

Awkward Abduction (TG, Cock Expansion, Slime)

He landed with a thunk on the floor of the cell, leapt to his feet, and threw himself at the wall without a moment of introspection. “H-hey! Hey! Lemme out of here, you freaks! Let me out!” The glass shook as he pounded it.

Heart thudding in his chest, Kyle stepped back and looked around. One minute he’d been out tipping cows with the rest of the football team, the next he’d found himself floating up into the air like he was being raptured or something. Now, he stood in the middle of a large glass dome, taller than it was wide, like the suction cups you attached to the udders of a cow. It was kinda cramped.

Beyond the wall of the cell: glass tubes and plastic and crackling electrodes. Machinery, but nothing he could recognize—the place looked like a factory built by Apple. And a gloopy sound, like flowing water. No, not water. It was too thick to be water.

Just as he was starting to think he’d been left to rot, he heard a schunk from above and turned to see the hole had reopened on the ceiling. He took a second to size up what this might mean, which was unfortunate, because if he’d stepped out of the way to start, Chester might not have landed on him. “Oof!” He struck the floor for the second time in as many minutes, stars twirling around his head.

“Get off me, y’stupid nerd!” With a snarl, he forced himself to his feet and thrust the unfortunate ginger off him.

Chester fumbled for his glasses. “V-very nice, guys,” he said in his high-pitched, nasally voice. For some reason, he was wearing these dark blue robes, speckled with stars, and it made him look like even more of a dork than usual. “That was a really convincing Teleport spell.” Finding them, he slipped them back onto his freckly face and blinked as he looked up at Kyle. “Eeek! An orc!”

“Shut up!” snapped Kyle, grabbing the little dweeb by the scruff of his wizard robes. “What the hell is going on here? What the fuck are you doing here, you stupid nerd?”

Squinting, Chester looked around, and his eyes opened wide as he took in their new environment. “I– I don’t know! I was in my mom’s basement! We were just about to fight a Balor!”

“I don’t give a shit!” cried Kyle, all but flinging the nerd at the glass. “Where the fuck are we?!”

Chester’s eyes bobbled. “I-it looks like some kind of spaceship!” He clasped his cheeks with a gasp. “B-b-but, this is incredible! We’ve been abducted!”

“Try not to cum your pants,” said Kyle, in disgust. He looked around, scowling in thought. “Wait, when you say abducted...? You talkin’ little green men? The greys? Aliens?”

"Indubitably," said Chester. "Although I must say, this looks nothing like any UFO pictures I've ever seen."

Kyle frowned. "What happens now?"

"Hmm..." Chester scratched his chin. "Well, I imagine they'll try to probe us."

"...*Probe* us...?"

Before Chester could explain what that entailed, something landed with a splat outside the tank. Turning with a gasp, the two of them found themselves staring at a giant blob of green slime as it bubbled like a tar pit.

"What the fuck is that?" said Kyle.

"I... I think it's an alien," said Chester.

"It's disgusting," said Kyle. "It's the grossest thing I've ever—" He stopped.

Before his eyes, the pile of slime started to rise. And as it did, it took on a shape more suited to Kyle's earthly sensibilities: wide hips, enormous boobs, and a cutesy face. Kyle crossed his legs; Chester covered his groin.

"...s-seen," said Kyle, swallowing.

The 'woman' on the other side of the glass studied him. "Hello, humanlings," she said, voice neutral. "Apologies for removing you from your nightly activities, but we have brought you here to take part in our academic research."

"R-research?" said Chester.

She cocked her head. "I have come to this planet to write a paper on your species' reproductive habits."

Chester clasped his cheeks. "J-just like in my hentas!"

"Our what...?" asked Kyle.

"She means she wants to see how humans, um..." Chester blushed. "Make babies."

"That is correct," said the slime. "As such, we have adopted this form in the hopes of encouraging your libidos. I am satisfied to see that it appears to be working."

Kyle covered his crotch. Chester crossed his legs.

Despite his embarrassment, the seed of a fun idea was growing in Kyle's head. "Wait a second. Are you saying you've brought us here so we can fuck you?"

"That is one possibility, yes," said the alien.

Kyle pumped the air. Chester looked like he thought he was dreaming.

"However, first I would like to see you 'fuck' each other."

It was like someone had poured a bucket of cold water over Kyle's head. "Wh-what's that?" he said, a nervous grin playing on his face. "I think I must have misheard you, because you are out of this world if you think I'm going to fuck this little dweeb."

"Yes, I am from out of this world," said the alien, blankly. "Slimulon 6, specifically. Now, if you would commence the sexual coupling at once. If you do not comply, I will be forced to employ the Electrical Encouragement System."

Kyle and Chester swallowed, beads of sweat flowing down their faces. "W-wait a second!" cried Chester. "We can't make love! We're both males! Even if we did, we wouldn't be able to make a baby!"

"Y-yeah! That's right! We can't fuck! How would we know who should orgasm first?"

The slime girl squinted. "You are both males? How unfortunate." It leaned in, squinting at Kyle's massive pecs. "I had assumed that your generous chest meant you were a female, but it seems I was mistaken."

Kyle released a sigh of relief.

"But that is easily fixed." She tapped a button on the cage's console.

Kyle and Chester looked up with a gasp, as a pair of syringes descended on robotic arms from above, bright fluids sloshing inside them. One was pink. The other, a bright blue.

"What the fuck is that?" cried Kyle, pressing himself against the side of the tank as the pink needle stabbed at him. "Keep that fucking thing away from me!"

"St-stop!" cried Chester, as the blue syringe aimed at him. "Please, I've already had all my shots!"

"Please hold still," said the slime, frowning. "Please—" She sighed and tapped another button on the console.

Kyle and Chester froze, their teeth chattered and their hair on end, as Encouragement coursed up their legs and straightened every nerve in their bodies. Finally, they collapsed with a thump, smoking a little, and the needles stabbed into their arms with scorpion precision.

As the robotic arms retracted into the ceiling, Kyle pushed himself to his feet, rubbing his head and groaning. "What the fuck did you just put into me?"

"It would take too long to explain the entire formula to you," said the slime girl with a shrug. "But its primary component was estrogen."

Kyle stared at her blankly.

"That's the stuff that makes girls girls," said Chester, helpfully.

Kyle grabbed him by the scruff. "The fuck are you—?!" With a high-pitched gasp, he covered his mouth and darted back, eyes wide in terror. He sounded like his mom. Exactly like her.

As he struggled to calm his breathing, a sudden pulsing feeling in his arms snatched his attention to them. Releasing his mouth, he stared at his arms as they rippled and tingled, flesh writhing and twisting as if it had come alive. ...*More* alive.

Now it started to shrink. His famous muscles, which he'd shaped to perfection over thousands of hours at the gym and on the field, simply deflated, sagging like they didn't want to live on this planet anymore. Mass melted away as if it had never even existed. In seconds, his arms looked even skinnier than Chester's.

Slowly, the tingling spread through the rest of his form.

Though much reduced, his strength still sufficed to fling off his letterman jacket and to tear off the shirt underneath it. Revealed, his muscular torso twitched and writhed as if every cell were fighting for its life.

For a moment or two, he retained some tiny hope that he would survive unscathed. Then his six-pack sunk into his belly like a boot into a swamp, and Kyle threw back his head in a high-pitched moan of terror. "Stop! Stop it! Stoooooop!"

Shaking and sweating, he pressed himself against the glass and watched, moaning feebly, as his once enormous body lost the last of its muscle. His spine creaked as it shortened, while his shoulders and his ribcage compressed, and his pelvis, given the opportunity it had always waited for, doubled in size, stretching his hips. Chester stared at him in horror.

Something fell in front of Kyle's face. With a snarl, he swept it aside, but scarcely a second passed before another fell to replace it. A moment later, he realized what it was. Pinching it, he studied it in terror. *Hair!* His once handsome hair was flowing in long, blonde locks, luscious as any cheerleader's. He whimpered.

Cracking, his chin softened and his nose shrunk and his cheeks plumped with fat. All over, his skin smoothed, losing its hairs and its calluses and taking on a softer, silkier texture, like fabric. Squealing now, he scrabbled at himself, as if hoping to hold onto something.

All of a sudden: a terrible pressure in his pants. Rolling onto his front, he clasped his ass and gasped to find it blowing up like a balloon, straining his underwear in the process. Panting, he fumbled with his belt, desperately to get it open before his swelling thighs and bloating behind tore through his pants completely. He barely managed it.

Soon, he felt a similar pressure in his once rock-solid chest. Rolling back onto his newly enhanced ass, he looked down and moaned to see his nipples poking, fat and erect at the ceiling. And they were rising, Oh God, they were rising. As he stared in terror, Kyle's nipples shot towards the ceiling like rockets, trailing plumes of thick, generous breastfat instead of smoke. One moment his chest was flat, the next it held a pair of mountains, big, round, jiggly mountains, fatter than any he'd ever seen in his life. F-fuck, they were even bigger than Jessica Winters.

Some automatic football player's instinct made him grab them, the same way he'd grabbed hundreds of hot blondes' tits over the years. It wasn't the same. Oh God, it wasn't even close to the same. Not only were they larger and firmer than any he'd ever held, but as his hands sank deep into their flesh, they struck him with a pang of ecstasy unlike anything he'd ever experienced. Nothing, not even slipping his cock through Jessica's fat pair and cumming all over her face, came even close to comparing. He could have sat there and played with them forever.

If not for one thing:

Between his legs, Kyle's cock twitched as if he'd thought of something erotic. Dropping his breasts, he squealed with terror and tore his pants open as the feeling grew stronger and stronger, stranger and stranger, until at last...

His got his underwear off just in time for his cock to spurt out one last little drop of precum and sink into his groin like the Titanic, sucking his balls down with it. A moment later, a thin slit appeared between his legs, its sides plumping into thick, fingerable labia.

Eyes wide, hand trembling, Kyle stuck a pair of fingers inside it. And screamed.

When she regained her senses, she found Chester on his back, clutching his own crotch and screaming. She ignored him. "What have you done to *me?*!" she cried, throwing herself at the glass.

"I have simply made you more compatible," said the slime girl, sounding annoyed at having to explain herself. "Please wait until your partner's enhancements are completed, then you may begin coupling."

"E-enhancement?" Kyle turned, boobs swinging, just in time to see Chester's cock tear through his pants. It was the largest penis she'd ever seen, and it made her drip like a faucet. "I..."

Chester lay on his back, his chest rising and falling as he studied it himself. "The Rod of Lordly Might...!" It throbbed, and enough precum squirted from its tip to fill a shot glass.

Kyle could only stare it, her pussy pouring, and her nipples erect, her face flush and red. Biting her lip, she realized she'd started groping a breast. It made her even wetter.

With some effort, she tore her eyes off Chester's cock, and for several seconds the two of them simply stared at each other, faces turning even redder. Chester's penis grew a little

larger; Kyle could only imagine what it felt like to be lying there and looking up at the hottest woman on the planet with that monster between your legs. F-fuck, she wished she could get it between *hers*. A-as her own! As her own cock, not-! Fuck!

"Please commence the fucking," said the slime girl, producing a camera.

Kyle's chest rose and fell like the waves of the ocean, her enormous boobs rippling with the motion, each an ocean of flesh in itself. Chester stared at her, his own chest rising and falling, sweat dripping from his brow. His cock throbbed, looking so pent-up it might explode at any second.

Finally, Kyle sucked in a deep breath. "W-well, if she's just gonna keep zapping us." She bit her lip. "Might as well..." She exhaled; it came out as steam. "M-might as well get it over with."

Chester froze as she crossed the tank and straddled him, emitting nothing more than a tiny squeak. He continued to say nothing as she spread her legs and lowered her fat, dripping cunt to his tip, an action which really didn't take long, seeing as it came up to her knees. Nor did he say anything when she paused over it, breathing hard.

But when she dropped her tight, wet sex onto his shaft, he threw back his head and screamed louder than she'd ever heard anyone scream.

She tried pretty hard to beat him though. As she sank onto his crotch, driving his giant cock as deep inside her as it would go, she drew in a breath, aimed her head at the ceiling, and screamed as if she'd been stabbed in the gut. Which wasn't too far from the truth, all considered.

Clasping his arms to steady herself, she took a deep breath and rose, sliding her drooling lower lips steadily up the shaft of his cock, while he squirmed and writhed beneath her, twisting in absolute lust. Soon she reached his tip, and she felt the edge of his glans inside her, catching, for the incredible instant before she dropped again and—

Pleasure sliced through her like a guillotine's blade.

As she rose and fell, rose and fell and rose and fell, her breasts jiggling and swinging with every repeat of the motion, her asscheeks clapping as they slammed into Chester's crotch, Chester himself moaning and panting, his eyes screwed up tight, all but drooling in lust, the slime outside raised her camera and with a click and a flash—*Click!*—took a snapshot. Neither of them noticed.

Like a murderhobo driving his sword into an innocent NPC's chest, Chester thrust and thrust and thrust, slamming his penis deeper and deeper into her dripping virgin sex, till soon she could think of nothing more than the pleasure of it. With each crash of cock into cunt, his shaft grew a little harder, a little tighter, a little more pent-up, closer and closer to crossing the line and—

With a scream, Chester came, emptying his balls in her fertile womb. And as his semen filled her, Kyle threw back her head and screamed a scream of orgasm herself, pleasure surging through her body in a wild inferno like nothing she'd ever felt. Nothing, not a game-winning touchdown or cumming in a girl herself, had ever come close to rivaling it.

The two collapsed, panting and sweaty, a puddle of semen between them. Chester gasped for breath, his cock oozing, while Kyle moaned her way through an endless, explosive afterglow.

"Thank you sincerely," said the slimegirl, inspecting her photos. "Now, if you would care to attempt the posterior position?"

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For the next hour, the two of them fucked in every possible position and using every possible hole they could, till at last, they collapsed, exhausted, to the floor of the cell. Chester's cock hung limp, while semen poured out of Kyle's pussy and anus and mouth and cleavage and—

As they lay there moaning, the slimegirl leaned in and took one final snapshot with her camera. "Excellent," she said. "You have given me lots of interesting... 'data'." She bit her lip and hid the camera behind her back, rubbing her slimy legs together with a *schlorp* like peeling stickers.

Kyle struggled to suck in enough air to speak. "Does that..." She coughed up a thick glob of semen. "Does that mean you'll turn us back and send us home?"

"Oh, oh no," said the slime. "No, we've still got seven hours left before morning. Besides, I have so many other things I'm curious about..."

"L-Like what?" said Chester.

The slime pushed a button, and with a hiss, the glass surrounding the two of them rose. Bubbling, she slipped inside. Her body felt cool as it crested their legs, rising in little tentacles. Chester gasped as one coiled around his cock; Kyle moaned as one wrapped around her breast, squeezing tight. Another nuzzled her vagina, making her whimper.

"Like this," said the slime, slipping another tentacle between Kyle's asscheeks. She squealed. "What is wrong? You previously expressed interest in the possibility of our coupling."

Kyle struggled to breath, biting her lip and squirming. "I-I'm good," she said. "Once we're done, t-then you'll turn us back and send us home, right?"

"Well, I'll send you home, anyway," said the slime.

Kyle screamed as her tentacles slammed into her.