

Cosmic Nectar

Contains breast, butt, and some pussy 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.

“M-Mmgh!!”

GUUUURRRGLE

“MMMGGH!!”

GUUUUUUUURRRRRGLE!!!

Rachel’s face contorted. Moaning whimpers moistened her lips. The scent of her bubbling golden slime blanketed the air. Slowly her legs spread apart from widening thighs fighting one another. The fabric of her suit lightened against the stretching, pulling around her thickening fleshy trunks.

“Mel!! M-Mell!! *Do something!!*” Rachel didn’t know what to do with her hands. There was too much going on. Too much growth. Too much ripping. “*My suit is going to--*”

Shhrrriipp!!!

What remained of her clothes tore asunder. Rounded curves turned into trembling globes fell free to gravity’s whim.

“R...Rachel... *You’re... God, you’re...*”

The scene was driving desires into Mel’s heart she hadn’t encountered before. Not about Rachel, at least. Of course she had endured sexual thoughts about her buxom crewmate before. It was impossible not to when she walked around the ship either imprisoned in a skin-tight suit or in an airy tank top and panties. Rachel’s body was enough to get even the straightest girl’s heart pounding a little faster, but seeing her rapidly engorge to the point of total suit destruction had sent Mel’s mind into a flurry. There was something about the unnatural bodily transformation that sent her off the deep end.

Mel clenched her hands and tried to slow her breathing. The scent of the strange fluid dripping onto the floor was making her dizzy with heat. “*Y-You’re so big...*”

GUUUURRRGLE

“*I know!!! You think I can’t see that?!*” Rachel sank her hands into her breasts. They vanished, flesh bulging up to her mid-forearm before stopping. Skin swallowed her knees as her legs bent under their weight. If not for the size of her backside evening out her frame, she would have fallen long ago.

SPLRRRTCH!!!!

“M-M-Mmmgh!!!”

Wails of confused pleasure rocketed through the tiny ship. Rachel felt thick moisture running down her thighs. A pussy plumped like a ripe mango sat nestled in a fleshy prison. The sludge left no nook or cranny of her body untouched.

Mel stepped forward. A distant expression curtained her face. “*It smells so sweet...*”

“*God, it’s everywhere!!*” Wobbling mounds folded over Rachel’s thighs as her ass came to touch the back of her knees. Blown far out of proportion, her hourglass figure was too large to

fit through any of the ship's doorways. She hardly dared to adjust her footing for fear of losing her balance. *"When is this going to--"*

She froze, seeing Mel pause in front of her breasts. Soft cleavage bulged into Rachel's face and she whimpered. *"M...Mel? Mel, what are you doing??"*

"It smells..." A shiver made her body tense. *"SOOO good..."*

Hands reached out to grasp a soup can-sized nipple.

"H-Hey!! Mel, stop!! Stop!!! Don't touch them!!! Do you have any idea how sensitive my tits are right--NNGH!!!!"

Her hands sank into Rachel's areola as if it were a pillow. Pink flesh squished between her fingers. Pressure caused her nipple to push outward and engorge.

GUUUURRRGLE

SPLRRRTCH!!!!

"Augh!!!"

THUD!!

It was too much. Lightning bolts of pleasure kicked Rachel like a mule. She didn't have to fall far before an ocean of flesh caught her between its curves. Bloated ass cheeks swelled up and around her waist, cradling her body in a couch of her own making. Cosmic nectar sloshed thick and hot within them. Her thighs flew outward as she completely lost her footing. Gargantuan bean bag mammaries fell in front of her, fully anchoring Rachel in place. Even in her sitting position, their size was still enough to bring their tops level with her shoulders.

"MMMMMGH!!! MEEEELLLL!!! Fuuuuck!!!" she screamed as her pulse pounded in her ears. Frantic arms draped over her bust and massaged the rising ache of pressure. She didn't dare think about the dramatic swelling occurring between her legs. *"Why?! Nnngh why did you do that!!! I think my body just swelled even--"*

A lust-fueled woman stood over her. Gold slime dripped from Mel's front and her tongue licked around her mouth. Pressing around Rachel's nipple had sprayed the goo to coat the curious woman in a dense layer.

Rachel squeaked. *"M-Mel?"*

"More... Give me more..." She dropped to her knees in front of a heaving mammary. A nipple as large as her head throbbed and squirted. *"Please, my queen..."*

"Queen?! G-Get a hold of yourself!?" Flailing limbs tried to give Rachel an escape, but her weight was too great. *"WAIT!!"* Aroused panic made her clench her toes somewhere beneath her breasts. *"P-Please don't touch them!! You're going to make me--"*

"Give me more..." Mel swooned, breathing in whispers. Her mind had left her. A devilish sparkle was in her eye. Slowly she brought both hands to the sides of a titanic nipple and squeezed it like a fruit she wanted to juice.

GUUUUURRRRGLE!!

"MMMNGHH!!!! HOLY SHIIIIIT!!!!"

Everything bloated around Rachel. Had she been able to keep her eyes open, she would have seen her butt rise on her left and right. Each cheek expanded behind her, creeping higher as a wall of skin cast a shadow over the duo.

But Rachel's breasts demanded her attention. Her glands surged with their mysterious production. Sludge poured into her gallons upon gallons per second. Her skin jolted as it lurched across the metal floor.

GULP

GULP

GULP

"M-Mel! Please! O-Oooh please!! Stop...touching them!! I can't take it!!"

Mel's tongue was merciless. Her face sank deep into the pink monster, lapping and sucking at the gushing fluid. It was sweeter than honey. Rich, exotic flavor intoxicated Mel more than any drug. She wanted to worship Rachel. She wanted to suck on her throbbing nipples for the rest of her life. The sensation of her fluid sitting so heavy in her stomach was all the joy she would ever need.

GUUUURGLE!!

"Mmmmmmm!!!! Bigger!!! I-I'm getting bigger!!!" Breath left Rachel's lungs in droves. Her body wanted to orgasm but she didn't dare let herself give in. There was no telling what falling off that proverbial cliff could do to her in this state. Pleasure-blurred eyes watched as her breasts rose higher and higher, blocking much of her view ahead of them. Little of her body could be seen between the car-sized tits and ass. *"MEL!! For God's sake!!! Stop before you make me erupt!!!"*

"Does my queen desire pleasure...?"

This was not Mel's voice. This voice was distant and hypnotized.

"W-What?"

Mel stood up, barely visible over Rachel's breasts. A lustful whirlwind had brought her to pant for air. The front of her suit was unzipped, allowing bare cleavage to rise into the open with her breaths. Rachel had to pause, surprised Mel's tiny bust could muster such plumpness.

"Does my queen...desire pleasure...?"

Rachel gulped. She desired it more than anything. Her body had never sung as loudly as it was at this moment, and the bigger she swelled, the better it felt. What worried her was what could happen if she gave in.

"Y... Yes..." she whimpered, unsure of her own answer.

Mel did not respond. Instead she fell to her knees.

"Mel?! H-Hey! Wait! Whatever you're doing, don't--AAAHHH!!!"

Her breasts heaved in rolling waves. Muffled, syrupy sloshes bubbled and gurgled. Enduring so much fluid shifting against her skin, Rachel cried out at the rush of stimulation. Sludge fell from her nipples and her hands clawed against her cleavage.

Mel was squirming her way between them, digging deep into her cleavage.

“M-MMM!! Mmmmghhh don’t do that!! Oohhhh don’t do that!!! You’re moving them too much!”

There was no stopping her. Mel inched deeper and deeper into the hot, sweaty chasm. When Rachel felt her hands grab and push her inner thighs open, she knew it was time to panic.

“WAIT!! W-W-Wait!!! DON’T TOUCH THAT!!! MEL I WON’T BE ABLE TO HANDLE IT!!”

Her pussy throbbed, swollen and plumped with her transformation. It never would have fit into her civilian clothes in this state. Even a skirt would have been too little to cover how big it felt. Rachel gasped for air, feeling her lust-engorged lips tremble at Mel’s approach.

“Mmngghh fuck!! H-How big am I down there?!”

She got her answer when Mel reached her goal and clasped a hand on either side of Rachel’s folds. Her eyes dilated and her head rolled back. Mel’s face was pushing into the pillowy dripping gash. A tongue danced with a clit as large as a golf ball. Rachel felt her sopping cushion more than engulf Mel’s head with plenty of flesh left over.

“Ah!! AHH!!! AAHHHH!!!”

There was no fighting the orgasm. Rachel’s body quaked in all directions.

GUUUUURRRRGLE!!!!

“MMMNNNGHHHHHH!!!!!”

Her curves connected with the walls. The room was rapidly becoming far too small for their situation and she found herself wondering if the queen insect had felt a similar feeling in the cargo bay.

GUUUUURRRRGLE!!!

SPLRRRTCH!!!

Sludge sprayed into the hall. A widening puddle crept across the floor. At this point Rachel couldn’t be certain where it was leaking from. Every part of her felt bloated and wet. The waves of ultimate pleasure washed over her for minutes before they ended, leaving her breathless and pinned between her curves. She barely had the strength to notice Mel squirming free of her breasts. Natural lube coated her body and allowed an easy exit, where she emerged from the top of Rachel’s cleavage.

“Does this please you, my queen...?”

Rachel groaned and tried to fight it but her mind was fogging. The scent of nectar filled her nostrils and throat. The pleasure wasn’t ending. She only wanted more. To be bigger. To produce more. Feeling it stretch her curves like water balloons was better than any pleasure.

“Y... Yes...” she answered.

Looking up, she took in Mel’s form. Her suit was tense, stretching around her curves to the point of warping. Enough flesh was packed into her front to rival Rachel’s natural size. Tightness had brought Mel’s cleavage to shine with firmness, reflecting the lights with a pink hue.

“Mel...? Are you...getting bi--”

Bwoop!!

Bwoop!!

A light flashed with an alarm, alerting them of an incoming communication. Over the intercom, a transmission crackled to life with a woman's voice. "*Emergency crew 384B! We've received your distress signal! Please respond.*"

"*Another...emergency crew...?*" Rachel asked.

Mel smiled and wiped her mouth with a finger. "*I called them upon our sudden disengagement with the cargo ship, my queen...*" Desire still dripped in her words. "*Let me summon them so they may assist me.*"

Her movement climbing over Rachel's bust to reach the hallway sent her into a fit of ecstasy. "*Mel...! M-Mel...!*"

There came no answer. Rachel watched her leave, eying the dramatic enhancement taking over her rear. A tear had already formed down the side of one leg. Her growth was undeniable. Her suit might not be intact by the time she returned.

Rachel swallowed as her body swelled larger. There was no hope to move, not when her curves pressed into every wall and corner. She was pinned amid a sea of herself.

"*This is emergency crew 384B,*" Mel's voice came over the intercom. "*Still requesting immediate assistance. Please board from dock number two.*"

Anticipation ran through Rachel's breasts. She was ready to be pampered and pleased. "*More...*" she whispered, eyes glazing over as she felt the ship jolt upon the other's docking. "*I'm ready...for MORE...!*"