

Cosmic Nectar Part 2

Contains breast, butt, and some pussy expansion

“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.

GUUUUURGLE!!

“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.

“Mmnghhh 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...!"*