

GOO YOUR OWN ADVENTURE PART 1

A TF STORY BY ABE E SEEDY

"So, we're going off the grid on this one huh?", Danika said, rolling her eyes as she flicked on the docking controls. "Great, love it, perfect."

Lynette tried to ignore her, at least long enough to get their momentum matched up with the slow spin of the drifting hulk. When the computer registered a match she powered down the maneuvering jets, turning to shoot her co-pilot a withering look. "Hey, if you know a better way to pay the bills on this ship-

Danika interrupted, "sorry, you mean the *Fuck the Space Police*? Right, continue."

"Nope", Lynette sighed, "no. I don't care that you won that bet, we are not calling it that."

"Oh, you want the classy option? Fine, the *Alabaster Pudendum* it is."

"*Anyway*", Lynette answered through gritted teeth, "if you want to keep being able to make payments on this ship - *whatever we get it licensed as*", she added quickly, "then we're going to have to start making bank. And to do that, then we have to get some successful salvage runs under our belt. And to do *that*, we're going to have to start taking risks on things that other people have overlooked, like our big free-floating friend out there."

A quick jolt ran through their ship as they made contact, a distant pop-wheeze marking the successful pressure seal made by their extended docking bridge. It was enough of an interruption to get them back on task, and Danika spent a few moments checking the integrity of the connection before she spoke up again. "So, what do we know about it?"

Lynette flicked through the feed on her monitor. "It's a cargo hauler, crew complement 12, but the scanner says it's been modified so extensively that it could have had three times as much, or maybe way less. No registered name either, a real 'details scrubbed from the database' feel."

"Or maybe they *had* an idea for a cool name, but someone wouldn't let them use it...", Danika muttered.

Forcing herself not to rise to the bait, Lynette continued her analysis. "It still has power and life support, but I'm not picking up any life signs. Escape pod still in dock too. I *am* picking up a lot of organic material, all around the ship."

Danika rolled her eyes, more forcefully this time. "Great. Corpse party. Love it."

"Eh", Lynette shrugged, "corpses don't mind when you take their stuff and sell it at least. Besides, aren't you the least bit curious to find out what happened here? Now c'mon, let's go suit up."

They met back up in the docking bay 10 minutes later, both of them outfitted in the way they'd deemed most appropriate for their first mission. Lynette was wearing her practical, albeit boxy and unimpressive, 1X Environment Suit, making her look like a discount version of one of those old moon-mission astronauts, her hair awkwardly crammed into the back of her small bubble helmet. Danika, meanwhile, had gone for something a little more on brand for her. A form-fitting, jet black synth suit that looked like it probably cost a ton when those were first fashionable about ten years ago, but with the whole thing liberally festooned with patches, pockets, cuffs, collars and charms, all attached or strapped on at seemingly random angles. Her suit was topped off by a smooth bubble helmet of her own, although hers was considerably better fitting, even making an allowance for her close-cropped dyed red hair. The whole effect made her look like an alien invader version of a femme fatale from an old movie, but one that spent a few minutes before coming on screen rolling around in a charity shop. When they were first loading the ship Lynette had asked exactly what all that random stuff was, but Danika's detailed story for every piece tried even her significant curiosity. For now, Lynette just gave her a quick once over to confirm that she didn't have anything that looked like it would restrict her movement or breathing (as well as, slightly infuriatingly, confirming that she was somehow able to make such an unusual look work), then nodded her wordless approval.

Turning back to herself, Lynette quickly ran through a checklist of her own equipment. Her trusty, solid-stick flashlight was strapped to her left hip, her datapad and tools in the pack on her back, and her stun pistol was in the holster on her right hip, just in case they were surprised by unfriendly new arrivals while they were aboard. She had no idea what Danika was packing exactly - if nothing else, it looked like she had enough random occult charms to banish any ghosts they happened to run into, so that was a plus - but an old drifting trawler no one else cared about seemed like enough of a milk run that it didn't really matter. Just so long as they didn't do anything stupid, kept their helmets on and didn't catch whatever it was that wiped out the crew, they should be in and out several hundred credits worth of loot richer.

The kick-start provided by their docking brought the other ship's systems up to full power without trouble, although the lighting system seemed to be either intentionally dimmed or malfunctioning, so they used their flashlights to light their way as they walked through the docking tube, thankful that at least they didn't have to do all this in zero gravity. The airlock cycled easily, and they stepped through the sealed chamber to find... green. The grey metal

corridor of the ship was still vaguely recognisable, but it was coated everywhere with masses of slick-looking green goop, either sticking together in wet clumps or just spattered loosely along the walls and floor. It looked like... okay, Lynette had to admit she had no idea *what* exactly it looked like, struggling to bring to mind a reasonable explanation or even useful comparison. Some sort of weird infection that spread even to the walls of the ship? It didn't look like it was eating the metal, or even growing out from it - the weird green stuff was just sort of shapelessly everywhere. Had they been transporting some sort of... coolant? Bio-medical gel? Industrial quantities of jell-o? And then it had exploded in the hallways?

Whatever it was, it brought both of them to a standstill as they swept the beam of their flashlights across it. "Are you seeing it, like, wobble, as our light goes over it?", Danika asked hesitantly.

Lynette squinted her eyes. "...*kinda*", she eventually answered. "But it might just be the weird way it reflects the light."

"Oh for *sure*", Danika said dismissively. "What's the bet that all this crap is just *filled* with weird alien eggs or something, and that it's going to leap out and attack us as soon as we turn our backs."

"Yeah, probably." Lynette shrugged, playing up how nonchalant she was trying to be even as her free hand drifted down to hover over her gun. "Oh well, let's go stick our faces right over the biggest patches of it, shall we?"

That earned a quiet laugh from Danika, and broke the tension enough for the two of them to start moving further inside, heading in the direction that seemed to have slightly less goo everywhere. Before they got out of sight of the closing airlock though, Danika turned back, making a vaguely threatening gesture to the nearest pile of goop. "I *will* fuck you up if you come at me though", she muttered, before following Lynette around the corner.

It wasn't long until the corridor dead-ended with a solid-looking door, and even in the dim light of the ship they could see the red light of an active lock next to it. "Alright", Lynette whispered with a smile, "everyone knows you only find the good stuff behind locked doors. Here, watch my back while I get this."

Danika acknowledged her with a quick grunt as Lynette found the cleanest patch of ground to kneel down on, swinging her pack over one shoulder awkwardly as she dug through it for her gear. Fortunately this area seemed much less affected by whatever that goo was than where they'd come aboard, and apart from a few stray vertical patches on the walls her quick survey didn't register much of note. There was a window set against the opposite wall however, which Danika wandered over towards as she waited for Lynette to do her work. Peering through, she could see their own ship still tethered a few dozen feet away,

silhouetted against the slowly spinning backdrop of distant stars. "Well, at least the view here is okay", she said to herself.

Lynette was just finishing attaching the hackpad to the underside of the lock, and after pressing the button to set it to finding the combination, she turned around to see what Danika was talking about. She stood up as she turned, and the raised angle of her torch caught a flash of green from up above. Curious, she looked upwards, inspecting the roof properly for the first time, noticing that there was a vast mass of goo coating every part of it she could see. In another second she realised that the section just above Danika was bulging dramatically, stretching down from the ceiling to hang heavily less than a foot above her head. Lynette had just enough time to yell "oh sh-", before everything went crazy.

The goo above Danika, whether triggered by Lynette's shout or because it had already reached the tipping point, broke off and fell, covering Danika's still-standing form completely as it landed heavily on top of her. Lynette reacted instinctively, her hand whipping down to her hip and pulling up her pistol, pointing it at the great green mass and pulling the trigger. The cartridge shot out with a tiny puff of compressed gas, sinking into the surface with a distressingly wet noise. A moment later and the miniature generator kicked into gear, and with an audible 'zzap!' the charge fired. It was supposed to be just a brief, incapacitating burst, a one-moment shock with only enough power to stun an attacker until you could find a better solution, but somehow the electricity just... kept going. Lightning arched over the surface of the goo again and again, and then suddenly Lynette could make out the barely-visible visible form of Danika inside it as she stiffened dramatically. She noticed something else too; one of the random charms Danika had hung across her chest starting to glow warmly, flickering into life like a badly-tended lightbulb. A moment later and it was shining clearly through the mass of goo coating her, seemingly drawing the energy from the shock charge into itself and growing unstoppably brighter and brighter. Just before Lynette was forced to look away she managed to make out some symbol coming through with it, something dark and indecipherable, but somehow instantly recognisable as ancient and arcane.

Then there was a sound like a crack of thunder as the goo surrounding Danika just *exploded*, the force of it sending Lynette tumbling backwards, her reflexively raised arm stinging as hot shards of goo hit her suit like shrapnel.

Her back hit the still-closed door door hard, knocking the wind out of her as she slumped to the floor. A shower of sparks caused her to flinch her head downwards as what was left of the lights mounted on the wall beside her blew out, and in the distance she felt rather than heard a deep rumbling explosion as something somewhere else fucked up catastrophically. Fighting back her panic she took a quick breath to steady herself, struggling back to her knees and scanning the room, until she was stopped in her tracks by the sight in front of her.

Danika was still standing there, now free from the cocoon of goo that had enveloped her, a fact which gave Lynette a quick flash of intense relief. Now however, she was surrounded by a pulsing red light, and her back arched as her toes barely touched the ground. The source of that light was the same charm that now clung to her chest, but even as Lynette watched it seemed to change, the warmth of it draining out of the object and instead pouring directly into Danika's body. Her suit, coated with goo and visibly torn in several places already, seemed to melt away without resistance, pushed aside by the dull red glow that swept slowly across her bare skin.

It spread without restraint over her chest, but when it came to her shoulders something else changed. A small blob of the goo clung wetly to her skin there, and when the red glow swept under it it seemed to melt against the heat, sinking down into her flesh as a slick green liquid. A second later and Danika's whole body visibly shook, and there was a confused moment as the green and the red seemed to fight against each other; the green circle on her shoulder first overwhelming and then being overwhelmed by the driving heat that drained into her from the charm. The lines of colour flashed back and forth again and again until suddenly they seemed to reach a balance. The red glow *surged* outwards, seemingly somehow empowered by the green instead of fighting against it, only in compensation her changed flesh took on a different texture, adopting the slick, viscous look of the goo even if the colour had changed.

All her other charms; her equipment, her trinkets and her suit, it all fell away, leaving her completely naked apart from that one powerful symbol that seemed to be almost burning itself into her chest. Lynette could see her skin glisten as the goo spread itself over her, seemingly changing her whole body to be as slick and soft as it was. But there was more to it than just that - there was something else behind it, something more than the power of the charm had contributed, because the change wasn't limited to the colour or texture of her body. As it reached her hands her fingers stretched outwards slightly, her fingertips sharpening and darkening to form pointed claws. Her feet, meanwhile, were altered completely, flowing inwards to become dark cylinders; still red, but otherwise perfectly recognisable as a gooey representation of hooves. Most dramatically, another arch of her body signalled the arrival of small, bat-like wings that pressed outwards from her back, dripping wetly as they flexed behind her. After that, it was almost anticlimactic as the change raced up her neck and swept over her head, short, cute horns sliding up through her forehead as her hair melded into a long slick mass, her ears and teeth lengthening into points as her eyes shone a dramatic yellow.

And then she was done, the glow around her fading as she lowered delicately back down to the ground, her hooves clicking wetly against the metal. "Fffuuuck me", she exclaimed breathily. "You have *got* to try that."

Lynette stared. "Uh... Danika?"

Hey yellow eyes turned towards her. "Yeah?"

There was a pause as Lynette tried to figure out what exactly to say. "You... you turned into some sort of goo devilgirl?"

"Oh shit!", Danika answered. "Something's really wrong!"

"You fucking think?"

"Yeah, you left out 'incredibly rad' when you said 'goo devilgirl' there", Danika scoffed. She gave herself a quick once over, licking her lips in appreciation as she slid a slick hand over her chest. "Although I would have also accepted 'fucking hot' too, because *damn*."

Before she could say anything further, Lynette was interrupted by a flash of light from behind Danika. Out in the space beyond the window, she caught sight of their ship as it tumbled away from them, the ruined remains of the docking tube trailing behind it. "Oh *fuck!*", she gasped, ignoring Danika from the moment as she rushed to the window. "No no no *no!* There goes our goddamn ride!"

For her part, Danika merely shrugged. "Hey, maybe hanging out here for a little while won't be so bad. It's been pretty cool so far..."

Lynette took a deep breath, stepping back away from the window and reclaiming her equipment. "Okay, okay - I got this. If we can get to the escape pod of this ship, then we can get over to *our* ship before it gets too far away, and then we can just fly off with whatever we manage to grab from here on our way out." She paused, her eyes flicking back up to Danika. "And, uh... we can deal with... all that when we get home."

"Hey, I'm not the only one that was compromised", Danika answered, pointing a sharp finger up towards Lynette's right arm. Looking down, she saw the deep tears that the explosion had left in her suit there when she'd thrown it up to shield herself, and, peering through, she also saw a small patch of that green goo melting softly into her skin.

All of a sudden, Lynette realised that the weird moist sensation she was feeling there wasn't simply sweat trapped inside her suit. And already she could feel it slowly spreading.

"Well... fuck", Lynette said softly. But, fortunately, it didn't seem like whatever it was was spreading fast, at least. Maybe a good minute or two had gone by since the drops of it had first landed on her, and it hadn't spread more than a half inch, if that. "Okay, right. We can still do this. There's a... time limit, but maybe not too bad of one. There's still time to check things out, find some answers, get some loot, and get this fixed.

She looked up at Danika, who was regarding her with an expression of quiet disinterest. That was hardly out of character, but still, it did seem unusual given the circumstances. "And what about you? How do you feel? Are you still... with me?"

Danika gave a mock salute. "Ready and willing as ever, chief. I don't want to let the *Look At Our Big Space Cock* just drift off into the void either."

That was... oddly comforting, actually. Behind her a beep got Lynette's attention, and she turned to find that not only had the hackpad finished opening the door, it had also downloaded a copy of the ship's internal layout. So, now they had a map. The question was - where should they go?

Lynette tapped her finger against the map. "Let's head to the medbay. It's nearby, and if we head there first it'll..." She paused, looking up at the devil-red, goo-dripping form of her partner Danika, then back down at the hole in her own suit and the slight smear of green spreading out slowly beneath it.

She swallowed. "It'll, uh, help us figure out just how fucked we are, I guess?"

"Sounds good", Danika answered with a nod. "We wouldn't want to be fucked without knowing it, would we?"

Wrapped up in working out the specifics, Lynette let that one go. "Okay, uh, this way."

The ship felt deserted as they made their way deeper inside it. Aside from their own footsteps and the low thrum of the barely-running power system, there were no sounds. They saw no signs of the former crew either. That weird green goo was still splattered randomly around the walls, and Lynette was starting to get quietly concerned that that somehow *was* the crew, given what had happened earlier. If that was the case, maybe they were still like... asleep or something, because she couldn't see any movement in it all, and perhaps they'd simply made too much noise when they were first coming in. Accordingly, she gave it all a wide berth, moving as quietly as possible and constantly flicking her torch upwards to make sure she wasn't walking under any hanging masses of it. Danika took a different approach. She still moved quietly, respecting Lynette's obvious concern, but she was simply striding straight forward through whatever was in her way, occasionally pausing to point at a nearby clump of goo, indicate the glowing charm on her chest, then make a threateningly explosive gesture at it. Lynette tried her best to ignore that, but it didn't seem to provoke anything from the goo either, and the two of them made it to the medbay without incident.

Lynette sealed the doors behind them, then looked over the room they now found themselves in. It was small, little more than an automated medical station and a control panel set into the wall. With long haul freight ships of this size it wasn't too unusual not to

have a doctor on the crew, so presumably this medbay was set up to take care of standard complaints automatically. Given that this room was also deserted, that was definitely a good sign.

Another good sign was the fact that the room was completely clean - either whatever happened outside hadn't happened in here, or the room had some sort of self-cleaning feature that had tidied it all away. In any case, it was certainly reassuring, and Lynette exhaled thankfully as she finally let herself relax a little.

While she'd been looking over the room, Danika had wandered over to the control panel. "Seems pretty straight-forward", she reported, "although I don't think there's a 'un-goo-ify' option for you."

"For us", Lynette corrected.

Danika scoffed. "Girl, you can fight me if you want to try and take this hot shit away from me. I'll change back when - and if - I'm good and ready."

Lynette genuinely wasn't sure what to say to that. She'd been assuming that for all Danika's bluster, the whole 'turning into a weird devil-goo-creature' had been, y'know, a bad thing. But if she really didn't want that to be fixed - well, she wasn't sure quite how to deal with that. "Well... can we have this thing scan us both, at least? Maybe it can find a way to fix us - even if you don't use it right now!", she added quickly, "but at least we'll know there's an option. Plus, we should probably check that you're not just going to like... melt, or something, right?"

"Alright", Danika answered, "but I'll set the program running on this thing, okay?" She turned back to the console and flicked through a couple of options, muttering "I wouldn't trust you with something this complicated at the best of times anyway."

Lynette shook her head, giving a wry grin as she stripped off her suit and undergarments. "Uh, excuse me? You're the one who docked the ship, aren't you? The docking that somehow got fucked up so bad that our ship is now tumbling through space?"

"Pssh", Danika shot back as they each moved into one of the two medical bays, "a minor setback. We'll catch up with the '*Starfucker*' soon enough."

Lynette was going to come back with another witty retort, but suddenly she saw something that made her stop. "Wait... you had short hair before, and now it's long. Why did *that* change?"

"Oh, is that weirding you out?", Danika answered. "Here, I think I can..." She closed her eyes, concentrated for a few moments, and then her hair started to change. It still had the

same dyed red colouration it had had before her transformation, just with a slick, gooey texture to it, and as Danika focussed on it it curled inwards like she was pulling in her tongue, reshaping itself into the same post-punk hairdo she'd sported back on their ship. "Better?"

Blinking, Lynette wiped her face with her hand. "This is just too weird..."

Anything further was interrupted by the machine coming to life beside them, a small screen blinking on in front of each of them, advising them in bright green text to stay still while the system did its work. Soon afterwards a slim metal armature extended up from the floor next to Lynette, moving smoothly in a circle around her while projecting a thin red beam that swept over her body.

"Scan One Complete", a robotic voice announced. "Foreign Infection Detected. Obtaining Sample."

The scanning machine withdrew, and was replaced by an articulated metal tube, raising up from the floor and weaving its way towards Lynette's right arm. It reached the point where the small splotch of goo was spreading slowly along her flesh, then delicately extended a slim needle that pressed into that green mass. It was in and out in an instant, and completely painlessly too, although Lynette wasn't sure if that was because the needle had an anesthetic coating, or if she just couldn't feel properly in that area anymore. In any case, the machine withdrew with its syringe surprisingly full of thick green liquid, pulling smoothly away from her and dropping back down through the floor.

"Sample Obtained. Culturing And Analysis Initiating. Please Wait." Then, after a short pause, it added, "Beginning Scan Two."

Another slim metal tube rose up beside Danika, beginning its slow scanning circuit. "Hey, just wanted to check", Danika piped up as it did so, "it's not just me that's finding this hot, right?"

Lynette's eyes widened, and she had to force herself to keep standing still rather than turn to stare incredulously at her. "What... what exactly of all of this is hot?"

Quite unselfconsciously, Danika elaborated. "C'mon - that robot tentacle? You don't have any ideas of how else that could go? You haven't thought about getting an 'examination' like that before?"

Lynette gritted her teeth. "That... I was not thinking about how this could be super horny right now, no, sorry."

"Your loss", Danika sniffed. "Although granted, there'd definitely be some things I'd change if it were up to me. We'd both be restrained, for one."

"Remind me not to let you install the medical system on our ship then", Lynette hissed.

Danika started to respond, but was interrupted as the light from her scan swept over her chest. In response, the sigil embedded in her body flashed, the force of it causing a rippling shudder to pass through her whole body. "O- ooh. That, uh - that tingles."

The machine seemed to react too, stopping where it was and repeatedly scanning that same area, the light of its beam growing brighter and brighter every time it passed over the sigil.

"Error", the voice announced simply. "Error. Recalibrating."

Suddenly, slits opened in the floor of each bay, and strips of metal snapped over their feet, locking them firmly in place. At the same time a T-bar lowered from the ceiling in front of each of them, thick cords whipping out from the sides, wrapping tightly around their wrists as the bar continued to descend, forcing them both down to all fours.

Lynette could do little more than gasp, struggling futilely against her restraints, while for her part Danika simply grinned. "Alright, looks like this thing takes requests!"

The robot voice spoke again, but this time it sounded even more disjointed, as though several vocal tracks were running over each other. "Running New -Scanning Complete- Program. Beginning -Sample Culture Complete- Insemination Protocol."

"Wait, what was that?", Lynette spluttered, her eyes widening as she caught sight of something moving, reflected in the now-blank screen on the wall. Another thick metal tendril had extended behind each of them, curling quickly towards her crotch. It was hard to make out exactly, but she managed to determine two things about them - firstly, the tip had mercifully been switched away from the needle that it had been equipped with previously, and it was now sporting a long, tapered end. Behind that though, the glass reservoir of the syringe remained, only now it was completely filled with bright green fluid, far more than it had initially taken from her.

Beside her, Danika was beaming, wiggling her rear enticingly. "Oh, fuck yes! Let's see what you got!"

"Protocol Initiating", the machine said emotionlessly, and with that the tendrils moved inwards, making Lynette gasp as it pressed its way inside her pussy. She rocked forwards in her restraints, moaning involuntarily at the sensation of it. The machine whirred, vibrations rumbling through its length and echoing through her body, and somehow suddenly all this

didn't seem so bad. If she didn't know better she would have thought this was some sort of high-end sex toy, the way that the tendril bent and turned itself slightly seemed perfectly designed to stimulate her clit, and the waves of trembling pleasure the whole experience was provoking made it hard to remember exactly what the problem was supposed to be.

Turning to look at Danika, Lynette saw that she was moving happily along with the machine, her tongue hanging out of her mouth so low that it almost reached all the way to the floor. Catching her looking, Danika slid her slick tongue back inwards, treating her to a lustful grin.

"Mhmm... it feels good, doesn't it?", Danika whispered. "You should... lean into it Lyn', just really let it make you feel as good as you possibly can. Here, let me show you..."

She straightened up for a second, then locked her eyes with Lynette's as she talked her through her demonstration. "Just... brace your hands against the floor like this... then use that leverage to push yourself back against it, matching the tempo just like this.... one, two, one, two, one, two... that's it girl, you're doing it..."

She was. Without really thinking about it, Lynette had followed along with Danika's directions, and now she was rocking back eagerly against the tendril inside her.

"Mhmm, that's it girl, just enjoy it. It's not going to stop, it's a machine, it's not ever going to stop, so all you need to do is enjoy how good it feels to be fucked, over and over and over..."

"Uhn-uhmmnnn!", Lynette gasped. She couldn't look away from Danika's brilliant yellow eyes, her expression so hungry and lustful. Suddenly she found an uncontrollable stream of words pouring out of her, for reasons she couldn't quite put together. "Th- thank you! Thank you for convincing and encouraging and helping me to feel so good, and to... to ffuck! To be fucked sooo hard!"

Danika's pointed fangs bit into her lips, her mouth quickly falling open into an eager, panted cry as she enthusiastically came. "Ahh- ahhhAHNN!", she cried, her whole body trembling as the machine pushed her forwards dramatically.

The sight of that set Lynette off too, and she felt her own orgasm washing blissfully over her. Seemingly detecting that moment, the tendril inside her reacted, the tip of it opening as long, thick spurts of the fluid it carried swept into her. The feeling was indescribable - coming off of her own climax, this extra surge of liquid made it feel like she'd just cum three times as hard, and that was enough to provoke a shuddering orgasmic aftershock. She felt so slick, like her whole pussy was wet and dripping, and that the pleasure that she'd provoked was echoing around unstopably rather than dying away. She was wet, she

was so *wet*, and she dimly realised that she could hear the slick noises of the tendril as it finally withdrew from her.

There was a sudden release of pressure, and Lynette almost fell over as the restraints on her wrists and ankles withdrew. "Procedure Complete", the robotic voice announced to the room. "Have A Healthy Day."

"Hoo, fuck!", Danika exclaimed happily. "That was some ride, huh?"

Lynette stood slowly on shaking legs. "That... that was certainly something. Fuck, I *still* feel super wet." She took a few hesitant steps forwards, heading over to where she'd left her suit earlier, but a sudden intake of breath from Danika stopped her.

"Uh, girl, I think there might be a reason for that..."

Confused, Lynette turned around, and the first thing she saw was Danika still down on all fours, the restraints that were holding her apparently having malfunctioned. Before she could say anything about it though, an expression of concentration crossed Danika's face, and then her wrists flowed freely around the metal strips that were supposed to secure her hands, and as she stood Lynette realised that the ones over her feet had never been holding her down at all, designed as they were for humans rather than goat-like hooves.

Lynette was incredulous. "Wait, what the fuck? You could have got out at any time?"

"Pssh", Danika replied, "and miss all the tentacle fucking? Screw that! Anyway, back to what I was saying - it looks like you might have gotten a fresh souvenir from all that too..."

Looking down at herself, Lynette finally saw what she had been referring to. Her pussy was... changed. It looked like it was now made out of the same slick goo that had been slowly spreading along her arm, presumably caused by the fact that the medical machine had pumped so much of it inside her. She tested it cautiously by running a single finger slowly along the length of her slit, proving that she was definitely still sensitive there as her whole body quivered in response. A long strand of goo clung to her finger as she raised it up to her face, and she could feel something else churning slowly deep inside her, some further change just waiting to be let loose.

"Well... shit."

Danika scoffed. "I don't know what you're so wound up about. Having a nice gooey pussy feels fucking amazing. But, whatever", she added with a shrug, "I'm not going to waste time trying to tell you about that when we've got the '*Cosmic Clitwagon*' to save."

The unexpectedness of that managed to get a laugh from Lynette, drawing her back enough into normality to get her thinking back on track again. "Okay, firstly, that's the worst one yet-"

"Debateable", Danika interjected.

"-and secondly", Lynette continued, looking back to the map, "I think we should head to the computer core. If this medbay still works then it must be still running, and there's gotta be some sort of records there that can let us know exactly what happened. At this point, I think the most important thing is for us to figure out what we're up against."

There was another quiet rumbling deep inside herself, and she felt the slickness of her crotch suddenly kick up a notch.

"Uh... and we should probably hurry", she added.