

Biotech – The Century Voyage

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Space. The final frontier. Fuck space.

Why fuck space? Well, not two days ago I met with two very desperate men from NASA, who basically gave me an offer I couldn't refuse. It was a fairly reasonable mission considering that they were offering me 100 billion dollars; it was only a twenty year stint in space. A test of the new, multitrillion dollar engine, which could warp space and time and fly to the other end of the galaxy and back in record time. The kicker was, in earth time the trip would only take a year due to a funny property of physics that occurs when something goes faster than the speed of light, effectively a reversal of relativity.

But that's not why I felt used, not the fact that I was being paid an obscene amount of money for twenty years of my life. Not because there was the possibility of the engine imploding upon itself at the eye-poppingly high speeds it could generate. Nor was it due to the fact that I was the only guy in the universe who could do the job, and the fate of this gargantuan project depended upon whether or not I accepted. All of that would have been fine with me if not for one small hang up.

The engineer whom I was to replace, the engineer in charge of the smooth and safe operation of this new ground breaking engine, this engineer who died in a car accident not a week before the ship HAD to leave earth orbit, was female. Why was this a problem you ask?

"Why the hell can't you just make me a new one?"

"That would take months we do not have Mr. Franks, you know this. The ship must leave immediately."

"I don't need it, I'll just go as I am. I'll be fine."

"You would jeopardize the mission."

"I'll jeopardize the mission either way! It could make me mentally unstable! Isn't that worse?"

"Perhaps, but if there were an emergency you wouldn't be able to reach the vital components of the engine. Your eye-sight, hearing, sense of smell, touch, your endurance, strength, all would be diminished which are all critical for inspecting and taking care of this equipment..."

"YES! I know why we have this practice, but for God's sake man, can't we make an exception? I'd still be able to do remote diagnostics and most minor repairs!"

We're both standing in front of a large glass tube, filled with a clear liquid, and suspended in the liquid is a small, pink, furry thing. It greatly resembles a mouse, or maybe a cat, although the origin of its exact genetics is a trade secret. This particular "model" is smaller than normal, only about four and a half feet

tall. It's thin and frail looking, yet it possesses superhuman strength. Its large pointed ears are able to detect the smallest of sounds on a wide range of frequencies and can be of enormous help when trying to diagnose a problem with equipment, listening for tiny inconsistencies. It also has very large blue eyes, designed specifically for seeing things in minute detail, and delicate fingers capable of outperforming our best brain surgeons without even breaking a sweat. It can easily squeeze through holes the size of a large grapefruit or small melon, has a long, flexible, prehensile tail that can be used for a great many things and comes to a sharp point, a delicate sense of smell, and of course super-human agility and reflexes. If it's adrenaline starts pumping, things will literally appear to move in one quarter speed and allow me invaluable time to work on time sensitive repairs or to make a crucial split-second decision. All invaluable traits when working on something as complicated, delicate, and dangerous as this engine is.

"I'm a guy, and this thing is female! Can that even work?"

"Oh, it works fine. Been done before plenty of times, all well documented. You'll just need to visit the ship's psychologist twice as often."

I look at the tiny, pink thing floating in that tank, and I can't even imagine myself actually *being* it. I've been mice, dogs, cats, and even once something of avian decent, it's all part of being an engineer now days, just tools of the trade, but each time I had been male.

Think of the money, I tell myself. You can do it for the money.

"Fine," I say, turning on the technician. "But no one can know it was me. Can you do that? I don't think I could ever live it down if my family found out."

"Actually, that has already been arranged. If it went public that this project came this close to failure... we'll make public Anne's death when you get back. Until then your family believes you will be on a routine mission to Pysagorus. Not even the crew of the ship can know you're not Anne Jones. You'll be debriefed on that after the procedure."

I scoff. Typical bureaucratic bullshit, but it does make everything easier. If it became known that the great Tom Franks let himself get talked into something like this...

"So you're ready to begin?"

"Yea.....Yea I'm ready. Fuck me running."

The transfer of consciousness is never a pleasant experience. You sit down in a chair, and are hooked up to a few million bucks worth of head-gear. The doctor leaves the room, and the lights go out, and for several seconds you sit in that chair in the dark, waiting for something to happen, and then suddenly it feels as though you're being electrocuted. The pain is intense for several seconds, more or less depending on how much you resist (and I'm having trouble relaxing knowing that I'm about to be female in a moment) but that is quickly replaced by a spreading numbness, until you can't feel, hear, see, smell, or even taste anything. Then it all starts coming back to you, bit by bit.

The first is always the heart, and let me tell you how big a relief it is to feel your heart beating after feeling it slip away, followed quickly by breathing, and I suck in a lungful of air through a tube down my throat. Then I begin to feel my body, then my arms and legs, and as I'm regaining use of my fingers and

toes my hearing starts to turn back on, and I can hear muffled sounds dampened by fluid. I open my eyes, and watch as my vision slowly returns, then strengthens to a degree I haven't yet experienced and am mildly surprised by the quality of it. I see my body laying still in the chair, and watch as two men enter the room to put it on life support. There is absolutely no brain activity whatsoever in it now, and is an empty shell until I return. I twist around and there is my tail, and even now the nerves in it are turning on and before long I can move it. It has excellent dexterity, and I experimentally wrap it around my arm and squeeze. Strong too.

"Dr. Franks?" asks the technician.

I use some sign language to indicate the procedure was a success and I'm feeling fine.

"Good, good. Let's get you out of there then."

The doctor walks over to the control panel to my tank, presses several buttons, and immediately the fluid starts to drain out the bottom. It takes only a few minutes, during which I pull a bundle of tubes out of my throat and stomach, and is quickly followed by a powerful, aggressive shower where I scrub the chemicals out of my new fur. It's much softer and longer than usual, and not terribly unpleasant to run my hands through might I tell you, but I also have to scrub down my new breasts and crotch area, and have mixed feelings about that. I'm very comfortable, but I'm also slightly turned on by this body.

It's good to know I'm still me. Still doesn't help the fact that I've got breasts now though.

A quick rinse is then followed by a rapid blow drying. All of this is not only designed to clean me up and dry me off, but to quickly familiarize me with my new body, and what with all that water and air being blown and sprayed at me I got familiar real quick.

The door pops open, and I step out clutching the handle. It's been a while since I've been in biotech, and I'm not quite used to the new configurations. I take a moment to get my balance.

"How do you feel Dr. Franks? Any pain, discomfort?"

"Not at all," is my response. My new voice is a bit of a shock, I sound like my daughter.

"It's almost too comfortable if you ask me. Soft feeling."

The doctor smiles at my observation.

"I'm going to ask you to perform some simple tasks for me, Doctor. Touch your toes. Reach for the ceiling. Twist to the left. Now the right. Good."

He then proceeds to take my pulse, temperature, listens to my heart and lungs, has me pick up a pencil with my tail, then a needle, and asks me a few questions that only an engineer of my qualifications would be able to answer. He tests the nerves in my fingertips, as well as checks to make sure there are no "dead spots" on my body where I don't feel anything. I pass with flying colors.

"Alrighty 'Dr. Jones', you're good to go. I've sent you an email detailing what your diet is, and various other things about your new body. The main thing that should be new to you is the obviously different

anatomy, but I don't foresee any major hick-ups. This model can get pregnant though, we can't work that out of the biotech without major technical difficulties or mental instability, but it would require another similarly designed piece of biotech to knock you up, and in any case I can't image that you'd do anything to risk pregnancy. Unless you have any other questions you're free to leave. Your new identification card is at the desk with the secretary. From this point forward your name is Dr. Anne Jones."

"Yea yea..." I say grumpily and immediately start to leave. Two seconds after leaving through the door I remember that I'm technically naked, and stalk back in to find the doctor holding out my new clothes: a one-piece form-fitting flight suit. He's also holding out a pair of bra and panties, his cheeks blushing. Grumbling I put it all on, even the bra and panties. Already I'm regretting this decision.

Fucking space.

"Good morning Ms. Jones," says the secretary as I walk into the lobby of the station's med-bay.

"Dr. Jones." I growl, in a rather foul mood. "And I'm here for my debriefing."

"Of course ma'am," she says, looks up from her display to see me scowling up at her and actually jumping back a little.

"I'm having a bad day," I say by way of explanation. Understatement of the year.

After I left the lab yesterday with this new body I've experienced nothing but trouble with it. It started when I got into my car and drove home. The entire way I felt *too* good. The space-suit was extremely comfortable and snug, and yet for some reason I couldn't stop moving around in it. My soft, furry body felt so good when it moved against the fabric. It took me the entire ride home to realize that all that rubbing was actually stimulating me. As in *stimulating* me. Particularly in the areas of my breasts and groin. One of the drawbacks of having an acute sense of touch is that those particular areas also seemed to have picked up a good deal of sensitivity.

So when I got back to my very expensive luxury suite I took off that damned spacesuit, as well as the lingerie, and just lounged naked on my couch and watched some tube to distract myself. The screen was a ultra-high definition model, but you never really appreciate just how high-def that actually is until you watch tv with eyes engineered to see nearly to the microscopic level. I sat back and vegged. But of course that wasn't the end of it.

After a while I got bored and started flipping through some of the manual that comes with every new body, and was reading up on what might be different in this particular model. Some of it seemed fairly self-explanatory: I would have "periods" every three months or so where I would go 'into' heat for a week, then go 'out' of heat for a week. During that time I could still go about my duties so long as I took certain precautions, such as blocking my sense of smell with chemical sprays, as well as the sense of smell of others, and avoided prolonged contact with other people during that time. It was advised that I

masturbate frequently during the heat cycle too, or even find a sexual partner (as long as we practiced safe sex), but it wasn't obligatory so that was out of the question. There is no way I was gonna make this any worse than it had to be. Some notes at the bottom said something about a heat cycle being necessary for the mental integrity of the females, citing cases from the Penolypian disaster. It was believed that removing the heat cycle and reproductive capability of both the males and females caused 90% of them to go insane and kill themselves after only half a year. As a male I never minded the fact that I remained potent, but now it causes me some worry. I put it out of my mind.

Hygiene would be a tad different, but not greatly so. Instead of reading about how to wash my dick and balls, I find myself instead reading about how to wash my oyster. Wouldn't want a U.T.I. would I? Well I was reading up more on my new female anatomy when the door flies open and my duty officer barges in with all the authority in the world, only to find me reclined on my couch in the nude. Not that I really care of course, nudity amongst engineers is pretty common practice. Clothes are for going out in public, and sometimes for work, but mostly you don't wear them if you can get away with it.

He, however, seems caught off guard and covers his eyes, but doesn't leave.

His name was Anderson, holds a military rank of Colonel, and he is basically in charge of me for the duration of this voyage. I'm civilian personnel, and this is a military operation.

I sit up straight in the chair but don't bother putting on clothes.

Colonel Anderson continues to divert his eyes though. Lucky bastard, military personnel don't need expensive bioengineered bodies for this trip. Just us engineers.

"Ma'am, could you put something on?"

"If you ever call me ma'am again, I'll break your face," is my answer. I do, however, stand up and shake his hand.

"And stop that bullshit," I say, pulling his other hand away from his face as I grip his calloused fingers in my delicate digits. "You can't see anything anyway through all this fur. I don't see why they bother making us wear clothes at all..."

"Public decency ma-uh. Ms. Jones."

"Jones will be fine," I say, the fur on the back of my neck bristling. Ever since he burst in so unexpectedly I've been in a bit of a fight-or-flight mode, and force myself to relax. My ears unclasp themselves from my head and swivel to give Anderson a quick inspection, as do all my other formidable senses.

A precursory glance shows him to be a typical block-headed marine, though he can't be all that dull if he made it to rank of Colonel at such a young age. He couldn't be older than 25, shaves and brushes his teeth twice a day, flosses too, recently went on a run through the sand dunes along the beach, took a shower afterwards, eats lots of expensive restaurant food, but eats very healthy. His heart and lungs are both in terrific shape, which is to be expected from a marine, and nothing appears to be outwardly wrong with any of his internal organs. In other words he's healthy as a horse, although he has a very mild case of athlete's foot. I don't detect any fear scents coming from him, and only very few hormones suggesting he probably considers me attractive, but is keeping his emotions and thoughts well in check.

I'd prefer it if he had no such thoughts at all, but that might be asking too much. He stands still during my inspection.

"So what are you doing here, Colonel?"

"To introduce myself and get to know you a bit before we ship off. I've been trying to arrange a meeting for weeks now, and every time I've attempted to contact you I've been shot down, so I finally decided to simply come see you myself."

"Yes... I've been unavailable for the past several weeks."

I turn and walk into the kitchen, opening up the fridge.

"Sit down, have a beer," I say, tossing a bottle behind me as I continue to dig through the fridge. He barely reacts in time to catch it. "You don't have anywhere you need to be, do you?"

"No ma'am, I mean Ms. Jones."

I growl under my breath. I'm probably going to be dealing with this sort of thing for the whole trip. I pull out a box of leftover pizza and grab myself a beer as well. My digestive track can handle both, although the pizza is questionable, but I'll be damned if I don't enjoy myself a bit while I can. There won't be any more beer or pizza once we're in space. Not for another twenty years.

Anderson seems to be of the same mind, and we both sit down on the sofa. A quick hand gesture changes the channel to sports news, but nothing interesting is on. I didn't expect there to be.

"So?" I ask, popping the top off my bottle with my thumb. Anderson pulls out a fancy multi-tool with a bottle opener on it to do his. He does it with the practice of someone who has handled that tool a fair bit.

"I'm sorry," he says, after a sip of his beer, "but you've caught me off guard."

"That would make us even then," I say back. I tear away a slice and bite into it, and nearly melt with joy. They didn't mess with the taste buds on this model, thank the Gods of grease and cheese. They usually do that in order to help enforce a more healthy diet, but obviously Ms. Jones was able to pull some strings. It makes me sad to think she's dead.

"The door was half open," he says in his defense.

"Was it?" I think back, and don't remember pulling the door closed behind me. I shrug my shoulders.

"I though perhaps something was wrong," he continues, "So I rushed in without a second thought. I'm sorry, but in the past month I've had this bad feeling... almost as if something had gone wrong with the mission and I was being kept out of the loop. I've been charged with keeping you safe, and making sure you have everything you need, so you can imagine my worries, and my panic when I saw your door ajar like that."

"Mmm," I say, to keep him talking. I'm still stuffing my face with pizza.

“But now I’m here, and you’re here, and I find myself at a loss for words.”

“A total loss I’m sure,” I say. I’ve eaten half of the pizza myself, and now that I’m satisfied chase it with the rest of my beer. “Look Colonel, I don’t know what your report said about me, or what to expect, but you should forget everything you read. It’s all inaccurate at any rate. It’s better to just learn the facts for yourself.”

“I think I know what you mean...” he says, reclining after taking a slice of pizza from the box.

I throw my empty bottle at the trashcan across the room, and it slips through the opening perfectly and shatters inside.

Anderson shoots me an appreciative glance.

“Man, that biotech is something isn’t it?”

“You have no idea,” is my answer. “Check this out.”

I stand up, vault over Anderson because he’s in my way, and pick up a solid steel coat-rack standing near the door. I then proceed to bend it into a loop with all the effort of a child bending a silly-straw.

“Instant impressionist art,” I say. “This piece of biotech comes standard with an knack for it.”

I turn to see the Colonel grinning from ear to ear, and find myself smiling as well. I then notice that his hormone levels now suggest something other than casual interest, and it’s like a shock of cold water. I probably shouldn’t have given him a beer... and maybe I shouldn’t be doing gymnastics naked...

I mentally slap myself and turn the tv off with a hand gesture.

“It’s getting late; we should probably both get to bed. Boarding starts tomorrow.”

“Of course,” says Anderson, standing back up. “Should I pick you up tomorrow?”

“I know the way to the station and I have my own vehicle, but thanks. I’ll see you aboard ship.”

Anderson is in the doorway when he turns around and takes my hand in his.

“Thank you for the hospitality. I think I’ve indeed gotten to know you a bit better before we set off.”

He then lets my hand fall, and I close the door behind him as he leaves.

Stupid female body. Out of habit I go to scratch my balls, but they aren’t there anymore so instead I scratch the underside of my boob and fall back down on the couch with a groan. I turn off the lights using yet another gesture, and fall asleep where I lay.

And as I sleep, I dream. It starts out somewhat normal: I’m in a meadow, surrounded by trees and standing underneath a starry sky. A small stream burbles somewhere nearby. It’s dark, but I can still see.

I hear a voice next to me, and turn to see a beautiful woman holding my hand. She's entirely naked, and pulls me to the ground with her. I fall on top of her, and now I'm naked too. I have a raging boner, and she takes it in her hands and guides it up into her folds. I hold her sides and thrust into her, her tits bouncing with each subsequent thrust. It all feels so good, and I'm grinding into her and running my hands up and down her, when I find myself nearing climax.

And suddenly things take a turn for the worse.

The beautiful woman's face begins to morph. She grows a snout and sharp teeth and coarse black fur. I too am changing, changing into the body of Dr. Jone's biotech. My penis disappears, withdrawing from this creature's sex, and to my horror the once-woman suddenly has a massive phallus jutting in between our bodies. I'm powerless to stop what happens next: the monster penetrates me forcibly, and I'm already so close to orgasm, but he begins to rape me. I try to push him off me, to get away, but suddenly I can feel my climax breaking, and suddenly...

I'm awake and orgasming on my couch, my arms and legs wrapped around one of the cushions. I've made an absolute mess, a trail of fluids streaking the side of the cushion where I must have dry humped it until I...

"Jesus Christ." I say, letting go of the cushion and sitting up. My fur is all sticky and wet, and my fluids have gotten everywhere and on everything. I'm breathing very hard, and my pulse is racing. I notice that it's raining a bit outside, and the water droplets are falling in slow motion. By force of will I calm back down and get my breathing back under control, and soon time is passing normally.

I stand up and walk straight into my shower where I proceed to let ice cold water cleanse away the smell of my own musk for a full hour before I shut it off, dry myself quickly with a towel, then take the towel to clean up the mess I made as best I can before I finally toss it all in the laundry room for service to clean up tomorrow.

I glance at the clock on the television set, and realize it's technically already tomorrow, just too early for the sun to have risen yet. In a few more hours I need to report to med-bay and get prepared to board the U.S.S. Century. I won't be going back to sleep tonight.

"I'm having a bad day," I say with a growl. Understatement of the year. The secretary looks at me sympathetically.

"Well, I hope you feel better soon ma'am," she says, handing me my iDent card. I hook it onto my tool-belt, flicking my tail in annoyance.

I always take my own tools with me; I don't trust anything I haven't thoroughly tested and broken in myself. A new tool can break on you any second. An old one never will. I know these tools better than I know myself.

I head straight into the lobby where I grab a number. Already here are some of the early boarding personnel, and everybody gets a last minute screening and checkup.

I sit there pretending to read a magazine amongst the staring eyes until I'm called. When I walk into the examination room I'm met by a short, balding man with the air of someone who has been at work for a tad too long.

"Ah! Anne Jones, chief engineer aboard the great starship Century, and what a marvelous piece of biotech you're sporting. My name is Gerald Thompson, but you may call me Jerry. Have a seat if you please and we'll get started."

I hop up onto the paper-covered examination bed.

"Ah, and I'll need you to remove your clothing too... If you want I can give you a hospital gown, but I know how you engineers are about nudity."

"Of course," I answer.

I unclasp my tools, setting the rather heavy belt a table next to me, and unzip my flight-suit down the side and step out of it. I've put the bra and panties back on not only because it's expected of me to wear them, but also because I've found them both to be extraordinarily comfortable. I take those off too.

"Ah, very good."

The doctor then proceeds to put on latex gloves, and snatches up a new-looking multi-function medical wand.

"Ah, open up and say AH!"

I comply, and he begins poking around inside my mouth with the wand, the tip of it shining brightly. He looks inside my nose and then my ears, snapping his fingers around my head to test their reflexes. He pulls out a stethoscope and listens to my heart and lungs, as well as my other vital organs, takes my pulse, tests several other reflexes, gives me a vision test, a "smell" test, a dexterity test, and feels around my stomach to make sure my liver, kidneys, intestines, etc... are all in good health. He also methodically examines the rest of my body with his fingers, including my breasts and other more private areas, but he's so professional and quick I don't raise complaint.

However, that all changes when he pulls out a strange metal instrument and a very long cue-tip.

"Ah, now we need to collect a sample of your cervical mucus. Please lay back on the bed and try to relax."

"What? Why would you need to do that?" I ask, immediately on my guard.

"Ah, oh it's standard testing ma'am. We need to determine when you will next enter the heat cycle, and to do that we measure the hormone levels in your cervical mucus. It's the most precise method, and is quite painless. You've had this procedure countless times though; you should know all this by now."

Well now I've got no choice but to lie back on the bed and close my eyes. Maybe it won't be that bad.

"Spread your legs, and raise your knees in the air. This should be just a quick in and out."

"Sure-yiKES!" I shout out in surprise when I feel a cold metal intrusion covered in lube forcibly inserted into my body, then ratcheted open to provide a tunnel for the cue-tip. I grab up handfuls of the mattress and sink my claws into the soft foam while seizing hold of Dr. Jerry's neck with my tail.

"Ack!" is all he manages to say as I lift him to his tip-toes, and Jerry is not skinny dude.

"Not so rough there doc," I growl, still skewered by the instrument, and let him go.

He gasps for air, but surprisingly doesn't seem mad.

"I'm sorry... *wheeze*... I should have... *wheeze*.... Paid more attention to... *wheeze*... the notes in your file.... *wheeze*.... Regarding your dislike... *wheeze* Of surprises."

"I'm sorry too doc, didn't mean to hurt you there, but Jesus. Have some common sense."

"Ah, oh, I thought I might make quick work of it and make it easier on us both," he says, clearing his throat and regaining his breath. There doesn't appear to be any permanent harm done to his neck. "I should have warned you what I was about to do. Good grip there by the way."

"I was being gentle."

"Ah, well, yes. Since we have you opened up now, should I get the sample then?"

"By all means, please do," I say, my patience once again wearing thin. I haven't moved on the table, though I sink my claws in deeper.

Very quickly, with his eye on my tail, Dr. Jerry swoops in and swipes the cue-tip around inside me, then closes up and removes the instrument. He then immediately wipes the cue-tip on a glass slide and inserts it into a miniaturized spectroscope. In seconds data reads out on the screen, and he pulls out a calculator to crunch some numbers.

"Ah, that's inconvenient. You're going to be entering the first stages of heat within twenty four hours."

"Ain't that just a peach," I say, rolling my eyes, already getting dressed.

I feel violated.

"Ah, yes. A peach. You'll need to take extra precautions. A ship launching on its maiden voyage is not the best time to be entering estrus. It'll distract you from your job if you let it get out of hand... but what am I telling you for? You've got plenty of experience in dealing with your biotech. I'm sure it'll be fine."

"It'll have to be fine. We launch tomorrow and ain't nothing gonna stop it now."

I clasp my tool-belt back around my waist and march out without another word.