

# Bulging Space (FtM, Muscle, Monster)

+Attention, crew. Ventilation system in depot six is offline. Maintenance work in progress.+

The automated voice echoed down the empty hallways near the service tunnel, spreading far and wide through the upper depot near one of the spire shafts. It was cold and monotone, generated by the ship's AI core. Yet, Trish could barely hear it. The ringing drowned out everything. It permeated every inch of her existence, washing out every other sound and turning everything into a distant blur. The ringing never stopped. It strained her mind at every waking moment, leaving her tired by the end of the day, no matter what she did.

Trish leaned against the metallic wall, feeling the cold steel against her gloved hand. Only fifteen inches of carbon steel separated her from the void between the stars, and it always filled her with awe. It didn't scare her. No, it excited her. Or, it usually did. Now, she could only focus on the dull pain on the left side of her skull and the constant ringing that never disappeared.

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The AI repeated, informing everyone of her and her partner's work in the sector. Again, she barely heard it. It had been that way since the accident with the faulty fuel line a few days ago, leaving her deaf on the left side and eighty percent deaf on the right when her eardrums burst. Thanks to GridLane's shitty budget and downsizing, they didn't even have temporary ear implants for her on the ship. Trish was initially glad just to be alive, but now, after living with the dull pain and constant ringing for a few days, she wondered if she was wrong. Due to the lack of engineers, she barely got to rest for a day before she got sent back to work. Not that she minded it since it was the only thing keeping her sane - anything to distract her from the ringing. The screen on the wall was dead, offline since the AI had turned off everything non-essential in the sector. Trish saw herself in the black, reflective surface, one hand against the wall and the other trailing a scar on her left cheek. She examined herself as the ringing in her ears continued, and her heart always sank as she saw what the shrapnel had done to her pretty face. Trish had a stocky figure like every other maintenance worker, dockhand, or lifter. Life on the ship was hard, and you either shaped up or got flushed into the void. It was her first ten-year contract with the company, and she wasn't even halfway through it, having left the colony when she was barely of age to live her dream of traveling between the stars. Yet, in the short few years, her petite figure had thickened and grown thanks to hard work and muscle stimulants, courtesy of the company. She rubbed her arms, feeling the muscles in her thick limbs, and sighed, barely remembering how thin and awkward they had been back at the colony. Her chest and shoulders were slim, and her hips wide, leaving her body undeniably feminine despite what the stimulants had done so far on her body. She wore her company-issued clothes - a plain white tank top with black pants underneath her work overalls. Steel-tipped boots covered her feet, and wrenches, screwdrivers, and other tools dangled from the thick belt around her waist.

Then there was her face, which was far prettier than the broad-chinned and flat-nosed crew she worked with. Her shoulder-length black hair framed her tanned face, with her pretty blue, almond-shaped eyes peering with still a youthful innocence.

Or, that's how it used to be. The accident left Trish deaf and disfigured, and she turned her face to the side to examine the left side. Half-healed scars and skin-mold-covered gashes covered most of the side, and she could see that little remained of her ear. Stitches everywhere, a zig-zag of thread holding her skin together. Her hair got singed off during the explosion, leaving her skull bare on the entire left side of her head. Even her left eyebrow almost burned off completely. The medical officer told her it was an easy fix once they got to a station, and she'd be able to hear again once they put in the implants there, but it was a poor comfort now. Trish sighed as the ringing in her deaf ear continued, sounding almost like the warning siren that went off seconds before the fuel line ruptured.

Suddenly, Trish felt a hand on her shoulder, and she gasped when someone pulled her away from the screen. She twitched and reached for her wrench, almost whacking Harker across her face.

"Hey! Stop spacing out!" Harker said, and Trish barely heard it even though she probably was shouting it. "Help me with the grate."

"Okay," Trish said, not even hearing herself talk. She could only feel it as her vocal cords moved.

Like Trish, Harker was on the engineering team, and she had a similar build to her, albeit bulkier. Dough-faced and bitter, far too much so for someone her age. Born and raised on a station, she was pale-skinned and white-haired, with a body reliant on the stimulants to keep her muscles from atrophying in the low gravity. Even with the generator producing artificial gravity in the ship, it was still only half of what it was on Earth or most of the colonies. Harker was also with her during the accident, but she got off easy. She only had a few scars on her arms and face, all of which would heal and disappear within the next few days.

The two grabbed their wrenches and unscrewed the massive grate, which landed on the metallic floor with a loud clang. Or, so Trish assumed. It was barely more than a muffled thud to her. Harker muttered something she couldn't hear under her breath and stared into the massive vent, the tunnel wide enough for two or three people. Although they still needed to hunch over to move through it.

"I'll lead the way," Harker said, gesturing with her hands in case Trish couldn't hear. "You carry the spare parts."

Trish nodded. She grabbed the duffle bag with the parts as Harker crawled into the vent, with the tools hanging from their overalls soon clanging against the metallic floor as they headed inside. The dull warning lights illuminated their path as they moved through the vent, slowly approaching the spire shaft connecting the rest of the sections of the ship. The distant pounding of the ship's engine echoed through the vent, and Trish felt it even if she couldn't hear it. It was like a heartbeat, making her feel like she was crawling through the bowels of some metallic beast.

It didn't take long before they reached the faulty fans. Harker continued to mutter something as she worked, something she always did. Trish couldn't hear a word and just helped with what she could, handing spare parts and tools to her grumpy partner. As Harker worked, Trish examined the damage and peered down the shaft, slowly but surely noticing something odd. At first, it looked like the fans had broken down due to normal wear and tear. However, on closer inspection, Trish saw signs that someone had messed with it. Then she saw something beyond the fans, near the shaft leading to the mile-long spire going through the ship's center. It was a device of some sort, looking almost like a generator, and rested only inches from the edge of the spire. Harker hadn't seen it. The woman was far too busy with complaining about her shit contract and what she would do when it was over in a month or two as she repaired the fans.

"Hey, what's that?" Trish said, smacking Harker on the side and pointing down the hatch.

Again, Harker said something without shouting, meaning Trish didn't hear it. Their gaze met a moment later, and Harker rolled her eyes when she realized Trish hadn't heard her.

"I said, probably junk the last crew left behind!" Harker said, shaking her head. "Come on. Let's grab it and take it back to engineering."

Trish saw Harker mutter more things in a voice too low for her to hear, but she knew her sullen partner was blaming Dabrowski and Huron for leaving the shit behind. The fans finally worked again but were turned off as the two crawled between the industrial-sized blades, each sharp and powerful enough to slice them in half in case they turned on. The two crawled to the 'generator,' and they raised an eyebrow as they examined it. They had never seen anything like it before, and it certainly wasn't something someone on the engineering team had left behind.

"What is it?" Trish said, glancing over at Harker. Her heart skipped a beat when Harker's pale face lost even more color, eyes wide with shock.

Harker said something, whispering it, almost afraid of saying it out loud. Their eyes met, and she shook her head, now shouting at Trish.

"It's from the fucking Brotherhood! Look," she said, pointing at the crudely-drawn logo on the side. Trish felt her heart skip a beat at the sight of the terrorist mark. "Fuck! We have to go! We have to inform Dyson and the others!"

Neither of them had time to react before the device began to beep faster and faster, almost triggered by their presence. Then, a high-pitched shriek spread through the vent, piercing through the ringing and causing even Trish to wince from how loud it was. She could only imagine how painful it must be to Harker. Her partner squirmed on the floor, hands on her ears as tears welled down her cheeks, paralyzed by the painfully loud sound. Trish fought through the pain, shielded from the worst thanks to her poor hearing, and kicked the device. It flew out from the vent into the spire shaft, the high-pitched noise echoing far and wide through the ship. It grew more distant but remained loud even for Trish, but it eventually stopped when the device crashed into the bottom of the spire almost half a minute later.

Harker lay on the floor, breathing hard, hands still on her ears as she stared wide-eyed and

shell-shocked straight up. Trish gritted her teeth and shook her head, her body tingling from the intense sound that overpowered even her poor hearing. Her left side hurt, and she could feel how one of the stitches had opened up.

"Hey, you okay?" Trish said, unsure if Harker even heard her shouting. "Harker?"

Suddenly, the woman convulsed and shuddered, going into spasms. Trish panicked as she tried to hold the woman down, afraid she might squirm over to the edge of the vent and tumble into the spire. Trish saw the bewildered look on Harker's face, frothing at the mouth and the panic in her eyes. She watched her eyes shift from dark brown to golden yellow within moments, almost glowing. Trish couldn't hear it but saw bones popping and skin stretching as Harker suddenly grew, with her sinew pulling and muscles swelling. She panicked and pulled away, watching the woman grow inch after inch every second. The clothes began to tear as her chest exploded in size, revealing her increasingly flatter bosom as her pecs widened and swelled.

"What the fuck..." Trish said in horror and fear as she crawled further away from the changing woman.

Harker squirmed still, slamming her fists against the sides of the vent. It grew louder with each moment, with her arms bulging with muscles. Her gloves flew off. Trish saw the woman's hands pop and crack, each finger thickening into sausage-like digits. Her nails grew long but dull, and her hair fell off, leaving her increasingly bald. Less than twenty seconds had passed, and Harker had already outgrown her clothes, her broader chest pushing through her top and her meaty thighs tearing the overalls apart. Trish sat there, paralyzed by the freakish sight, and watched as Harker's body twisted and changed. Her breasts grew massive, becoming soft yet muscular, retaining an air of femininity despite the burly strength hidden beneath her mammary glands. All Trish heard was the ringing in her ears, periodically interrupted by Harker banging against the vent with her gorilla-like arms or the occasional grunt from the changing woman. Harker's pale skin shifted as she grew in size, taking on a darker hue and becoming almost leathery. In less than ten seconds, her skin had gone from pale to a dark brown, stretched so tightly over her swelling muscles that it looked ready to tear. She was becoming huge, gaining height and size as her shoulders popped and widened. Harker was at least two feet taller than before, probably much broader, and undeniably hundreds of pounds heavier from sheer bulk. The scars and wounds on her arms and face vanished, leaving no scars behind.

Suddenly, Harker flipped over, lying on her chest facing the floor. She banged her bald head against it as it changed, becoming more ferocious and beastly with each passing moment. Her upper body exploded in size, becoming enormous, but her hips, thighs, and ass weren't far behind. Everything oozed strength, and her frame bulged with so much muscle that it looked like she could barely move. Harker dragged her nails against the metallic floor during her spasms, leaving deep indents. She slammed her fist against the wall, almost enough to break through it. Trish saw something pushing out above Harker's now enormous, muscular ass, and a naked, leathery tail began swaying back and forth behind her. She watched skin tearing across her back, revealing spikes and bony protrusions growing from her spine. It spread down her tail, with a spike forming at the tip.

"H-Harker?" Trish said, trying to get her partner to calm down.

Her voice caused Harker to freeze, and the now brutish woman stopped thrashing about and looked up at Trish. She could see the dumb look in her now glowing yellow eyes, the lack of pupils making her look otherworldly and alien. They had no wit, just this sheer, almost beastly intelligence burning in her gaze. She didn't look like a woman, or even human, anymore. It was gorilla-like and ferocious, with horns pushing out from her bald head. Harker looked like she belonged in a zoo with her flat nose, broad forehead, and massive, tusked jaw. Her neck was practically gone, buried underneath her bulbous head and bulging shoulder muscles.

"Grruuughhh..." Harker grunted, her jaw cracking as it grew wide, with her lower incisors pushing out to form what looked like tusks. Her jaw pushed out, giving her a noticeable underbite. "Raaaggghhh!"

The beastly bellow echoed through the vents, loud enough for even Trish to hear it. Yet, what surprised her the most wasn't the sound but the stench that came with it. It was thick and musky, enough to make her dizzy and cause her nostrils to itch. She wanted to gag from the beastly stench, but it sent primal tingles down her spine, causing her loins to itch. Trish almost felt something awaken inside her, almost as if she knew she was in the presence of something more powerful than her, with her only choice being to submit.

However, Trish thankfully pushed these shameful thoughts aside before it was too late. Harker, the now hulking, gorilla-like thing she was, bellowed again and lunged at her. Trish gasped and crawled backward, trying to escape the thrashing freak. She grabbed the nearby duffle bag full of spare parts and threw it with remarkable strength at the beast, surprising herself. It hit Harker in her face, causing her to bellow and shriek again. Trish saw her chance and turned, now crawl-running her way through the vent.

"Shit shit shit shit..." Trish's heart raced, and she heard Harker slamming against the walls as she chased after her, only a few feet behind her. "Fuck!"

Trish made it past the vents and kicked the nearby console, causing the industrial-sized fans to roar to life. They began spinning rapidly, soon fast enough to cut off her limb if she was stupid enough to get near them. However, Harker didn't stop, and she saw the freakish monster reach out through them, unafraid of the spinning blades. Trish closed her eyes, expecting to be splattered by blood and chunks of flesh as Harker pushed her arm through the fans.

A great howl echoed through the vents, and she heard the fans stopping, with the sound of cracking metal and the smell of burnt electronics reaching her. Trish opened her eyes and gasped, unable to believe what she saw. The fans stopped against Harker's leathery arm, not even cutting deep enough to draw blood, and the former woman didn't even seem to care about the pain. Instead, Harker began tearing the fans apart to get to Trish, causing the mechanic to panic.

"Fucking shit!" Trish said, throwing a screwdriver from her belt at the brutish beast before crawling away.

The fans gave her more than enough time to escape. Harker still struggled to push her broad, hulking frame through the fans, with her bellows and thrashing echoing far and wide down the vent and hallway. Trish fell out of the vent with a gasp, staring wide-eyed at the hole as her heart raced.

"W-What the fuck happened?!" Trish said, getting up on her feet and rubbing her head. She finally noticed the blood dripping from one of the stitches that opened up during the struggle. Yet, there was no pain. "Shit..."

She dragged her hand against her neck, smearing the blood before staring at it on her gloved fingers. Trish heard Harker bellow from the vent, the sound getting closer and closer, even if it was happening slowly. The last thing she wanted was to remain here when whatever Harker was now finally crawled out.

+Warning. Containment breach. All crew, report to your stations. Warning. Unknown entity detected aboard.+

Trish snapped out of her thoughts. She heard the sirens in the distance, as muffled and dull as they were, thanks to her poor hearing, and with the AI core's warnings blaring through the intercoms.

"Damn it..." Trish said, her skin crawling and body aching as she tried to collect herself. She grabbed her wrench from the floor and held it in her hand, swinging it back and forth to test it as a weapon. It wasn't great, but better than nothing.

'I need to tell Dyson about the device and Harker. We have to seal her in the depot before she gets out,' she thought, rubbing her temples as she ran down the hallway to the service elevator.

Harker's beastly cries echoed through the hallway when she reached the elevator, and Trish almost screamed when she saw it was disabled. Someone had enabled the emergency protocols, turning off all lifts and elevators in the ship. Even the emergency lights were on, leaving the hallways dark with only the ambient floor lights illuminating them.

Trish groaned as she ran to the side, heading for the closest service shaft. Each step she took sent a tingle down her spine, and she could feel her skin crawling. She groaned, her arms and legs shaking as she hurried down the dark hallway. It was all in her head, Trish told herself. She ignored the crawling sensation beneath her skin and convinced herself that her bra and panties had always felt this tight, even if she knew it was a lie. The mere thought she might turn into the same thing as Harker made her shudder.

Eventually, Trish reached the service shaft. She used her keycard to open the hatch and slid down the ladder, away from the sound of something massive moving through the hallway in the distance. Trish heard the muffled bellows above her, and she hoped Harker couldn't fit inside the tight shaft as she climbed down,

'This is insane...' Trish thought, climbing the last few meters. Her fingers ached, and she could almost feel them cracking every time she tightened her grip. 'How? Why?'

There were no answers. Trish felt her shoulders pop and crack as she reached the bottom, causing her to gasp. She knew she was infected, even if the mere thought made her heart sink. Trish knew she needed to get help, inform Dyson at security about the device and Harker, and hopefully get her ass to the infirmary before the infection worsened.

She didn't understand why she wasn't changing as fast as Harker, which had transformed into that hulking gorilla-like beast within moments, but she wouldn't look a gift horse in the mouth. Trish was glad she had more time than Harker and would use it to tell everyone what happened. Trish beeped open the hatch and crawled out, her back popping as she did. She groaned and stared at her hands, feeling her fingers thicken, little by little, and felt her bones and muscles crawl beneath her skin. The gloves covered her hands, and Trish didn't dare pull them off to see how much her hands had changed. She clenched her fists and shook her head, ignoring the strange sensations as she hurried off. Trish was now in the ship's inner core, where the crew quarters and security station were.

"Okay, security..." Trish said as she ran down the hallway. "Fuck, where is it again?"

Suddenly, as Trish rounded a corner, she was hit by something. It was a stench that made her gag, overpowering her senses and making her eyes water. It was thick and musky, enough to make her head spin. It took her a few moments to recognize it, and her heart sank as she did. It was the same musky stench she smelled near Harker, except far more intense and virile here. It permeated every inch, hanging like a heavy fog in the air. Trish felt her mouth water and her loins itch, much to her shame. She didn't want to be turned on by the beastly stench, but it did, enough to make her knees weak and thighs shake.

'Fuck...' Trish thought, shaking her head. 'Why here? Did Harker get down here before me?'

Suddenly, she heard shouting up ahead, followed by gunfire. Trish ran towards it, hoping whoever had the gun could protect her if she bumped into Harker. She soon saw a man stumble out from one of the security stations, pistol shaking as he pointed it into the room. It was Pembroke, the asshole from sector five. The burly man constantly abused his position as security chief for this part of the ship, and she had tasted his baton more than a few times. But right now, she was glad to see him.

"Hey!" Trish shouted, but he didn't listen. Instead, he fired again and screamed.

Trish barely took more than a few steps before she saw Harker exit the security room, slamming Pembroke into the wall with such force that he dropped his pistol. It slid across the floor towards Trish, and she picked it up, aiming it at her former coworker. Yet, she soon noticed something odd, and her heart sank as she realized something. It wasn't Harker. It was someone else, twisted and changed into an equally massive gorilla-like beast covered in spikes, horns, and muscles. To her horror, Trish noticed the enormous cock between its legs, thick and long enough to be a third leg, and with huge balls swinging back and forth beneath it. It dripped pre-cum, causing the musky, virile stench to thicken.

What happened next shocked Trish. She expected the beast to tear Pembroke apart, maybe feast on his innards, and pull off his limbs. Instead, it adjusted its cock and pressed it against him, pinning him down with the erect, throbbing member. The beast came a moment later,

dousing his face in enough cum to fill several buckets. Pembroke gagged and swallowed the seed, and Trish watched him shudder and squirm. She saw his eyes changing and glowing, his body twisting faster than Harker's, and she realized what the beast's cum was doing to the asshole. His whining turned to guttural groans of pleasure as his body twisted and changed, with his chest looking bigger with each passing moment and his cock nowhere in sight.

"Holy fuck..." Trish muttered, watching as the beast humped the man, slowly changing him into another hulking beast.

In a moment of lapsed judgment, Trish squeezed the trigger. She had used a gun before, but she had never fired it on anyone. To her horror, the bullet bounced harmlessly off the beast's skin, and it only put a target on her back. The burly brute stopped humping Pembroke, with the former man groaning, grunting, and moaning as he scooped up the virile cum on his chest and licked it all off as he grew thicker and more muscular. The beast bellowed and charged towards her, running on its knuckles like a gorilla. Its tail lashed behind it, and the beast's muscles bulged as it tensed and prepared to pounce her.

"Shit!" Trish threw herself to the side and into the nearby room, narrowly avoiding the brute as it threw itself where she was. The virile musk stung her nostrils, growing thicker nearer the beast.

Trish landed hard on her chest, and she felt her torso crack and expand from it. The band on her bra snapped off, and she felt her panties hugging her thicker ass and wider haunches tighter and tighter. Even her shoes felt snug, almost like they were several sizes too small. She fought through the pain and pushed herself up, ignoring the faint popping in her limbs as she did. She felt the strength coursing through them and saw how fit they looked, with defined yet lean biceps and muscles.

The beast outside charged into the room a few moments later, and Trish narrowly avoided it by sliding under a table. She crawled and ran, trying to put as much shit between her and it as she could. The beast just powered through the room, throwing desks, tables, chairs, and shelves to the side to get to her. The musky stench was thick around it, causing Trish's head to throb and ache while her loins itched and pulsated oddly. She ignored it and focused on escaping, finally making her way through the office to the hallway on the other side while the beast was still searching for her in the room. Trish ran, gun and wrench in hand, and she heard the beast picking up her scent and following her, bellowing roars and lumbering steps behind her.

"Shit," Trish panicked and rounded a corner, not thinking about where she was going. All she cared about was escaping, her heart racing at the thought of becoming one of them.

"Shit-shit-shit!"

Eventually, Trish made a wrong turn. She stumbled into the mess hall and froze, her gaze wandering over the horrible sight in the room. The mess was huge, with hundreds of crew members able to eat the same sloppy yet nutritious gruel GridLane served on all its ships at the same time without it feeling crowded. Yet, no one was there to eat anymore. Instead, she saw what she could only describe as a mountain of flesh in the middle, consisting of countless burly brutes going at it with each other. It was, for lack of a better word, an orgy, and the image



burned into her panicked mind. The stench in here was worse than anywhere else, and it reeked of their natural musk and the scent of their sexual juices. She heard the pitiful cries of someone that remained unchanged inside the orgy, but it didn't last long.

Trish only snapped out of her frozen daze when she heard someone slamming into the wall in the hallway outside, and she realized the brute still chased her. She threw herself underneath some more tables and crawled away, dropping the gun and wrench in the process, thanking the stars no one in the room had seen or sensed her. She thought about stopping to pick up the gun again, but considering how useless it felt against them, she decided to leave it.

Trish shuddered as she moved only a few feet from two of the brutes fucking each other, each fighting to be on top and use their cock on the other, and she narrowly avoided a glob of cum that splattered on the floor near her. She continued to crawl, her body itching and aching from the infection coursing through her veins.

'This is insane,' she thought, swallowing hard as she suppressed the shameful urge to drink it. 'Trish has to warn the captain...'

The ringing in her mostly deaf ears drowned out the worst sounds from the orgy. Trish felt her bones pop as she crawled between the tables, her back cracking as her clothes stretched across her swelling figure. She grunted and clenched her teeth, ignoring the itch between her legs when she glanced at the orgy in the room.

Trish soon found herself hidden behind some tables in the corner of the room, pinned between a three-brute orgy to the left and another hulking beast to her right. It had stopped chasing her, now busy with plowing the pussy of another burly beast. The stench grew around her, and Trish almost hyper-ventilated as she sat there, praying they didn't find her.

'It's okay... They don't know where I am,' she thought, rubbing her sore chest and aching crotch. 'I'll just wait for a moment to sneak out...'

Suddenly, something clicked in her head, and something changed. The ringing wasn't there anymore. Trish's eyes widened as the horrible ringing, the haunting siren-like sound in her ears, vanished. She ran a hand across the left part of her face, feeling her skin bubbling as stitches fell off and her wounds healed. The pain disappeared, and she felt her ear heal, slowly returning to how it used to look. She smiled, but it disappeared when the muffled sounds around her grew sharper and louder as she regained her lost hearing. Soon, she heard every disgusting and lewd sound around her in horrible detail, and it made her body ache and burn with shameful arousal.

"Oh fuck..." Trish moaned with one gloved hand over her mouth to muffle her sounds and the other rubbing her crotch, idly massaging her aching groin. "No..."

Trish heard the wailing and grunting, the primal calls of beasts rutting and breeding in the room. The sound of gallons of cum pouring onto the floor reached her ears, and every guttural moan echoed through her mind. Trish shook her head and closed her eyes, not noticing how her hand slid into her overalls and down her pants after she removed her glove, soon gently rubbing her moist and aching loins.

'I'm not one of them. I'm not getting turned on by this,' Trish thought as she heard one of them bellow as it came, the orgasmic sound filling her head with more shameful urges. 'Stop touching yourself... Please...'

Yet, she couldn't. Trish felt her heart race as her libido rose little by little, getting increasingly worse as her body changed. She felt her feet ache before her shoes finally tore apart, the things unable to contain her thicker and larger feet. She stared at them, watching as her thicker and wider toes poked through the holes in her sole. Trish felt her panties tear across her thicker rump, finally giving up. Her tank top felt tight across her chest, and she felt her pecs stretching it as her small bust grew flatter yet more muscular. Trish groaned as her shoulders popped, getting broader and bulkier with each strained breath she took.

"F-Fuck..." Trish grunted and pressed her hand against her mouth, afraid the monsters might hear her.

Trish's ears itch as they return to normal, letting her hear every depraved sound in the room. The howls of pleasure, the heavy grunts, the rush of cum splattering against the floor - it all echoed through her head and burned into her mind. She hated how turned on she was by it and clenched her teeth as she tried to resist. Yet, her fingers kept rubbing the outer folds of her pussy, feeling her libido rising as she stayed hidden and masturbated. Trish pressed two fingers into her, sliding them slowly in and out of her cunny as she curled her thicker toes, with her shoes slowly falling off her burly feet. She closed her eyes, feeling every inch of her body aching and cracking as muscles swelled, bones grew, and sinew stretched. Trish didn't even want to imagine becoming one of them. Instead, she focused on staying quiet and pleasuring herself, hoping she could clear her mind and distract herself.

Little by little, she approached the edge of an orgasm. It came so quickly. Whatever was happening to her body, it was making it burn with pleasure, and she could tell her libido was rising to insatiable levels. It overwhelmed her, and she didn't even notice her pants starting to tear over her wider hips or her top straining from her growing chest. Her pussy ached as she slid them in and out, almost reaching the point where it hurt. So, without thinking, she pulled one out and used only a single digit, letting it move in and out of her. It felt better. God, it felt so good! Trish smiled without noticing it as she let her libido take over, with her finger trembling as it moved in and out of her.

Yet, soon enough, her pussy began to ache once more, and a single finger felt almost too much for her surprisingly tight pussy. Trish groaned and pulled it out, soon settling with rubbing her glistening folds.

'Only a little more,' she thought, her mind buzzing as new hormones rushed through her body. 'Almost there...'

Trish almost forgot about the beasts around her, fucking and growling like animals as the orgy continued. She didn't notice how she soon stopped rubbing her folds and began to stroke her clitoris, causing her libido to rise. It felt better than anything she had experienced, with her heart pounding inside her thicker chest. Trish soon moved her hand more and more to pleasure her clit, almost as if there was more of it to rub. Little by little, what remained of her womb faded and

shrank, turning into new and hopelessly virile parts inside her. It felt like something popped out of her a moment later, and she barely noticed the sack that dangled below her 'clit.' What once was her ovaries began to churn, soon swelling in size inside her new scrotum.

Then, just when she thought she couldn't take anymore, Trish came. She pressed her hand against her mouth to stifle her moan, and her eyes rolled into the back of her skull. Every inch of her body ached joyfully, and it felt better than anything Trish had experienced. She collapsed in her hiding place, panting and lying on the floor as the monster orgy continued around her.

'Shit, I really did it,' Trish thought, cheeks red with shame at the realization she had masturbated and orgasmed to the sounds.

Trish almost instantly felt that something was wrong. She was only dimly aware of the strange swelling between her legs, and her heart sank as she realized she held her hand around something between her legs that clearly belonged to her. Trish pulled her hand up from her crotch, smearing whatever was on her fingers on her clothes and skin. Her eyes widened at the sight of the white cum on her fingers, and the musky stench that came from it made her head spin. It dripped from her fingers, and she knew it came from her.

"F-Fuck!" she huffed and stared at her crotch, noticing the sizable bulge between her legs. She didn't want to admit what it was, even though she knew. Deep down, she knew she wasn't a woman anymore. Trish didn't notice that her voice had become thicker and less feminine.

"N-No..."

Suddenly, a scream echoed through the room in the distance. It was human, and Trish heard the unfortunate person that stumbled into the orgy. She wasn't the only one who noticed it either. Trish looked up from her hiding place and saw the woman run away, with every brute in the room chasing after her. To her shame, she felt her toes itch, and the urge to hurry after the woman flashed through her head, albeit briefly. All that remained as they left was a sticky mess and a musky stench that made every inch of her body burn.

'Now's my chance,' Trish thought as she got up, feeling her shirt, pants, and overalls stretch across her undeniably strong figure.

Trish looked down at herself, examining her tight outfit and how it tightly hugged every inch of her muscular body. It left little to the imagination, and she saw every muscle and inch outlined by the fabric. Trish had the figure a body-builder could only wish they had, with defined pecs and biceps with muscular thighs and ass. Her chest was broad, and so was her shoulders. Not only that, but her face felt weird, with her teeth and jaw feeling oddly stiff. Trish tensed and flexed her body, hearing more tears from her outfit as it couldn't contain her. She stared at her hands, the ham-fisted things looking so burly and clumsy. They looked almost inhumanely big. The glove still covered one, but it stretched so tightly over her hand that she couldn't take it off. Trish already saw the tears near the seams, and she could feel her hands still growing, little by little.

Another howl in the distance. Trish snapped from her daze and realized she was still in danger, and she hurried out of the mess hall before they came back to continue their orgy. The thought of fixing her body or finding Dyson was out of the question now. Instead, she needed to find the captain or, if they had turned as well, stop the ship. The massive transport vessel was heading

to a colony to resupply it, which was all automated. If no one did anything, the ship would land and dock in the port on the planet, and all the brutes would head out as soon as the doors opened, potentially turning the million-person colony into a paradise for the creatures. Trish knew she couldn't let that happen.

The hallway she headed into was empty, which was fortunate. What remained of her shoes fell off as she ran, leaving her feet bare against the metallic floor. Yet, it didn't hurt when she stepped on broken glass or debris. The skin on her feet had gotten leathery and thick, and she felt it spread up her legs. It made them stiff and weird, and more of her clothes tore as she ran. It didn't get better when she felt something pushing out from her spine, and she heard how something pierced through her overalls. She didn't want to acknowledge the spiky protrusions growing from her back, even if she knew they were there.

+Warning. Unknown entities have breached the bridge. Warning. +

'Well, at least now I know that,' she thought, sprinting even faster. The extra muscles helped, and she could run like this for miles. 'I can still stop this from spiraling even more out of control if I get to the bridge...'

Trish ran, soon taking a detour when she saw fighting and fucking up ahead in the hallway. The other hallway wasn't much better, with an orgy fucking and humping in the intersection. Instead, she climbed down a hatch and headed to the infirmary, hoping it was calmer. Each step Trish took, every time she bent over, every time she crawled through a vent - it made her clothes tear little by little. Trish's panties and pants had already been torn to tatters underneath her work overalls, her meaty thighs, muscular ass, and thick legs far too massive for them to contain it all. Her top barely held together, stretched so much over her barrel-like chest that it felt like it would tear off if she took a deep breath. The overalls were almost painfully tight, hugging every inch of her broad, hulking body.

The infirmary section was calmer, thankfully enough. What remained of Trish's glove fell off as she rounded a corner, revealing the burly fingers and thick nails underneath. She didn't care. A muscular brute chased her, only a few feet behind her, and its slobbering growls sent chills down her spine. Trish ran into the nearby treatment room and closed the door moments before a brute could catch her. It slammed its fists against it, denting and deforming it but not breaking through.

'That was close,' she thought, feeling more of her tank top tearing apart. Annoyed and angry, she pulled it and her torn bra off, surprised by her strength.

She stared down at her now bare chest, with the overalls stretched over her gorilla-like chest and powerful pecs. Trish saw how thick her skin had gotten, becoming almost leathery, and little remained of her formerly feminine breasts. It was undeniably masculine and muscular, and she hated how good it felt to run her hand across it, feeling every sculpted and beefy curve. Trish also noticed that the bulge between her legs had grown, with her cock still refusing to go flaccid. Her balls felt heavy, each sloshing with masculine seed she shouldn't have. She even felt something above her ass, slowly realizing it was the beginning of her tail.

'Hurry... Need to hurry...' Trish thought, shaking her head as she pushed aside more strange thoughts and urges. The musky scent hung around her, emanating from her body as it grew thicker.

Trish froze as she turned around. She wasn't alone. The infirmary was in shambles and empty, and the patients probably escaped when the first brute found its way there. At least the few that could walk. The others were most likely as burly as the rest, now prowling after their former friends. However, one remained, and Trish stared into Haley's scared gaze as she had a gun pointing straight at her. The blonde woman looked terrified, her hands shaking as she stared at her.

"Haley," Trish said, and her heart sank when she heard herself. She barely sounded like a woman. Her voice was thick and deep, almost gravelly.

"Stand back!" Haley said, her voice trembling. "Don't come any closer!"

"P-Please, I'm not like them," Trish said, raising her hands. She watched her fingernails growing longer and thicker, becoming as brutish as Harker's were.

Trish realized it was pointless to talk to Haley. She had been one of the closest to the fuel line when it ruptured and blew up, having barely survived the blast. She had bandages around her head, limping from an injury in her leg, and Trish knew she was completely deaf. It made her wonder: was that why Haley hadn't changed? Was the reason why she changed so slowly because of her poor hearing? Either way, it didn't matter. All Trish focused on now was not to get shot by her friend.

Haley stumbled to the side, getting a gurney between her and Trish before leaning against the wall. She looked panicked and hopped up on painkillers, her fingers twitching on the trigger. It wouldn't require much for her to pump Trish full of lead, something she was very aware of.

"P-Please, I'm not going to- Ah!" Trish's jaw cracked as she talked and felt it push out, with a few of her lower teeth swelling in size. "Agh!"

Haley gasped when she saw Trish's jaw deform and twist, with tusks pushing out from her mouth. Saliva dripped from her open maw as she grabbed her face with her meaty hands, feeling bones popping and teeth realigning to make room for her brute-like face. Trish was powerless to stop it. Even her hair began falling off, with lock after lock raining from her scalp. Another crack from her jaw made her see stars and fell on her hands and knees. There was no pain, just sheer discomfort and panic. In frustration, Trish slammed her fist against the floor, leaving a deep dent without realizing it. Her arms popped and grew longer while her legs thickened but got shorter, making her arms proportionally bigger. Even worse, she felt the bulge between her legs swell, and the erect cock already threatened to tear a hole in her overalls. Trish felt the drool drip from her increasingly ferocious face, and she saw the horror in Haley's eyes as she looked up at her. Yet, it wasn't the gun pointing at her that shocked Trish. No, the doors opening on the other side of the room scared her the most. She saw a beast push itself inside, the massive cock dripping with need between its legs.

"Hgrr-aley!" Trish bellowed, trying to talk with the tusks. She heard how beastly and manly she sounded, with a gravelly and guttural tone deeper than any man's voice. "Be-ghhhrl-ind you!"

"Stay back! Don't come closer!" Haley shrieked, shaking the gun at her. She didn't dare take her eyes off Trish, and the deaf woman didn't hear the lumbering steps of the other beast behind her. "I'll shoot!"

"N-No! The-gghhrrll-re's a beast behind you-oohhh!"

"No, stop!" Haley said, cocking the hammer.

"You don't under-gghhrrr-stand!" Trish said, her nostrils tingling as her nose flattened and changed while her senses grew sharper. "Be-aarrghh-ast!"

Haley only understood the pleading gaze and frantic pointing when it was too late. She turned as the beast pinned her against the floor, its cock pressing against her face and dousing her bandaged head with its pre-cum. Her garbled and gurgling screams drowned as the thing humped her, and Trish watched as the woman began to twist and change from the infectious seed. She wanted to save Haley, but she knew it was too late. All Trish could do was try to stop the ship before it was too late, and she left the room before the beast even realized she was there. Haley's cries echoed through the hallway behind her as Trish left, rapidly becoming more beastly with each passing moment.

Trish growled and gasped as she stumbled down the hallway a bit later, feeling her overalls finally giving up as her body swelled in all directions. It grew so quickly and suddenly, and it made her wonder if she stepped in some cum on the way out. It didn't matter. The transformation happened nonetheless. Trish watched as her skin darkened and grew thicker, becoming dark brown and leathery. She fell on her hands and knees again, her shoulders cracking as they grew several inches in a matter of moments. Trish's neck swelled wider but grew shorter, seemingly swallowed by the expanding mass of her shoulders. She slammed her fists against the floor again, feeling her hands growing broader. Her heart raced, her mind ached, and she felt the unnatural hormones and testosterone messing with her thoughts. Trish was usually calm, but now, she only wanted to howl and smash something.

'No, focus, Trish...' Trish thought, feeling more saliva dripping from the corners of her tusked maw. 'There's still time left...'

Loud cracks echoed through the hallway as her back grew and swelled with muscles, with more bony protrusions pushing out from her spine. She felt what she assumed was her tail push out through the tattered remains of her overall, the hairless thing swaying behind her. More hair fell from her scalp, leaving her increasingly bald, and she felt her skull pop as something began to push out from her forehead.

'The bri- um, the bru-, uh, the captain's room...' Trish thought, wiping her mouth with the back of her burly arm as she pushed herself up. 'The captain's room is close by...'

To her horror, Trish realized that standing on her knuckles and feet like this felt surprisingly comfortable. She felt her shoulders pop, making it easier for her to run like this. Trish refused to give in and stood straight up on her thick yet shorter legs, feeling her cumbersome upper body swaying as she tried to keep her balance. Her arms felt too long compared to the rest of her, swaying and reaching almost down to her knees. What remained of her overalls finally fell off, and, with it, the horrible thing between her legs burst free.

"Uggh! Ghhhrrrr..." Trish felt her cock throb as it fell out, drooling and dripping with need.

Trish stared down at her chest, now seeing the broad and undeniably masculine and beastly chest she had. Beyond it and her powerful pecs, she caught a glimpse of her cock, and it sent shameful tingles through her spine. It was huge, easily twice as big as a man's limb, and no longer looked human. She hadn't examined the beast's cock closely before, but now, when she had one herself, she could see how beastly it looked. It reminded her of a horse's, with the flattened tip and sheath it pulled into when flaccid. However, it was barbed and almost black and still growing. It was hard to tell how long or wide it was, but it was at least two feet long and nearly half as broad. Below it swung a pair of hefty testicles that churned and sloshed with need, slapping against her meaty thighs with every step she took. Veins covered both balls and cock, each pulsating with every heartbeat.

She didn't realize how mesmerized she was by her cock, and she hadn't even noticed herself rubbing it gently, her mind marinating in a stew of arousal and unnatural hormones. Trish only snapped out of her daze and stopped what she was doing when the AI's voice echoed through the ship.

+Warning. Unknown entities detected. Sectors two through seven are compromised. Depot one through four compromised. Bridge compromised. Warning.+

'Not good. Trish needs to hurry...' Trish thought, pulling her hand away from her cock, feeling it twitch in anger between her legs when she stopped rubbing it.

It was challenging getting to the bridge. Trish's arms flailed as she ran, and the urge to drop on all fours and run on her knuckles grew with each moment. Her body popped and cracked, with more muscles, bony protrusions, and soon horns growing on her body. To make matters worse, the hatch she intended to climb through to get to the bridge sector was too narrow for her broad shoulders and chest, so she had to improvise. Trish made her way to the faulty elevator and slammed open the hatch at the top before climbing up the shaft.

Trish hated how good it felt. She had never felt so strong and in control of her body before, and she pushed aside any pride she felt when she ripped open the elevator doors with her bare hands. The urge to use her swelling cock grew, with her mind getting tainted with lewd images as she ran by orgies. The musky scent hung heavy through the ship, and her body exuded the same virile stench. It drove her mad with lust, with her cock and balls aching so much that she almost stopped twice to rub one out.

Yet, for as horny and weird as she was, she didn't feel like the rest of the monsters. Trish retained her mind, and she could still think straight, albeit with some difficulty due to the arousal

and weird urges lingering in the back of her mind. Everything felt a bit hazy, though, and she couldn't concentrate.

'Maybe Trish won't get dumb and beastly like the others...' she thought, leaning against a wall as she felt her back pop and snap, making her growl like the other brutes. Trish didn't even notice the pool of pre-cum forming below her as she stood still, a thick glob oozing out of her twitching cock. 'Maybe there's a way to fix this...'

Trish heard another growl in the distance, snapping from her thoughts. She stepped forward and gasped when her back cracked again, and she fell on her knuckles. Trish groaned and shook her head, her neck practically swallowed by her muscular shoulders. It almost looked like she didn't even have a neck, making it hard to turn her head to look around. She was more worried about her back than her head, though, as she could barely stand up. Trish pushed herself up and stood straight, but it wasn't easy. Her back ached as she stood like that, and her shorter legs couldn't support her alone. Trish gasped as she fell forward again, realizing walking on knuckles like a gorilla was easier.

"Arrghhh!" Trish tried to talk, but all that came out was guttural growls and howls instead. She huffed, feeling another dribble of saliva dripping from her jaw.

'No time left... Trish needs to hurry...' Trish thought as she ran down the hallway, now lumbering down it like any other brute.

The hallway was at least five people wide, but she occupied most of it alone. Trish knew she was a massive mountain of virile muscles lumbering through the ship, her musky scent spreading and mixing with the other brutes's stench. Her cock flailed around below her, occasionally slapping against the metal floor and splashing her pre-cum everywhere. Her balls churned, feeling tauter and fuller than ever. God, they hurt so bad, and the urge to cum was more pressing than ever. Trish felt her body still growing, gaining more muscles and mass, even if it had slowed down. Her cock was gaining in size, becoming almost the size of an adult man. Finally, after what felt like an eternity, Trish arrived at the bridge. The stench of gunfire lingered in the air, mixing in with the virile stench, and she saw signs of fighting. The doors were bent open and apart, and claw marks were along the walls. All that remained was pleasure, though, and she could hear the beasts fucking in the other room. It took everything Trish had not to join them, her cock aching so much with the need to fuck something.

'Con- Cons- Um, screen thingy...' Trish thought, walking into the room. She tried to sneak in, but it was hard not to notice her imposing figure coming inside. Thankfully, the others were too busy with each other to see her. 'Press buttons on the screen. Not go to colony, go somewhere else...'

The guttural grunts and growls spread through the bridge, and Trish couldn't take a step anywhere without getting sticky. It seemed they had been going at it after the brutes stormed it, and the stench was thicker here than anywhere else. She saw discarded uniforms torn in half everywhere, along with empty guns and spent shells. Trish felt her knuckles and feet getting



covered in cum, making her leathery skin tingle. She ignored it, fighting through the strange urges clawing at the corners of her mind. It didn't get better when her balls bounced against the floor occasionally as she walked, the things so massive and heavy that they just barely dangled above the floor when she stood still.

'Where is it...' Trish thought, her gaze wandering over the equipment and screens, some broken and others as sticky as the floor. She had no idea how this worked, but she hoped she could figure it out.

Then, as Trish lumbered into the bridge, she saw something she hadn't seen before - space. The vast, open emptiness continued for seemingly an eternity, with twinkling stars and gorgeous nebulae swirling as far as her eyes could see. The ship was almost entirely enclosed, and Trish had never seen the stars and space in this way before. When she started at the company, she dreamed of witnessing the glory of the unending and unforgiving void with her own eyes. In the middle of this chaos, Trish was finally here, seeing it with her own eyes. She forgot about the brutes in the room and approached the expansive glass windows, almost pressing her flat nose and tusks against it.

"Guuuhhh..." Trish huffed, almost in shock at how impressive it was.

However, the sound of some brutes lumbering through the room snapped her out of her daze, and she shook her head. Trish glanced at the window one last time, but it had been a mistake. Her heart sank as she stared at her reflection in the window, her beady eyes widening with shock at what she saw. She didn't even want to believe it was her for a moment. But, as the burly brute with the enormous, muscular torso mimicked her movements, Trish realized it was her. Her face, as deformed as it was with her massive tusks, huge forehead, flat nose, curved horns, and leathery skin, still bore a resemblance to her old self. God, what would people even say if they recognized her? Her hair was gone, leaving her bald, with only a crown of horns adorning her skull. Every inch of her body was bare, including her face - no eyebrows, hair, or anything. It made her protruding and caveman-like brow stand out even more. Then, it was the eyes, those horrible, pupilless eyes. They were still blue and didn't glow, but they were the same as the others - so beady, so witless, and belonged more at home on a beast than on a person. Yet, as horrified and disgusted as she was, Trish couldn't take her eyes off her body. Her gaze wandered over her chest, the bulging torso and pecs curving so far out that she couldn't even see her feet. The only thing below her cork-like nipples she could see was her cock, but it said more about the size of her manhood than anything else. It was the size of an adult person and with testicles at least twice the size of medicine balls dangling below it in a heavy, wrinkly scrotum. Her cock was so huge she couldn't even put her burly hands around it all the way. Trish could feel the seed sloshing around in her testicles, enough to fill several buckets and so stuffed they constantly ached. Her cock dripped with need, smearing her sticky pre-cum everywhere as she moved around. The veins on it pulsated, the barbs and ridges throbbing as blood pumped into it and kept it almost perpetually erect. It was inhuman, too big for any creature to take, and she wondered if it'd ever go flaccid. Trish had her doubts, considering how she felt now.

Her beady gaze wandered over her clumsy hands, the massive things big enough to cover an

entire person's head and strong enough to pop it like a grape. Trish's arms were gorilla-like and oversized, matching her bulky torso. Her biceps and delts were huge, so much that she couldn't raise her arms above her head, and reaching anything on her back was impossible. She turned around and stared at her back, or tried to anyway. Trish saw the spikes pushing out from her spine and the massive muscular mountains protruding from her back. Trish's hips were somewhat broad, but they looked more like the haunches of a bull, with a bulky backside that belonged to an animal. Despite being thicker than any man's, her legs looked small on her hulking body. That wasn't to say that her quads and thighs didn't look monstrously bulky. The sight of her clumsy man-feet sent shivers down her spine, with toes like sausages and sharp nails adorning each digit. Even her ankles, calves, and knees looked insanely swollen with muscles. Trish shifted her weight awkwardly on her knuckles, and she felt her spike-covered, leathery tail brush against a chair covered in cum. Honestly, she was shocked she hadn't noticed it or even felt it getting spikes earlier, and it made her wonder if she could even feel pain anymore. Nails, yellowish and claw-like, and dark brown, leathery skin stretched tightly over her bulging muscles. Trish was one of them, even if her mind wasn't as far gone as theirs were. Yet, as disgusted, horrified, and scared as she was, Trish couldn't help but feel turned on. Every inch of her body, as deformed as it was, oozed masculinity and strength. She could sense and smell her virile stench with each breath, and even her heavy breathing sounded powerful. She could tear through metal, bend steel girders, and topple a tree with her bare hands. As monstrous as she was, she couldn't deny how it made her heart race. Trish felt her cock throb, the massive piece of meat too huge to fit inside anyone anyway, and her balls churned with the potent, infectious seed as she stared at herself. She barely realized she had reached down to her cock with her burly hands, squeezing it tightly and rubbing it, until a sputter of seed shot out and stained the glass window with her reflection on it. Trish snapped out of her thoughts and pushed away the urges, both turned on and scared by how easily they had flashed through her aching brain.

'N-No, Trish not...' Trish thought, turning away and shaking her head without realizing how much dumber she was. Her blood boiled, angry and ashamed at what she was. She had to fight the urge to smash the window. 'Button thingy... Need to press button and go to safe place...'

She pulled away from the window and let her gaze wander across the equipment, trying to stay calm. Trish eventually reached the captain's chair and let out a happy grunt when the equipment still looked functional. She pulled the chair away and approached a screen, saliva dripping onto the floor and with her cock pressing against the cool metal floor below her. Trish looked at the screen, her mind aching as she tried to understand what she saw. It was all just covered in squiggly lines, none of it making any sense. She assumed it was broken and glanced at another, but it didn't make sense either. Her heart sank as she stared at a piece of paper near her, and she couldn't make out a single word. It then hit her; she could no longer read. She could make out the shapes and forms, almost remembering what they meant, but it all turned to gibberish inside her now lust-addled and slow mind. Even if Trish could read, she couldn't pronounce any of it anymore with her deformed maw, inhuman tongue, and thick tusks.

"Grrrghhh..." Trish shook her head and growled, her anger rising as she realized how close she was to stopping the ship, only to stumble and fall on the finish line. "Aaagghhhh!"

Trish felt her blood boil, and her anger took over. The other brutes in the room stopped what they were doing when they heard her smash and break the consoles near her, slamming her mighty fists into them. They flew into pieces, her massive strength breaking them with ease. The more she wrecked it, the better she felt. Trish let the hormones take over momentarily, getting swept away by it as she drooled, screamed, and howled as the screens shattered and consoles broke apart.

Soon, it was over. Trish stood there, huffing and staring at the smashed computers and consoles as her heart sank. It was over. She had failed. Trish heard a few brutes approaching her, curious to see what she was doing. They didn't attack her since they now saw her as one of them. Trish knew she looked like them, which didn't even make her shudder. All she felt was anger and arousal, disappointed that all her struggles were in vain.

Suddenly, Trish felt the ship jerk to the side, and she stumbled as it began to turn. The AI's voice echoed through the bridge.

+ Altering course. Please stand by. +

Trish blinked. She had no idea if she did it or where it was going, but it didn't matter. The ship wasn't heading to the colony anymore, and it was enough to make her sigh with relief. The weight on her shoulders vanished, and she realized how strained her mind was to resist the urges trying to sneak into her brain. Trish knew she should push them away, to hold onto what remained of her sanity and humanity, but she couldn't any longer. It was too much. The pleasure, the beastly arousal, washed over her, filling her head with a strange bliss she hadn't felt before.

"Gruuuughh..." Trish growled and turned around, soon standing face to face with another brute.

The witless yellow eyes stared at her, the beady orbs glowing gently with an almost otherworldly light. There was no intelligence in them, just pure and unfettered instincts. Trish stared at the brute, soon spotting the captain's hat skewered on one of the horns. Had it been Warren, the captain? Or had the beast just accidentally gotten his hat on her head? Either way, it didn't matter. All Trish could focus on was the brute's soft, proportionally huge breasts and the warm, wet folds she knew it had between its legs. The tits were surprisingly perky for their size, with nipples twice the size of her own.

Trish knew she should be ashamed as she gave in to her urges, letting herself howl and scream like the other brutes as she pinned the female beast to the ground. She knew she should hate how her body felt, but all Trish could focus on was the pleasure as she let her enormous cock rub against her chest since it was far too big to fit inside anyone. It was like getting a pillowy and strange tit-job, but it was more than enough to make her horse-like cock throb and gush with need. Every thrust should fill her with shame, but she only felt pride. The way her vast testicles bounced should disgust her, but it only made her feel more powerful. The feeling of her body tensing up as Trish came should horrify her, but she felt only joy as her thick, slimy seed flowed over the muscular female's veiny breasts and tusked face. What came next was a sticky ordeal as more brutes joined in, with Trish in the center of the mess. She lost count of the number of times she came. All that mattered was the pleasure. The orgies continued as the ship sailed quietly through the void towards an unknown destination, only ending when everyone passed

out from exhaustion. The last thing Trish wondered before she fell asleep, and her monolithic cock finally went flaccid, was where she was going and if she would ever return to normal, but right now, Trish decided to let herself enjoy her new body and horrifically primal yet erotic life.