

Stranded on Silas Station (Part 5)

By Novus Peregrine



It was startlingly easy to access the terminal this time. Unlike in the previous room, the security here was...basically non-existent. Probably, Tara assumed, because this particular path through the station hadn't been fully tested and online before being shut down. None of which made her path forward any easier, as she quickly discovered that this console was even *more* isolated from the main station systems than the other had been. Probably specifically because of that noted lack of security. Thankfully, it *did* mean that it was easy and quick to find out just what the injections had done to her.

The obvious thing, of course, was the substantial increase in breast size. She noted with some amazement that it was a pretty impressive result, not just in the actual size, but in the fact that it had been done with a tissue growth and gene altering formula that was damn near as good as anything available on the open market even now. At least, as far as she could tell. It wasn't exactly her area of expertise. Regardless, it was 100% natural tissue, though there were some light alterations to

several muscle groups to encourage more perkiness than usual for their size. That those changes made the weight less of an issue for her currently-unsupported back was a touch she certainly appreciated.

The second change had been less obvious, but still not exactly a surprise. Her general skin sensitivity had been increased significantly, and the nerve endings in her erogenous zones had been enhanced well beyond even that general boost. She was relieved to see that, despite that, there had been enough tweaking to her pain receptors to rebalance discomfort levels at least somewhat. Though, she thought, with a wry twist to her mouth at the near-predictability of it, they'd left it balanced in favor of most clothing likely being a bit uncomfortable to wear. Thankfully, Tara's own preference for tight-fitting bodysuits would likely mitigate most of the discomfort.

The third thing, unfortunately, left her *considerably* more annoyed than the other two. The first two had been things that could actually be fun, at least for a while, as well as easily reversible. Unfortunately, the third alteration had been the insertion of a *very* sophisticated nanite suite...which was also very secure from what she could see. Given her own area of expertise, she could likely hack her way into their UI *eventually*, or at least knew people who could if she couldn't. Unfortunately, given the complexity of doing that sort of thing with active medical nanites safely, that was likely going to be months or even *years* of effort if she didn't find a proper backdoor in the station's own systems. Or maybe find someone who had once been part of the project.

Worse was the two things those nanites actually did. The first wasn't too horrible, merely being a sort of arousal locking feature. Essentially, she would no longer *lose* arousal at a natural rate...or at all for that matter. Her arousal would increase just fine, but the only way for it to *decrease* now was for her to cum. Which was where the *maddening but also kinda hot* second feature came into play. Specifically, Tara could no longer make *herself* cum. No matter how much she masturbated, no matter how many toys she used, so long as *she* was the original source of the new pleasure, she wouldn't cum. After a minute or two of frozen disbelief and mild panic, she'd quickly realized that there were a couple of relatively-easily-accessible ways around the issue. If, for example, she simply used something like one of the tentacle fucking machines this place was so fond of and set it to a randomized program, that would count as a 'lack of control' over the outcome. Or...outcum, if you wanted to make a bad joke of it, she supposed.

Realizing that, while *massively* inconvenient, ~~and a little bit hot~~, it wasn't completely beyond her ability to deal with, she'd managed to calm down. What was done was done and it only remained to move forward. With that in mind and trying to womanfully to ignore how turned on she was after all her realizations, she found the exit and moved onto the next room...



Peeking into the new room from the outside didn't show anything particularly off-theme. What was obviously another bondage device? Check. Computer banks? Also check. Shrugging and figuring there was no reason in hesitating much at this point, Tara simply stepped into the room. This time, the moment she did, the android from the previous room appeared with a set of padded cuffs in her hands.

“Subject Windward: Present yourself.”



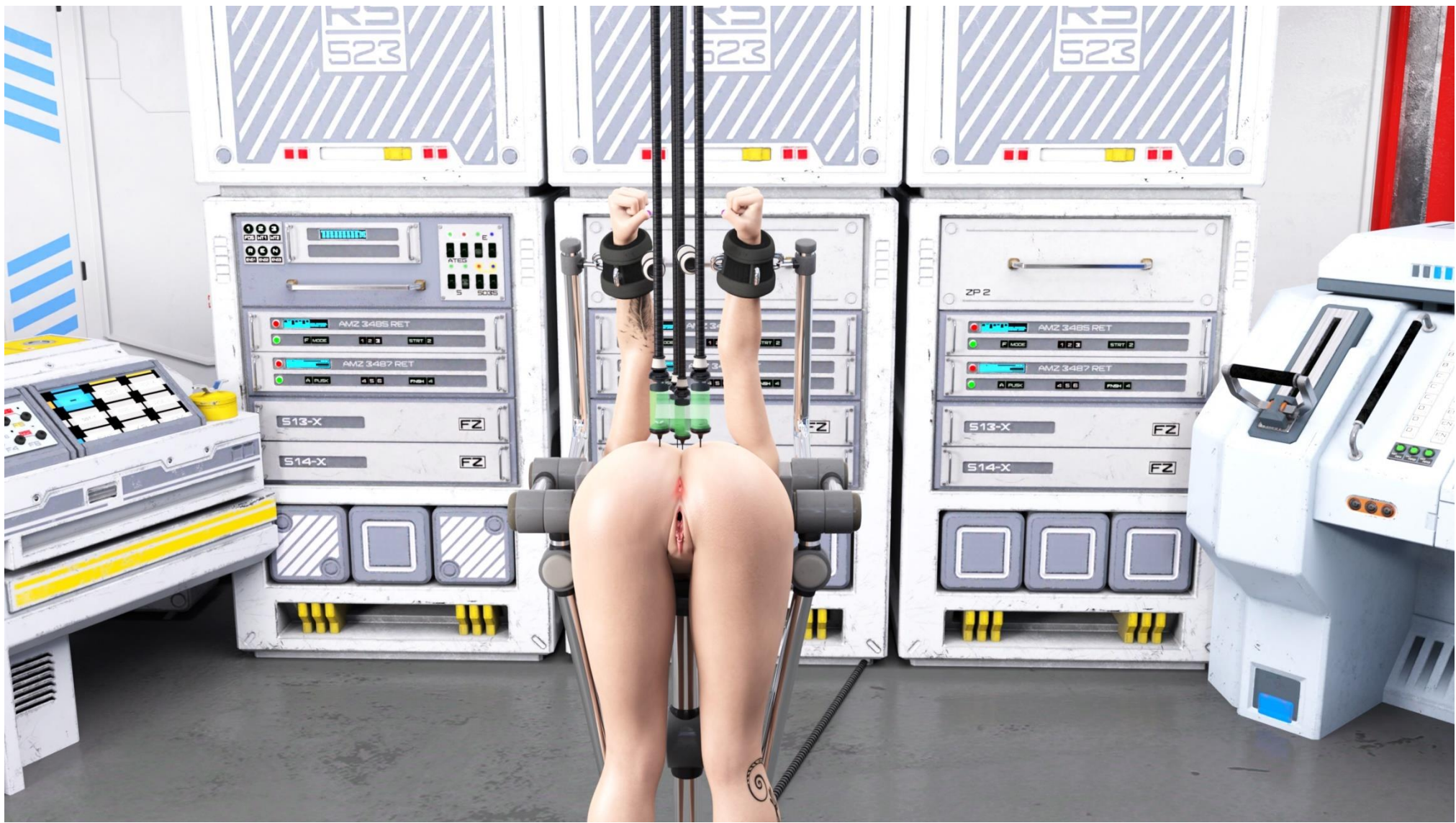
Figuring out easily what the android wanted, she raised her arms and spread her legs a...wait, why had she known that? Frowning, she dismissed the thought as the android got to work, fastening a set of cuffs to her wrists, another set to her ankles, and a collar around her neck just for good measure. Despite herself, she couldn't help but notice that her arousal was slowly going up with each cuff. Sheepishly, she realized that the previous tiny spikes she'd gotten from such actions in earlier rooms now had consequences...since the arousal they generated didn't *go away* naturally any longer. Well, it's not like she hadn't been a little...or a lot...on the kinkier side before coming here, so she just decided to own the self-admittance that it was hot. The fact that this place hadn't yet actually harmed her helped with that admittance. Bonus points for no one else every having to hear about this...



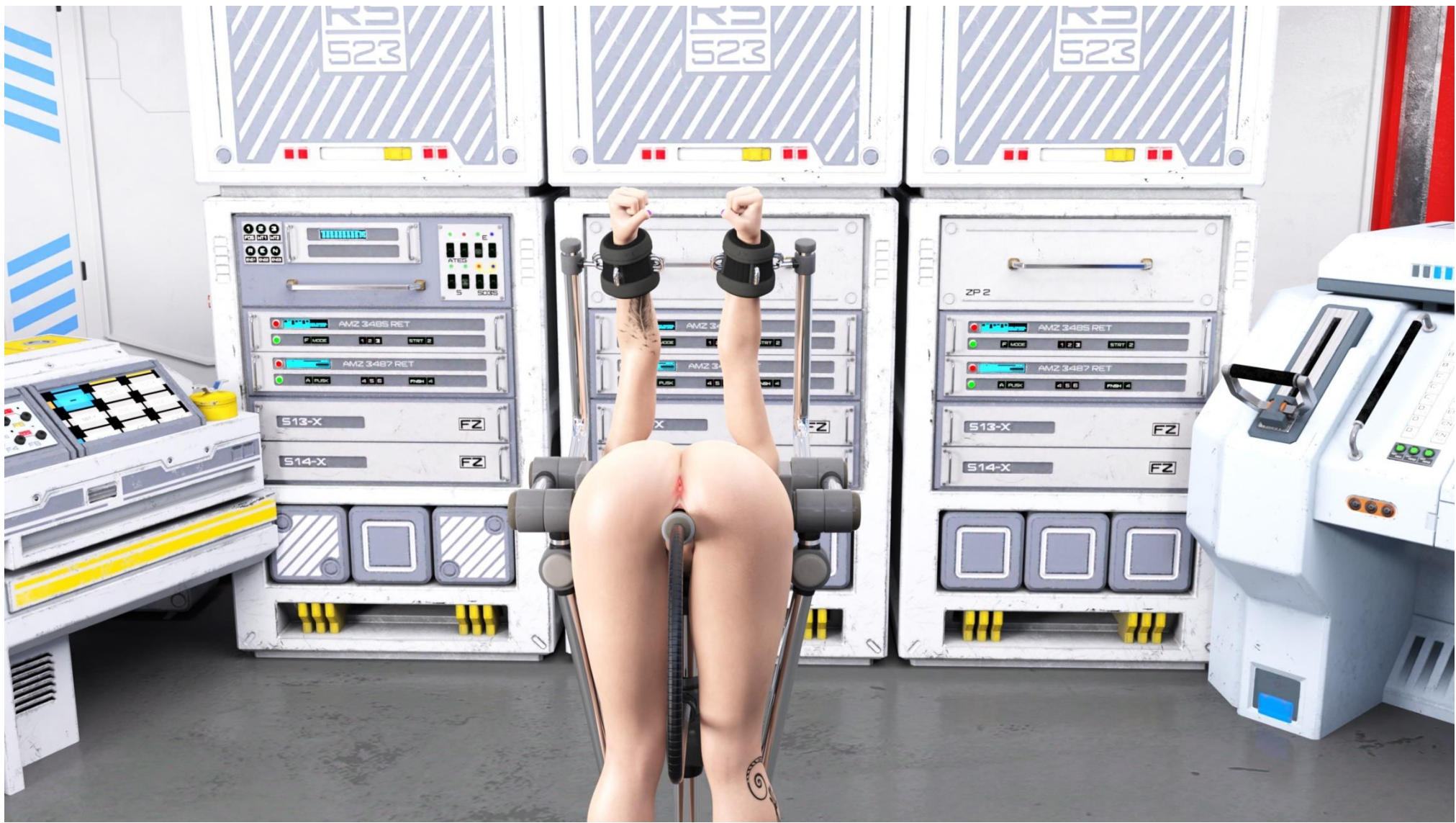
She soon found herself bent over and strapped into a surprisingly bare-bones bondage frame. Even its toy had vanished, for now. While the...exposure...was causing more spikes of arousal, which were beginning to cause her a bit of distress, she wasn't quite sure where this one was going. Not, that is, until the android spoke again.

“Beginning Animorph Procedure. Subject of Test Procedure prepared with Stage 1 control injections. Beginning Stage 2 injections.”

Wait...what was...oW!



Tara yelped as needles stuck themselves into her ass and lower back, flinching as much as she could while bound so completely. Her neck was suddenly locked down more firmly as a second set of needles pressed, remarkably lightly, too lightly to do more than sting, into her scalp. Her confusion only lasted until another wave of warm pleasure pumped through her from the needles, making her mind drift for what could have been hours or mere seconds...



After an unknown amount of time, the needles withdrew and Tara's mind grew less hazy...just in time for her to feel a certain attachment folding out from between her legs. She was so wet that its insertion was almost hilariously smooth...yet even that little bit of friction sent her gasping over the edge into an enormous climax...



She gagged moments later as a new tentacle rose to take advantage of her gasp. Her eyes having been closed in rapture, she didn't even notice it until it slipped between her lips. Startled, she thought for a moment she'd choke...only to realize that her gag reflex wasn't reacting? That first moment was just...surprise? Had...she missed a few changes? Was it in this room, or the last? Both toys began to vibrate lightly, even as she felt the one in her mouth pumping some sort of liquid straight down her throat. Wait, how was she breathing so easily? Before she could fully answer that, or even partially for that matter, the android spoke again.

"Supplement Tube Engaged. Mid-Procedure Entertainment Engaged. Beginning transformation sequence. Expected completion time....2 days 12 hours and 37 minutes."

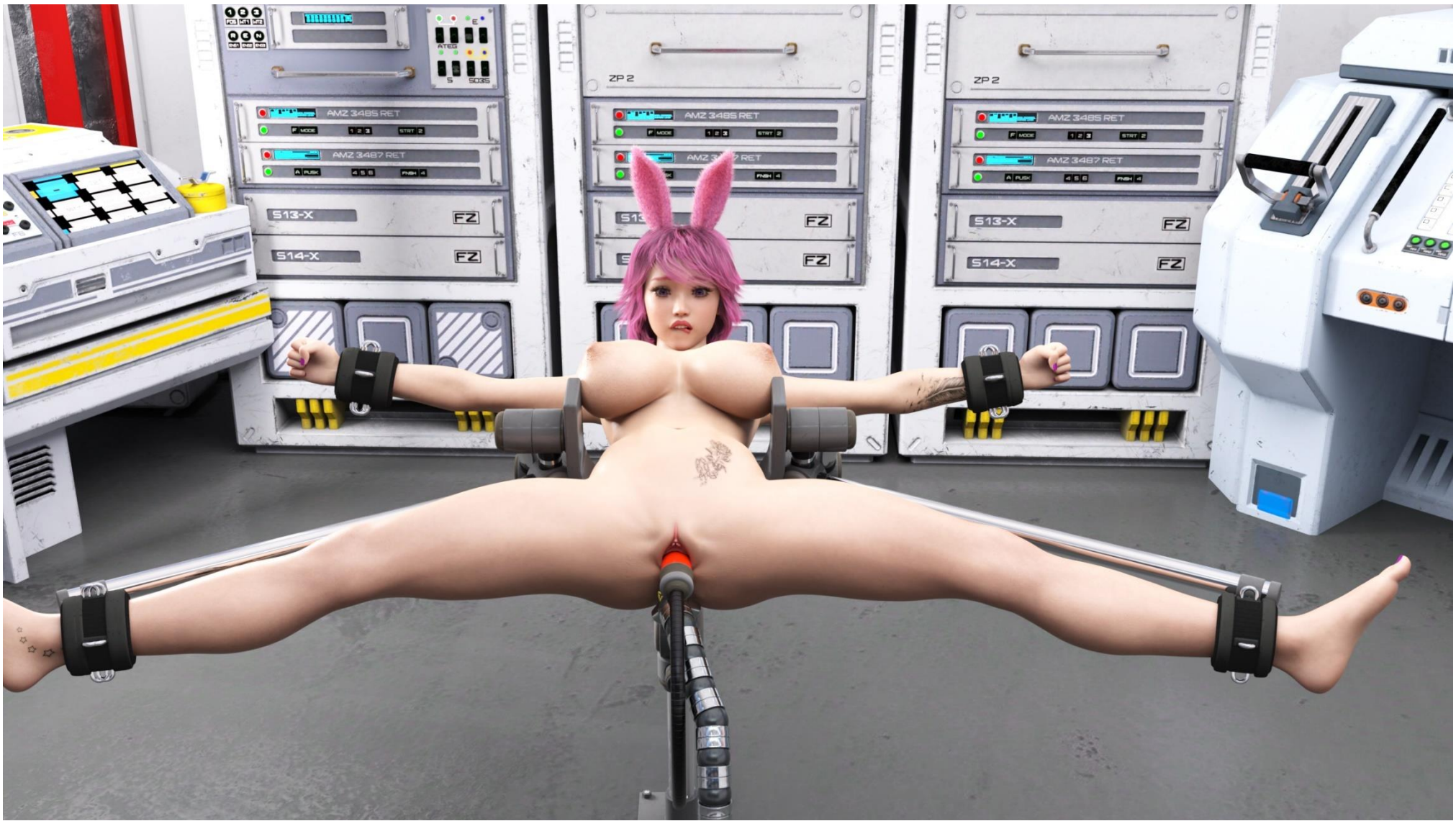
Tara's eyes bugged out at the time the android just casually mentioned...but then the power of the dildo vibrating inside her ticked upwards and she rapidly lost the ability to think...



Something....was...happening...but...she...couldn't...focus...



....what was...why can she....all the noises....



Tara didn't know when she'd passed out. Or even how many *times* she'd passed out. She was pretty sure it was more than once. Though the length of time between each one had seemed to be increasing? Or maybe that was just her perceptions? Whatever it *had* been, she knew something was different this time, when she woke again. Mostly because she came too slowly...and could actually think straight again. She was still mildly aroused...and also in a new position? Oh, and the nutrient tentacle seemed to have moved to her ass? That felt pretty niiccce...wait, why was she feeling new sensations from the base of her spine and the top of her head? Something twitched and she quivered in confusion...then bit her lip as the toys inside her distracted her by powering up.

“Animophr – Model Bunny Girl, completed. Beginning tests to determine Subject compatibility response to alterations. Expected duration...27 hours.”

“Wait! Not again...” Tara’s protest was swallowed by pleasure as the toys begin to thrust...



Strangely, the next day...plus a little? The next 27 hours, or whatever, hadn't been nearly as bad as Tara had feared. Instead of a continuous white-out of pleasure, whatever changes had been done to her body had clearly left her better able to handle that pleasure. She got horny *fast*, at the lightest of touches, but her mind took longer to blank out after the first few tests. She could handle the extreme arousal without losing herself better, go longer without going insane from not being allowed to cum, and handle far more powerful orgasms when she was finally granted release. The experience was still a little *mind bending*, but not to the extent of leaving her a mindless wreck. Though...



When she was finally allowed out of the device, with a clinical announcement of ‘Testing Completed,’ all she could do was bonelessly collapse to the floor and pass out for a short nap. Though, she *short* bit was actually a surprise. After what her blurry internal clock was telling her was probably only two or three hours, she was up...and feeling surprisingly energetic. A bit blurry around the edges, just like she always was before getting her caffeine for the day...but even that was rapidly fading. Faster than her coffee usually managed, actually. It was when the blurriness started to fade and she felt another twitch on her head that her previous curiosity got the better of her. Rolling to her knees with more grace than she remembered having before, she felt the top of her head, her mouth quickly parting in an ‘O’ of surprise.



“I...have rabbit ears?”

She shuddered, feeling them out. They were *sensitive*. And, given her rapidly increasing arousal, new erogenous zones as well. She quickly let her hands fall away. Then, with a thought and another flash of memory, she reached behind her...



“A tail too!”

She snorted, letting go even quicker, despite the tail actually being slightly less sensitive. She remembered full well that she wouldn't be able to get off from manual stimulation, so best not make it worse. Worse than now being a classic pervert's fantasy. Though the fact that it all felt so *real* made her wonder just *why the fuck* this place had been shut down. So far as she knew, no one had ever managed anything like this, not without *extensive* cybernetics...and she was almost certain that she hadn't gone through any sort of surgery. Nor were the nanites sophisticated enough for build them inside her. *NO ONE* had nanites that good. And this place, while impressive, was out of date in too many ways to believe that...at least in the hard tech areas. Clearly, they'd been operating on a whole new level from the genetic and bioengineering standpoint.

Sighing. Tara...bounced to her feet? She blinked at that instinctive action, then shrugged it off.

“Best see what the damage is this time.”



She found the console that the android, now absent, had been using to direct her changes. This one was just as open to access as the last and she quickly accessed the changes made this time...only to stare at the complexity of the results. Increased flexibility? Stronger leg muscles? Tastebud changes?! Even ignoring the *apparently fully functional* ears and tail, this was *insane*. And...possibly irreversible. This was bleeding edge tech from the wing of a defunct space station, and the process hadn't even been finished yet. At least most of it was positive...though the notes about the changes to her hormones were worrying. She had been right to think she was getting horny faster. Her responsiveness to any kind of stimulation, which was hilariously easy due to all the other changes, was all out of whack. She would get aroused and horny *fast*. And...she still couldn't cum without outside help. Fuck, she'd been turned into some sort of super horny bunny girl...which completely scanned with the nature of this place. She could only hope that she'd be able to get at least *some* of this more under her control after escaping.

Which was the only *really* good news, actually. Apparently, this was the last truly finished room...she could begin her escape as soon as she left this chamber. With something between a whimper and a cheer, she stepped away from the console...

<End Part 5>