedy

17:30, Day 23:

Heidi finished dinner early. She had to deliver Dylan's food to him in the medbay, and besides, there were another few tests she could probably squeeze in before turning in for the evening. She was getting close to a solution, she could feel it, and soon Dylan would be well enough to rejoin the rest of the crew. The others around the dinner table received this particular opinion politely, but without much enthusiasm. They'd heard it before. By now Dylan's continued absence was starting to seriously delay the timetable of their work on the expedition, especially given that he was the lead surveyor. Even his calls into the team meetings had become less frequent, the medbay terminal apparently lacking the capacity to conduct both video calls and do the sort of high-detail topographical analysis he was using it for. In theory he could be just as productive crunching the numbers like that from the data the survey drones collected, but in practice his work seemed increasingly haphazard and rushed. But what could be done? According to Heidi, Dylan was lucky to have lived through that one-in-a-million allergic reaction. It would be a bit much to get mad at someone for slacking off when they were recovering from something that intense, so everyone just put it out of their head and got on with things. They were happy to let Heidi be the one to dote on him though, as it saved everyone else from having to confront their buried jealousy at Dylan falling into the one cushy job on this whole expedition.

For her part, Heidi handled the sole responsibility of looking after Dylan with good grace. There was the quarantine to be maintained after all, just for as long as it took to isolate and account for the mysterious allergen. As the ship's medical officer she *had* to be present, but anyone else coming into the medbay was too big of a risk. It just made sense. Even so, she couldn't help but look over her shoulder as she gave four sharp knocks on the door, repeating a rapid one-two, one-two pattern that served as her subtle signature. A few moments later and the light on the door changed from red to green, and she slipped quietly inside. The door then closed and locked again quickly, ensuring their continued privacy.

She set down the tray of food as soon as she entered. Dylan could get to that later, so it wasn't important right now. Despite all her 'tests', 'examinations' and 'procedures', their time together was limited. There was still work she had to do with the rest of the crew, and there were only so many responsibilities she could beg off for both of them. So for the amount of time they were able to spend together here, there were far better activities they could be doing than merely eating.

After unlocking the door, Dylan had slunk back to his customary spot in the corner of the room. Originally he'd taken up residence there because it was out of view of the teleconference camera, just in case someone had called in unexpectedly, but now that was less of a problem.

That whole side of the room was a mess of thick black goo. A small space around the terminal itself had been kept roughly clear, but that and the area immediately inside the door were about the only relatively normal parts of the room. And of course, at the epicenter of all of it, lounged Dylan himself.

Even though he'd only just gotten back into his spot, he'd wasted no time in starting to jerk off again. His clawed hand curled eagerly around his slick, dripping cock, his nostrils flaring at the end of his blunt muzzle as he relaxed back into it. After a few long, slow seconds he let out an approving, rumbled hiss, then turned his head over towards Heidi.

"Welcome back", he growled, his thick tongue sliding over his teeth as he spoke. "I've been waiting for you."

There was always just a hint of fear in her meetings now. Nothing serious, nothing practical, but something in the back of her mind couldn't overlook the fact that Dylan was radiating primal energy, a deep unthinking confidence that lent unspoken authority to his every movement. Despite the fact that he wasn't much more muscular now than he had been previously, there was some hidden well of raw power inside him now, and they both knew it. He still said polite niceties, and he still made jokes, occasionally, but he didn't make requests anymore. He just made commands, and grinned indulgently while they were carried out.

He looked at her, and she looked at him. It was hard to say exactly when any pretense of examinations had been dropped. Technically, they were all examinations of a sort, just a very... physical sort. Even so, Heidi had the thought that she couldn't remember the last time she'd actually *looked* at him, not in a way where she actually took him all in. She'd seen his grin, the claws on his hand as it grasped her thigh, and most definitely his always-dripping cock. But seeing him, all of him? She just... hadn't, somehow, not for some time. So as he turned his glowing yellow eyes towards her, she made a conscious effort to do the same to him.

His changes had become dramatic. They might even have finished completely by now, although Heidi realised she didn't have the clearest memory of the course they ran to compare them against. Even so, there was at least a fairly simple before and after delineation she could call up. Before, at the beginning of their voyage, he had been just another crew member. Above average height, slim build, fair skin, brown hair cut to an efficient and trouble-free short length. Now he was... not just another crew member. His whole body was a slick, lustrous black, from the small spines cresting the top of his head to the tip of his long, lizard-like tail. His hands ended in noticeable claws, and his face pressed outwards into a blunt reptilian muzzle. And then there was his cock, there was always his cock; long, thick, twisting independently in her direction as he strode forwards.

"So, do they know?"

Heidi ran one hand over his flank as he stalked past, the feeling of his smooth scales beneath her fingers bringing a smile to her lips. "The crew? No, they still think you're just going through a strong allergic reaction."

"No", he answered quickly. He moved back in front of her, wrapping his thick tail around her waist as he looked her in the eyes. "Do they know about *you*?"

Her first reaction was simply confusion, and then laughter. "What, that I'm skipping out on work just as much as you are? I hope not, but I think they might be starting to get that impression, yeah."

Dylan hissed out a short laugh, and Heidi genuinely couldn't tell if he was amused or annoyed. "I wonder if I was this oblivious too", he said into the middle distance. Then he turned back to her, his clawed hand wrapping around hers as he pulled her towards his nest. "Here, let me show you."

She followed his direction wordlessly, sitting down on the edge of his slime-coated bed. But instead of pouncing on her, or flipping her over and pressing her into the mattress, or any of the other dozen activities they'd been enjoying recently, he left her just sitting down. Then with the back of one hand on her thighs he directed her to spread her legs open, before kneeling down in front of her.

Belatedly, her mind caught up with all this. "Oh, no, you don't have to...", she mumbled, blushing and looking away.

Placing a single claw on her lips, Dylan stopped her talking. For a few moments he left it at that, establishing in silence that this was exactly where they were going to be focussed. "You've been ignoring it, haven't you?"

Heidi could feel the red in her cheeks. Why was she so caught up in this, after everything else they'd done? Why could she look everywhere else except right where he was looking? "I... ", she stammered. "I mean, we've been busy..."

That drew a long hissing laugh out of Dylan. "Oh, well, if there's one thing I've learned recently", he said slowly, his breath hot on the inside of her thighs, "it's that you *have* to make time to take care of this."

He moved in. Heidi didn't know what to expect, but when he rubbed his blunt muzzle over her crotch, it wasn't his actions that caught her most off-guard. It was the feelings that answered his motions - the deep, swelling sensation that pushed back against his face.

After a few moments of teasing her like this he pulled back, fixing her with his yellow eyes as one of his clawed hands took up the role of pawing at her crotch. "That's quite a bulge you have

there", he rumbled directly into her ear. "I can see why you don't think about it. Because if you ever did, it would be *all* you could think about, wouldn't it?"

Heidi's head was spinning. His fingers were grasping, pulling and stroking, but once again, the most overwhelming part was the fact that there was movement on her end, she could feel something inside her clothes answering his actions with a mind-addling writhing of its own.

"I...", she gasped, having to fight to keep her teeth from biting her lips shut. "It..."

"Hold on", Dylan answered, giving her another of his cocky grins. "Let me help you out with one more thing..."

He bent back down, his nostrils huffing hot air over her thighs as he pressed his muzzle up against her crotch once again. Except this time he opened his mouth, his teeth quickly finding purchase in the fabric of her uniform, and with a single, powerful motion, he pulled.

There was an eye-bulging moment of friction, and then suddenly the feeling of relief, like a rope she hadn't even realised was pulled around her chest had come free in an instant, and only now was she finally able to breathe.

"*There* we go", Dylan said softly, pulling away and giving Heidi a clear view. "Isn't that so much better?"

She felt the weight first. Her legs opened wider reflexively, making room for what was sitting at her crotch even as her mind worked to register it. It was a cock - a great, slimy, alien cock, stretching upwards proudly above two aching full balls.

"You're just like me", Dylan whispered, providing a narration for her whirling thoughts. "We've fucked too much for you not to be changed too, haven't we? All those times you sucked my cock, all the thick, alien cum I filled you with, the way I coated your whole body again and again and again. You could always feel it changing you, couldn't you?"

Heidi fell backwards into the past, even as her hand moved down to her cock of its own accord. Had it, was he, how could...

"It felt too good to stop, didn't it? Even as you felt your pussy change, as every grunting climax brought you further and further into this new form, as your clit grew and your slit shrank, the endless, slimy cum starting to come from you just as much as it does from me..."

His grin was right by her face. All she could see was his snout, his nostrils flaring as he took in the scent that was pouring off of her. The same scent that was filling her own head, flooding out of her cock in an endless tide, washing over her mind and body and pulling her deeper and deeper into it.

"It still feels good. I know that now. And you can know it too. All you have to do is wrap your hand around your cock, arch your spine just so, and let the eager lust pull your new tail from your body one orgasm at a time..."

Her hips jerked forward, her cock throbbing in her hand as a wave of thick black cum poured out of her. Her new balls *clenched*, the fingers of her free hand digging into Dylan's shoulder as she grasped at him for support.

"That's it", he hissed encouragingly. "Lean in. Let it all out."

Heidi came again. She couldn't help it. She didn't want to help it. Her cock was so perfect, so achingly needy. She had to ring every ounce of pleasure from it, but it was bottomless. There was always more. The moment after she'd painted Dylan's snout with her cum the same desperate urges rebounded back onto her, her cock already slithering in her hand as her breath rasped in her throat.

"What an excellent start", Dylan said with a grin, licking his lips as he slid downwards. "Now, let me show you something else you can do..."

For just a moment, Heidi slowed down in confusion as Dylan moved out of view. Then she felt her hand being moved aside, followed by the long, slick sensation of his mouth slipping over her cock. He was- she felt his tongue sweep along her shaft, she felt the barest presence of his careful teeth, but most of all there was warmth, and blissful satisfaction. She was having her dick sucked. She could have that, she could claw her fingers over his head as he moved forwards and backwards, she could bare her own teeth and hiss triumphantly as she once again built up to the edge. That was the promise of all of this, this was hers now, not just the ability, but the need - the need to slide her cock between lips, or into a pussy, or into an ass, or between some tits, or just into her own eager hands. That was what he was, and that was exactly what she could be too. What she *would* be, because how could she possibly resist? What could compete with the feeling of clasp someone to her crotch, her tail thrashing behind her as she came and filled them and infected them and coated them and remade them and they came and she *came*...

For a time, Heidi relaxed. The need was still there, but for the moment it was at least under control, and groggily she pulled herself back to her feet. Dylan had withdrawn too, taking her place on the edge of his bed as she stood up.

Despite how her mind had spun away from her towards the end of that session, her body was back to normal. She didn't have a tail, her skin wasn't covered in shiny black scales like his was, and her cock and balls were calm enough to at least be concealed in her clothes again. The rest of the crew hadn't noticed the bulge before, so why would they notice it now? She just had to be

careful, and make sure the lust didn't overwhelm her too much when she was trying to do her job. That would be counterproductive, and she'd have to explain why she was - there'd just be a lot to explain. It was better avoided. So she stuffed her junk awkwardly back in her clothes, which thankfully had survived Dylan's aggressive removal with a minimum of damage, letting her zip her suit back up to a reasonable approximation of respectability.

Maybe there was a way to avoid having too much to explain. Maybe that was something she could work towards, while nothing was too obvious. It was her turn to prepare breakfast next week. That was good, that would give her some private time that she could use to slake her lust, and then also maybe she could start bringing the rest of the crew on board. Yes, that could be useful.

"Doesn't that sound good?", Dylan asked. Heidi blinked, suddenly registering that he had gotten up from the bed and was standing next to her, his snout pressing up against her face as he whispered into her ear.

"Uh, yes", she answered absently. "Yes, that does sound good."

She blew him a kiss as she left the room, and Dylan went back to lounging on the bed, licking his lips as he looked forward to her next visit.