

Induction

By Abe E Seedy

Ingrid hated emergency examinations. Sure, some wild space bacteria *could* find its way from a returning ship back onto Earth and cause a big problem, but they already had detoxification screens for that. And sure, long-range ships didn't always arrive at convenient times, so working late wasn't unknown. But she was *just* about to go out the door before the call came through, and it had been so close to being a problem for a facility in another timezone. Plus, in this case almost the entire crew were still in orbit, having been held back after a quick conference with the officials that went out to meet them. So now Ingrid was forced to work late just for the single crewmember who could apparently be spared from their new, urgent mission.

The seal on the door hissed open, making Ingrid look up from the checklist she was grumbling through. She stepped into the small examination room sharply, nodding a greeting to the person waiting behind the sturdy metal table in front of her. Her name was Doctor Mei Lien, according to the pad Ingrid had been handed, and she was the main medical officer of the *Tasman*. It seemed one of the boarding officials had taken her position, so she'd been rotated back to Earth for shore leave. Ingrid couldn't imagine how jealous the rest of the crew must have been, but there wasn't any guilt showing on her face. Instead she looked perfectly at ease, her hands folded behind her back as she waited patiently for the examination to start. Ingrid was a little thrown by the big lab coat she was wearing - not only did it extend all the way down to the floor, but from the way it sat at her waist it must have included something like an old-fashioned bustle to give it volume at the back. She looked it over quizzically, but eventually let it pass with a shrug. She'd seen weirder uniforms enforced by some of these long-range discovery ships, and it's not like the crews could bring much in the way of personal clothing with them. At the very least, it seemed a hell of a lot more comfortable to wear than the full isolation suit she herself was struggling with. Beyond that, she looked much as she'd been told to expect. 32 years old, Chinese descent, brown eyes, short black hair, five foot...

Ingrid paused, looking between the data on the pad and the person in front of her. Her height must have been recorded wrong. She was supposed to be five foot five, but Ingrid herself was about five seven and Mei still had a couple of extra inches on her, even with the boost from her bulky containment boots. Great, getting that cleared up would add another 30 minutes to all this. So much for having dinner before 10pm.

Putting that all aside, Ingrid started with the spiel. "You've been pre-cleared from orbit, so we can skip most of the paperwork at least. Still gotta do the physical, so follow my instructions carefully and we'll see how quickly we can get through it."

"Understood", Mei answered, her heels clicking on the floor as she came to attention.

Ingrid frowned in response. "No need for all that. Just get up on the table and we can get going."

She'd expected from her theatrical obedience so far that Dr Lien would comply, but instead she marched past her, activating the terminal by the door. She inputted commands so confidently that Ingrid took a few moments to question it. "Wait, what are you doing? Leave that alone."

The back of Mei's coat twitched, almost as though it was irritated by Ingrid's attempted intervention. That distraction cost another few seconds, and while Ingrid was still deciding if she should outright pull her hands away, Mei finished what she was doing and stepped back. "Not to worry", she said smoothly, "I was just following the instructions your superiors gave me."

"Oh?", Ingrid huffed, elbowing her way to the terminal and peering forward to inspect it. "Did they tell you to make my day even *more* annoying than it had to be?"

"No. They told me to book out this examination room for the next week."

Tapping irritably at the console, Ingrid quickly confirmed that that was the case. For some reason, this examination patient had been given all the passwords required to log an extensive maintenance booking of the room, as well as closing down the connected laboratory for the same time. "What...", Ingrid started slowly, before some theories suggested themselves from the rumours she'd already heard. "Is this something to do with that urgent mission you're all on? Do you need this space for that somehow?" Seeing Mei nod, Ingrid added, "and what part do I have in all this then?"

"Oh, you have a *very* important part to play", Mei answered. "But first, shall we begin the examination?"

Ingrid opened her mouth, but before she could speak Mei's hand grabbed firmly at her chest. Her suit squeaked in protest as Mei balled the material into her fist, getting leverage enough to lift Ingrid into the air with one arm.

A dozen questions raced into Ingrid's mind, but the simplest of them escaped first. "How are you doing that?"

A reptilian grin spread over Mei's lips, and she answered simply, "I lift with my legs". At the same time her free hand casually undid her belt, letting her coat fall to the floor as Ingrid's eyes went wide.

Beneath the coat she was wearing a simple white crop top, but below that was... wrong. The pale skin of her midriff transitioned abruptly to glistening black scales, her waist flaring outwards into powerful thighs. That dark armour encased the whole lower half of her body, ending with clawed, digitigrade feet that looked more suited to alien dragons than a person. Behind her a thick lizard tail swayed, giving the impression of barely contained anticipation with its slow, steady movement.

Mei's muscles tensed just a little more as she hoisted Ingrid overhead, and she got a view of her claws digging into the vinyl floor tiles for purchase. Then her back hit the table, and even with the cushioning material of the suit the impact still knocked the wind out of her. She gasped for breath as her mind spun, her head lolling off the side of the table. She was allowed just a moment to recover as Mei once again tensed, then through her swimming vision Ingrid distantly registered Mei's feet leaving the ground. Before she could put together what that meant, another sharp shock pulled Ingrid back into the moment, her body twitching sympathetically as Mei leapt onto the table with her.

Mei's talons made a dry scratching sound on the bare metal surface as she stepped forwards, the harsh light above forming a halo as she straddled Ingrid's prone form. For the first time Ingrid got a good clear look at her body, her black scales shining all the way up her reptilian thighs, before transitioning gently into normal skin just above her waist. Everything looked so seamless - she'd thought at first that maybe this was some sort of robotic suit she'd been grafted to, some alien set of prosthetics she'd been outfitted with for this top-secret mission. But here, this close to her, the truth was obvious. This was her body. Her legs hadn't been replaced, they'd been altered - thickened with muscle and coated with these smooth black scales. Even the tail that peeked out behind her seemed perfectly suited to its place, balancing out the natural tendency of her raised feet to make her body lean forward. And if there was any question about this being organic it was dispelled by the small circle of pink in the sea of black between her legs, framing what Ingrid had to assume was her naked slit.

She didn't get a chance to linger on that before her vision was obscured by a long, black claw. It was followed by the rest of Mei's reptilian foot as she positioned it above her face, then with the delicacy of a surgeon she pressed just the sharp tip into the top of her protective faceplate. The sturdy plastic material couldn't possibly compete, separating almost as smoothly as a zipper as she drew herself slowly downwards. Ingrid gasped as her suit lost its integrity, then gasped again as the tainted air flooded her senses. You couldn't even call it a smell, not really, the only aspects she could pick up from her nose was something sharp and potent, like if you could distil sweat into hospital-grade disinfectant. But beyond those top notes was something much more primal, a set of needs and instructions that flowed straight from the air into her bloodstream, a set of unthinking signals that obliterated her conscious commands. It felt good to bathe in it, relaxing and exciting all at once. She barely even noticed the rest of her suit being peeled away, or the fact that a second smooth incision took care of her underclothes just as cleanly.

Mei spun around above her, seemingly satisfied with her work, and her swaying tail waved away just enough of the tainted air that Ingrid's head briefly began to clear. She tried to speak, but her tongue felt numb. "What... what's happening", she managed to say eventually.

"Don't you remember doctor?", Mei answered lightly. She stilled herself, letting the air press back down over Ingrid's body. "It's time for my exam."

That fact slid into Ingrid's brain, settling nicely amongst the fuzziness that was taking over everything else. It made sense. She knew how to conduct an exam. And her patient was already naked, so she could start right away.

A hand slid up Mei's thigh, the tiny bumps between her scales registering only distantly in Ingrid's mind. "Do you feel any discomfort?", she read off her internal script.

"No doctor", Mei answered obediently.

Ingrid nodded. "Any injuries or inflexibilities?"

In response Mei shifted her hips open, bending at her knees to lower herself carefully over Ingrid's face, presenting a teasing view of her slit. "No doctor."

Ingrid's thoughts focussed, the rest of the script falling away as she moved to what was truly important. "And have you had any sexual encounters on your voyage?"

Mei lowered herself a little more, and Ingrid could see her breaths forming the slightest hint of condensation on her scales. "I'm not sure doctor", she said coquettishly. "What would that entail?"

The script was flooded with distracting thoughts, a barely coherent sentence surfaced only with a struggle. "It could be... even as simple as... oral stimulation."

Another inch lower and Mei's lips brushed gently over Ingrid's nose as she spoke. "I'm not sure doctor. Can you give me a demonstration?"

It was almost a shock to Ingrid that she could still move her body. Almost unbidden her elbows shifted back to prop her up, all but burying her face into Mei's slit. The relief was immediate, as though she'd been aching for this all day but couldn't even conceive of it until now. Her tongue danced between scale and flesh, tracing her inner slickness out over her smooth body. There was a movement at Mei's spine that Ingrid could only assume came from her happily swaying tail, and the way that motion carried through her body meant she was being pressed against one wall then the other every time she slipped inside.

She worked at her patient for several minutes, eagerly absorbed in her work. Mei rumbled a few encouraging words, but for the most part Ingrid was driven by the pure sensation of approval that poured like blissful ice water down her spine. She only stopped when her tongue traced against an unexpected texture inside Mei's body, and her partner suddenly shifted her stance. "Mhmn?", she started.

Anything further than that wasn't allowed, as suddenly Mei's full attention was on her. A firm hand parted Ingrid's hair and cradled the back of her head, pressing her fiercely into her pussy. Her eyes went wide, but the flood of slickness that poured between their lips put paid to any

rational thoughts, sinking her utterly into insensate bliss. One by one her muscles relaxed, like lights flicking off in a house, until the only tension in her body was that which was given to her from above, the insistent hand still holding her close to her partner. Then her tongue registered that texture again; smooth, slick and pliable, making its way inexorably down from above and into her mouth. Her lips stretched just as Mei's did, this unidentified oval shape scraping between her teeth, landing heavily behind her tongue after several slow seconds. Any instinctive response was thoroughly muffled, instead the only solution was presented by a second object following soon afterwards, channelling the first shape down her slack throat.

Ingrid's eyes rolled back in her head as Mei held her close, hissing and snarling as she pressed more of these gifts inside her. She felt them thrum as they fell into her stomach, a deep vibration emanating from her straining throat to that trembling along the length of her body.

Eventually the pressure stopped, and Ingrid's limp body fell to the side. Above her Mei straightened back up, then carefully stepped back down to the ground. Ingrid spent a few seconds trying to focus on her as she walked away then came back, until her mind was once again overwritten by the pressure of her hand against her face. She'd dragged over the full length examination mirror, and Ingrid slowly realised she was being pointed at it in order to see her own face. Her attention was first taken by the slickness that was smeared liberally over her lips, but when she tried to lick it clear she belatedly noticed that her tongue was wrong. It was too long, too thin, with a split tip that tickled at her chin and flooded her mind with an avalanche of information. Her head spun, and as her jaw fell open she saw that somehow it was opening a few inches more than it should have been able to. Blearily she leaned closer to the mirror, her lips parting to reveal four sharp fangs crowding the corner of her mouth, while yellow slitted eyes blinked back at her, completing the faintly serpentine look.

Concern rose at the very base of her brain, but none of it made it through the fog her forked tongue swept incessantly into her thoughts. The most she could muster was confusion, which Mei interpreted from the expression she turned up towards her.

"Don't worry", she cooed, "you'll get your chance to join us fully. But for now we need to keep you human enough to get past the security cameras. After all, you want to find somewhere nice and popular when it comes time to lay eggs of your own, don't you?"

She did. That felt true right to the core of her, so deep and demanding that her fingers stretched unthinkingly towards her own slit to release her frustration as she waited for that moment. Mei's hand caught her wrist before she could get started though, making her whine as she dragged her towards the tablet she'd brought over with the mirror. "But *first*", she said firmly, "you need to sign off the completion of the examination. Remember?"

Her flailing, twitching fingers barely managed to leave a successful fingerprint, but eventually the tablet beeped and the restraint on her wrist released.

"Thank you doctor", Mei purred. "I look forward to collaborating with you further."