

Night Job 4

Contains a tentacle attack and breast, butt, belly, and thigh expansion

Lars sat in his computer chair staring at his girlfriend as she prepared for bed. A silky blue button-up pajama top and matching shorts flowed over her otherwise naked body like tantalizing wrapping paper.

“Stare much?” Mari teased, padding her way from the bathroom to their bed.

He smirked and was gifted a teasing glimpse of her high inner thighs as she purposefully presented herself on all fours while crawling into bed. “Just enjoying the view! Might have to take a closer look when I get into bed.”

A giggle arose from the sheets as she settled in and grabbed a book from their nightstand. “If you do, I’ll assume you won all your games! Don’t stay up too late, ok?”

Lars nodded and glanced at his computer screen. The game lobby was still missing two of his friends before they could start. It wasn’t ideal, but the opposite wall of their bed was the only place his computer could go in their tiny studio apartment. “I’ll keep the brightness on low.”

Gliding plastic made him cringe. Mari was opening the bedside window to let in the cool night air, something she thought complimented a warm bed perfectly. It also invited the never-ending noises of a large city.

She caught Lars’s gaze and paused. “Oh, is that alright? I know the noise can be a bother.”

“I’m prepared, actually!” With a smile, Lars donned a pair of noise-canceling headphones. “SAY SOMETHING!” he said too loud.

“I love you!”

“*What?*”

“I LOVE YOU!”

“*WHAT??*”

Mari giggled again and held her hands to her mouth to shout, “*I LOVE YOU, YA GOOF!!*”

He didn’t need to hear to feel the affection. The headphones came off. “See? Can’t hear a thing. They even connect to bluetooth so I can talk with the guys.”

“Don’t stay up too late,” she warned again.

“Yes, dear.”

Mari flipped the light off to leave only a small bedside lamp to illuminate her book. “I love you.”

“I love you too!” Lars said before facing his computer and returning his headphones to his head. The silhouette of his body stood out against his screen as it had so many other nights. “Sup, guys! Bryan, try not to suck this time,” he chided into his headset as his games began.

Mari smiled to herself and turned to reading. Already her eyes felt heavy. It wouldn't take long for sleep to find her. Although if Lars did cop a feel whenever he decided to come to bed, she wouldn't slap him away. Those nights when he roused her from sleep often led to some of their best sex. After a moment of thought, she decided to sneak out of her pajamas to help encourage his desire later on.

A thumb was hooked around her shorts' waistband when she paused. There had been movement outside the window. On the second floor, she assumed it could only be a bird. It grew as she stared: a black writhing mass rising into view like a mound of sentient tar.

It wasn't until a thick inky tentacle slapped over the window sill that terror gripped her. Mari inhaled sharply and recoiled when a dozen more entered in a slithering flurry that washed over the bed like giant eels. Her legs scrambled to kick the sheets back and escape while screaming, "*LARS!! THERE'S SOMETHING IN HERE!!! LARS!!! AHHH!!!*"

They grabbed her limbs and torso. As if she were a doll, the tentacles lifted her from the bed and extinguished any hope of escape. Mari pulled to no avail, completely vulnerable as the slimy tendrils squeezed and explored. The outline of her boyfriend sat below against his screen.

"L-L-LARS!!! HELP ME! I'M--ACK!!!"

Her mouth filled in an instant. The tentacle had struck like a snake, plunging itself between her lips and down her throat. The sudden assault made her eyes water.

"M-Mmm!! MPH!! M--"

Guurrrrgle

A grimace crossed her face. The tentacle had thickened and stretched her throat. Throbbing bulges pulsed down its length. Mari whined as something thick and warm was pumped into her belly where it settled.

Guuurrrrrrgle

"N-Nnngh!! MPH!!!"

Pressure struck within her gut. She felt as though she'd just eaten Thanksgiving twice over. Staring down, she saw her abdomen rising like a taut fleshy balloon beneath her shirt. The hem rose and her shorts pushed down her navel against the gurgling dome. Contours of her muscles decorated the sides near her pelvis where she was forced to stretch the most.

Within seconds, she'd gained the belly of a pregnant woman nearing labor.

Mari's hands clenched against her capture. So much rapid stretching left her feeling ready to burst. The pressure made her sweat and tremble out of fear for the surface of her drum-like belly. As full as she felt, the tentacle continued to force more down her gullet. Fabric strained around her widening waist to test her pajamas. Buttons tensed and spread their windows. Through one protruded her belly button, always having been an innie until now.

"Dan!! Get him!! He's right there!! DAN!! He's-- *Dammit, Dan!*" Lars said into his mic, none-the-wiser to his girlfriend's ballooning waistline on the other side of the room.

Guuurrrrrrgle!!

“Nnnngh!!!”

Mari winced. Every movement sent her gut wobbling. The pressure was shifting. Her stomach full to bursting, she could feel the dense fluid being forced elsewhere.

Panic drained the remaining color from her face when the top of her shirt shifted. Her breasts tingled. Each nipple stood erect in an instant.

“Mmgh!! NNGH!! N-NNGH!”

They started to swell. Terror welled in Mari’s eyes at the sight of her bust rising into her face. Already too large for her liking, her G-cups had little space to call their own when they suddenly had to compete with her belly. Two glorious mounds grew into her shirt to the point of smoothing the remaining fabric. Her torso had become a trio of tight, heaving orbs. Gumdrop nipples pulsed against her shirt. As her mammaries grew to eclipse her head, Mari whimpered upon seeing cleavage bulge between her buttons and squeeze through her collar and sleeves.

“I need a heal over here! Need a heal!”

Lars’s screen flashed with an ongoing battle. In the light, Mari saw two other tentacles working their way up her legs. They crept around her thighs before approaching her groin. She tried to pull away when their tips slithered under her shorts but the bondage was absolute.

“MNGH!!!”

They attacked. With a belly larger than a beach ball, her thighs had spread wide and her pussy was stretched at her navel’s command. There was little stopping the tentacles when they each found a hole waiting among Mari’s intimate flesh. Her eyes clamped shut when one slid between her pink walls while another entered somewhere even Lars hadn’t yet been allowed to explore.

“Mmmm!!”

She squeaked, realizing she’d just moaned. The extreme stretching sensation left her feeling ready to split in half as both tentacles throbbed and pushed deep into her body.

Then came the additional pressure. Inaudible from beneath her bloating chest and belly, Mari could feel it spreading in waves of warmth like a man’s release. The elastic of her shorts drew tight around her hips. Within seconds, her thighs filled out the usually flowy leg holes into skin-tight attire.

“M-Mmmngh...”

An arch traveled through her back. Everything felt alive. Mari trembled, confused to find herself fighting the urge to enjoy the alien sensations expanding her curves like water balloons. To feel her pajamas tighten around her body was exquisite. Her shorts felt ready to burst. Though out of sight, each ass cheek shook with a mass she imagined rivaled her watermelon breasts.

“Ok ok!! It’s full, it’s full!!” Lars informed. *“Someone shut off the water! We can still get it back to base!”*

BOOM!!

“MMGH!!!”

A seam burst down her backside. Mari swooned and let her eyes flutter as fabric pulled and massaged itself against her pussy. No toy or man had ever felt so good inside of her as these tentacles.

POP!!

POP POP!!

POP POP!!

A shower of buttons exploded from her front. Her pajamas failed completely. For a moment, Mari feared a button might strike Lars and alert him to the situation, but was relieved to see no reaction.

Arousal jumped in her heart when she realized she didn't want it to stop.

Guuurrrrrrgle!!

The tentacles shifted. Her body was massive. The remnants of her pajamas hung off her in flapping tatters while her curves bloated and swelled.

Something hot and slimy caressed her stomach. Mari welcomed its presence now as it rubbed across the bottoms of her beach ball breasts. Two tentacles appeared in front of her exposed nipples. Anticipation shuddered as she watched them feel her out for only a moment before their ends flared into toothless mouths.

Shh/luck!!

Shh/luck!!

"MMNGHPH!!!"

They latched on. Mari saw the tentacles thicken with fluid like a fireman's hose preparing to blast. She couldn't wait.

GUUUUUURRRRRGLE!!!!

Her mind went blank as fluid gushed directly into her breasts. Not a hole was left unfilled across her body. The tentacles had her absolutely.

It was then she felt their pumping accelerate. Mari realized they had been waiting. Waiting to deliver their full load all at once to her helpless, restrained body.

She was ready.

GUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRGLE!!!

Everything ballooned. Nothing was safe from the tentacles' ooze.

BOOOOSH!!

They dropped her back to the bed with the roughness of an over-eager lover, knowing full well she had no hope of escape now. Mari wouldn't have tried; it felt too good to stretch and fill.

Gallons poured into her curves every second. Titanic ass cheeks forced her legs up while thighs wider than a doorway demanded she spread herself open. Large enough to overflow the sides of their queen bed, her belly heaved high and mighty with rumbling pressure. Cleavage

pushed against her face. Nothing was visible beyond the wall of tit flesh rising to the ceiling, but Mari could sense she was transforming into a blimp of a woman.

GUUUUURRRGLE!!

GUUUUURRRRRGLE!!!!

The tentacles pulsed and throbbed. Her butt left the end of the bed. Her breasts pushed against the wall and headboard. Somewhere, she felt the side of her gut push against their window.

“MMMGGH!! MMMMMMMGGH!!!”

CRASH!!!!

The bed broke beneath her weight. Mari’s eyes popped as she feared the reverberating force would cause her tension-riddled body to explode. Everything heaved. It felt as though her belly had started to inflate her sides and creep around to her back. Something crumpled like a paper cup under her right breast: Lars’s nightstand. Clattering rang out when her stretching flesh made its way into the adjacent kitchen and toppled their dishes from dinner.

Pomph

It wasn’t until a soft, doughy sound reached her ears, as well as an accompanying new pressure, that Mari realized just how big she’d become.

Her belly was pressing against the ceiling. Coffee can-sized nipples were jammed into the corner of the ceiling. Her calves felt like they were being swallowed into her thighs as flesh swelled around her frame. The hefty trunks of flesh pushed against her belly like a warring country, supported only by an ass large enough to hide a man between its cheeks.

Lars shifted in his chair. *“I set the timer! Thirty seconds until she blows! We gotta move!”*

Splurmmch!!

Spluuurrrrmch!!

“Mmmm!! MMMMMMM!!!”

Mari whimpered. The pressure was getting to her now. Drowning her thoughts and lust. The tentacles were having trouble pumping. Her holes were leaking the thick goo as her body refused to hold anymore.

Her breath hitched when she realized she could burst.

STRRRRTCH

Skin sang in the shrinking space. Drywall cracked and bowed. Mari could feel stretch marks shooting along her curves. Her body sounded like a creaking ship struggling on a stormy sea.

“MMMM!!!! MMMMMMMMMGGH!!!”

She tried to arch her back but the weight was too great. She wanted to come, but the pressure and thickened tentacles were pushing her release down, bottling it up into a ball of tightly wound stress within her core.

“Guys!! GUYS!! COME ON!! WE--”

Lars's voice stopped. Far across the other side of her bulk, Mari could feel her overfilled cheeks pressing against his chair. It moved, spinning around when her drum-tight mass rammed him.

Lars removed his headset. For a moment he thought the street lights had gone out, but then he realized there was a wall of flesh looming over him. A towering crevice of flesh trembled beneath two tensing legs. Behind them sat a monumental sphere pinned between the ceiling and floor. What looked like a giant's nipple was overflowing their sink. Undulating coils of black mass wrapped around everything, diving into the fleshy canyons and pulsating with energy.

STRRTCH

STRRRRRRTCH

The wall twitched. Thick, dark ooze ran from an exaggerated version of a woman's pussy.

"M...Mari...?" he whispered, scared to touch anything as the mass pushed him against his desk.

RRMMMBLLLL!!!

"MMM!!! MMMMMMGHHHHHH!!!!!"

An orgasmic moan erupted. Lars flinched when everything tightened and shifted, expanding several inches in all directions before--

SPLRRRSH!!!!

"MMMMMMMMMMMMMMNNGHHHH!!!!!"

The tentacles ejected. Ooze sprayed the room when they lashed about like pressurized hoses. Mari's recognizable sounds of orgasm shook the air as the strange substance sprayed from her body in heavy spurts.

Then, everything was over. The tentacles pulled back and withdrew to vanish between Mari and the wall. Lars was left standing with no room to move. Ooze coated him from head to toe. Despite the release, Mari's body seemed no smaller and teetered on the edge of what it could handle.

"Lars... L-Laaarrrrs... Oohhhhh what happened to me..."

A tired voice reached him. He didn't dare try and push the drum-tight ass out of his way. "Mari?? I-Is this even you?! You're..." He gulped. "YOU'RE A BLIMP!! How the fuck did you..." He cautiously placed a hand on a thigh.

"MMM!! No! D-Don't... Don't touch me!! I'm too tight!! Too... Mmmgh... Fuuuuull... God, I'm big... So big...I feel like I could...p-pop..." A strained groan reminded him of a cow complaining after engorging too full of milk. "I... I think I'm gonna sleep...with the window closed from now on..."