

Plague of the Penile Parasites

The strange fauna basking in the rays of a distant star shook as a spaceship began its decent onto the planet's surface. Landing with a loud hiss, a probe shot out from the hull to survey the area. The probe recorded crucial data points, including the presence of breathable air and a lack of hostile lifeforms. Snapping a picture of the nearby crash site, the probe sent off a signal to inform the crew that it was safe to depart.

The docking bay slowly opened to allow a group of women adorned in powder blue jumpsuits to step out. Leading them was Captain Celine, her usually neatly bound, blonde hair hanging over her shoulders as both she and the rest of her crew enjoyed the sensation of air untainted by the ship's filtration system. While she was diligent in keeping her crew up to space ranger standards, she knew to ease up just enough to allow them a chance to relax and enjoy the wonders of interplanetary travel.

Following close behind the captain was a woman sporting a long black ponytail and wide rimmed glasses named Fuyumi. The mousy woman was busy recording everything she could onto her note screen. Stopping a few feet away, she glanced over the shapely form of Captain Celine with a combination of admiration and poorly hidden desire.

Keeping an eye out for anything to blast with her laser rifle was Seble. She was the team's security officer and the only one who had seen fit to favor function over form with her buzz cut black hair revealing most of her dark brown cranium. A scar along her cheek was counted among the many she had earned through her time in the rangers and surviving her fair share of action.

Enrica the engineer came running up to rejoin the group after ensuring the landing gear hadn't suffered any damage from the descent. Her mane of mangy, dark brown hair shook alongside her chubby belly. Sucking in the alien air, she ensured the tool belt attached to her waist was still there for any on the spot repairs that would require her exquisite skills.

Seeing how winded the engineer was, Carina was more than happy to fulfill her duties as the ship's cook to provide a nutrition bar from her side pocket. In her exhausted state, the engineer graciously accepted the bit of food the chef had spent her free time making from their leftovers. While she was happy to see Enrica enjoy her snack, Carina couldn't help fidgeting with her braided, brunette ponytail as she saw how fast the engineer ate through it. It had become harder and harder to meet the crew's demands for nutrition while keeping things tasty. She didn't have the heart to tell them she was almost completely out of any food she would deem even remotely palatable.

Medical Officer Margaret shook her head at the sight of Carina handing the engineer another nutrition bar. Sliding her hand across the streak of grey in her neck-length, black hair, she took a mental note to schedule the engineer for another checkup. At first glance, her pristine lab coat and many years of experience put the doctor under the light of a trained professional who could have easily retired once she reached 40. However, the crew learned very fast not to ask about the doctor's eccentric "hobbies" outside of work hours.

The newest member of the crew, Rori brought up the rear as she stared around the environment with her mouth wide open. Locks of her curly, red hair bounced against her freckled cheeks as she attempted to comprehend her first time walking on an alien planet. Realizing that the rest of the crew was leaving her behind, she broke out into a sprint to catch up. Her speed sent her running past the front line, only to be stopped by Seble's outstretched hand.

“Not so fast, rookie,” Seble said, holding Rori by the back of her collar. “One of the first rules of space exploration is to not go off by yourself. That’s how you end up becoming something’s dinner.”

Rori looked up at the security officer with her wide eyes. “I thought the first rule was not to have sex while on board.”

A collective groan echoed through the group.

“Tell me, did you go to Jupiter Academics?” Fuyumi asked as she looked up from her screen.

“Yes.”

“With a professor named Mr. Starend?” Enrica inquired as she continued to inspect her tools.

“Yes.”

Another cacophony of disdain echoed around Rori.

“It’s because of people like that we’re not allowed to have any men on the ship,” Carina commented, subduing her anger by crumbling up one of Enrica’s empty wrappers.

“I’m not a fan of it myself,” Seble commented, “however, it makes practical sense. While they can’t stop us from having sex, they can prevent us from getting pregnant.”

The rookie paused for a moment and looked over the crew with a new perspective. “Wait, does that mean you’re all...you know...that way?”

Rori's question was answered as Dr. Margaret walked up behind her and ruffled her hair. "Not all the way. However, you tend to change your preferences when you're around attractive women 24/7. It's quite the common phenomenon. If you would like, I can send you some research papers that have thorough descriptions of incidents where--"

"That's enough," Captain Celine announced, immediately silencing the chatter. "First Mate Fuyumi, go over what we know about the crash site."

"Right away, captain," the diligent woman replied, stepping forward. "Our sensors picked up the ship from orbit, believing it to need assistance. Upon closer inspection, the craft appears to be ancient, dating back to the 24th century. It is highly doubtful any of the original crew are still alive. That being the case, the mission has changed from search and rescue to salvage and survey. Our objective is to retrieve anything useful from the ship and try to determine what caused the crash." Upon finishing her explanation, she turned towards the captain, smiling as she received a nod in acknowledgement for her work.

"Guess like it's my time to shine," Seble said, brandishing her weapon. "Everyone stay close to me. No telling what things are lurking inside."

"Things?" Rori asked, her entire body starting to quiver.

"Don't let her get to you," Margaret spoke up. "It is a very rare occasion that we humans run into other life forms. In the event that we do make contact, most of our research suggests that our deaths will be quick."

"As uplifting as ever," Enrica commented.

“Now, now, no need to be upset,” Carina said, giving Rori pat on her shoulder. “We’ll get through this with plenty of time leftover for me to whip up something delicious.”

“We can discuss this back on the ship,” Celine announced, pulling out a pistol to back up Seble. “Stay close and follow protocol. We’re approaching the site.”

The crew traversed through the bushes of elephant ear-shaped purple leaves to find the remnants of the crash in a crater. Thankfully for them, the ship had landed in a way that left its docking bay exposed. While various dents and scrapes made accessing the interior difficult, it was child’s play for Enrica and her tools. As the metal bay creaked open, a strange odor wafted out of the ship. The smell reeked of a cheap strip club mixed with a smell similar to boiled squid. With a wave of her hand, Captain Celine stepped into the ship and gestured for her crew to follow close behind.

As bad as the outside of the ship was, the inside wasn’t much better. The floor buckled in random areas, as if someone had dragged a wrecking ball along the ground. Residual splatters of sticky, multi-colored substances were spread along the walls. Moving past the mess hall, they found the tables and chairs broken into various pieces, as if a stampede of wild animals had come through. Most unsettling of all was the lack of any sign of the former crew, bringing up the unsavory thought that something had come along and eaten them up. Before the group could dwell on a variety of worst case scenarios, Celine directed their attention towards the bridge doors and ordered Enrica to work her magic to get them open.

Celine’s many years of service flying through space helped herself stay calm as she beheld the mass of multi-colored flesh sprawled out across the main control panel. Splotches of different shades and hues covered the anomaly all the way down to the tentacles keeping it

affixed to the screens. Not helping to ease the crew's fears were the set of ancient looking boots beneath the mass's form bearing the symbol of the galactic federation.

"Fuyumi, can you get a reading?" Celine asked.

"Whatever it is, it appears to be dormant," Fuyumi replied as she looked over the mess. "Although there seems to be some activity in...that."

The crew followed Fuyumi's outstretched finger to stare at an oblong pod hanging below the mass. Gesturing for the crew to standby, Celine approached the anomaly's growth. Getting within inches of the pod, she noticed a glow begin to pulsate through it. Another step forward spurred the pod to shudder and open up a cavity in its center mass. The rest of the crew were just a half a second too late to prevent a cloud of spores from spurting from the anomaly and right into the captain's face.

Celine crumpled to her knees, overcome with a coughing fit. While the rest of the crew helped to pull her away, Seble readied her weapon and took aim at the pod. Moments before searing hot laser fire left the barrel, Margaret stepped up to push the barrel up and make the shot scorch the ceiling.

"What hell was that for?" Seble asked.

"We need to study this, not destroy it," the medical officer replied, keeping a cloth over her face as she began scraping up samples from the pod.

"What about the captain?"

"I'm fine," Celine insisted, accepting Fuyumi's help to get back onto her feet. "Just a little disoriented."

“You say that after getting a mouthful of whatever the hell was in that thing?” Enrica asked.

“For now, yes,” Celine replied, fixing her hair as she turned away from the crew. “It was my mistake for approaching without any knowledge of what it was. Regardless, we still have a job to do. While Margaret brings the sample back to the ship for analysis, we’ll split into teams of two to cover more ground. Seble, you go with Rori and Fuyumi to check on the crew’s quarters. The rest of you will follow me to the ship’s records. Maybe we can find out what caused it to-“

The captain stopped as she took a step forward. Her usually excellent posture faltered as her body shook. As the rest of the crew tried to catch up to her, she suddenly broke into a fast walk.

“On second thought, I think I should head back to my quarters to rest,” the captain said, continuing to move forward without even glancing at her crew.

“But what about the ship?” Fuyumi asked.

“It’ll be fine. I have utmost trust in you. I’ll rejoin once I feel better,” she stammered out, her walk turning into a sprint as she turned the corner. She sincerely hoped none of her crew had followed her or seen the way her hands were trying to hide something.

Making a mad dash back to the ship, Celine stumbled into her living quarters and locked the door. Making sure she was alone, she slumped down in her chair and tried to contemplate what was going on with her body. The shivers had yet to dissipate during her trek back, growing worse every time she bumped up against something. A feeling like a warm blanket being pressed

up against her skin was constant and her breathing was heavy. While these symptoms were of great concern to her, they paled in comparison to the most evident change to her body.

Sliding her fingers down her chest led them towards the unsightly bulge around her groin. Poking and prodding the protrusion only worsened the feeling of warmth, alongside bringing up a plethora of sensations that had long been held back by her rigorous training. She had an idea of what it was, but her logical mind had trouble believing that it was real. Grasping the zipper at the top of her suit, she slowly pulled it down. Making her way past her chest, she paused an inch away from the bulge. Taking a deep breath, she unzipped the rest of the way to get a good look at her new addition.

Grasped tightly between the fabric of her panties was a penis. It was no longer than five inches in length, but its presence alongside the pair of testicles rubbing against her womanhood were more than enough to cause her alarm. Sliding her finger down the shaft, she could distinctly remember how long it had been since she had seen one in person with the company's strict gender policies. Continuing to stimulate herself gradually brought her member to full erection and flooded her body with new urges for pleasure. She licked her lips, unsure of what exactly she was doing as her fingers reached out to grasp her cock.

A knock on the door made the captain freeze where she was.

“W-who is it?” Celine asked, finding it hard to keep up her usual stern voice considering her hands were hovering around her dick.

“First mate Fuyumi, miss.”

“I thought I told you to investigate the ship with the others.”

“We’ve already explored the majority of the craft’s interior and found little to inform us of the crew’s fate. There are plenty of broken furniture and bedding, but no signs of active hostility. The only thing we have to go on are those splotches on the wall and we’re still waiting for Margaret to finish analyzing the sample she took from the pod.”

“Excellent work,” Celine replied, struggling to pull her zipper back up. “Go ahead and write a report for command.”

“With all due respect captain, wouldn’t it be better for you to go over with the information with me? You’ve always said it pays to ensure a report is flawless before we send it back to the command center.”

“I, um, just thought that you’ve been doing such a good job lately that there’s no need for you to pass it by me. Whatever you write down, I’m sure that it will be more than enough to satisfy the higher ups.”

There was a moment of silence, giving Celine a faint glimmer of hope that she would be left alone to deal with her own matters. That was until she heard a familiar ding from her door as it was unlocked. She didn’t have to ask how Fuyumi had gained access to her quarters; she had long ago given her the access key in the event of an emergency. As much as she appreciated her first mate’s concern, it was hard to remain grateful as Fuyumi stepped inside and gawked at the sight of the captain’s addition to her body.

Looking back and forth between Celine and her throbbing member, Fuyumi took another step into the room and closed the door behind her. “Captain...is that a...?”

Celine let out a sigh. “Yes. I’m assuming it had to have come from the spores that I inhaled earlier. I’m sorry for not telling you or the rest of the crew about it. The idea of being embarrassed about a medical condition should be beyond someone like me.”

“It’s alright,” Fuyumi commented, getting down on her knees to examine her captain’s affliction. “Does it hurt?”

“No. It just seems to...want something. I can probably tell what it is, but I’d rather not exacerbate my condition by stimulating it any further. Margaret might know what to do about it.”

“Yes mam, but...”

“But what?”

Fuyumi finally looked away from Celine’s penis to lock eyes with her. “Do you really want to walk around the ship like this? Maybe giving yourself a release would help calm it down. At least, for a little while.”

Celine chewed on her lip, trying to hold up her earlier decision to abstain from pleasure at the cost of fighting against her rising urges. “Perhaps...you have a point. Please leave the room for a moment. It’s been some time since my days at university, but I think I can figure out how to give this thing what it wants.”

“May I help you with it?” Fuyumi suggested, her body shivering more than Celine’s. “It’s my duty as your first mate to help with your daily tasks. I know it’s not directly written in the guidelines, but I believe that includes easing your body of any...build up.”

The suggestion didn’t come completely out of left field for Celine. While Fuyumi was typically focused on her work, the captain had noticed the way the young woman gazed at her

when she thought she wasn't looking. Time in close spaces amidst the stars had only increased the first mate's adoration for her captain, making it all the more difficult for Celine to deny what she was offering.

"If you are okay with it, then you may," Celine said, tapping her fingers against her thighs. "Just try to be quiet. I wouldn't want the other crewmembers to find out."

"I'll do as best I can, captain," Fuyumi replied.

Celine's expectations were for Fuyumi to awkwardly fumble her hands around her new equipment until she got results. What she didn't count on was the fervor she saw in the first mate's eyes as she opened up her mouth and swallowed her tip. Any attempts to inquire how Fuyumi had gained her skillful blowjob abilities were muffled by the moans that left Celine's mouth as her member was subjected to a series of expertly guided twirls of the tongue. In a little under a minute the captain found release, filling Fuyumi's mouth with a load of semen.

Celine slouched back in her seat, unprepared for the sudden loss of energy that came with her orgasm. Forcing herself to sit up straight let her watch as Fuyumi finished up her task by licking up every stray drop of ejaculate off of her penis. Through the tongue swipes, Celine could see pulses of blue coloring along her shaft. However, this revelation was put to the side in favor of bringing attention to what had happened to Fuyumi.

Fuyumi had always been a small woman, making it all the more concerning when Celine saw various bumps of fat trying to break free from her suit. Making passing glances at her enlarged bosom and chubby belly made her wonder if it might have had something to do with her impromptu blowjob. Looking away from Fuyumi's bubble butt, the captain's suspicions were confirmed the moment she saw a familiar bulge in her crotch area.

Whilst the first mate was still entranced by cleaning up the mess she had made, something inside of Celine made her reach out to touch Fuyumi's growth. Merely sliding her hand against it provoked a moan from Fuyumi's mouth. Further stimulation made the first begin to shiver, her hands moving on their own to pull off her jumpsuit to reveal her cock and balls.

"Fuyumi...I'm so sorry," Celine said, stopping her prodding as she looked over her first mate's member. "This is all because you felt the need to help me in my time of need."

"Think, MMMMPPH, nothing of it," Fuyumi replied as she let her fingers slide down the length of her shaft.

"It looks uncomfortable," Celine said, finding her own cock becoming rigid again the longer she stared at Fuyumi's self-stimulation. "Let me help you with it."

"I-it's alright captain," Fuyumi replied, slowing her movements to enjoy every second of her pleasure. "I can handle this myself. Besides, I'd rather not have you disgrace your mouth with this."

Celine stood up from her seat. Grasping the edges of her jumpsuit, she tore it apart and let the remains fall to the ground. Stepping back from the wide eyed first mate, she spread her legs and lifted up her manhood to show off her dripping wet pussy. "I wouldn't be using my mouth."

Rather than argue, Fuyumi made her way over to the bed. Sitting on the edge, she watched with bated breath as her captain approached and embraced her. Celine slowly slid Fuyumi's cock inside of her needy vagina. The two of them paused for a moment, giving them a chance to revel in one another's touch.

A kiss is what finally set them off; their tongues intertwining as the captain began to vigorously thrust. Their passionate kissing was occasionally interrupted by a moan escaping from their lips. The extra weight that had been layered onto Fuyumi served as perfect cushioning for their first time together. Basking in the pure pleasure of their depraved actions, the overwhelming new sensations quickly brought their session to an end as Fuyumi filled Celine with her seed to the sound of their orgasmic cries.

Rolling over to the side, Celine felt her body lurch forward further than it was supposed to. Still recovering from her leftover euphoria, it took her a moment to realize she had put on a similar amount of weight as Fuyumi. Forcing herself to sit up scrunched up her added belly rolls and shook about her engorged mammaries. Wobbling about on her plumped up rear, she realized that her member had grown in size as well. More concerning was the unavoidable presence of blue coloring that led from the tip all the way down to the base. Turning her head to the side, she could see something similar had happened to Fuyumi's, her cock a bright shade of pink. Before either of the two women could further examine their changes, the door opened up for the only other person who had a spare key to the captain's quarters.

“What was all that noise?” Margaret asked, her focus on a screen of data in her hand keeping her momentarily distracted. “Everyone on board will be happy the two of you finally got together, but I would prefer for you to be a little quieter while I'm examining very important...”

Margaret trailed off as she looked up from her screen to see the state of her fellow crew mates. The doctor's eyes swiveled back and forth between their chubby bodies and brightly colored members. The annoyed expression on her face was replaced with sheer wonder as she rapidly began writing on her screen any and all details.

“How did this happen? When did this happen? Are you feeling any other symptoms?”

Margaret rattled off, only to be met with confused expressions. “This must have something to do with that pod,” Margaret commented, storing her screen in her lab coat as she hurried toward the couple and grasped their hands. “Hurry to my lab, we must perform tests.”

With surprising dexterity for a woman her age, Margaret dragged Celine and Fuyumi through the ship towards the medical bay. Closing up the door behind them, Margaret plopped her patients down on the examination table. Keeping up her speed, the doctor proceeded to scan their bodies and was rewarded with a plethora of information.

“Tell me,” Margaret began, looking over the plumped up pair’s bodies, “how did this happen?”

Celine and Fuyumi glanced at one another before the captain cleared her throat. “Shortly after my run in with the alien pod, I found this...growth along with a variety of new stimulations going through my body. Fuyumi discovered me and attempted to relieve my predicament, only to end up getting infected herself. In a moment of weakness, we then let ourselves give into baser desires.”

“To put it simply, you two fucked and now you have dicks.” Margaret stated, her years in medicine making her tired of overcomplicated explanation. “Did it feel good?”

The captain and first mate gave reluctant nods.

“What positions did you use?”

Fuyumi raised her hand. “I first serviced her...orally and then she let me insert the, um, growth into her...vagina.”

“It appears that the condition worsens upon receiving semen into the body, regardless of the method of transference,” Margaret said, rapidly writing down on her board. “This requires further study.”

Setting aside her clipboard, Margaret discarded her glasses and threw off her lab coat. Grasping her zipper, she proceeded to strip out of her body suit to leave nothing obscuring her body. Unfazed by the way her fellow cremates gazed at her drooping breasts, she turned herself around to present her backside to them. Grasping her buttocks, she spread them apart to show off her anus.

“Go on,” Margaret said as she looked over her shoulder at the awestruck women. “One of you fuck my ass. I need to see how else the infection can be spread.”

“Dr. Margaret, you can’t be serious,” Celine said, trying to regain some of her dignity. “This is highly unprofessional.”

“Who cares?” the doctor replied, continuing to shake her butt around in hopes of finding a partner. “This is exactly what I’ve been searching for out in the cosmos. My fellow medical officers may have been content to find cures to diseases, but my intention ever since I left university was to find new ways to reignite my desires. I’m not going to let a little thing like protocol stop me now.”

“You can present as much as you like,” Celine said, pressing her rigid erection down with her hands. “Neither of us are going to give into your twisted demands for-“

Celine blinked and missed a chubby figure leap from the table towards the doctor. Focusing her vision, she could see the once timid Fuyumi taking up the perverted doctor’s offer and ramming her cock inside her ass. Fuyumi showed little restraint as she thrust back and forth,

diving her member deeper into the doctor with each shove. The room filled with the deafening noise of Fuyumi's belly slapping against Margaret's ass and erotic moaning. Chewing on her lip, Celine's notion to stop the display was put off by her own hands moving on their own to begin rubbing her shaft. The captain managed to release moments after Fuyumi tainted the doctor with her seed.

Recovering from her climax, Celine raised up her head to see that her crew had changed further. Fuyumi's entire skin had taken on a shade of vibrant pink, making her appear as a gigantic wad of bubblegum with all of the added weight her infection added on. Looking down at her own body, Celine saw she too had taken on extra layers of fat to coincide with the deep blue that covered everything from her head to her still rigid member. Looking past a layer of slime across her follicles, she peeked at the doctor to see she looked a lot paler as if her entire body had been dipped in white paint. Considering that Margaret was now sporting a girthy cock on par with the two of them, the captain was led to believe that her plan had worked.

"This is marvelous," Margaret announced as she gripped her shaft with both of her hands. "Such a rapid change in biology after one dose is something right out science fiction." Letting go of her throbbing member, she began kneading and squeezing her ample belly fat. "The only reason I believe this is real is that I've experienced it myself." Margaret slowly tilted her head up to look at Fuyumi and Celine. "I must do more research. Would either of you like to have intercourse?" she asked, trying to sound as reasonable as possible as she swung around her cock.

Celine opened her mouth to reject the offer but found herself unable to stop Fuyumi from laying down on the floor. Opening up her legs and lifting up her gut, Fuyumi used her free hand to spread her labia for the twisted doctor. Margaret immediately took up the offer as she rammed

her manhood inside of Fuyumi. Hoisting back her hips to thrust forward, she paused to glance at Celine.

“How impolite of me to forget about our good captain,” Margaret commented, slowly sliding her tongue across her lips as a form of invitation.

No longer driven by logic, Celine shuffled over to allow the doctor to wrap her mouth around her tip. To coincide with her first thrust inside of Fuyumi, Margaret showed great skill in the way her tongue slid against Celine’s members. Celine managed to remain cognizant just long enough to ponder what the doctor did in her spare time before her mind devolved into pure instinct. Grasping Margaret’s shoulders, the captain helped along her stimulation by moving her hips in rhythm with her partner. From below, Fuyumi’s cries of ecstasy drove the group towards their eventual release.

The splatter of various fluids coincided with another growth spurt for the group. Pulling away from the doctor, Celine noticed the string of blue seed around her tip. Looking past her doughy belly let her see that Fuyumi had let out her own load of pink-colored semen across the doctor’s torso, letting it seep into the demented woman’s deep belly button. Glancing back and forth at the added heft to their curves, the captain’s visage became obscured by a series of short, blue, tendrils dangling in front of her face.

“Fascinating,” Margaret said, taking notice of similar changes to both her and Fuyumi’s hair. “This must be another step in the alien lifeform’s integration with our bodies. No doubt our condition will progress further the more people we infect.” Wiping her face clean of Celine’s leftovers, Margaret rolled off of Fuyumi and stood up. “If you two would please follow me, I know of two more that would make perfect additions to our experiment.”

Whether it was their sex-hungry cocks, or their own diminished rationale, Celine and Fuyumi waddled after the doctor. Their trek started with the two of them following the doctor as they walked side by side. After few too many tight squeezes through corridors, they moved towards walking single-file as they approached the mess hall.

Peeking her head inside, Margaret grinned at the clueless women before her. Carina paced around one of the tables, her eyes focused on the bowl of soup upon it. Her anticipation reached an apex as Enrica brought a spoonful up to her face and took a sip. After a few moments of swirling around the soup in her mouth, Enrica gave the chef a disapproving shake of her head.

“I really thought I had something this time,” Carina said as she crossed her arms.

“I don’t see why we’re doing this,” Enrica commented, letting her silverware drop onto the table. “Was this really so important to pull us away from the mission early? Why don’t you just use your usual spices to make this gruel taste good?”

Carina sighed. “That’s the problem. We ran out of them a few days ago.”

A shiver went down Enrica’s spine. “That’s why you haven’t been making your specialties,” she said, receiving a nod in reply. “Is there any way we can get resupplied?”

“It would take several weeks for another ship to reach us out here. Until then, I have to keep trying to find something edible with what little we have.”

“Perhaps I could be of assistance,” Margaret announced as she strolled into the room with Celine and Fuyumi close behind her.

“What the hell?” Enrica asked, her and Carina backing away to put distance between themselves and the portly, penis-wielding group. “Doc is that you?”

“In the bountiful flesh,” Margaret replied, shaking her hips to send ripples through her fat. “Regardless of our current condition, I do believe I have a solution to your cuisine problems.”

“What kind of solution?” Carina asked, finding herself glancing about for the nearest kitchen knife.

Margaret smirked as she grabbed hold of Celine and Fuyumi’s cocks. The doctor began to vigorously move her hands up and down, her entourage falling into a series of euphoric moans. Despite their numerous releases already, the sheer force of the doctor’s fingers was enough to get the two of them to cum again fairly quickly and coat Margaret’s palms in their seed.

“Here we are,” Margaret said, walking away from the infected women just before they embraced each other for another round of love making. Rubbing her hands together, she approached Enrica and Celine with the purple mixture clinging to her fingers. “One taste and you’ll see what I mean.”

“I don’t know what the fuck is wrong with you, but you’re more insane than usual if you think I’m going to-“

Enrica was silenced by the unbelievable speed in which the doctor’s belly completely overpowered her chubby gut. Gasping from getting the air knocked out of her left the engineer’s mouth open for Margaret to stick her fingers inside. While Enrica struggled at first, her punches lessened in strength the more her tongue grew accustomed to the flavor. Letting her arms limply hang against her sides, Enrica greedily sucked up the semen. With a loud pop, Enrica released Margaret’s hand from her mouth, not leaving a single drop behind.

“More,” Enrica said, licking her lips, “I need more.”

Taking a step back, Margaret lifted up her gut and pointed towards her groin. Understanding immediately, Enrica got down on her knees and swallowed up her cock. Licking and sucking like her life depended on it soon gifted her with a mouthful of the addictive ambrosia. So enamored with drinking up every last ounce, she failed to notice her flesh bursting out of her suit to show off its new shade of steely grey. Upon the realization she had grown a girthy member of her own, Enrica fought against her own belly in a feeble attempt to lick her tip. The good doctor was more than happy to help by running her fingers along Enrica’s shaft in exchange for sinking her cock into the engineer’s pussy.

“T-this doesn’t make any sense,” Carina said, watching as her most eager eater further deteriorated her condition with a load of her own cum. “How can something like that have such an alluring flavor?”

Carina’s vigil was interrupted by what felt like two sacks of gelatin bumping into her sides. Turning around she was met with the hungry gaze of Celine and Fuyumi. Despite their dripping womanhoods and rigid cocks, they made no move towards the chef. They simply let Carina follow her culinary curiosity to its inevitable conclusion.

Getting down on all fours, Carina showed little hesitation in sampling Fuyumi’s cock. At the same time, she barely flinched as Celine shoved her dick as deep inside of her vagina as it would go. Grabbing hold of the comparatively tiny chef, the pair lifted her into the air for the perfect spit roast position. Holding onto her with their pudgy hands, Celine and Fuyumi took turns slamming their manhoods inside of her body. Back and forth they let the chef sample their

pleasures, each release further fattening up her gut and incorporating her into their depraved desires.

Celine and Fuyumi were forced to stop as the chef grew too heavy for them to hold. With a loud crash, Carina's body slid off of their cocks to plop onto the ground. Rolling around her hundreds of pounds of orange tinted flesh, Carina's movements were stopped as Margaret brought it upon herself to shove the chef's cock into her womanhood. Given little time to comprehend her changes, the overwhelming amount of pleasure Carina felt after a few thrusts were more than enough to satisfy her needs for the time being.

Through the haze of the infected women's euphoria, they all took a moment to rest and consider what they had become. Not a single one of them was below 600 pounds, each boasting fat rolls that glistened in a variety of colors. The unnatural skin tone paled in comparison to the tentacles that covered their scalps. Brushing aside their head growths allowed them to see the glossy orbs of black that had taken over their eyes to make them completely unrecognizable from their old selves.

All at once the group turned their attention to the sound of the ship's air lock opening. Following the captain's lead, they waddled their way through the corridors. They met the new arrivals just as the two of them were headed towards the bridge for debriefing. It was only once Enrica slapped girthy member against Carina's backside did Seble and Rori turn to face them.

"What the fuck are you and what are you doing on this ship?" Seble asked, wasting little time swiveling her rifle between the encroaching women.

"Stand down soldier," Celine replied. "Sign 8-21. We are your fellow crewmembers."

Seble kept her weapon aimed at the group. "I don't believe you."

“Come now, no need to be so violent,” Margaret said as she waddled forward. “We’ve gone through a bit of an infection that has changed our bodies and minds, but we’re still your comrades.” Pressing her belly up against the captain’s she showed little shame in embracing her in a kiss as she stroked her cock.

“W-what’s going on?” Rori asked, the sight of Enrica and Corina repeating the doctor’s actions doing little to help her nerves.

“It’s as the MMMPPH, doctor and captain said,” Fuyumi replied, splattering a load of fluids onto the ground as Celine shoved her cock up her ass. “We’ve been liberated from our old selves and given the opportunity to indulge in our desires.”

“Fuck that!” Seble said, hoisting up her gun again. “The only thing you’ve been liberated from is common sense. I don’t know what’s infected you, but it turned you into a bunch of horny freaks.”

“You say that now,” Margaret spoke, gesturing for the others to step closer, “but I wonder if you would have the same opinion if you joined us.”

Seble lowered her weapon for a moment. “Explain.”

“All it takes is one dose of our cum,” Carina was eager to answer. “Any hole you want.”

“Try in the mouth,” Enrica suggested, showing little shame in licking clean the chef’s chunky backside after a successful ass job. “It’s delicious.”

“I’m not going anywhere near those disgusting things,” Seble said. “I’m escorting you monsters to the brig and locking you up until we can find a doctor that hasn’t been corrupted by an alien plague.”

“You hurt me, Seble, you really do,” Margaret said, placing her hand against her prominent bosom. “However, I think you’re hurting yourself more the longer you deny those urges that have been pent up for so long.”

“What is she talking about?” Rori asked, only receiving a wide-eyed glare from the security officer.

“I can answer that,” Celine replied, the remnants of Fuyumi’s last session still dripping from her pussy. “I make it a habit of patrolling the corridors during the evenings to check on my crew. During those walks, I’ve heard quite a lot of sounds coming from your room, Seble.” She took another step, seeing Seble slowly lower her weapon. “Everything, from moans, to the whirs of various devices, but that all pales in comparison to the things I’ve heard you say in the quietest of whispers.” Another meaty stomp put her right up against Seble, her belly and penis sliding up against the security officer’s torso. “I know what you really want. How you would give anything to feel a girthy cock inside of you again.” She gently grasped Seble’s chin and tilted it up to look her in the eyes. “We can fulfill those desires. All you have to do is give into those urges once more.”

A few moments passed with only the echoing sounds of the corrupted crew’s flesh slapping together. Rori watched the others turn to face Seble, each one watching the way her body shook under the caress of the captain’s touch. The silence was broken as Seble’s gun fell to the floor to allow the security officer to get down on her knees and place her lips Celine’s dick.

Making an abrupt turn, Rori began to run. She managed to make it around the corridor just as the other women got ready to shove their cocks into whichever one of Seble’s holes they could manage. Rori’s first thought was to get off the ship, realizing too late that she was running

in the opposite direction and the only escape route was blocked by her former crewmates. Instead, she opted to make a mad dash towards the bridge to call for help.

Entering the bridge and locking the door behind her, Rori frantically typed away at the main control console to bring up communications. Straining her brain to recall the proper procedure for sending messages wasn't helped by her understandably shaken nerves. Finally putting in the needed codes, she sent out a message to the nearest ranger base asking for assistance. What she got back was a promise that a ship would be at her location within a month. She froze as still as ice, forcing herself to suppress a scream as she realized that help wouldn't be coming for a long time. A brisk knock on the door broke her out of her despair induced trance.

“Rookie, come on out,” Seble said from the other side. “Join us it’s MMMPPPH soooooooo, fucking, good.”

Rori backed away from the door, looking for anything that could be used as a weapon.

“There’s no use in fighting it,” Enrica began, “it’s not like you have anywhere to go.”

“She’s right,” Carina added on. “While we won’t force ourselves on you, it’s only a matter of time before you give into your hunger.”

“It’s not healthy to keep your desires bottled up,” Margaret stated. “Do your body a favor and join us.”

“You won’t regret it,” Fuyumi said. “Finally letting all of your passion out is so satisfying.”

“It’s just like the others say,” Celine proclaimed, speaking with a modicum of her former authority. “While you have the ability to make your own choices, you should believe the words of your fellow crewmembers.”

Rori was forced to stop as her back ran up against the wall. With nowhere to run, she was forced to concentrate on the regular knocking on the door and the words that had seeped into her mind. Unconsciously she licked her lips as she gave momentary consideration of letting herself become a part of the infected crew. Left without many options, she began walking towards the door to make the decision that would let her both be close with her crew and help with her pent up arousal.

Opening the door with the press of a button, Rori was met by the bulbous, bright red penis of Seble. Looking over the security officer’s multitude of fat rolls covered in leftover trickles of cum, she forced herself to tilt her head up. Meeting the gaze of Seble past the curtain of tendrils in front of her face, Rori nodded her head and motioned towards the officer’s throbbing member.

Grasping Rori, Seble efficiently tore away her suit to reveal the freckled skin beneath. Drawing the rookie in close, Seble showed surprising gentleness as she pressed her tip against Rori’s labia. Even when Seble let go of her, Rori continued shoving the cock inside of her womanhood. Perhaps overzealous, Rori jerked her hips forward to send the two of them tumbling to the ground. While she was cushioned by the copious amounts of Seble’s blubber, the impact had the adverse effect of unloading the officer’s semen inside of Rori and doubling the rookie’s weight in a matter of seconds.

Still left wanting, Rori continued to shift her hips back and forth as she rode Seble's cock. Moving as fast as her green-tinted body would allow, the rookie attempted to reach out a hand towards her own throbbing member. Thankfully for her, Margaret's sausage-like fingers were quite eager to stroke and squeeze her shaft in order to let her fully experience the unique pleasure of her newest addition.

Opening up her mouth with a moan as her seed splattered across Seble's belly rolls, Rori left open a sizable gap for Captain Celine to slide her cock past her lips. Rather than fight it, the rookie began bobbing her head back and forth, letting her tendril like hair shake along with her. Sucking up every drop of cum the captain so graciously gifted her allowed her body to add yet another layer of fat onto her. One more helping from Seble was enough to get Rori's belly to match the size of a medicine ball and her breasts to resemble a pair of overripe melons. Most importantly though, her added size gave her butt cheeks the perfect cushioning to allow Fuyumi to ram her cock right up her ass.

While the rest of the crew used her various holes, Rori glanced her glossy, black eyes towards Carina and Enrica approaching both sides of her. Left without many other options, Rori gladly wrapped her fingers around their members and copied the motions the doctor was so eager to give the rookie's massive, foot-long penis. Tightly grasping her crewmates in turn called for the others to up their efforts. At some point, Rori let the others take complete control of the situation, allowing them to take full advantage of her plump body. Her emerald green flab shaking like she was going through an earthquake, her loudest moan yet acted as the final sign for the others to release themselves all over and inside of her.

Basking in the leftover ecstasy of the orgy and the various helpings of tainted seed that further corrupted her body, Rori began to hear a voice in the back of her mind. Through her haze

of lingering euphoria, she could make out that something was trying to speak to her. She attempted to listen closely even as her fellow crewmates began shuffling around her to reposition for another session of debauchery. Just as Margaret slid the rookie's cock inside of her anus, Rori finally made out what the voice was saying.

“Finally, we are saved!”

“Check your corners boys,” the grizzled space ranger captain said as he and the rest of his crew approached Captain Celine's ship. “The distress call made some crazy accusations about an alien infection. I chalk it up to space madness, but that makes it all the more important we prepare ourselves for whatever we find.”

Following their captain's orders, the other rangers stood by as he approached the airlock. The captain let out an uncharacteristic squeak as the doors opened by themselves. Keeping a tight grip on their weapons, the crew stepped forward only to stop as they beheld Captain Celine waddling towards them. So awestruck by her alien features, blue fat rolls, and rigid member, it took a few attempts for them to reply to her.

“I said, Sign-8-21,” Celine repeated for the third time. “You are Captain Rugard, correct?”

Hearing his name finally brought a semblance of sense to the captain. “Er, yes that's me. You are Captain Celine?”

“In the flesh,” she replied, sliding her hand down the belly that took up the majority of her 1000 pounds of flesh. Stomping her feet into the ground, she swiveled her hips to have her

massive backside face the new arrivals. “Come along, I would like you to meet with the rest of my crew before I explain our situation.”

Driven by ranger procedure rather than courage, Captain Rugard and his crew followed close behind Celine. Carefully stepping over leftover puddles of the corrupted crew’s love making, they followed her as she made her way through the cramped corridors. Entering the cargo bay as she squeezed through the door, the men took a few moments to comprehend what they were seeing before them.

A mass of green flesh the size of a small hill was parked along one of the walls, its various fat folds shaking as Rori let out another moan of ecstasy. All around her, the crew was doing their best to both receive and give out pleasure from either shoving their dicks into her holes or using their over-stretched orifices to pleasure her massive manhood. So absorbed by the odd sight of the various colored blobs rolling around the engorged Rori, the men barely noticed Margaret approaching them until she was a few feet away.

“Hello gentleman,” Margaret announced, casually stroking her cock as she spoke. “I am Dr. Margaret. While I may not be myself anymore, I would appreciate it if you stared at something other than my tits and cock unless you want a turn at them.”

“No, no, we’re fine,” Captain Rugard replied, trying to regain some of his dignity. “Would you mind explaining what’s going on here?”

“It’s quite simple really,” Margaret began, “we have been infected with a type of alien parasite that has altered our bodies to meet its demands. While overly aggressive with stimulating our libidos at first, once we reached a threshold of our modifications we were able to hear them speak to us telepathically.”

“These things...are intelligent?” Captain Rugard asked.

“Precisely,” she replied with an outstretched pudgy finger. “Before we arrived, they had remained dormant in a crashed ship. Their former hosts had gotten a little overzealous and downed their craft during an orgy. Left with little options, the parasites-“

Margaret paused, bobbing her head back and forth like something was speaking into her ear. “Apologies. The Falixes slumbered away in a pod until we stumbled upon them. While they have offered to leave as soon as they find suitable hosts, I doubt any of us are willing to give them up.”

“I see,” Captain Rugard replied over the sound of cacophonous moans from the other side of the room. “Do you...still require assistance?”

“Indeed,” Captain Celine answered. “We require first of all a new form of transport to get us off this planet. We managed to move everyone into the cargo bay just before they outgrew the other parts of the ship. Thankfully for us, the parasites are quite capable of keeping us nourished with their fluids.”

“In addition,” Margaret took over, “I must ask that you search for anyone willing to host one of the Falixes. They are quite eager to spread their species. I must clarify that they must be ‘willing’ volunteers. If you have any trouble finding them, I know of quite a few of my former colleagues that would be more than happy to participate in the Falixes’ incorporation into the Galactic Federation.”

“Um, right I’ll head back to the ship and get the paperwork started,” Captain Rugard replied, gesturing for his men to follow.

“Thank you very much for your time, captain,” Celine said, waving him away as Rugard and his crew nervously made their leave.

Margaret and Celine stopped waving as the parasites spoke to them.

“No, that’s normal,” Margaret clarified as she grasped her cock. “Humans usually don’t have genitalia this big. However, I doubt anyone that accepts you will be against it.”

“Captain,” Fuyumi said, wrapping her arms around Celine and giving her a kiss on the cheek. “Are you finished?”

Celine grasped Fuyumi’s hand and kissed her back. “Yes, but there’s still a lot of work to do to help out our partners.” Keeping her first mate in a close embrace, the two of them waddled towards Rori and the others with Margaret following close behind. “However, I believe we deserve more than a little stimulation as a reward for our achievements,” she announced, moments before she would join the others once more to make good use of the wonderful gifts the Falixes had given them.