

Captives of Talreen

Crimson Rose

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By Crimson Rose

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Chapter 1

Outbreak

The Galactic Federation survey ship Solaris orbited the planet Talrennia - an earth-like planet in the Zendros Galaxy some 15.7 million light years from earth. It had forests and rivers, oceans and lakes. There were eight major continents and hundreds of islands. Talrennia had creatures of the air, land and sea, but it was the Talreen that interested the Captain and crew of the Solaris.

Humanoids with green skin ranging from the palest to the darkest, the Talreen were an aggressive people - or at least the males were. They lived in a misogynistic society where the men held the power and the women were naught but playthings. Classified a level three planet by Galactic Federation, Talrennia was rich in fesunium – a silvery, lightweight metal used in everything from jewelry to buildings. Stronger than diamond and lighter than steel, fesunium was ideal for starship construction if only the Federation could get their hands on it.

Captain Jonathan Frakes sat in the captain's chair looking dour, his otherwise handsome face scrunched up in a mix of emotions - not the least of which was anger. It had been three days since he allowed survey team member and exobiologist Lieutenant Jayde Keller to return to the surface to serve her Talreen Master and he was regretting the decision more with each passing minute. He tried talking her out of it, but she would not listen. In the end she renounced her citizenship to the Federation and left the ship and crew behind.

“Captain, how much longer are we to remain in orbit?” asked newly promoted Lieutenant Doyle Grant. “She made her choice, Sir.”

“I know what she did Lieutenant!” Captain Frakes shouted. “But who's really to blame here? I never should've allowed this!”

“With all due respect, Sir, you had no choice in the matter,” Grant replied. “Galactic law is perfectly clear in this matter.”

“You have to admit, the Captain did push her into it,” added Ensign Allyn Ramsey.

“I did no such thing! Leaving was her choice, and her choice alone. I did everything I could to talk her out of it and anyone who says otherwise will quickly find themselves in the brig!”

“I only mean that if you refused to let her go to the planet...”

“Holodeck,” Grant interrupted.

“Yes, holodeck,” Ramsey continued. “Anyways, if you had refused to let her participate in the mission none of this would ever have happened. No offense, Captain, but it certainly looks like you wanted her to go to the planet,” he shot Grant a look “you know what I mean. And it looks like you wanted her to be enslaved.”

“One more word from you Ensign and you'll be stripped of rank and thrown in the brig!” the Captain fumed.” Ramsey was hitting a little too close to home and if word got out of their true mission to Talrennia he would have a mutiny on his hands in no time. He did not like his orders, but he was not one to question his superiors.

“How long are we to remain in orbit, Sir?” asked Lieutenant Grant.

“Until I say otherwise.”

“I’m telling you Grant, there’s more going on here that the Captain is telling us,” Ramsey said as the two men made their way from the bridge to the mess hall four decks down. They could have been there in seconds had they taken the lift, but Ramsey did not think being so close to the captain was a good idea.

“I believe you,” Grant replied “but if you want to keep your commission you’re going to have to learn to keep your mouth shut. It’s not our place to question orders.”

“Oh come on! You can’t be serious. She was our friend and look what we did to her! My god man, we treated her like a piece of meat. The Captain humiliated her in the briefing and I’m telling you he enjoyed every damn second of it.”

“Let’s get one thing straight right now,” Grant said shoving his friend against the wall “we did nothing to Jayde. You hear me? Nothing! That was not us in there with her.”

“Maybe not, but they were programmed with our very thoughts and memories. The simulations never would have done what they did had we not wanted to do it ourselves.”

“It was the transformation,” Grant said weakly. “It made us more aggressive towards her. Besides, no one on this ship could resist her increased pheromone levels. But it doesn’t matter anymore does it? It’s over and Jayde is gone for good.”

“Yeah, right, the transformation,” Ramsey sighed. “Shame Doc Lloyd had to reverse all of it,” he said looking down towards his groin. Look, all I’m saying is something’s going on here that the Captain isn’t telling us and I think we need to be careful.”

“Just do your job and let the Captain do his,” Grant warned, taking a step back from his friend whom was still standing with his back against the wall.

“Question nothing like a bunch of androids, is that it?” Ramsey huffed. “You know, I’m not really all that hungry anymore,” he added.

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Ramsey lay in his bunk unable to fall asleep. Every time his eyes closed images of his friend Jayde entered his mind. It’s only been three days, but he missed her as if she had been gone for years. He missed her pretty face and her witty and sarcastic sense of humor. He missed their long conversations about nothing in the middle of the night when neither of them could sleep. Nights such as this. He missed not telling her how he really felt and regretted that he would never get the chance to.

The nanites scurried their way through the ship’s ventilation system, a miniscule, invisible cloud with a single purpose. Transformers they were called - machines engineered to alter the appearance of those they infiltrate. These were programmed by Doctor Lloyd to give the appearance of the Talreen and they were spreading throughout the ship like wildfire.

There were three levels of transformation. The lowest level - level three, was cosmetic only. Skin, hair and eye colors were changed to match the locals and only superficial changes were made to body structure. Level two went a little deeper, major changes were made to the body including height, weight and any additional features such as extra limbs. And then there was level one. A level one transformation was risky business. The nanites changed everything down to the molecular level until the patient was indistinguishable from a natural born member of the copied race.

Who released the nanites no one knew, but by the time it was discovered it was too late, they had infected nearly all of the crew to one extent or another. Men and women woke with severe headaches and pain shooting throughout their bodies. Gone was the pink skin of the human, replaced with the green flesh of the Talreen. Some had already begun to grow horns from their foreheads. Men grew more aggressive as testosterone levels increased, women more

attractive and appealing with increased pheromones that swept through the ship on the trail of the nanites. Bones stretched, organs rearranged, the ship was filled with the wails of pain as the nanites dug deeper.

Perhaps it was because he had already gone through the transformation process once that Allen Ramsey had an easier time of it than most. He felt the surge of adrenaline coursing through his new body. His hand went between his legs and he grinned. It was back - the only thing he missed about his last stint as a Talreen. Longer and thicker than his normal human cock, what now dangled between his legs was a thing of beauty and torture rolled up into one package. Circling his new cock an inch below the bulbous head, and an inch above the base was a row of bony nubs.

Lieutenant Doyle Grant also had an easier time of the transformation process. He jumped out of bed, alarmed and confused. Going to bed human and waking up another species entirely can have that effect on a person. He ran to the door and opened it. Peeking his head out, he looked up and down the hall. There were others out there. Talreen like himself. They were running and shouting, most were in pain and confusion reigned supreme.

He saw crewman Amanda Tiller - once a beautiful redhead with emerald green eyes and the sweetest of smiles, she was now a Talreen with pale green skin and short horns growing from the top of her forehead. Her red hair was now black and had grown from shoulder length to the middle of her back. He could smell her, smell her pheromones, her excitement as she looked around the hall.

“Amanda!” Grant shouted. “Crewman Tiller! This way! Come over here!”

Amanda looked at Grant, at his new body with its long, backswept horns and muscular physique. Her eyes darted to the pole sticking out between his legs like an instrument of torture and she smiled. Purring softly, releasing more pheromones with every step, she approached Lieutenant Grant with purpose.

The sound of the intercom crackled throughout the ship, but few paid it any mind as the men mounted the females in hall and room in a rutting session none of them had ever witnessed or been a part of before. Amanda leapt over two crewmen going at it in the middle of the hall and jumped at Grant - wrapping her arms around his neck and rubbing herself on his cock.

“This is your Captain speaking,” Captain Frakes said over the intercom “all crewmen are hereby confined to quarters. I repeat, all crewmen are confined to quarters until further notice while we investigate what happened aboard this ship! This will be your one and only warning. Anyone caught in the halls or roaming the ship will be shot on sight.”

Grant backed up, taking Crewman Tiller with him into his quarters. She pushed the door control with the heel of her left foot and squealed as they fell backwards onto the bed. It was a similar situation across the ship. Though many poor women were teamed up on as they were outnumbered by fifteen.

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“What happened aboard my ship Doctor?” Captain Frakes fumed. He stood a good six inches taller than he was when he went to bed. His skin was a deep forest green, his hazel eyes black. Long backswept horns jutted from his forehead and ended in points near the back of his head.

“I’m trying to figure that out now, Captain,” Doctor Lloyd replied. As an android he was the only crewmember not affected by the nanites. “It appears someone had released the Transformers into the ventilation system, but it’s hard telling how they were programmed.”

“I think it’s obvious how they were programmed!” Captain Frakes yelled. “I’m a Talreen in case you haven’t noticed!”

“I only meant to what extent they were programmed, Sir. Based on your appearance I would say you’ve gone through at least a level two transformation, but I won’t know for sure until I do further tests.”

“Then run your tests, Doctor. I want answers.”

“Sir, due to the nature of the changes I suggest flooding the ship with anestathine to put the crew out.”

“Do it. You can begin your testing with me.”

“As you wish, Sir. Please get on the table and I’ll begin the procedure.” The procedure being the collection of fluid and tissue samples that would be used to check the Captain’s genetic makeup. It would determine if he were still human, or if the transformation was complete. If it were the former, he would undergo the transformation process to give him back his human appearance, however, if level one transformation had been achieved he would remain Talreen for at least ten years - the minimum time required before another level one transformation can be undertaken. Do it any sooner and the nanites could destroy the DNA before restoration can be achieved.

“Good news, Captain,” Lloyd said as he looked at the test results “you’re still fundamentally human. I can change you back.”

“Not yet,” Captain Frakes replied. “Not until every last nanite has been accounted for. Can you deactivate them from here?”

“Yes Sir. It’s a simple matter to shut them down and those inside of the crew are already dead. As you know, they are consumed during the transforming process.”

“And the crew?”

“All Talreen Sir. And all unconscious. I won’t know the level of transformation until I’ve had a chance to test them all.”

“Then get to it. Deactivate the nanites and start testing immediately.”

“Sir, I should inform you that the anestathine will wear off before I’ve completed the tests. I compute a fifty three percent completion rate before the crew awakens. And I will not be able to administer any more gas for at least seventy-two hours.”

“Then we bind them,” said Captain Frakes. “If they wake at least they won’t be able to do any harm to each other and the ship.”

“I do not believe their intent is harm, Captain.”

“No, they only want to screw each other to death. All well and good for a pleasure barge, but not a survey ship. Not my ship!”

“Given your...condition, Captain, I think it best if you remain here in sick bay,” said Doctor Lloyd. “You may be tempted otherwise. With my increased speed I calculate that I have a 99.976 percent chance of restraining all of the crew before the anesthetic wears off, but I must move fast.”

“In other words, you’re telling me to shut my mouth? Noted. And Lloyd, what are you still standing around for?”