

Cosmic Nectar Part 1

Contains breast and butt expansion

“Report, Rachel; any signs of the crew?”

Static followed with a click in Rachel’s comms. Keeping her breathing slow and steady, she answered, “Nothing yet... This place doesn’t look like it’s seen a crew in years.”

A narrow hallway stretched before her. Equipment littered the floor. Gouges cut deep into the walls but so far the ship’s hull was intact. Rachel shined her suit’s light beam around a corner.

Scrtch scrtch scrtch!

“Ah!?”

A panicked voice burst through her comms. “*What is it?!*”

“More of those damn bugs! This ship is *infested* with ‘em!”

A herd of head-sized insects scurried away from her light. They reminded her of cockroaches back on Earth, except cockroaches didn’t leave trails of syrupy gold slime in their wake, or have claws like crabs.

A puddle of the substance squished around Rachel’s boot. It was slick but thick enough to hold her foot with annoying suction.

“*Dammit this stuff is everywhere...*” she grumbled. The skin-tight fabric of her space suit tensed against her skin as she pulled herself free. When her foot released with a sickening gag, she stumbled against a wall before regaining her balance. “There’s no way there is anyone alive on this ship, Mel. It’s trashed. Circuits must be caked in this sludge.”

“Well it’s still sending out a distress signal, so we need to make sure before we can leave. Keep going.”

“*You* keep going.”

A scoffing laugh crackled through the headset. “Yea right! No way I’m getting on a ship with all those things running around!”

Rachel grumbled and puffed a strand of hair out of her face. There was only the cargo bay left to check and then they could be on their way. Even with the suit and helmet acting as a barrier, a warm shower would be in order after this ordeal.

A scurry of the unknown insects darted away from her path when Rachel neared a door. At its side glowed a palm scanner. It housed the most basic of security, easily overridden by their emergency crew credentials.

Whooooosh!

Metal doors parted before jamming halfway open. Rachel winced upon hearing several bugs crunch under the mechanism within the walls.

“Entering cargo bay now...” she informed. “No signs of life yet, but that stuff is *everywhere.*”

Golden slime coated the walls and floor. Had the doors not told her, Rachel never would have known there was cargo beneath it all. The glow of her light scanning the scene reflected off the sludge. Even worse, swarms of bugs make the room look as though it were constantly changing shape.

Rachel sighed, stretching the suit across her ample bust. “There’s no one here, Mel! Now can I *please* come back before these things decide I look like food and--”

A chatter vibrated her helmet. It bounced around the cargo hold, echoing with frightening depth.

“Come again? Rachel? Do you read me?”

Gleaming slime dripped onto Rachel’s helmet. It ran over the glass in thick globs, its heat causing steam to rise into the air.

“Rachel? Come in!”

Slowly she turned her light to the ceiling. Fear snatched the breath from her chest.

It dwarfed the rest of the bugs. Limbs as long as a person clung to the ceiling’s rafters. Their ability to suspend the massive, heaving bulk seemed next to impossible. Golden sludge oozed from pores along its gelatinous mass. The smaller insects covered it in a layer of chattering shields, each one scurrying to clean and provide for their queen. Most of the ship’s supplies must have gone toward feeding her. An armored face with pincers wide enough to cut Rachel in half stared down with menacing intent.

“*M-Mel...*” Rachel whispered, slowly backing away toward the cargo door. “*Get ready to decouple the ship...*”

“What? You can’t be done yet!”

The queen shivered and hissed. Ripples ran along its form. Rachel’s boot got stuck in a glob of slime, freezing her in her tracks. “*Start the engines...*”

“Can you speak up? I can barely hear you.”

Insects were taking notice of her now as the queen grew angry. An intruder had disturbed her nest. The walls rustled with their scurrying.

“*Start the ship, Mel!! Start the--*”

WHAM!!

“*AUGH!!*”

A leg flung outward, catching Rachel’s front and throwing her against the jammed cargo doors. The force cracked her helmet and air rushed to meet her face. Given the environment, she was shocked to find it so sweet.

“*MEL!! It’s the queen!!! I need you to--A-Ack!!*”

Fresh sludge dripped from the queen’s body in curtains. Running over Rachel’s broken helmet, it flooded her open mouth as she yelled. Her body instinctively swallowed before gagging on the rest. It coated every inch of her throat. Had she not feared for her life, she might have enjoyed the honey-like taste.

An ear-rending screech filled the ship. Fear tightened Rachel's chest when the swarms focused on her.

"Fuck fuck FUCK!!!"

"Rachel?!"

She scrambled to her feet. Sludge tried to glue her in place but her movements pulled her free. Dripping in the queen's juices, she exploded through the cargo door. Heavy boots thudded against the meshed floor. In every direction she could see the insects scurrying toward her. Somewhere far behind, the ship lurched at the queen's enraged upheaval. Her light bounced up and down with her steps, casting a circle of illumination around the dead ship.

"OPEN THE DOORS!! OPEN THE DOORS, MEL!!"

"Ok!! OK!!!"

Rachel turned a corner and flailed into the ship's main hall. Ahead she could see the docking port. A light flashed to signal the doors opening, revealing Mel standing on the other side.

"What in the world is going on?? Are your comms not--" She saw the swarm of creatures chasing Rachel and her eyes widened. Protocol took over and she retreated behind the airlock into their own ship. *"Hurry!! Hurry hurry hurry!!"* she yelled through the tiny window.

The stale, sweet air filled Rachel's lungs as she sprinted. *"Start closing the doors!!"*

They inched together. Mel looked on, safe within their own ship. Scrambling legs and antennae pinched at Rachel's heels. There was just enough room for her to jump sideways between the doors before they closed.

Sertch sertch sertch!!

A wall of legs and insectoid bodies collided moments later. Pincers attacked the door, trying to claw it open.

"Mel!! Mel, open the door!!" Rachel demanded, staring through the window. A fist pounded on the glass.

Mel could see the golden sludge covering her suit, as well as coating Rachel's face.

Whiiiiisshhhh!!

White mist flooded the airlock.

"MEL!!! OPEN THE DOOR!!"

"I-I need to decontaminate you!!"

Sertch sertch sertch!!

Sertch sertch sertch!!

Rachel glanced behind her. Scratches were turning into cracks in the tiny window. Any moment now the insects could flood the airlock.

"HURRY UP!!"

The fog stopped. Mel initiated the opening sequence before running to the bridge. A light flashed above the door. Rachel snaked her arm through the opening before the rest of her body

could hope to fit. Metal squeezed her breasts to her collarbones before the doors opened enough for her to collapse onto the floor.

The console almost broke when her fist slammed the button to seal the airlock. Through the window she saw the insects tear through the door and flood the tiny interior seconds later. Not a moment too soon, the ship vibrated around her as latches decoupled. The abandoned ship pulled away. Relief filled Rachel as they drifted into space. Depressurization sent a cloud of bugs and sludge spread into the void. Rachel never thought something so grotesque could bring her such peace.

“Haahhh... Haaahhhhhh hooooooooly shit...” She turned her back to the window and slid to the floor. Gasps heaved her chest up and down against her soaking suit. Around her backside, the space-age fabric was wedged between her cheeks and pulled immodestly across her crotch. *“I thought I was dead!”*

Mel came around the corner to check on her companion. Panic still showed on her face from the sudden change of events. *“What did you do?!”*

Rachel waved her arm. *“Nothing!! I went into the cargo hold because we just HAD to check for survivors!! The queen of whatever those things were was in there!!”* She took a moment to unlatch her helmet and throw it across the room. *“Fucking good thing the ship’s hull hadn’t been breached or I would have died!”* Her mouth moved like a cat trying to get hair off its tongue. *“God, that stuff was weird! It got in my mouth!”*

Despite the excitement being over, Rachel couldn’t shake the sensation of butterflies in her stomach. Her body was trembling and heat still poured off her as if she were exerting great effort.

GUUURGLE

“N-Nngh...”

Mel approached with concern, watching Rachel squirm on the floor. *“Y...You swallowed some?”*

Churning sounds emanated from her body and she held her belly in her arms. The company’s spacesuits had always been on the tighter side, but as Mel stared, she was certain Rachel’s breasts were stretching the fabric well beyond its limits. An embarrassingly revealing outline of her pussy stood out between her thighs.

“Hahhh... Nnngh... I-I’m burning up...” Rachel moaned, leaning her head against the door.

An arm hooked under hers to help her to her feet. *“Come on, let’s get you checked out. We don’t know what that stuff was. It could be toxic!”*

GURRRRGLE

“It...” Rachel swallowed. There was a pressure pushing within her belly and traveling across her body. *“I-It tasted a little like honey... Stuff was so sticky I could barely--Ngh!! God!!”* She tensed and arched her back. Mel’s eyes widened seeing a pair of massive breasts jutting off

her frame. *“Why the hell do they have to make these space suits so damn tight?! I feel like my tits are gonna--”*

POP!!

Both women’s eyes shot to Rachel’s front when a seam burst down the middle of her suit. It opened from her neck to her navel, splitting like a ripe peach. From within emerged two bloated mounds fighting for space. Rachel gawked at the size of her breasts, grown to more than double their usual size. Cleavage pressing into a tight chasm as flesh squeezed out of the ruptured suit.

“M-Mel...” A mixture of panic and misplaced arousal turned her breaths short and hot. *“My... My tits feel like--”*

GUUUURRRRGLE!!

“MMMGGH!!”

Rachel doubled over. Her arms wrapped around her torso but heaving skin pushed back, spreading her embrace wider. Mel took a step back as Rachel’s breasts eclipsed the size of her head and continued for several more inches.

Heat poured into her. Rachel watched their curves engorge with weight. Her nipples throbbed and plumped against her palms. Stuffing her suit beyond recognition, the pink of her areolas was forced to peek out from within the rip.

“MEL!!! WHY AM I--”

SHRRIIP!!!

A jolt snapped across her rear to make Rachel squeal in fright at the sharp slap.

“MEL?! M-MEL?! WHAT’S HAPPENING?!”

Mel backed away. Flesh was squeezing out of a burst seam across Rachel’s backside. Each of her hands flew across her developing hourglass figure. There seemed no end to her girth, and there was always more to discover. Rachel’s mind raced upon watching her hips bulge to her sides. Far too wide for any of the seats onboard, their weight carried her pelvis with a mind of its own. Tense fabric massaged her groin. The fear of her suit snapping across her plumped, sensitive lips made Rachel tremble.

GUUUURRRRGLE!!!!

Deep churning echoed through the room. Mel gazed, watching the tortured suit pull tighter by the second. It couldn’t last much longer, and when it finally blew, she wasn’t sure she could handle what was waiting within.

GUUUURRGLE!!!

“MMMGGH!!!” Heaviness pulsed through her frame. Leaning forward with breasts bloated as large as beach balls, Rachel looked to her stupefied crewmate for any form of assistance.

“MEL!! DO SOMETHING!!! I FEEL LIKE I’M--”

SPLRRTCH!!!!

Horror gripped Rachel when pressure struck her nipples. From their puffed forms erupted a gush of golden slime that clung to her skin. Its scent filled the air with a tempting sweetness.

“*NO!! NO NO NO NO NO!!!*” She watched the substance bubble out of her and drip to the floor in heavy globs. “*WHAT THE HELL IS HAPPENING TO ME?!*” Rachel shrieked as her suit stretched past the point of no return.

To be continued