

Alone in the Stars



Vic Waite

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Alone in the Stars

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A Commission for ShantyShack

Disaster strikes on a deep space research vessel. An abandon ship order is given, and all but one escape. Stig finds himself alone on that steel and titanium coffin and takes it upon himself to find a way out. In doing so, he learns about the nature of the ship, what it was researching, and why the evacuation order was given. Can he find his way to safety, or will he have a prolonged stay with the research subjects?

Content Warning: This Novella is intended for **Adult** readers and the following tags apply: Commission, Novella, Adult, (ShantyShack), Male, Raccoon, Horror, Sci-Fi, Hypnosis, Corruption, Hyper, Hyper Cock, Hyper Balls, Hyper Breasts, Growth, Inflation, Excessive Cum, Tentacles, Plant, Group Sex, Intersex, Oviposition, Pregnancy, Lactation, Masturbation

Rude Awakening

Consciousness crept upon Stig with the same grace as a brick thrown through a window. The raccoon squeezed the bridge of his nose and rubbed the sleep from his eyes, processing the dregs of a fleeting dream. Even fresh off that uneasy sleep, its details rushed to escape him. He recalled flashes of an evacuation order, the faint rocking of the starship as something deep in its core failed. Stig breathed in a deep sigh and gathered his wit. He tossed aside the modest covers of his bed and swung his legs over its side, then planted his feet on thin synthetic carpet. His jaw dropped in a groggy yawn, echoed by a grunt when he finally stood. The raccoon's wit focused as he woke more and more, and by the time he got dressed, Stig was mostly ready for the day ahead. As he slipped into the last layer of his uniform, a form-fitting jumpsuit geared toward function over design, a notification caught his eye.

A weary sigh crossed the raccoon's lips. It seemed they were getting started early that day breaking things.

That heavy breath caught in his throat when he read the message, however. Its headline struck him as a horrible joke, a sick prank pulled by someone surely fired by then. The body of the alert banished that hope. Stig's chest sank as he read the general evacuation order. It fell deeper still when the time stamp revealed it was hours old. Panic lanced through his chest and fight or flight instincts rooted his legs to the ground. Clarity struck an instant later and he bolted to his belongings. Stig grabbed only what was most dear to him, those few sentimentals that couldn't be replaced, then raced from his cabin. When he threw its door open, a dissonant cacophony of alarms sounded in the distance. Stig cursed the broken siren in his room while he rushed down the hall of his wing, hoping beyond hope there was still time to escape.

That hope dwindled a little more with each step. The incessant screaming of alarms blared at full volume, filling what otherwise would be silence. As far as he could see down either direction of the central concourse, Stig saw no one else. There were signs of life everywhere, untouched meals left on plates, small handbags and toolkits abandoned in panic, but no passengers to go with them. The hours that had passed since the evacuation order became unbearably real in that instant, their weight nearly bringing the technician to the floor. Stig braced himself against the wall and forced strength back into his legs, and seconds passed while he gathered his resolve. A wavering breath let him reclaim his balance, and before dread could overtake him fully, he set his course for the escape pods. If the gods were kind, there may be one or two left for him.

Stig's next steps came with haste. He mustered his strength and ran down the empty hall, footsteps echoing against the blaring alarms, but gradually slowed with progress. The research vessel wasn't the most populated of starcrafts, nor was it the most luxurious, but sight of it totally empty drove home the gravity of the moment. Tools and belongings sat unattended and abandoned, lending to the strange, empty air. Communal spaces that previous buzzed with life sat barren, a state never reached even in the morning's earliest hours. The hallways also carried that sense of lifelessness, that curious feeling of a liminal space divorced from its purpose. Despair paired with the raccoon's waning stamina slowed his pace from a run to a jog, and then a jog to a walk. Those grating sirens rang in his ears, but urgency gave way to dread regardless. For better or worse, that waver in resolve stalled him just a short distance from the evacuation deck. He eventually lumbered over its threshold, but no amount of time could prepare him for what he found.

The evacuation deck spanned two levels. On both upper and lower, the familiar sight of pod doors and warning signs abandoned him. In their places were windows into the empty void beyond, a vast darkness devoid of life for millions of miles around. Shock rooted him place for just an instant, before panic bid him to sprint down the empty rows. Stig's worst fears crept closer to reality with each rushed footfall, spurring him to check, recheck, and triple check everything. Regardless of how many times he searched that deck, his findings didn't change. The last pod had launched hours ago, leaving him stranded on a drifting vessel. Even the crew pod's dock was empty, leaving him in all likelihood, completely alone.

The weight of that realization crushed the raccoon, and strength abandoned him. His legs trembled with that shock, allowing despair to bring him to his knees. Lacking the will to pick himself back up, his head rolled forward into his hands, and dreadful thoughts raced through his mind. Stig wondered how long rescue might take, or if it was coming at all. If every pod launched, there might not be a reason to investigate the ship until someone tried to reclaim it. The ship's time table clouded his mind's eye next. How long would critical systems last without workers to maintain them? He could service certain systems, sure, but not everything. The raccoon had never been trained on life support, an area where trial and error was not a favorable approach.

Finally, he wondered what was and wasn't working in that moment. Stig's thoughts wandered to more pragmatic territories while he considered that, recalling the few details given in the evacuation order. When he returned to the notice to double check, he found little more to go on. There was no reason given for the order, no code to hint at why it was issued. The raccoon furrowed his brow. Perhaps that was a symptom of what caused the abandon ship order in the first place, or maybe there was something else going on. In either case, it warranted investigation. With a tangible goal to move toward, the technician gathered what remained of his

resolve and picked himself up. The raccoon's muscles still tingled and blazed with the aftermath of his harrowing morning, but he found only one way forward.

Regardless of his next move, he needed information from the bridge to make it.

With a heavy breath, Stig took a step forward, then another and another. He carried his momentum well once he found it, walking down the escape corridor at a quickening pace. Still, the raccoon couldn't stop his gaze from flickering to the outside. Through the empty portal of departed pods, he scanned the void between foot steps. He wasn't sure if he hoped to spot a ship coming to the rescue, or a pod that caught wind of his predicament and turned back, but he saw nothing at all. There was nothing but the deep, yawning vacuum of space and the stars that burned against its backdrop. Stig found little comfort in that view, but he somehow found even less in the blank steel corridors ahead of him.

Perhaps it was the nature of deep space, a natural presence of the universe, that made it feel less ominous. Where that void had always been and always would be, the manufactured halls of the ship would not. Someone, somewhere designed the shape of the passage, the material that would line its length, even the lights that guided the raccoon through the vessel. Every one of those choices was made with the people that would populate it in mind. All those details made the lack of life all the more apparent. The ship itself yearned to be filled with the conversations of travelers and researchers, and that obvious absence amplified Stig's solitude. The technician tried to push that feeling from his head and focus on the task at hand. He succeeded for a moment, until the rhythmic blaring of the alarms cut out completely.

That sudden silence set the tech in edge, and for many moments he wondered what disaster would follow next. He braced

against the wall in anticipation of an engine breaking away and covered his mouth in case of a gas leak. He relaxed after what felt like an eternity, heart racing with frightful possibility. When the ship remained intact, realization finally donned on him. The alarms had simply timed out. Coldly comforted by that fact, he resumed his journey. Despite his previous annoyance with that constant blaring, it wasn't long before the tech grew to miss it. The quiet between his steps proved more unnerving, and the otherwise masked creaks and groans of the ship rose to prominence. The low flexing of steel and titanium sounded exceptionally haunting, raising the hairs on the back of his neck. It took Stig several minutes to adjust to those evil groans. Even once he had, the occasional outlier still frizzed his tail.

That trend would continue throughout the bulk of the ship. Across the length of its span, Stig found several more unnerving scenes. None were graphic or gorey, it seemed everyone that kept the craft running made a clean escape, but that almost put him more on edge. At a glance, it appeared that the other workers had simply disappeared, a detail that only made him wonder when that mysterious force would come for him next. With something between a shudder and a shrug, Stig shook that thought off. There was nothing so terrible or potent in the universe that it could commit such an act. Working himself up over shadows would only make things worse.

With his tenuous resolve reset, Stig worked his way through the rest of the silent ship. The raccoon kept to the rhythm of his own footsteps, a steady, hollow beat that carried him forward. That momentum carried him until the locked door of the bridge barred his way. He reached into a pocket and produced a keycard, a plate of plastic adorned with his name and picture. A swipe through the door's reader did not entice it to open, a fact that scrawled confusion across the tech's face. Another pass yielded the same result, and frustration furrowed his brow. When his third attempted

threatened a lock-out, Stig relented and sought another option. A quick investigation of the lock brought a burst of inspiration, spurring him to reach into a pouch at his waist. He produced a small console and modest screw driver, then crouched before the box.

Muscle memory took over as he searched out a small gap in the side panel and pried it open. A sharp crack sounded down the hall when that plastic gave way, followed by seconds of silence as he twisted the revealed screws. One by one they fell away, and with them followed the next layer of the lock's case. Finally, the raccoon slipped the edge of his screw driver under a hidden tab and popped the last of the device's outer layers away. The freed screen fell into Stig's waiting palm, revealing several ports. Knowledge and experience guided his hand to a smaller opening, hidden behind a bundle of wires. There he plugged his console in and earned a soft beep of affirmation. The raccoon turned his attention to his tool, and with a few taps to its screen, set the lock into test mode. From there, a simple clack of his claw was all it took to open the door. Satisfied with his work, Stig stood from his crouch and crept into the opened bridge.

Inside, Stig saw a mixture of the expected and unexpected things. Most striking of those things was a broad window stretched the span of the platform. Assorted holograms showed information about everything in its view, from distances to destinations and headings. A slew of terminals displayed that status of the ship, each screen focused on a different section. None bore the characteristic red of a critical error however, spurring the tech to continue his survey. That search soon brought him to the captain's terminal. A triple-wide screen situated before a lavish chair, it displayed a banquet of diagnostic data. Drawn by both its undeniable allure and potential solutions, Stig sat down in that seat and poured over everything. The dread that lingered in his chest gave way to curiosity while he dove into menus within menus within menus, fumbling through the digital labyrinth of nested folders. He didn't

know what he was looking for, or even if there was something there to find at all. Stig just hoped he'd know it when he saw it.

For better or worse, he was absolutely right.

On the Bridge

Stig nearly missed it at first. Hidden deep in the menus and status screens of the captain's console, the tech found a complete schematic of the ship, one far more complete than any other he'd seen. In that moment he learned the diagrams and schematics from which he did his job were carefully edited to redact a critical section of the research wing. Curiosity naturally drew him to that newfound area, and he poured over the revealed information. There was nothing to describe what research was conducted there, but the layout was laid out bare before him. Following the convention for such structures, it was arranged in a series of rings, with the innermost harboring the most valuable research commodities. Valuable enough to justify an escape pod dedicated to it and it alone.

An escape pod that had yet to leave the ship.

Stig's heart skipped a beat upon discovering that, and hope swelled in his chest while he looked into its specs. Designed to support boundless forms of exotic life, it appeared to sport everything he might need in the vacuum of space, save for auxiliary comforts. It even hosted a priority distress signal, which would coax rescue all the quicker. His only hesitation came when he imagined what he might be sharing the pod with, but that passed quickly. No roommate, no matter how alien or hostile, could be worse than the crushing solitude of an abandoned ship. Still, he made the effort to search through the bridge's logs for any information on that matter. The raccoon found a link to the research network and poked around to the best of his abilities, though he lacked the clearance to see anything useful. With a shrug, he turned his attention back to moving forward.

Stig tapped his claws across the screen and copied the hidden layout of the ship to his device. A few more produced a route to the concealed door, which the tech surveyed with surprise. He had passed that hall hundreds of times and had no idea of its hidden offshoot. With that knowledge secured, the raccoon departed from the bridge, hope renewed.

A small part of Stig hoped that he was simply in a nightmare, that any second, he would wake up back in his room and everything would be fine. He dismissed that notion with a breath. No matter how many times his footfalls echoed down those motionless corridors, the tech never got used to the sound. The ship's groaning ambiance was another constant reminder of his solitude, though that paled in comparison to the silence that came between. With nothing to feed his attention, the raccoon's thoughts wandered to the darkest corners of possibility, conjuring increasingly improbable threats. Danger closed in around every corner, and more and more horrific threats loomed over both himself and the ship as a whole.

Fortunately for the raccoon, a small degree of peace found him when he entered the ship's garden. More of a park than a field of cultivation, the sprawling green space was a stark contrast to the ship's metal and upholstery. Broad pathways wound through patches of grass and copses of trees, both of which basked in replicated sunlight. The raccoon visibly relaxed as that warmth hit his face, bringing with it memories of his planet-side home. With that came a boost of resolve. The haunted groans of flexing metal fell beneath the space's recreated sounds of nature, the chirping of birds and rustling of leaves in the illusion of wind. The raccoon accepted that comfort readily, and his breathing eased. For a moment he contemplated staying, an attempt to dwell in that calm for as long as he could, but that desire withered before it took root. With a sigh and shake of his head, he took the next step forward.

The raccoon walked until the artificial ambiance of nature surrounded him, then consulted his map. His brow furrowed at the sight, and frustration welled in his chest as he zoomed in. The diagram showed a basic view of how the sections of the ship were connected, how one area led into another, but the exact floor-plan remained obscure. Given the hidden nature of the research wing, that information only marginally helped him. The raccoon paused a moment to wrack his brain. Searching for the door himself was an option, though a time consuming one. After a moment of thought, an alternative donned on him.

With a few strokes of his claws he delved into a wiring diagram of the garden and scanned its contents. Between the relative lack of devices and his own experience, the tech quickly found a wire that seemed to go nowhere. A grin spread across his snout as he traced it to a seamless section of wall, and a quick scan with his tool revealed a hidden scanner. Stig fed it some credentials from the bridge, and a soft hiss filled the air as the passage beyond was revealed. He took a short instant to appreciate his ingenuity, then stepped over that concealed threshold.

The door sealed behind Stig with an equally soft sound, and in an instant, the raccoon was plunged into the depths of the vessel. As a restricted area on a restricted ship, the halls before him lacked the same finish and polish as the 'public' areas. Where decorated walls and soft carpet lined those familiar spaces, nothing but cold metal greeted the tech. Purely utilitarian, the entrance of the research wing offered no comforts beyond necessary life support. The grated floors and bare walls were built with nothing but sanitation in mind, a detail evidenced by the spray nozzles that lined the ceiling. A shudder ran down Stig's spine when he considered the chemicals that might be waiting on the other side of those outlets. Still, his confidence bolstered by finding the wing, he didn't pause to consider the risks or implications.

Fortunately for the tech, there was no getting lost in those halls. There were few forks in that hidden path, and sharp colored lines marked the different directions. The area was almost a ship in itself, containing everything from crew quarters to food service. The question of why gathered in the back of Stig's thoughts, though it wasn't long before he was given more interesting things to consider. Passed the junction that lead to the living spaces, he soon found the entrance to the proper research area. The door that guarded it asked for no clearance of any kind, simply assuming that because he was there, he belonged. Beyond that heavy glass and steel portal waited another garden, one quite more exotic than the one at the hidden wing's gate.

Where the ship's park was open and free, the research wing was tight and constrictive. The small lab used every inch of space effectively, leaving only narrow walkways between stations and specimen tanks. Those small desks were cluttered with equipment and dominated by terminals, able to support all manner of experiment and recording. The chairs were equally minimalistic, little more than thin bars on adjustable stands. Comfort was clearly secondary, a sentiment matched by the lab's pallet. The only colors present belonged to alien flora, which offered a rich spread of enticing hues. Largely a mixture of purples and golds, the plants weren't like anything Stig had seen before. That trend continued when the raccoon leaned in closer to the glass, spurring the specimens to react. Some recoiled and shrank into their stems while others snapped and lunged, and still more didn't regard him at all.

Above everything else in the mix of emotions those sights inspired, Stig was relieved that everything was still contained. Despite showing the same signs of swift abandonment, still-steaming cups left on desks, chairs tipped in a rushed hurry, there were no obvious signs of danger. No specimen tanks were cracked or damaged, and a quick diagnostic check of the wing revealed no

underlying issues. That revelation raised concerns however. On one side of the coin, the raccoon was relieved that the evacuation order didn't come from something breaking loose. On the other, the mystery lingered and weighed on his mind. Regardless of those questions and feelings however, Stig had only one way forward, and he followed it with resolve.

Again, the raccoon's nerve was tested. The comfort brought by relatively pristine labs abandoned him with progress, and damage to the wing started to stand out. It began in little details, blackened patches around outlets, signs of overheated plastic equipment, and they become more worrying with every step. Still, it wasn't until he crossed a cracked specimen tank that he paused. The tech's pace slowed before it, and curiosity demanded he take a closer look. The plant within was much like the flora near the entrance, a single, thick flower atop a winding stem, though that's where the similarities ended. The creature's 'leaves' fluttered and twitched in Stig's presence, and innumerable tiny tentacles squirmed from its center. They moved not unlike a snake's tongue, gradually converging on the technician's direction.

Their almost hypnotic sway drew Stig closer to the glass, only to drive him away with a swift strike.

The raccoon backpedaled and narrowly avoided falling to his ass, then placed a hand on his chest and caught his breath. His racing pulse slowed in the following moments and his nerves calmed at the same time. Eventually he mustered the courage to inspect the plant again. Braced for its strike, Stig found the second attack much less surprising. Still, the way it slammed into the cracked glass was enough to cause worry. The raccoon backed off before the creature saw fit to attack a third time, deciding it best not to tempt fate. With that he decided to move on, delve deeper into the research wing, but what he found did little to ease his nerves.

What he saw at that damaged work station repeated across that section of the ship. The desks were spread further apart than the entry area, a consequence of handling larger specimen tanks, though the stories were the same. Discarded personal items littered more than a few of them, and overturned chairs were once more a common sight. Even more concerning however, were patches of discarded clothing. Stig puzzled over dropped lab coats and abandoned shoes, unable to conjure anything that could separate clothes from their owner like that. Still, his imagination struggled, and each ill-formed possibility was more horrifying than the last. Realization to his own spiraling didn't strike until moments later, and that blow was enough to shake those thoughts from his head. Speculating on nothing so wildly would never do him any good, and taking that fact to heart, the raccoon calmed himself down. That mystery still loomed in the back of his mind however, and it once more sprang to the forefront of his thoughts not long after he continued onward.

Amidst the abandoned work stations, Stig soon ran across an open terminal. Curiosity got the best of him, and like a moth drawn to a flame, he approached the screen. An irritated sigh passed his lips when he found the previous user still logged in, a clear violation of the most basic security precautions. The tech couldn't begrudge them too much while he scrolled through log after log, however. It only took him a few seconds to reach the most recent projects, which he delved into without a second thought. Chances were slim that he'd find anything related to the evacuation, though Stig still wanted an idea of what he might be walking into. A file marked 'Ymir' offered a glimpse of that, but in reality it only raised more questions. Higher level researchers carved out most of the documents, redacting critical information with large swaths of black, but Stig gathered a few key points. Whatever Ymir was, it was found on an asteroid, it was unlike anything seen before, and it was to be kept at subzero temperatures at all times.

The raccoon uttered a silent prayer and hoped the cryo systems worked. If Ymir was as important as the report made it sound, he would be spending plenty of time with the specimen in their escape.

Root of the Problem

Stig shoved that impending reality to the back of his mind with a heavy sigh. He did his best not to dwell on it, rationalizing that there were still several unknowns that needed to align. Once ready to continue, he pulled himself away from that terminal and proceeded. His journey to the next segment of the wing was only a short walk, and it wasn't long before he reached a heavy airlock. Recalling diagrams accessed on the bridge, the raccoon figured out what waited for him on the other side. While the majority of the research wing as arranged as a typical lab, open rooms with work stations scattered about, its core took a different design philosophy. Built on the principles of quarantine and containment, the inner reaches of the ring featured a set of concentric chambers. The innermost housed the most important and dangerous subjects, with each chamber around it holding progressively less critical items. With only a loose idea of what he'd find on the other side, Stig opened the air lock and stepped through.

Across that threshold, the sterile walls of the lab gave way to something much more industrial. Built with strength over finesse, raw metal dominated the structure. Heavy grates clanked under Stig's boots as he took those first strides in, passing into a short corridor lined by thick columns. The raccoon only encountered one break in that heavy-duty design, a decontamination chamber mere feet into the inner area. To the tech's relief, the machine still worked. A quick bath in sterilizing mist saw him through to the next segment, where more unsettling curiosities awaited him the tech.

The first of those sights struck Stig instantly. Discarded clothes littered the metal floor, tossed aside for reasons the raccoon struggled to grasp. There were far more than just lab coats in those unorganized piles, a detail that only deepened the mystery. Shirts

and pants joined those white garments, and a cursory investigation revealed underwear as well. Even socks and shoes were not spared, kicked aside in a mad rush to go... somewhere. Stig furrowed his brow and covered his muzzle with a paw, unsure of how to process the disheveled outer ring. He found some relief in the fact nothing was ripped or bloodied, though his mind raced to fill in the gaps and solve the strange mystery.

While he gnawed on that discovery, another made itself known. After reaching down and collecting one of the fallen shirts, Stig rose back to his full height and nearly jumped from his skin. Before him, mere inches from his snout, was a 'plant' not unlike the one that struck its container in the previous lab. An undignified yelp leapt from his chest and he braced for the worst, but to his relief, an attack never came. The raccoon dropped his guard with realization, then hesitantly took a step back. When the creature didn't react, he plucked a rod from the desk at his side and gave it a poke. The subject gave a sluggish reaction, a tired twitch and lazy curl around that scientific stick. Puzzled over that stark contrast in behavior, the technician soon threw that conundrum away. As long as his potential escape pod mates didn't attack him, he wasn't going to look a gift horse in the mouth.

With his focus reset on progress, it didn't take Stig long to find the gate to the lab's next section. Even amidst the unpainted metal and heavy-duty construction, that portal stood out. Built from many layers of doors and sealed too perfection, its quality impressed the technician. What waited on the other side struck him harder, however. As the gate opened, the sight of a frozen scientist greeted him. The raccoon's heart stopped the instant he beheld the fox, once more unsure of what he was looking at. The figure, undressed and fully nude, seemed locked in place as if he were a mannequin. An expression between arousal and terror remained etched on his brow, and his member reached out at full mast. Stig crept closer, as

if the slightest motion would break the vulpine from his apparent trance, but that dreaded beat never dropped.

Conflicting thoughts warred in Stig's mind. Every instinct demanded he not touch the fox. Whatever put him in such a state might have been contagious. Even if it wasn't, he feared what the scientist's reaction might have been if he woke. Upon closer examination however, those doubts waned. There was something about the fox that beckoned him closer. Perhaps it was a gleam in his eye or a twist in his smile, but the technician couldn't pin it down exactly. That mysterious factor drew him in closer and closer, and curiously, lower. Stig sank into a crouch and placed the scientists length at eye level. An almost imperceptible throb ran down its length, a sight the raccoon found enticing. Something in the back of his mind bid him to lean in closer, until his breath washed across that unmoving tip. Stig's tongue reached out and strained toward a bead of pre, until reason crashed back upon him.

A combination of confusion and embarrassment blazed in his cheeks. That aroused impulse dissipated as quickly as it formed, leaving the tech baffled by his own actions. Stig stood and shook that unexpected thought from his mind, then gathered his thoughts. In that moment, he caught a glimpse of the ring's next chamber. The raccoon froze on instinct, then relaxed when he realized it was more stuck scientists. A deep dread swept over what little relief the tech found in the lack of immediate danger. Despite that, he found himself walking forward. Whether it was his resolve to escape or a morbid curiosity, Stig found the strength to move through the rest of the lab and examine the others caught up in the mess.

In the next chamber, Stig found a sight that was becoming uncomfortably familiar. A trail of discarded clothing lead to a small group of furs, all as aroused and rigid the fox. A simple glance of their expressions and body language revealed a similar tale of conflicted emotions. Signs of arousal dominated their forms, from

shameless lengths to eager hands, though something in their eyes failed to align with the larger picture. It was nothing definite, little more than a gut feeling deep in the core of Stig's being, but he couldn't ignore it. That indistinct inkling warded off any sympathetic arousal Stig might have gathered, spurring him to keep a cautious distance from the group.

He gave them a wide berth and carefully stepped around their clothes, as if disturbing the piles might stir them from their waking sleep. After several tense seconds, the raccoon reached the entrance to the next ring, where he paused for just an instant. An imperceptible test of his mettle, and he hacked his way into the next layer of the lab.

By the time Stig finished dealing with that door, only a threshold separated him from the wing's inner ring. Regardless, the tech felt a discernible shift when he crossed it. Something in the air changed with that first step, and that development sent a shiver down his spine. His nostrils flared and his chest fluttered as he passed yet more discarded clothing, and his tail trembled while he followed their trail around the lab's bend. While he already knew what he would find, the details of that sight gave him new reason to pause. Another small group of time-locked researchers waited for him passed that corner, though there were no signs of fear or apprehension in their eyes. Whatever reservations their peers in the previous room harbored did not reach that small group.

More importantly, the four of them openly indulged in their overwhelming lust.

With the exception of a bear, who had her gaze fixed on a window into the lab's core, the group appeared wholly consumed by carnal desire. Before the overweight ursine, a cat laid sprawled across the floor between his three lovers of the moment. Streaks of pre lined his belly where his need overflowed, and the lust of his

friends matted down other patches of fur. A broad, drunken grin spread across his muzzle, no doubt delighted to service and be serviced by his coworkers. At one of his sides waited a brightly-colored bird, lost in the throes of lust while he pumped his shaft through the feline's closed hand. Across from him sat a horse, eyes rolled back in bliss. Evidently stopped mid-climax, that equine spire bulged with a shot of cum halted mid stream. A pang of sympathy hit in the raccoon's chest, and it only deepened upon closer inspection of the scene.

A swell in the feline's middle snagged Stig's attention. At a glance the raccoon thought it was just a roll of flab, though something about that assessment seemed off. That bump looked just a little too round, and before his common sense caught up with his thought process, the raccoon reached out and touched it. His fingers sank into that soft grey fur, though what bulged beneath it was much too firm. The tech's brow furrowed with that realization, and his fingers traced its curve in curiosity. He only withdrew his hand when something moved, a motion that sent him reeling. The tech staggered back from the lewd scene and shook his hand, as if the motion would shrug off the memory of what he just felt. He chided himself for such carelessness, then checked his fingers. A small trail of lust clung to his digits, which he promptly wiped on his jumpsuit. The raccoon took a breath and gathered himself, then stepped away.

The fate of that quartet lingered in his thoughts, along with the thing that moved under his touch. Stig's imagination filled in blanks of ignorance, conjuring visions both dreadful and impossible. The raccoon closed his eyes and shook those notions from his head. When he opened them again, he spied his goal. Through a triple-paned window, a terminal stood at the center of the research wing. Stig picked out the flight controls mixed in with the other boards and inputs, a detail that refreshed his confidence. He stepped around the reveling scientists and approached the gate to the lab's core, a

portal far more imposing than those before it. Still, it's keypad used the same protocol as all the others, and after a few minutes of tinkering, Stig granted himself entry.

When that slab of steel and wire finally opened, full-blown carnal chaos greeted him. A chill washed over him as a cloud of cold air blew passed, frosting the tips of his fur as it dissipated. Another shiver followed when the mist within cleared. Though that innermost chamber was by far the smallest, it housed the majority of the research staff. Their indulgent and sexual positions and postures were slightly less surprising, a sight tempered by the displays before it. Still, there was something new to this scene, something Stig couldn't have ignored, no matter how much he might have wanted to. An orgy broke out before him, seemingly locked in time as the others, but its participants were supernaturally well endowed.

A horse and a dragon each bore cocks as long and thick as Stig's leg and balls that hung to their knees. The mouse and mink between them heaved breasts the size of the rest of them, large enough to wrap around those tree-trunk sized spires. There was no fear or apprehension in their eyes, only a lust that seemed to consume them. Their mouths were dropped in shameless moans, and the first ropes of climax leaked from those frozen tips. A wave of pheromones washed over Stig when he took another step closer, and a heat kindled deep in his core. Unlike a typical lust, that need burrowed deep into the technician's core. It burned in his chest and simmered in his thoughts, and his body briefly railed against his mind's control. In the moment before higher conciseness realized what happened, Stig's hands acted of their own accord.

In a gesture he struggled to register, Stig reached for the collar of his jumpsuit and tugged at its zipper. The low, lazy drone of parting fabric mixed in with the sounds of crackling ice, allowing the cold bite of the air into his fur. The raccoon shivered and fluffed with that chill, but didn't stop. His gaze wandered while he shrugged his

shoulders free, revealing a layer of modest muscle built by man-handling equipment. An obvious tent formed between his thighs when he spied a pair of scientists tucked away opposite of the terminal, locked in a carnal hold. An overly endowed fox had lifted the legs of a raccoon, then drove their shaft deep into the scientist's depths. In addition to an obvious bulge in their belly, that raccoon sported a cock the size of the rest of them and a pair of breasts that dominated their torso. Stig dropped the sleeves of his jumpsuit and lumbered closer, entranced by the sight and possibilities before him.

The scent of pheromones and heat swamped his senses in those short steps, fogging his thoughts completely. He left his jumpsuit behind him in a trail as he stepped from the last of it, ready to join in the apparently experimental fun. Stig's cock bounced and throbbed in the shadow of his paunch while he lumbered toward the scene, then reached out and took the other raccoon's breasts into his hands. Warm to the touch and sloshing with milk, he couldn't help but knead those overfilled swells. Warm fluid saturated his fingers, a sharp contrast to the icy chamber. That contrast drew him closer, where something more caught his eye. While one of his hands sank lower and glided across the raccoon's endurance-breaking shaft, his eyes drifted to the fox behind them. Nestled in the fluff of his tail was something that didn't belong, a fleshy something that broke through from the wall behind them.

Stig's brow furrowed, and the morbid curiosity that followed shook him from his lustful trance. Still, he traced his finger tips over the raccoon's figure in a teasing motion as he looked behind the pair, unable to abandon his need entirely. What he found gave him quick reason to remove his hand, however. While he couldn't follow that tendril into the wall, what it had done to the pair was enough to panic the technician. Stig's breath caught in his throat when he found the vine's end embedded under the fox's tail, seemingly merged with his anatomy. Root-like bulges radiated from its point of entry, long enough to reach down the vulpine's legs and up his

back. They wrapped around his figure and terminated in his endowments, likely the source of their growth. The only exception was a line length that followed the length of his shaft and buried itself into the raccoon's ass.

Confusion and fear swelled in Stig's chest and rooted him in place, until an icy drop landed on the tip of his nose.

Ymir Breaks Loose

Cold to the point of pain, that droplet landed with the sting of a dagger. Stig recoiled and turned his gaze upward, where he found the source of that shock. The tech wondered how he hadn't seen the split cryo line on his way in, until a soft pop took his attention back to the center of the core. A frosted tube filled that space from floor to ceiling, layered thick with opaque ice inside and out. Another crackle sounded through the tiny room, followed by a crash and shatter. In the back of his mind, the raccoon knew what that sound meant, and a glance up confirmed the worst. A section of that miniature glacier fell away, revealing the creature within the tube. Stig's brow furrowed while he processed that sight, both surprising but somewhat expected and even familiar.

At a glance, the relation between the main subject and the smaller specimens was obvious. The coloration was the similar, a mixture of purples and greens and golds, even the forms were similar. The creature's main stalk featured leafy growths and probing tendrils, each of which could have been a trimming from another lab section. A colossal 'flower' set it apart from the other subjects however, a vaguely regal structure that elevated it above the others. A mess of vines crawled and crept along the floor of the chamber, climbing up the glass wall more than a few inches. Stig couldn't shake the feeling that they were looking for weaknesses in the chamber. Whether or not there was truth to that notion, their exploration continued. Those tiny tendrils writhed with more and more energy in the growing warmth, gradually waking up from hibernation. Something deep in her core told him to run, but the raccoon remained transfixed until the creature awakened.

The flower at the peak of the stalk opened in a lazy motion, and the lengths at its center surged forth. The face of that bloom

snapped toward Stig, shocking him with its swiftness. That surprise faded as he looked into its center, the sensation replaced by a developing pain. His head swam while his eyes remained locked on the plant's 'face,' struggling to process the sight before him. The sights and sounds of the lab, even the cold bite in the air yielded to Stig's brewing headache, a deepening discomfort that threatened to consume his being. The sensation of tendrils crawling and writhing under his skin filled his bodily presence, eliciting the instinct to recoil away. That gut reaction blunted and faded with time however, soon replaced with a consuming desire. Rational thought withered in the presence of his lust, and the desire to look away from the creature went with it. Hypothetical pleasures ran through his inner eye, each vision more appealing than the last. A constant trickle of lust leaked from his bared spire, and idea of never looking away took root in his ebbing thoughts.

Before he completely fell prey to the creature however, the fox and raccoon opposite of him lurched back into motion. Their combined moans shook the silence of the research chamber, and like a train gaining momentum, the pumping of their hips resumed. With their master thawed they returned to motion, and with that movement came the culmination of their lust. The fox rolled his head back and filled the air with a heavy groan, then unleashed his pent up lust into the raccoon's depths. Their belly swelled passed the second trimester with just the first shot, and by the second and third, mobility escaped them. For better or worse, Stig's swelling counterpart was not on their own power. Pressure built in their belly as it grew and dropped passed their knees, building a force that soon launched her from the fox's lap. They lurched halfway across the room with a shower of cum, then gave a drunken stumble before dropping to the floor. The weight of their figure on their belly propelled a spray of lust back onto the fox, in which he readily basked.

High on that afterglow, the raccoon simply basked on their swollen stomach and moaned under their breath.

Shaken from his trance, Stig rubbed his brow and closed his eyes. In the murky darkness behind his eyelids, that creature lingered. A low groan resonated in his chest and he swayed on his feet, still unable to nail down exactly what he saw. That lust in his core resurged, but not before the tech found the presence of mind to recover. He snapped his eyes open before that kindling inferno took over, only just wrestling back control of himself. He eyed the spent pair before him with a careful gaze, desire still roiling just beneath the surface of his thoughts. The raccoon had no desire to move from the perch of their belly. They lounged across it with the same lack of mobility as the scientists Stig saw before, seemingly awake but rooted in place. The fox, however, watched him with a sultry, unearthly smirk. He reached for his massive shaft and gave it a teasing heft, bouncing it in his palms while pre leaked to the floor. Stig stepped back from that spreading puddle and approached the core's terminal, doing his best to ignore that siren's call.

Stig struggled to focus on the screen while he scrolled through wall after wall of text, only gleaning sporadic bits of information. In his search for escape pod's flight controls, he learned a few key details regarding the thing in the tank. The scientists called it Ymir and at a glance, it possessed incredible qualities. A note about compatibility with most life blazed passed Stig's eyes, along with the direction to keep the creature near-frozen at all times. Error logs and automatic incident reports followed, one of which detailed a break in the cryo systems. The time-stamp on that report placed it a few minutes before the evacuation order. Stig scanned passed them with the speed of a tech on a mission, until he finally made it back to the terminal's main menu. From there it was a simple matter to find the flight controls, and he wasted no time getting into them. With a diagnostic back door, Stig granted himself full access. Before he could start learning the finer details of the system however, a heavy

thud sounded through the chamber. Another hunk of ice broke away from the creature, and with that sound came scrambling from outside.

The raccoon's ears perked, and with that perception he heard distant shouts. Stig lacked the clarity to make out their words, but judging by their increasing distance, he judged they were heading for the launched escape pods. The notion of calling out and warning them crossed his mind, but when he tried to form the words, nothing happened. His voice caught in his throat and confusion furrowed his brow. Another attempted shout brought only a puff of breath, until the pattern embedded in his brain flashed across his vision. That after image of the creature frayed his concentration and sent him reeling, and another rush of lust crumpled his strength. He dropped to his knees in the pool of the fox's pre, which had grown cloudy with the vulpine's seed. That new angle brought his gaze back to Ymir, and his jaw dropped in captivation. Despite his best efforts, that primal fear that railed in the back of his mind, Stig couldn't pull his eyes away from the creature. His head swam with its unknowable visage, even when he mustered the strength to close his eyes. It peered through his eyelids regardless, and he battled against the psychic tendrils that ensnared his mind.

It was only by chance the technician broke away. A physical tendril squirmed across his hand, and with the reflexive action of recoiling, Stig taxed Ymir's hold. Still, the raccoon shuddered. Though he reclaimed control of his body, he felt the continued writhing of those mental feelers deep in the folds of his brain. While they didn't fully control his thoughts, they colored them deeply, and what was once fear and aversion slowly became longing and attraction. The raccoon shook his head in an attempt to reground himself in reality, only for a new set of sensations to assail his form. When he looked down to pool that caught him, he discovered that the thing that slithered over his hand wasn't alone.

Stig wasn't sure if the multitude of tiny tendrils came from the fox, Ymir, or the combination of their being, but in that moment it didn't matter. He sprung to his feet and brushed himself off, though by then it was a token gesture at best. As a faint tickling, the tech felt them swimming through his fur and circling his figure. Adrenaline surged through him while he scratched and plucked at his hide, but he had no hope of dealing with all of them. As such, it was only a matter of time before the first invaded his body. Stig's fur stood on end when the invader slipped between his cheeks, gliding over and through his pucker in a single motion. His back arched and his tail frizzed, and in that stunned moment, more followed. Stig quickly lost count of how many of them packed into his body, and soon, that was the farthest thing from his mind.

Seconds later, a crippling heat bloomed in Stig's core. What came before was but a match in the light of a bonfire, spurring the raccoon to clutch his middle and double over. That sensation bit him as searing pain for just an instant, before his nerves rewrote it as blazing pleasure. His cock hardened and dripped like a faucet while his body rebelled against him, defying his mind's reason with bliss. The raccoon doubled over and their hips popped with growth, lurching wide enough to dominate his silhouette. Had his jumpsuit not already lay on the ground, he would have shredded it. He found the presence of mind to trace a hand over those feminine curves and survey their size, and that light touch alone set his chest fluttering. A jet of pre launched across the chamber with that delicate touch, where it splattered to the ground and mixed with the fox's desire. Another throb and shot followed in its wake, establishing a rhythm that left the raccoon breathless.

With every one of those pleasurable emissions, his body warped to more effectively fuel them. With each clench and throb his sac swelled, growing from a modest handful to a pair of wrecking balls. The expanding width of his ass helped counterbalance those swinging weights, though his lengthening spire proved a problem all

its own. Stig's tip grew passed the reach of his hands, leaving only its widening trunk in his reach. Still, he rubbed up and down everything he could reach, deepening pleasure's hold on his thoughts. In that mixed maelstrom of bliss, he almost didn't notice a faint tingling behind his balls. That sensation blossomed into a second lance of sexual need, one that took the forefront of his attention. It reached deep into his core and pooled just above his hips, instilling him with a need that he struggled to understand. Stig's changing instincts soon caught up enough to recognize it as feminine desire. A pair of swelling breasts underscored the reality of his changing nature, endowing him with a figure not unlike the taken raccoon before him.

The all-consuming desire to follow in their footsteps and mount the fox overwhelmed his thoughts, but a small kernel of rationality held firm in the back of his mind. It was only enough to give Stig pause, but in that brief window, a new problem presented itself. The thawing creature extended its control once more, drawing the scientists under its sway to its side.

Quick, clumsy footsteps thumped from beyond the core's limit, the sounds of lust-drunk scientists rushing toward the source of their need. A tiny voice in the back of Stig's mind screamed that it was time to go, to seal the doors and launch the pod, but his body ignored his command. Still, he retained just enough self control to stop himself from indulging in those obvious needs. Those steps continued to rise in volume and frequency until a figure filled the doorway, a muscular wolf with a cock long and heavy enough to reach the floor. A constant flow of pre granted him motion without uncomfortable friction, a quality he displayed with a sudden lunge. Stig squeezed his eyes shut and braced for blissful impact, but instead only felt the breeze of the passing canine. A cloying, enticing scent swam in his wake, and wet schlick followed not a second later. A drunken moan harmonized with the canine's guttural groan, noises soon eclipsed by rhythmic claps.

The tech turned his head to find the other raccoon mounted and pinned, legs spread wide by the wolf's pistoning hips. Those obscene sights and sounds drew a sympathetic reaction from his own anatomy, a blooming heat in his core and a throbbing need below his belly. A fresh wave of Stig's lust flowed and dripped to the floor, both masculine and feminine, which combined with the wolf's enthusiastic fucking to entice the other scientists in faster. Soon, multiple shadows stretched across that steel threshold. Some were slim and muscular, toned with unnatural strength. Others were round with either pregnancy or fat, gravid with the creature's influence. All of them sported features like the fertility deities of old, large and bountiful enough to make them jealous. A moment hung in the air as they got caught on the doorway, squished in placed by hips and balls alike, until one of them finally popped through. With that came a flood of lust and bodies, swiftly filling the chamber with single-minded sex.

Despite the growing pile of carnal bliss before him, Stig remained a bystander. His body ached for their touch, every fiber of his being throbbled and thrummed with unanswered desire and need, but nothing pulled him into the group. Neither internal nor external influence moved the tech from the sidelines, his resolved reinforced by thoughts of long-term wellbeing. Those notions cracked as more and more of the remaining crew piled into the chamber and threw themselves into that pleasure pile, filling the room with their heat and presence. It wasn't long before the carnal heat in Stig's core met the more typical variety, spurring a hand to his brow to wipe away a bead of sweat. The moans and groans of the creature's thralls masked the crackling and thumping of breaking ice, but they couldn't hide the roar of the thawed beast.

Planted Seeds

That psychic scream tore through the research wing, dominating the senses and perceptions of all in its range. The figures locked in carnal revel locked and trembled in its presence, immediately sent into spasms of bliss, while Stig clutched his head and doubled over. The echoes of that sound pounded and resonated between his ears, blurring his vision and dulling his focus. As a passenger in his own body, he stood rooted in place while the scientists before him warped and twisted. It started with the fox closest to the creature. From the vulpine's back a cluster of tentacles erupted, laced with the purple and golds of the subject before him. They writhed and throbbed in the open air while his eyes rolled back, a prelude to spasms of bliss that rocked his form. Visible bulges marched through the length of those tendrils, moving in time with those paroxysms of bliss until they reached the ends. From them launched a volley of pearly globes, which arced through the air and splattered across the fucking scientists. With that touch, their own transformations began.

Like a scene from a horror movie, tendrils and tentacles sprouted and erupted from the enthralled crew. Bursting from the crevices and orifices of those corrupted officers, they wove around the group in seconds. Wrapped around thick thighs and spread them wide while others coiled around cocks and balls, adding to the layers and layers of pleasure that buried any sense of self or preservation. The thick schlicks of those tendrils gliding into and out of selected partners only drew more to the cramped chamber, compounding that carnal chorus until its cacophony overpowered everything else in the research wing. As more and more enthralled scientists powered into that room, space became a premium. Though still a bystander, the orgy swiftly encroached on Stig's legs. The temptation to dive in and throw caution to the wind tugged at

his better judgment, throbbing his cock and clenching his core, but his willpower miraculously held.

At least until one of those tentacles wrapped around his ankle.

Like a lightning bolt, sensation surged up Stig's leg. It lanced through his nerves and pierced his thoughts, then sapped his strength. His enhanced figure wobbled with his drop to the floor, a motion that sent further ripples of pleasure through him. That bushy tail flagged without a thought, inviting the tentacles to share their bliss. They gleefully obliged, and Stig's breath caught in his throat when they climbed his thighs. Slick with lust, his feminine entrance eagerly welcomed their touch. A tendril as thick as his wrist stole his newfound virginity, spearing him to the cervix in a single thrust. His head rolled back and a shot of seed arced over the orgy, adding his own pleasure to the growing pile. A second climax crashed down upon him, scorching what remained of his thoughts in twofold bliss. The bulges that marched into his figure hardly registered, mere background noise against those blinding sensations. The subtle bulges of eggs moved beneath his plush layer of flab, planting the seeds of future pleasure under the cover of current sensations.

The thought of future consequences fell to Stig's wayside, along with his preoccupation with pleasure. More and more scientists crammed their corrupted figures through that doorway, until no more room remained. Those on the outskirts of the orgy battled amid their thrusting and fucking, working their way toward the center of the group at the expense of others. Paralyzed by pleasure, Stig found himself gradually shoved and pushed away from the core. His arms reached out and weakly grasped at his partners, though they were token gestures at best. A small part of him railed against the creature's control, an enduring mote of self that soon saw him pushed over the threshold. The fertile raccoon stumbled back and fell onto his ass, a jolt that rattled the creature's growing hold on his mind. He sat there stunned for just a moment while that internal

battle raged between his mind and body, and in that instant the orgy before him reached its climax.

In a many-fold moan of bliss and conquest, everyone in that pleasurable pile came at once. A tide of seed gushed across the floor as bellies filled and overfilled, testing the limits of their warped, enhanced figures. Tentacles darted and squirmed around and between those bodies locked in bliss, drinking up the lust and corruption while the creature's vessels filled and overfilled. Round, gravid swells formed on most participants, blowing through trimesters by the second. Those indulging in oral delights saw their stomachs similarly swelled, growing domes that wobbled and sloshed with the slightest motions. A few among them metabolized that seed as swiftly as it arrived, piling pounds onto their fertile frames in an instant. Rolls of fat billowed forth to meet and cushion their pregnant peers, rapidly filling what little space remained in the inner chamber.

From his seat just outside, Stig watched them press against the room's windows with growing pressure, figures squishing against the panes. A particularly twisted expression of blank, overpowering pleasure gazed upon him from a window neighboring the door, begging him to power his way in and join them in rapture. The mere look in that bird's eye sent a throb through Stig's cock and a pulse through his pussy, kindling his appetite for bliss to levels that couldn't be ignored. Dripping with anticipation, the tech found the coordination to stand and lumber toward that doorway, much to the delight of the scientists beyond. A wave of reinvigoration swept over them, and the schlicks and squelches of their motions only coaxed Stig closer. That tiny rational voice in the back of the raccoon's mind railed against their call, but it did little to slow his pace. The desire to embrace his fate as a thrall of bliss took root in his mind, and fostered by the siren's song before him, it bloomed quickly. The apprehension faded from his steps, and his footfalls gradually came faster and faster.

Before he crossed that fateful threshold, however, chance intervened. A sharp alarm sounded from within the inner chamber, triggered by a set of hips against its terminal. A red warning light came to life overhead, bathing the revelers in its ominous glow before the door slammed shut. Two layers of sealed glass and steel crashed down before Stig, cutting him off from the creature and its promises. Not even a second later the roar of an engine rattled the research wing, launching Ymir and its worshipers from the ship. Before Stig processed that sight, a similar light and sound flooded his ring. It spurred the raccoon to cover his ears while doors behind him slammed, sealing him in before that middle ring followed them into space. The rumble of engines shook him to the core, and in the vast void of space, he watched the lights of the other pod drift away.

As the core pod followed its trajectory, the haze of Ymir's influence faded from Stig's mind. Control over his fertile form returned, though the inferno that blazed in its core remained. Still, safe from the creature's psychic touch, the tech indulged in the chance to explore his body. A smirk turned the corners of his mouth as he traced the curves of his figure, first down his belly then up his chest. The rounded dome of his middle felt delightful under his fingers, and the milky squish of his breasts brought an indulgent moan to his lips. It wasn't long before that hand wandered down further, briefly resisting the call of his cock to explore the expanse of his thighs. The plush pudge that softened the lower half of his frame was just as soft as his chest, and every little squeeze sent a bolt of need through his core. It only took a few seconds to kindle his twin arousals to a fever pitch, a state that spurred his hips to roll and rock on their own. The simple sensation of grinding against himself nearly set him off, establishing a throbbing rhythm that soaked himself and the ground with fluids.

Finally, Stig rewarded himself with the main event. A wet schlick sounded through the pod as he dipped his fingers behind his

generous sac, spreading his needy lips around his fingers. In the same instant he wrapped his fingers around his spire, only just able to close his fist about its thick base. Twin bolts of pleasure lanced up his spine, and his eyes rolled back in bliss as climax instantly crashed upon him. The raccoon's breath caught in his throat before a shameless groan shook the pod's walls, followed by shot after shot of thick seed. Every fiber in his body contracted and thrummed with the singular goal of pleasure, unleashing a tide of bliss that threatened to eclipse his higher thought. Memories of the creature's face flashed before his mind's eye while he spent his load and doused the floor, tugging him back toward a thoughtless trance. The tech swore he heard its call echo across the expanse of empty space, but that hedonistic call tapered off to silence before he slipped too far.

That did little to blunt his own desires, however. Hooked on the narcotic bliss of dual orgasms, Stig quickly raced for his second. While his chest heaved with pleasure and his inner muscles recovered, his fingers and hands sped back to motion. Slick with abundant lust, his ministrations proved even more potent than before. His head rolled back and his jaw fell open in a shameless gasp of bliss, a deep sigh only interrupted by his second climax. Now used to such sensation, every muscle in his body clenched and contracted in time with his bliss. The muscles in his core were no exception to this, and amidst the moans and squelches of his release came the soft clicks and clacks of eggs shifting. Whether acting on sound or sensation, one of Stig's hands drifted to the curve of his middle. A bliss unlike the carnal pleasures of sex bloomed in his core, coloring his thoughts with a maternal satisfaction.

That fulfillment did little to sate his lewd needs, however. One hand on his middle, the other between his thighs, Stig indulged himself. A terminal across the room tracked his progress between the stars while he delighted in his new gifts, flooding the air with

twin lusts. That fog of pheromones fueled a feedback loop of lust, kindling Stig's arousal in the wake of every release. Time lost its flow as he sank deeper and deeper into his desires, passing the minutes into hours. The raccoon couldn't hope to guess how long he spent in that haze. Against the expanse of space, he couldn't tell how far he traveled either. All he knew was that he didn't starve, and by the time rescue arrived and opened his pod, his lust were mostly sated.

What followed his rescue was a blur. A flurry of interviews about the situation and volley nondisclosure agreements filled the tech's day, a development he couldn't be more thankful for. He feigned ignorance about the cause of his condition and the state of the other scientists, a gambit that bore mixed results. The majority of the corporate suits reviewing his case didn't buy the story. They knew that he knew, though there was little they could do about it. Before the company could pressure him into admission or find a flaw in his story, the issue evaporated. The company overlords found another scandal that demanded their attention, allowing Stig to take a lengthy vacation fueled by a generous sum of hush money. Those luxurious weeks came and went all too quickly however, and in the interest of preserving a hefty retirement fund, the endowed raccoon tracked down a technician role on a new ship.

A wistful sigh passed Stig's muzzle while he munched on a sandwich and reminisced on that lovely vacation. The barely-contained bulge in his pants throbbed as he recalled the looks of the other beach patrons, and a tingling heat kindled in his core at the vision of all those studs. His free hand drifted to his middle, as swollen and gravid as ever, stirring a satisfaction in his chest. The heat of desire in his torso dwindled as his wandering thoughts roamed onward, strolling through memories until they returned to the present. Stig's gaze turned to the computer on his wrist, where a new service ticket came in. A frown flickered across his muzzle when he browsed over its details, and the thought of passing it on to

another tech crossed his mind. Server racks were a pain to squeeze into even before his run-in with Ymir. Despite that, he couldn't hide the blush in his muzzle as he recalled the looks and stares some of his peers gave him in such situations. Fantasy briefly enticed and took him when he followed that thread of imagination, until another notification at his wrist shook him from daydreams.

Rather than a service ticket, a news story buzzed on his arm. Stig's eyebrow cocked while he opened it up, and a torrent of emotions swirled through him at the headline. All it took was a glance to learn that Ymir's pod had finally been recovered. The raccoon's heart fluttered at the thought, somewhere between apprehension and anticipation. A faint echo of the creature's face and call panged in the back of his mind, and his body surged with lust in response. A patch of pre dampened his crotch and a swell of milk saturated his shirt. His belly blazed with a heat not felt since his initial encounter, eating away at his inhibitions. Still, the raccoon held onto himself, and with a calming breath, returned to something of a restful state. His harbored apprehension faded while he processed his thoughts, and a grin curled the corners of his mouth. Really, there was no resisting Ymir. It was by chance alone Stig escaped, and in time, he learned to relish the effects on his body.

Possibilities and potentials drifted across his mind's eye, each more enticing and lewd than the last. The sound of a popping seam snapped through the break room as his cock strained the raccoon's jumpsuit, and a shiver ran down his spine, excited for what was to come.

If you've read this far, thank you <3

I hope you enjoyed what you read, and if you'd like more, there are
a few places to find it

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