

## GOO YOUR OWN ADVENTURE PART TWO

TF STORY BY ABE E SEEDY

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By the time Lynette opened the door to the medbay, she had a plan. The ship's systems all seemed to be completely locked down and centralised - she'd tried briefly to access the main computer from the terminal in the medbay, and it had either been intentionally locked out or the connections were somehow broken. In either case, the only solution was to go right to the source. The map said that the ship's computer core was in Engineering, just a short distance away from where they were now. From there, not only could they get some sort of information on what had happened to the ship, but they might even be able to get access to the internal sensors. Then it would be a simple matter to plot out a route that avoided the worst of... whatever all this was, and maybe even swing by some nice loot on their way to the escape pods. So, despite everything that had happened so far, Lynette set foot back into the ship's corridor with confidence. Unfortunately, that did not last long.

It quickly became clear that their activities had begun to have an impact. The first sign of this was the realisation that the corridor they went through was completely free of goo patches, despite the fact that they'd walked at least part of it before on their way to the medbay. There had been goo there then, and now there was not. It surely hadn't been cleaned - they would have noticed some automated ship-wide cleaning mechanism kicking on - so it must have simply moved, and a whole lot faster than they'd seen any of it move before. Beyond that, Lynette began to notice some sort of... pull. It was like the gravity was amped up in one particular direction, and it was tugging at her increasingly fiercely. She felt it deep inside her, right where her newly-slick flesh rubbed up against her clothes. She'd kept her equipment with her, but left most of her suit behind in the medbay, reasoning that it was better not to be hindered by how bulky it was than to try and rely on it to keep any more of the invasive contagion out. The woolen undersuit she'd kept on at least, more out of a sense of modesty than anything else, although they were already making a distinct squelching sound with every step she took, given the goo that slowly and continuously spread outwards from her crotch.

Danika had no such restraint though, and was continuing to strut around fully nude. She seemed unaffected by the pull too, even when it ramped up enough to make Lynette need to steady herself on a nearby wall.

"Yo, you alright?", Danika asked, noticing Lynette's distress for the first time. She arched an eyebrow as she added, "or did your plan to put on clothes that'll just rub up against your newly-oversensitive pussy over and over again not work out too hot?"

Lynette gritted her teeth. "You... you don't feel that?"

"The feeling of something rubbing up against my slit?", Danika shot back with a grin. "I have, yeah, but I thought we were supposed to be focussing on something else right now."

Groaning audibly, Lynette almost collapsed, only just managing to hold herself up against the wall. "S... something's coming...", she gasped.

Danika rolled her eyes. "Yeah, you, apparently. C'mon now, this is gett-"

Just as she was stepping forward to help Lynette up, she heard something. Rounding a corner some 20 feet away, a great green mass was surging towards them. At first it looked indistinct, some writhing, featureless blob that stretched out randomly, but as they looked they began to realise that it was a collection of completely goo-ified people, all of them melding in and out of that one central mass. Their arms were outstretched, several of them trailing off into tentacles that curled unnaturally inwards, distractedly pleasuring their open, dripping slits and mouths. Many of the group sported thickly throbbing cocks, spraying eager bursts of slick greenness on the ground as they moved forwards unstopably.

Danika reacted immediately, muttering "nope, no, fuck *all* of that", as she grabbed Lynette by the arm and pulled her up. It took some effort just to keep her on her feet, given that Lynette's knees were suddenly so weak they could barely support her weight. She seemed distracted, and the feeling of Danika's slick goo flesh against her skin made her eyes roll up in her head. There was... Lynette felt so relaxed, like she should just sink down into this soft slickness, and despite the tide coming towards both of them she couldn't quite manage to rouse herself from that feeling enough to resist.

Seeing Lynette slump forwards bonelessly in her arms, Danika sighed. "I guess this one is on me then..."

She kneeled down, putting her shoulder squarely under the centre of Lynette's chest. Then with a quick grunt of effort she rose back up onto her hooves, taking Lynette's full weight with surprising ease. Even so, carrying her bodily like this was an awkward proposition, especially given that both of them were increasingly slippery, so it was fortunate that the Engineering room wasn't far away, and she managed to bustle the both of them inside after just a few hurried strides. Depositing Lynette quickly in the corner, Danika turned back towards the door, the glyph on her chest blazing as her hand started to glow. A moment later an intense heat poured out from her palm, and a quick swipe along the central seam of the door left it welded shut.

"Okay, well, that was fucking awesome", Danika announced to the room, stepping back and for the first time actually considering what she'd just done. "I guess that's something else I can do now."

A sudden banging noise made her jump as whatever it was that had been chasing them reached the door. Instinctively Danika curled her hand inwards and formed a small flame to protect herself with, but even after a few more dramatic thumps the door held closed. There was silence for a moment as the creatures outside seemed to change tack, and after a brief start Danika quickly leaned back in, hurriedly sealing up the rest of the small gaps around the edges of the door before anything could seep inside. Stepping back once again, she kept a wary watch on it, but after a few more muffled thumps it seemed like her work was good. The goo, for now at least, had been kept outside.

Finally exhaling in relief, Danika turned back around to check on Lynette. She was sitting propped up against the wall, but at least it looked like she was able to focus on her surroundings again. "Nice job...", she panted.

Danika cracked her knuckles, a gesture somewhat undermined by the fact that the noise that made was now, at best, 'glorp', rather than the satisfying crack that she was going for. Undeterred, she answered, "damn straight it was. And our ship is now officially called *The Devil's Fuckmachine*, by the way."

Lynette laughed, then stopped quickly as a pained grimace crossed her face.

That prompted a look of genuine concern. "Hey, seriously though, are you alright?", Danika asked.

"I... I'm honestly not sure", Lynette answered. "I think so. I'm feeling better, at least. Back in the corridor there was just... some sort of pressure. Some force that was just pulling me down, and it was all I could do not to be overwhelmed by it."

Danika nodded. "Well, maybe you should just hang back here for a bit. I'm going to have a look around and see if there are any other ways into this room that we need to worry about."

Struggling back to her feet, Lynette returned the nod. "Yeah, sounds good. I'll poke around here, see if I can't look into the computer core like I said."

As Danika moved off, Lynette gave the room a proper look over for the first time. Like most Engineering sections it was large, cluttered and complicated, with great masses of cables and pipes snaking about in all directions. The thrumming power core of the engine took up the most of the space, and Lynette could see from here that it was clearly only running at minimal power. The central core for the ship's computer seemed to be connected to it directly, and, fortunately, still seemed to work. After making her way over with some

difficulty, Lynette connected her hackpad and, after a brief wait, managed to get herself full access.

"Hey, there's some audio logs in here!", Lynette called out. "Maybe they can let us know what actually happened."

"Great", Danika called back, somehow managing to perfectly convey her emphatic eye roll even at a distance. "Gimme the highlights when you're done, yeah? I'm going to go look at literally anything else."

Apparently, actually finding the answers to what happened here weren't to Danika's taste. Honestly, Lynette probably would have been curious to hear someone's diaries for a trip that went this bad even if she hadn't been in peril from it herself, but Danika didn't seem interested. Ah well. She flicked quickly through the first few entries of the trip, with none of them seeming to be particularly noteworthy.

"Mission Day 1, chief engineer Roberts reporting-"

Click!

"Mission Day 4, chief engineer Roberts r-"

Click!

"Mission Day 9, chief engineer-"

Click!

"Mission Day 15, ch-"

Click!

It seemed like this chief engineer Roberts person started every one of her logs the exact same way, sticking fastidiously to routine and protocol. From the other side of the room, Lynette could hear Danika groan loudly at the thought of it, before she intentionally went out of earshot to avoid having to listen to those same words again.

Lynette was still curious though, and stopped on an entry labelled "New Cargo Loaded"

"Mission Day 23, chief engineer Roberts reporting. Our unscheduled detour has finally been resolved. The captain had us land and take on cargo, apparently according to some directive that I was *not* personally privy to. The name of this planet was also not shared with us, but it was clearly not one that had been formally scouted and catalogued. The captain did not consult with the senior crew about this, or listen to our objections. Instead they simply left with two of their new 'assistants', and returned with a metallic container. It was approximately 4 feet square, and heavy enough that it required all three of them to carry it into the hold. They seemed to be in good spirits about the event, although for reasons that, once again, they would not share. Rest assured, once this mission is complete, I will be sharing *my* thoughts with upper management. Roberts, out."

Well, she seemed fun, Lynette thought, clicking on the next entry.

"Mission Day 26, chief engineer Roberts reporting. We're approximately one-quarter of the way to our scheduled destination, and I've noticed that the engines aren't running at full efficiency. There's something throwing off the warp field, making it so we're having to put in more energy than we should be just to keep going. I've tried raising it at the senior officer meetings, but I keep getting waved off. All they'll tell me is not to poke around with that new cargo. Well, if it's a problem to the ship, then it's my responsibility, no matter what they say. I... ah, the heck with it. I'm going to find out what's messing with my ship."

Now it was getting interesting. Lynette let the next few entries play through one after another.

"Mission Day 27, chief engineer Roberts reporting. I, uh, well, I found something... I think. Between shifts I snuck down to the cargo hold, rigged the container to open, and found myself staring right into some sort of viscous green liquid. I gave it a quick sweep with a scanner and it just absorbed all the frequencies I put out at it. I didn't get anything from it, but it certainly reacted to me. The whole thing shuddered, startling me so much that I dropped the scanner right into the middle of it. For as viscous as that stuff was, it sure seemed to splash well. I've run my shower at Decontamination level twice now and I still feel sticky. Anyway, I grabbed some gloves, fished out the scanner, and closed the cargo back up. I'm still going to write this all up when we get back to port, but I don't want the captain to find out I went poking around right now. I'll leave that till I can report to the authorities. Whatever this stuff is - my guess is some sort of new fuel, or maybe some new coolant they want to test out - but in any case, they're clearly doing *something* wrong here, and I intend to make that known. Roberts, out."

"Mission Day 28, engineer Roberts reporting. We're about... a third of the way to our destination. Engine's still weird.

I can't stop thinking about that box. I think there was something in there, inside all the goo. I don't know how I know, but I'm sure I do. I'm worried that the captain is going to catch me somehow - I'm so nervous about it that I'm sweating constantly. Which is weird, because the captain doesn't scare me. If they order me into the brig then when we dock I'm just going to get an opportunity to tell my side of the story, and then it'll be clear that they're in the wrong, not me. And if anything happened to me mid-trip, I don't think there's anyone else that could keep this ship running properly, not with whatever it is messing with the warp field. And yet.

I don't know. I still keep sweating. Roberts, out."

"Mission Day 29, chief engineer Roberts reporting. I wish I could say I had a fever. But I'm not hot, I'm not flushed, all of that. I just sweat every time someone looks at me. They must

be all in on it, because no one else objected to that cargo, and now I just can't keep myself calm around them. I've been giving my excuses for the meetings, avoiding contact as much as possible, because as soon as they look at me they'll know how nervous I am, and they'll have to figure it out. No, better I just hole up, stay near the engine where it's nice and warm, and wait this out. That's- that's the plan.

Lynette was increasingly transfixed. Clearly this engineer Roberts was patient zero, and she was listening to her symptoms first manifesting. It was good to know that days could pass and the most noticeable aspect would be increased sweating, but... she crossed her legs, feeling her goo-filled pussy squelch awkwardly. She could only imagine how much of an impact *that* level of contact had on things. Still, she'd certainly stumbled on some useful information, so it made sense to hear some more of it. Also... also it was weirdly hot? She couldn't put her finger on exactly why, but something about her voice - she'd gone from someone who sounded really annoying to someone who was surprisingly enticing. Or maybe it was just that the room was warm, and she wanted to just strip down and enjoy it. That... made sense, she supposed. In any case, the thing to do now would be to sit back and listen to more of the entries. That would be useful.

"Mission Day 30, Roberts reporting. Still sweating. Won't stop. Staying away from people is good for now. For now at least. Later, things will be better. Later I'll be able to... to have things go right. Stay away for now, better later. Out."

It was getting to her, Lynette could tell. Whatever it was that happened, she was listening to it happen to this Roberts person through these tapes. Why was that so horny? Lynette found herself squirming, her hand sliding down inside her cloth undersuit to press against her dripping crotch. All the while, the few remaining entries played.

"Mission 31, Roberts. Feeling better. Warm. Wet. That's good, it's good to be wet. I don't need to go out anymore. I just stay here, where it's warm. Someone came in, wanted to know why we were slowing down. He was so warm. He'll be so wet. He went to open the box, to help it be heard. That's good, that's important. That will tell us all what to do. I should stay here, stop anyone else coming in. That's good, that's important. I'm going to stay here. It's warm. I'm making my favourite places so wet."

"3

Warm

Wet"

The entries stopped, but Lynette was barely still listening. She felt so warm. There was something in the room around her; some thick, pulsing heat that it felt like she was bathing in. But there was something else, something pulling at the core of her, even as she slid her fingers inside her desperately wet pussy. All of a sudden there was an urgency there, she needed to press, needed to fill, needed to stretch, and as she bent double over her hand she felt something begin to respond. There was... movement, the slickness pouring through her fingers and sliding up over her rear, and then something else *pulled* from inside her. She gasped, only barely managing to catch herself on one hand as she fell to her knees. Her whole body shook with release, her thick green cum dripping to the floor, as from behind her something stretched, parting the sodden wool of her suit easily as it grew. She could feel it, a new appendage that curled and slithered its way up her body, leaving a sticky trail behind it. Soon it was long enough to reach over her shoulder, bringing it into her line of sight for the first time. It was a green, shimmering with translucent goo, a tentacle melded securely with her tailbone. She could feel every part of it as though it was another limb, and yet moved as though it had a mind of its own.

Dreamily, she raised the hand that had been inside her pussy up towards it, patting the tip as it nuzzled into her palm. "Hey there cutie", she mumbled. "What's your whole deal?"

In response it simply curled inwards, the tip of it dripping slickly with some fresh supply of thick green goo. It pressed between her lips, and Lynette slid blissfully to the floor as it began to pulse, sending a steady stream of fluid flooding into her. She drifted down, smiling weakly as the goo slicked her throat, thick beads of sweat forming on her skin. It felt... good. Warm. Wet.

"Shitfuck!", Danika yelled, tumbling backwards suddenly into the corner of Lynette's vision. She was grappling with something, *someone* - a green, completely goo-ified woman, who must have pounced out from some closet as Danika completed her circuit of the room. She had Danika's wrists in her hands, her mouth open as her long tongue stretching out towards her cheek. Danika managed to pull away, apparently throwing her attacker off with her own liquid form, and the two of them parted with a shower of multi-coloured goo droplets. Rolling up onto her hooves, Danika drew herself up her full height, pointed her palms at the other girl menacingly and shouted, "Fire powers, go!"

Nothing happened. Danika curled her fingers inwards and shook her hands a few times, but fire resolutely failed to emerge, apparently having been completely drained by her earlier efforts. "Oh, fuck *you*", she hissed, before looking up to see the green goo girl sweeping forwards, enveloping her limbs and pressing her heavily to the wall.

Seeing this was enough to pull Lynette back from the haze she was drifting through. Peeling the tip of her tentacle tail reluctantly out of her mouth with one hand, she patted around by her pack with the other, eventually finding what she was looking for and raising it in front of her.

Danika's eyes widened as, behind the leering head of the goo girl she was struggling with, she caught sight of the almost drunk-looking Lynette, once again pointing her stun gun right at her. "Oh you have *got* to be kid-", she managed before Lynette pulled the trigger, the pellet landing with a 'plip' in the back of her attacker's shoulder.

She'd had a moment to brace herself at least, before the electricity jolted through both. It wasn't as intense this time though, just a single, powerful zap that forcefully pushed them apart. Danika slid sideways along the wall, staggered, but once again the charm in her chest seemed to quickly absorb the worst of it. The other girl seemed to be more affected however, collapsing backwards to the floor, everywhere below her knees melting outwards into a puddle. It seemed like she was having trouble pulling herself together, and every time she tried another brief zap would shock her back into inconsistency. After a few seconds of confusion it seemed like she gave up, and instead turned and dove down a nearby grate into the floor, leaving the pellet behind to spark quietly to itself.

"Yeah, you better run", Danika said, before turning back towards Lynette. "And you need to get another trick."

Pulling herself back up to her feet, Lynette grinned wanly. "I'm sorry the stuff I picked up here isn't as combat-useful as what you got."

Noticing Lynette's new addition for the first time, Danika leaned forwards curiously. "You... got yourself a tail there?" As they were talking it curled upwards, leaving a slick trail along her upper arm as Lynette politely but firmly held it down. "Seems fun", Danika added with a grin.

"It's... it's an experience", Lynette admitted. Wiping her forehead absently, she felt a weird stickiness in her hand. Bringing it up to her face, she found that it was stained with a lightly-green sheen. Clearly, things were progressing. Already she could feel that heavy pull again, and now there was a feeling like a distant voice calling from just beyond hearing. "I think... I think we need to finish this soon."

Danika looked concerned. "Yeah, as fun as that tail of yours looks, you don't seem well. But what are we going to do? Unless that boring woman happened to talk in detail about the cure while I wasn't listening, this room was a bust."

"Not quite, but she did give me something. I think there's something behind all this, something in a box they brought into the cargo bay. And I'm pretty sure I know the quickest way there." She looked down at the map on her pad to confirm it, but honestly, she already knew exactly where it was. It was where the pull was coming from, where the voice she could almost hear was echoing from. She reached out a finger, pointing at the grate the goo-girl had gone through.



"There", she added. "That'll take us right to it."

"Pfft, of course", Danika answered, rolling her eyes. "What would a mystery tour of a dangerous spaceship be *without* a crawl through the ventilation system. So - do you have a plan for how we should go about this?"

Lynette stripped off the last of her ragged clothes, picking through what parts of her equipment could still be useful. "Fuck, I hope so", she replied.

"Yeah", Danika said flatly, "that sounds about right."

"Okay, here's what I've got so far", Lynette said, picking up her hackpad and walking over to the computer core. "Whatever is up with these goo people, they don't seem like they're quick to react, right?"

Danika looked skeptical, gesturing dismissively at her own body. "Speak for yourself. And besides, you're not the one who just grappled with one. She seemed plenty fast enough."

"Okay, yeah", Lynette answered, conceding the point, "but still, if we can get in and out as quickly as possible, that's going to have to help. I mean, we're heading right for like, the heart of this whole thing, so we probably don't want to give the whole, gooey mass of them time to converge on us, right?"

"I suppose, yeah. So?"

Turning towards the computer, Lynette plugged in her hackpad and tapped away for a few seconds before she continued. "Well, the best way to do *that* is to make sure we know exactly where we're going. The map we have of the ship is good for getting around, but if I can get a feed of the cargo bay, or even just good schematics of it, then we can plan our approach before we get in there."

Danika clicked her fingers, sparking a brief red flame between them. "So... you're saying the plan isn't just for me to set fire to everything that drips threateningly at us?"

"I'm not saying that isn't a large part of the eventual plan", Lynette said over her shoulder as she typed, "just that maybe we want to start with something a *little* more detailed before it comes to that. Oh, and quit wasting your... charge, or whatever. We wouldn't want you not to be able to fire off when you need to, like in that last fight."

"Hey, that happens to everyone sometimes", Danika shot back sarcastically. "It's a legitimate issue and I refuse to be mocked over it."

Lynette laughed. "Aanyway, I'm just digging through the systems now. There... there's something called the Ship's Companion here, which seems to have a lot of power and subsystems allocated to it. Maybe that might be... some sort of creepy name for the surveillance system?"

"That's a bit of a stretch, don't you think?" Danika narrowed her eyes. "You just want to find out what that is, don't you? You haven't had enough of messing around with the creepy mystery ship?"

Lynette pointedly kept her head down and continued typing. "Sorry, I couldn't hear that completely unfounded criticism, I was too busy reactivating the system like a smart, cool person would do." She pressed one last button definitively. "And... there we go!"

A metallic noise drew their attention as a small panel at the bottom of a nearby wall slid open. The inch-wide hole it revealed sputtered for a few seconds, before coughing up a tiny silver pellet, which jerked into the air and stabilised itself floating about half a foot off the ground. Then, with a brief spark, a hazy blue image flashed into life around it, quickly resolving itself into a fairly detailed representation of a pet cat.

"Now you've done it", Danika said flatly. "You have summoned the mighty ghost cat, He Who Will Doom Us All."

The cat projection tilted its head as it looked up at them quizzically. "Oh hush", Lynette said. "It's cute. Although it doesn't exactly help us. Unless... maybe I can tell it to go scout out a place for us? Or maybe cause a distraction with it..."

She turned back to her pad, and Danika walked over beside her, stepping pointedly over the 'cat'. "You seem like you're feeling better at least. All this hacking making you feel like your old self again?"

Lynette bit her lip. "Actually I'm just trying to ignore the fact that I'm pretty sure most of my body isn't super solid anymore, and the way it feels like I'm constantly edging an amazing orgasm that'll come just as soon as I give in to a quiet voice in the back of my head."

"Oh. Well, uh, that's cool too, I guess."

Unnoticed by either of them, the cat sat back on its haunches, its head following Danika's long red tail as it swung from side to side. There was a flash behind its eyes as a burst of Lynette's new, more aggressive code spiked into it, and immediately the projection flickered. Suddenly the cat was crouching down, its ears flat as its whole body tensed, before it launched itself squarely at the spot where Danika's tail connected with her back.

The first thing Danika was aware of was a oddly tingling sensation as spectral cat touched her, quickly ramping up to a startling shock as the holographic projecting pellet passed right through her central mass. Her back arched in surprise, the glyph on her chest flaring as she reacted instinctively. The pellet shot forwards out of her, propelled by a flash of red lightning that sent it spinning directly at the still-confused Lynette.

The force of it knocked Lynette backwards, landing her on her rear with a wet squelch. Meanwhile, the projection pellet fell back down to the floor, seemingly inert.

"Holy shit", Danika gasped, "are you okay? Am I okay? What the fuck just happened?"

Lynette sputtered, struggling to catch her breath. "I think... my curiosity killed that cat." She clutched at her chest. "Uhhnnn..."

"Yeah, you *should* be in pain for that one", Danika shot back.

Ignoring Danika's remark, Lynette's turned herself over, bracing herself with one arm as she knelt on the ground, her other hand still pressed to her chest. "I feel... uhnn..."

Still not quite buying her distress, Danika added, "that's the third time you've shocked me with something you know. I'm fine, by the way."

Suddenly Lynette turned her head upwards, and the bright yellow flash of her eyes caught Danika's attention. She wasn't sure if they'd been yellow before, but she definitely noticed the way that her pupils slowly changed shape, sliding inwards into black, vertical slits. "Something's... happening...", Lynette hissed.

"I'll say", Danika answered, crouching down to give herself a better look. "What's the matter, cat got your tongue?"

Something between a smile and a snarl crossed Lynette's face as she panted breathlessly. "Ff... fuck you...", she managed eventually.

"Aww, there there girl", Danika cooed, reaching out and petting her dismissively on her head. "You've got something new inside you, haven't you?"

Lynette moaned, shifting herself around until she was leaning heavily against the nearby wall, her legs splayed as she struggled to keep herself together.

"Well, if there's one thing I've learned in this crazy ship", Danika continued, following along next to her with a wide grin, "it's that it doesn't help to keep everything pent up inside. If I hadn't let out... whatever all this is", she gestured to herself vaguely, "then I'd probably still be in that first goo cocoon."

She looked away, her eyes unfocusing for just a moment. "Not that that doesn't sound kinda good sometimes."

A panting gasp from Lynette drew her attention back to the present. "But anyway", Danika continued, "I've learned that the only way through all the confusion, all the *aches*, is to lean into it. To push right through, and come out the other side as something better." She leaned in. "Doesn't that sound good?"

Lynette whimpered wordlessly, unable to tear her eyes away from Danika's.

"I'll take that as a yes", Danika answered. "Here, let me help you out..."

She swept forwards, bringing her face right up next to Lynette's, and flicking out her long red tongue. The delicately forked tip slid wetly in a slow line from Lynette's chin to the end of her nose, leaving behind a trail of slickness that seemed to melt outwards into her flesh. Surprisingly though, unlike the green goo that Lynette had been dripping with earlier, or the red goo that Danika was contributing, this slickness was somehow blue, the exact same shade of the hologram cat.

Not that Lynette could tell that, of course. She was far too overwhelmed with everything else she was going through. It was - her whole body felt like it was barely holding together, every shiver rippling in a decidedly fluid way through her skin as thick beads of sweat clung to every inch of her. Danika licked her slowly two, three, four times, and Lynette felt her hands clench together at the sheer uncontrollable sensation of it. She felt her face shift beneath her attentions, her nose sliding upwards as her increasingly wet flesh bunched up into a growing muzzle, while pointed fangs bit desperately into her dripping lips.

She moaned loudly, something Danika took as a cue to shift her position. Her hands suddenly grasped firmly at the side of her head, not only forcing Lynette back into staring up into her eyes, but also making her ears slide smoothly upwards, pulling them insistently until they pushed upwards through her hair as blue, gooey triangles.

Leaning right up next to them, Danika whispered breathily, "there we go girl. Doesn't that feel better? Doesn't that feel like a good... start?"

Lynette shuddered, her whole body trembling with barely suppressed need. But before she could form any sort of coherent response she stiffened, her mischievous tail once again making itself known, only now it too was blue instead of green. Silently it had made its way up behind her, and now it draped itself over her shoulder, its tip curling upwards invitingly towards Danika.

She laughed quietly, reaching out to hold it with one hand, causing another tremor to run through Lynette. "Oh yes, I'd forgotten about you, hadn't I? Let's see if you can help too, shall we?"

Without waiting for approval she turned the tail back towards Lynette, working the tip dexterously. In moments beads of thick blue fluid began to appear, making Lynette moan once again at the sensation of it.

"You know Lyn, your skin seems *much* too dry", Danika teased. "But don't worry, I'm pretty sure we can find something that can help..."

With a shuddering gasp, the goo started flooding down from Lynette's tail, pooling outwards over her chest. Danika set up a steady, milking rhythm with one hand, while her other one began spreading the results over Lynette's skin. Everywhere her hand swept

quickly became coated with blue slickness, her flesh changing softly as Lynette sunk down into bliss.

Danika smiled happily. "There we go. Doesn't that feel so much better? And we're only just getting started..."

Her hand curved beneath Lynette's breasts, cupping them suddenly in a way that made her moan. In seconds they filled outwards - not much, but just enough to let her know that she was mutable, that just because she may be a certain way right now, that didn't mean that that was going to be the case for long. Their yellow eyes locked on each other, and Lynette knew that she was at Danika's mercy. The blue slickness was spreading further and further, wrapping up her waist, sliding down her shoulders, making her arms stick heavily to her sides. It was all Lynette could do to keep her moans quiet as she changed, riding wave after wave of pleasure as Danika massaged her expertly. She could make her whatever she wanted, make her a creature to be played with, a... a pet...

Her fanged mouth burst open, a stifled cry escaping her shining lips as she shuddered and came. Her pussy felt so wet, great waves of thick blue cum pouring down to coat her thighs, to make them change just like the rest of her.

"Enjoying yourself, are you Lyn?", Danika asked with a grin. "Let's see if we can't help with that then..."

She shifted herself around, leaving Lynette's tail to spurt its goo reflexively over her shoulder. Instead she caught both of Lynette's flailing hands in hers, lowering them down one at a time to Lynette's crotch before pressing them inwards. Even as casual a contact as that was enough to set Lynette off given how wound up she was, and soon both of her hands were thickly plastered with blue fluid, the small amount of her untouched skin quickly being swept over by the ever-expanding goo. Then Danika brought each hand up in front of both of them, holding them with their palms facing towards Lynette as she finally spoke again.

"I think you need to be a cat", she said simply, "a nice, gooey, dripping cat. Don't you think so too?"

She curled her thumbs inwards, massaging Lynette's palms steadily, while her long fingers swept rhythmically over the rest of her hand. Soon, Lynette felt her body start to respond again, her fingers shortening and plumping up as they swelled into awkward paws, her palms puffing outwards as they grew thick, soft pads.

"See? Doesn't that look good on you?", cooed Danika.

Lynette couldn't take her eyes off her hands as they finished changing, melding slowly into animal paws under Danika's tender but insistent direction. They were paws, she had paws, and she didn't even need to look down to know that her feet had changed right along with them, even without receiving the same attention.

"Does kitty like her paws?", Danika teased. "Good kitties have good paws. And you know what else good kitties have?"

She leaned in close, whispering right into Lynette's cat-like ears.

"Good kitties have cute little whiskers."

It was- she could feel it, Lynette could feel her nose twitching as she felt the pressure building just beneath her sweating, slick skin, thin blue strands stretching outwards slowly. At the same time, her tail swung itself quickly down the length of her body, acting on her desperate need by pressing its bulbous tip into her slick pussy, making her hips buck and sway as she worked desperately towards her release.

Danika rumbled her approval as she pressed forwards over her, adding, "good kitties meow..."

"Mrr-rrouuw!", Lynette gasped, unable to stop that animal sound from bursting out as her face finally slid completely into its new shape.

Sweeping forwards, Danika pressed her hands firmly against Lynette's wrists, holding her down firmly as she straddled her. "The really good kitties, *my* kitties", she hissed, "cum when I say... *now*."

Lynette lost it, climaxing uncontrollably. "Mrra-aahhhrrrr!", she cried, her tail plunging itself emphatically inside her pussy as she rode several waves of orgasm, pushed back over the edge several times when she looked up to see Danika's leering grin above her.

Danika looked her over, satisfied that she was now finished changing, her whole body completely made out of translucent blue goo and decorated with several notably feline features. "Mmhmmm, what a good kitty", she concluded simply.

They allowed themselves a few minutes to recover. Whether it was the change itself or the shock that preceded it wasn't certain, but for some reason the voice Lynette had been hearing wasn't as pressing anymore. It was still there, still tugging lightly at the back of her head and pulling her insistently towards the vent in the floor, but it didn't seem like it was going to become overwhelming. So they took a moment, Danika sitting back and smiling as Lynette caught her breath.

"So, that was incredible, and you're the devil", Lynette said eventually, making Danika smile as she accepted the backhanded compliment. "Am I fucking the devil on the regular now?" She flicked one paw vaguely back and forth between the two of them. "Is that what's going on?"

Danika shrugged. "Maybe. I mean, that was pretty hot. So who knows? Maybe if things are that hot again in the future, we can have another go."

Leaning back against the wall behind her, Lynette exhaled slowly. "Yeah, I think I probably wouldn't mind that."

"But anyway", Danika continued as she stood up, "I think we should probably deal with that big bad boss monster downstairs before we have like, some sort of relationship talk, right?"

Lynette couldn't really argue with that. She picked herself back up too, settling somewhat awkwardly onto her newly changed feet. "I suppose, yeah." She looked back down at her paws, flexing her nubby little clawed fingers ruefully. "I just wish I could still hold my stun gun. This is going to take some getting used to."

"Have you tried concentrating on them?", Danika suggested. By way of explanation she held up her own hand, and after a moment of focus her fingers stretched out and sharpened further, then reverted back to how they had been a moment later. "You are made out of goo now, after all."

Lynette wasn't entirely convinced, but she went ahead and closed her eyes anyway. She concentrated on how her hands *should* be, while trying to ignore the weird series of sensations that that provoked. When she opened her eyes again, she found her fingers stretching and wriggling back at her, her hands seemingly back to normal. Well, as normal as they could be when they were made out of semi-transparent blue goo, at least.

"Well, that's convenient", Lynette said to herself.

Danika nodded. "So, now that that's solved, what's the plan? You gonna use the computer to scan the cargo bay and activate the machinery to rotate the whateverthefuck, or some other big idea that'll involve us having to do something complicated and stupid?"

"Nah, fuck that", Lynette answered, checking the clip on her stun gun as she strode purposefully towards the grate. "Let's just get in there and fuck shit up, yeah?"

Grinning, Danika summoned a brief flash of flame in her palm. "Works for me."



Getting through the ventilation ducts was surprisingly easy, given that both of them now could, with at least a little effort, melt their way around any significant obstacles. Bringing the stun gun along presented a few problems, but even so, it wasn't long before the two of them were slipping stealthily out of the vent onto a crowded metal shelf, resting against the wall roughly halfway down the length of the cargo bay.

Looking around, they realised they'd managed to enter the room without being noticed. There were several green goo-people standing listlessly facing a large door some way off to their left, presumably expecting them to come in through what must be the main entrance. Even the goo girl they'd chased down here earlier had apparently moved in that direction too, a slick green trail tracing her path down from this same shelf to where she stood just behind the rest of her crewmates in dim anticipation.

Off to their right was a cleared space, in the middle of which sat a large black box, looking almost like a sort of square, bulky coffin. The lid had been removed, and from this close even Danika could feel the pull of it, as though it was a heavy weight sitting on the fabric of her mind, casually warping her thoughts around it. Fortunately, it didn't seem to have any awareness of where they were, so all the goo people guarding it continued staring resolutely in the opposite direction, leaving them a clear shot right up to it.

"So, what now?", Danika whispered. "We just sneak up there and - what, throw it out into space or something?"

Lynette nodded distantly. "Yeah, that's... that sounds good."

Frowning, Danika tapped her on the shoulder. "Hey, you alright? Is it getting in your head again?"

"No, no, nothing like that. It's just..." Lynette shifted uncomfortably. "All these boxes up here with us. Don't you think like... they should be on the ground instead?"

"Are you fucking kidding me", Danika said flatly.

"No, I mean, don't you think it'd help to push them off?"

Giving that suggestion the withering stare it deserved, Danika answered, "I will throw *you* out into space, I fucking swear."

Lynette sighed heavily. "Fine. Let's just... oh"

She'd raised her hand up to ready her stun gun, but she suddenly found herself fumbling it. Without realising it her fingers had shortened, her hands puffing outwards into her thick feline paws, which quickly proved ill-equipped to keep her grip. After a long, complicated

juggle the gun fell from her grasp, a last desperate swipe sending it several feet sideways as it clattered noisily to the floor.

There was a noise like "sllllrk" as every goo person in the room turned to look back in their direction, and soon every one of them, Danika included, was staring incredulously at Lynette.

"Welp, I guess so much for the easy way. Lynette muttered. "And fuck every one of these boxes too", she added, casually batting them all off the shelf, enjoying the way they clanked satisfyingly as they fell to the floor.

Danika grimaced, her fangs biting her lip in frustration. "I'll hold them off, you... you take care of everything else." With that she stood up and dove over the side, her short wings spreading out behind her as she glided gracefully to the ground. Bursts of flame lit up in each of her outstretched hands as she stalked forwards, calling out confidently, "alright you slick fucks, who wants to get toasted first?"

The goo people converged, sweeping forward as one to form a semicircle around Danika while she worked to keep them at bay with fiery blasts. There was only so long she could hold out though, so Lynette forced herself to look away, turning back towards the black box. It was sitting by itself in a pool of warm light, a quick glance upwards revealing that the light fitting above it seemed to have been jury-rigged to have a much higher output than normal, with extra wires snaking like veins from all across the cargo bay to the spot right above it. Perhaps it was photosynthesising somehow? Or did it just need to be warm? Or maybe...

"Fuck!", Danika yelled, slashing out with her claws at a grasping tentacle, managing to cut herself free and twist away from the encroaching goo. "Fuckfuckfuck!"

Oh, right, that. Lynette dropped herself to the ground, rolling nimbly and already running by the time she returned to her feet. Glancing over her shoulder she saw a few of the goo people break away from the pack and start sliding swiftly towards her, but she had the drop on them, covering the distance to the box in seconds.

"Okay, now I just need to figure out how to..." As she moved forwards, she caught sight of the mass of green nestled inside the box, and it was as though a wave of heat hit her right in the face. "I need to", she stammered, "I... need..."

Suddenly her tail was at her side, tapping her insistently on her cheek. Hazily she turned to face it, smiling blissfully as it slipped inside her lips. It pushed her down, and she was dimly aware of her back sliding against the box as she sunk to the floor, her legs splayed outwards while her pussy began to drip obediently. She sucked happily, her eyes drifting closed as warm pulses of fluid flooded down her throat. It felt so good, the only bad thing

was that there was so much more of her that could be filled. Her paws swept over herself lazily, toying with her slickness and spreading her pussy invitingly, and she gave a muffled moan of approval as she felt her tail push her aside, sliding wonderfully inside her slit. There was so much, the warm, blissful goo pooling in her stomach as she sucked eagerly at her perfect tail cock, her hips pressing forwards dreamily as her tail thrust into her again and again.

It felt so good... her tail was good... there was so much, she was so... tail... it felt good...

Something nagged at her, some unanswered question that a part of her mind just couldn't turn away from. She opened her eyes reluctantly, blinking slowly as she focussed on the scene in front of her. In the distance she saw Danika being lifted up against the door, her legs bound together from the knees down with what looked like a growing, gooey cocoon, eagerly being spread and maintained by the servant forms that were attending to her. Danika was panting in heat, past the point of resistance as her own cum dripped down her thighs to contribute to her cocoon, her hands clenching against the door as she was being stuck to it.

That... that wasn't it, Lynette thought blearily. That did look good though, maybe she would be able to do that herself soon. But there was something else she was trying to answer.

She looked around more, past the servant forms that were now moving without urgency towards her, past the boxes that lay scattered on the floor, and- ah! That was it! Right next to her, from the box she was sitting against, a thick green tentacle was draped down over her body, pressing hungrily into her slit and pumping her full of such wonderful, wonderful goo, that made her feel so good. That was it, that was the mystery - how she was fucking herself twice with just one tail. She wasn't, it was the Master, reaching out from the box and showing her how good she could feel, taking a personal interest in her. That felt good, Lynette thought to herself, her eyes drifting back forwards as she settled back into it. That felt good, like Danika must be feeling as her cocoon grew over her crotch, her body bucking as she was given her own tentacle to press and pulse inside her. That felt good, like how it felt when she knocked all those boxes off the shelf and onto the floor. Yeah, fuck every box, they didn't deserve to be up higher than her.

Some small part of her, deep down inside, pounced. Fuck every box, wasn't that... wasn't that what she was supposed to be doing? Her head lolled upwards and she blinked as she stared at all the lights that were glaring down at her. Yeah... fuck those too...

She stood up. Her tail whipped back obediently behind her as she filled herself with purpose and a plan, even the tentacle from the box slipped away easily, apparently lacking any strength to stop her physically. The goo people sped up to intercept her, but as soon as Lynette had made up her mind to move she surprised even herself with how fast she was, darting swiftly between and around them as she ran back to the side of the room.

"Danika!", she called out, relieved to see her eyes drifting open and turning towards her, then following to where she was pointing. "Blast those wires, now!"

There was a pause, and for a moment Lynette was worried that Danika either hadn't understood or just didn't want to do it, but then there was a surge of light as the symbol on her chest flared, her right hand flicking up and pitching a ball of flame outwards. It flew quickly through the air before landing right in amongst a thick bundle of cables, blowing them apart into a tangled, sparking mess.

As soon as the bolt hit Lynette made her move, springing up the nearby shelf, kicking off the top and launching herself back towards the centre of the room. She sailed over the upturned heads of the goo people following her, her arms outstretched towards the loose wires. Her claws dug into a comfortably thick cable and she grabbed it fiercely, pulling it down with her as she completed the arc of her jump. Twisting her body she aimed the sparking tip of it, pointing it directly at the open top of the big black box.

Despite everything else, she knew that she should be saying something cool right now. She gaped wordlessly for a moment, before eventually coming out with "Ahhh fuckin'... cat pun I don't know fuck youuuuuu!"

She landed heavily, plunging the cable right into the heart of the box, springing backwards immediately as a tremendous blast of electricity crackled through it. The lights in the room dimmed as power poured ceaselessly into that box, and there was a sensation like a wildfire sweeping through the fog in the back of her head as Lynette landed on all fours. She got a brief view of all the goo people in the room bending double and clutching at their heads before the box exploded violently, shards of stone and glazed green goo pinging everywhere around her.

And then it was over. She picked herself up, shaking her head to clear the ringing out of her ears, and saw that whatever the 'master' thing was, it wasn't anymore. There was only a fierce scorch mark left on the ground to mark where the box had been, and absolutely nothing left besides that. Thankfully, the shrapnel didn't seem to have done any damage, either being absorbed by the fortuitously thick plating of the cargo bay or bouncing harmlessly off the goo people standing around looking dazed, blinking with wide eyes as they shook their heads clear.

Eventually, Danika broke the silence, calling out from the back of the room, "You could have said 'lights out slimy motherfucker', or 'thanks for the fuck, but I don't think we've got a spark', or... even 'nice tentacle, how do you like this one?', and you went with 'fucking cat pun'? What the hell was that?" She pulled herself free from the door, seemingly without much effort, stepping down and heading towards her with a big grin, the goo people not making any motion to stop her.

Shrugging, Lynette looked away sheepishly. "I, uh, I blanked on a good phrase, okay? C'mon, you gotta admit the rest of it was awesome though."

Danika stepped up next to her, wrapping her in a warm, thankful hug. "It was a very good jump, and you should never be in charge of trying to say anything cool ever again."

There was a wet cough from behind them, and one of the crew members sidled up awkwardly. "Um... I don't suppose you could let us know what the fuck happened?"

Without breaking the hug, Lynette said simply, "there was some sort of mind control goo thing on your ship which turned us all into goo creatures, but we killed it, so now you're yourselves again, even if we're all still goo I guess."

Over her shoulder, Danika saw a glint in amongst the stars through a nearby window. "Oh, and as the first part of your paying us back for all that", she added quickly, "you can help us get back the *One Slick Pony*."

The crew member stared blankly. "Uh, what?"

Lynette sighed. "That's our ship, apparently."

"Yeah, that was... not even close to the most confusing part of what you both said", the crew member answered ruefully. They turned back to the rest of their crewmates. "I, uh, I guess we'll figure it out then."