

A Small Expedition 10 Part 2: The Afterglow

As Andrew began to fuck Nikki with a newfound, frantic intensity, the entire world of the testicles became a violent, rhythmic earthquake. Each thrust of his cock, each heavy lunge into Nikki's welcoming abyss, sent a shockwave through his entire pelvic floor. To Rachel and her team, it was a series of cataclysmic, low-frequency explosions. The walls of the scrotum would tighten and lurch with every heave of Andrew's hips, the pressure increasing until the very fluid they waded in seemed to boil with kinetic energy.

"Hold on!" Rachel screamed, though her voice was nothing more than a microscopic vibration lost in the roar of the biological storm. "Stay close to the ridges!"

But there was no staying close. The sheer violence of the act kept the fluid constantly churning. The lashing sperm cells were whipped into a frenzy by the movement, lashing against the team like living whips. The pressure was so immense that they were unable to fully process the situation they were in.

The most harrowing part for Rachel was the psychological weight of her situation. She was a woman of science, now less than a speck of dust, trapped inside the reproductive machinery of her best friend's husband. A man she had eyed more than once. She was a microscopic parasite in the very core of their passion. Every time Andrew groaned, a sound that reached them as a deep, soul-shaking rumble, she was reminded that their entire universe was dictated by the carnal whims of the giants above. It was so hard to see her friends as human at this point. She'd fantasized about being played with by them or playing with them herself, but never like this. And she never thought it would cost her colleagues their lives.

The fluid around them grew thicker and more turbulent as the pressure peaked. The lashing sperm cells seemed to grow more frantic, their movements becoming a chaotic dance of life in the face of the impending, titanic release. Rachel looked up, seeing nothing but the

pulsing, translucent ceiling of the scrotum, and realized they were at the mercy of a biological storm that would soon reach its most violent, explosive crescendo.

While part of the team was drowning in the viscous, teeming sea of the interior, a different kind of horror was unfolding on the exterior of the world. A handful of the survivors, the ones who had been clinging to the massive, throbbing plateau of the glans before the great descent, had been cast off during the violent collision of the two titans. They hadn't fallen into the abyss of the urethra, nor had they been crushed by the vaginal walls. Instead, they had tumbled down the long, muscular shaft and landed on the vast, undulating landscape of Andrew's scrotum.

To these survivors, the skin of the scrotum was a terrifying, alien terrain. It was a world of deep, canyon-like wrinkles and ridges, a parched desert of fleshy folds that seemed to stretch on for miles in every direction. The surface was slick and treacherous, coated in a thick, salty layer of perspiration that turned the valleys between the wrinkles into rushing, tepid rivers of sweat. Every step the survivors took was a desperate scramble to avoid sliding into a dark, suffocating crevasse or being crushed by a hair the size of a skyscraper. The heat was stifling, a humid, heavy atmosphere that smelled intensely of sex and sweat, making every breath a struggle. But the terrain was the least of their worries.

As Andrew transitioned to his new position, his movements were heavy and world-shaking. To the tiny people on his sack, his every shift in posture felt like a continental collision. When he adjusted his weight to hoist Nikki's legs onto his shoulders, the entire world beneath their feet buckled and heaved. The fleshy folds of his scrotum would tighten and expand with a violent, rhythmic lurching, nearly tossing the survivors into the air or crushing them between wrinkles and hair.

Then, the true carnage began.

As Andrew began to drive himself into Nikki with a frantic, primal hunger, the scrotum was no longer just a landscape; it became a meteor on a collision course with Nikki's asteroid. Because of his position, with Nikki on her back and her legs high, his pelvis was slamming into her with incredible, unbridled force.

The survivors saw it coming before they felt it. From their vantage point in a shallow, sweaty wrinkle, they saw the horizon, the massive, pale, mountainous expanse of Nikki's inner thighs and the cleft of her ass rushing toward them at impossible scale and speeds. The skin of her thighs was a smooth, terrifying wall of flesh, shimmering with the light of the room. Then it hit. The impact was catastrophic. As Andrew's hips slammed home, his scrotum was swung between the powerful thrust of his hips and the quaking and quivering flesh of Nikki's thighs and buttocks. To the survivors, it wasn't just a hit; it was the collision of two planets.

The sound was a wet, thunderous slap that echoed through their very bones. The force of the impact flattened the wrinkles they were standing in, turning the canyons into crushed plains in a microsecond. The survivors were caught in the pinch zone, the microscopic space between the two titans. They were squeezed with such unimaginable pressure that they didn't even have time to feel the pain. They were simply pulverized, their tiny bodies flattened into microscopic smears of organic matter against the heated, sweating skin of the scrotum.

As Andrew continued his rhythmic, pounding assault, the survivors were nothing more than a part of the friction. They were caught in the grinding, slapping sexual bliss of the two lovers, obliterated by the sheer, repetitive violence of the act. Each thrust was a hammer blow, each slide a crushing wave, that ended more and more lives. All as the gods above continued their carnal fun, completely oblivious to the microscopic lives that were being snuffed out in the heat of their passion.

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To Andrew and Nikki, the experience was nothing short of euphoric. The shift in position had unlocked a new level of intensity; having her legs draped over his shoulders allowed him to drive deeper, hitting her with a rhythmic, heavy force that made her toes curl and her back arch off the mattress. The momentum was perfect, a searing, wet heat that seemed to radiate from their very cores, driving them both toward a frantic, desperate climax.

Nikki was lost in a haze of pure sensation, her head tossing back as she let out guttural, uninhibited moans that filled the room. Every time Andrew's hips slammed against hers, the impact sent a jolt of pleasure straight to her brain, making her vision swim.

"God, Andrew... don't stop," she gasped, her voice thick with lust, her fingers digging into the sheets.

Andrew was equally consumed, his muscles corded and sweating as he maintained the punishing, beautiful pace. He felt a primal surge of dominance and connection, the sheer physicality of the act pushing him to the brink.

As they neared the peak, a shared thought flickered through their minds: a thrill of voyeurism. They thought again about the microscopic camera drones around her body, capturing every intimate detail of their session. The idea of watching themselves from such an impossibly close, intense perspective later that night was an aphrodisiac in itself. They weren't just fucking; they were performing for the camera, pushing themselves harder and harder, eager to see the incredible, high-definition footage of their passion once the sweat had dried and the world slowed down.

Nikki also couldn't wait to see Rachel's reaction to the show they were putting on.

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Inside the dark, pressurized vault of the scrotum, the world had descended into a state of pure, chaotic violence. For Rachel and her remaining team, the distinction between sound and feeling had vanished; every sensation was a physical wave that washed through them.

As Andrew's pace reached a fever pitch, the rhythmic thrusting became a series of tectonic shifts. The most terrifying part wasn't just the internal lurching of the fluid but rather the external impact. Every time Andrew drove himself deep into Nikki, his hips slammed forward, and his scrotum, the very world the researchers inhabited, was violently slapped against the massive, quaking walls of Nikki's thighs and ass.

To the microscopic team, these weren't just "slaps." They were catastrophic, sonic booms of pressure.

The impact would send a massive, concussive wave through the seminal fluid. Rachel felt the liquid surge around her like a tsunami, the force of the collision throwing her against the fleshy, undulating ceiling of the sac. The pressure would spike so intensely that the fluid seemed to compress, momentarily squeezing the air out of her lungs as the walls of the scrotum were flattened against Nikki's skin. It was as if they were inside a drum being beaten by a god, the vibrations rattling their very teeth and threatening to shake their organs loose.

"It's... it's too much!" one of the researchers screamed, though the sound was instantly swallowed by the thunderous, wet slapping of flesh against flesh.

The lashing sperm cells, already frantic, were now caught in a whirlpool of kinetic energy. They were whipped into a frenzy by the shockwaves, slamming into the researchers like white, fleshy projectiles. The fluid was no longer a sea; it was a churning, boiling cauldron of protein and heat.

With every heavy, wet slap of Andrew's balls against Nikki's body, the entire environment underwent a violent compression. The researchers were tossed around like debris in a storm,

slammed into the hot, pulsing ridges of the interior walls. They were caught in a terrifying cycle: the sudden, crushing weight of the impact, followed by the nauseating, rolling surge of the fluid as the pressure equalized.

Rachel clung to a microscopic wrinkle of tissue, her eyes squeezed shut, feeling the massive, rhythmic thudding of Andrew's heartbeat echoing through the walls like a war drum. She could feel the heat rising, the fluid becoming even more turbulent as Andrew neared his end. They weren't just witnessing a climax; they were trapped inside the engine of a biological explosion that could shatter worlds, waiting to see if the sheer force of the impending release would shatter them before they could ever hope to escape.

The atmosphere inside the scrotum had reached a state of absolute, unmitigated madness. For Rachel and her team, the world was no longer made of matter, but of pure, deafening vibration. Every time Andrew's hips collided with Nikki's, a thunderous CRACK-THOOM reverberated through the fleshy walls, a sound so deep and primal it felt as though the very fabric of their universe was tearing apart.

The raging seas within the testes were in total upheaval. The viscous, translucent fluid was no longer a navigable medium; it had become a churning, frothing maelstrom. The lashing, serpentine sperm cells were being whipped into a violent frenzy by the kinetic energy of the thrusts, their undulating bodies slamming into the researchers like living, fleshy whips. The levels of the fluid seemed to rise with every lunge, the pressure mounting so intensely that the liquid felt thick, heavy, and almost solid, as if the very density of the world were increasing.

Rachel felt herself being tossed upward by a massive surge of fluid, only to be slammed back down by the next concussive slap of Andrew's scrotum against Nikki's ass. The world was a rhythmic, wet, and terrifying cacophony of impacts.

Outside their pulsing, fleshy prison, the gods were reaching the precipice.

Andrew's breath came in ragged, desperate hitches, his entire body tight with tension. As he neared the point of no return, his scrotum began to react to the physiological command of his nervous system. The skin, which had been a landscape of loose, sweaty wrinkles, began to tighten and constrict. The muscles of the sac pulled taut, the fleshy walls hardening and shrinking as they prepared for the massive, internal pressure of the coming deluge.

Above them, a dual roar erupted. Nikki's voice rose in a high, soaring crescendo of pure, unadulterated pleasure, her hips bucking wildly to meet his every lunge. Simultaneously, Andrew let out a deep, guttural groan, a sound that, to the tiny people inside, was a literal earthquake.

The tension was unbearable. The pressure within the sac was reaching a critical, explosive limit. Rachel looked up through the churning, white fluid, seeing the ceiling of their world begin to pulse with an incredible, rhythmic intensity. The chamber was tightening, bracing itself, as the giants above prepared to unleash a tidal wave that would change everything.

They felt as though the world was about to end.

But the world didn't just end; it exploded.

Just as the pressure within the scrotal vault reached a breaking point, the "earthquake" turned into a volcanic eruption. A massive, rhythmic contraction seized the entire landscape, and suddenly, the chamber around Rachel and the handful of remaining survivors erupted. As did Andrew. They were caught in a colossal, white tidal wave of warm, viscous fluid that surged upward with the force of a thousand geysers.

"Hold on!" Rachel screamed, but her voice was instantly swallowed by a deafening, wet roar of fluid on flesh.

They weren't just floating; they were being launched. The sheer hydraulic pressure of Andrew's climax acted like a biological cannon, catapulting the tiny survivors upward through the narrow, muscular tunnel of the urethra. To them, the shaft of the penis was a high-speed, pneumatic, terrifying transit tube, a roaring canyon of dark pulsing, pink tissue that constricted around them with terrifying intensity. The walls of the tunnel were slick and incredibly hot, the force of the rapid ascent threatening to shred them as they were propelled through the dark, rhythmic tunnel by the relentless force of the ejaculate.

Then, with a final, violent burst of pressure, they were ejected from the mouth of the tunnel into a greater one.

The transition was jarring. One moment, they were trapped in the tight, crushing velocity within the shaft; the next, they were launched into a vast, dark, and echoing quivering abyss.

They had entered the chasm of Nikki's vagina.

The scale was staggering. The walls of the vaginal canal loomed above them like colossal, undulating mountains of soft, velvet-textured tissue, glowing with a dim, fleshy light. The space was immense, a cavernous, humid world that seemed to stretch on for miles in every direction. The high-powered light shone on walls and wrinkles no man had seen before. Before the impact came, it was a moment of peace and organic beauty. Then they made impact on the viscous, cum soaked walls as more of Andrew's seed painted the world around them.

But the apparent peace of the vastness was an illusion. The environment was incredibly violent. The massive, rhythmic contractions of Nikki's vaginal walls, her body responding to the climax, sent massive, slow-moving waves of fluid rolling through the chasm. These waves were like heavy, warm tides, tossing the survivors around the cavernous space. One poor man whom Rachel had found attractive, who actually reminded her of Andrew and she'd planned to ask out,

was crushed by a single pulse of one of Nikki's walls. A girl crushed beneath the thrusting cock. Rachel herself saw all of this as she was washed deeper into her friend with a few others.

As they drifted, they could hear the thunderous, muffled sounds of the giants above. The heavy, rhythmic thud thud thud of Andrew's hips hitting Nikki's slowed but still echoed through the walls of the chasm like distant artillery fire. Every moan from the goddesses above vibrated through the very floor of the abyss, an incomprehensible low-frequency tremor that made the survivors' bodies ache with a deep primal fear. She was an apex predator, and they were little more than parasites about to be consumed.

The vast, humid chasm of Nikki's interior was a graveyard. As the initial tidal wave of the ejaculate settled into a heavy, rhythmic churning that was in tune with her pulsing walls, the scale of the tragedy became clear. The others, the researchers she had shared coffee with, the colleagues she had studied with, and the students she had taught, were gone. Some had been caught in the initial eruption and pulverized against the muscular walls of the vaginal canal; others had simply been lost, swallowed by the deep, viscous pools of semen and Nikki's own fluids that gathered in the lower recesses of the cavern. Rachel had barely survived their orgasms. Rachel was alone in that.

Rachel was alone.

Driven by a desperate survival instinct, she had scrambled toward the last refuge she could find in the dark, undulating landscape. She had been battered against the massive, viscous, velvet ridges of the vaginal walls, her body aching, until she clung to the final possible sanctuary: the cervix. To Rachel, the cervix was a colossal, fleshy monolith, a smooth, rounded dome that loomed like a mountain of soft, pink marble in the center of the abyss. Fluids gushed from the entrance that Rachel now found herself on. She'd somehow managed to survive it. It

was the gateway to a deeper, even more horrifying realm. She no longer had to grip it. She was mired in Nikki's juices.

The light from her suit's high-lumen flashlight cut a narrow but bright path through the thick, milky fluid that filled the cavern. As she gasped for air, the beam swept upward, illuminating a sight that stole her breath.

High above, looming like a fleshy, pulsating, angry deity in the sky of the chasm, was the head of Andrew's cock. It was a terrifying, titanic landscape of engorged, sensitive tissue, glistening with a thick sheen of combined fluids. It looked less like a body part and more like a celestial entity, a god-like structure that dominated the entire horizon of her world.

Then, the horizon began to shake.

A deep, guttural groan from Andrew was matched by Nikki and rumbled through the very foundation of the cervix, a sound so powerful it felt as though the mountain Rachel was clinging to was about to shatter. The massive cockhead above her began to pulse with a violent, rhythmic intensity. Then she saw white.

A last, thick spurt of cum blasted free from the tip of the shaft. To Rachel, the sheer volume of the discharge was staggering. The light from her gear caught the incoming deluge, turning the world into a blinding, white wall of organic matter.

"No! No, no, no! Andrew!" Rachel screamed, her voice lost in the thunderous roar of the impact.

The first wave hit the cervix like a tsunami. The force was enough to nearly rip her from the quivering mound. She was slammed backward, the warm, heavy weight of the semen pinning her against the cervical opening. The liquid was thick, and it was incredibly heavy, pressing into her lungs and making every breath a struggle.

As the second and third spurts arrived, the pressure became insurmountable. The cervical opening, which had seemed like a solid wall, began to yield, acting as a funnel for the massive deluge. Rachel felt herself being sucked into the dark, hungry aperture. The viscous fluid washed over her, blinding her, drowning her senses in a hot, white world of pure sensation.

She was swept away, pulled deep into the dark, deep tunnel of the cervical canal. As she was swallowed by the depths of Nikki's body, her light broke. The last thing she saw was the retreating, pulsing sight of the cockhead above, a distant god fading into the darkness as she was entombed in the warm, liquid womb of his goddess.

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The room was silent, save for the heavy, synchronized breathing of two lovers cooling down from their frantic fling. Andrew lay sprawled across the bed, his right arm draped over Nikki's waist, while she rested her head on his chest, her skin still glistening with a fine sheen of sweat and the remnants of their passion. His left arm was tucked under her arm while his hand tweaked her nipple, neither of them aware that they were wiping out the last survivors on her nipple and armpit. The air was thick with the scent of sex and the lingering heat of their climax.

"That was... amazing," Andrew whispered, his voice a low, satisfied rumble that Nikki felt deep in her own chest.

"The drones hopefully caught the best parts," Nikki replied with a tired, satisfied, triumphant smirk. She reached over to the nightstand, her fingers brushing against the sleek, metallic casing of the retrieval device. "I'm going to activate the collection sequence now. We can watch the footage on the big screen in a bit."

She pressed the activation stud and crawled off Andrew, lying back straight on the crumpled sheets as Rachel had instructed her for retrieval. A soft, high-pitched hum emanated from the device as it began its programmed sweep, hovering over parts of Nikki's body like a fly.

She wondered if they broke all the drones. Rachel had told her the collection ship would be able to recover the data regardless via a short-range broadcast, like the black box on a plane. To Nikki, it sounded like an odd but fairly simple procedure, a way to capture the most intimate moments of their night to relive later.

Andrew, meanwhile, reached for his phone, which he'd set to silent earlier. He squinted at the screen, his brow furrowing as he saw a dozen missed calls and several frantic messages from Rachel's lab. He pressed play and held the phone up to his ear.

He listened to the messages in silence, his body stiff. He stopped when he heard the chime of the collection ship returning to its pod. Nikki sat up, her eyes content and lustful, looking from the humming, glowing capsule on the nightstand to the confused, slightly pale expression on Andrew's face.

"Everything okay?" she asked, her voice tilting upward in curiosity. "You look like you just saw a ghost."

Andrew swallowed hard, his eyes fixed on the small, silver canister that now sat innocently on the wood surface, supposedly containing nothing more than a few pieces of high-tech hardware.

"They, uh. Gave us the wrong capsule. It was not the micro drones."

Nikki leaned in, her curiosity piqued, a playful smile still dancing on her lips. "Well?" she prompted, gesturing to the device. "What was in this capsule, then?"

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Epilogue

The next few days were a whirlwind of nondisclosure agreements, scientific tests, inspections, and deliberation. Once they were made aware of what had happened, the

higher-ups on the project decided to blame Amber for what had happened. She was quickly stripped of her authority and placed into custody for negligent manslaughter, though the charges would likely not stick due to the company not wanting to reveal much of the nature of the slaughter she caused. Connie got off easy. A payoff and an NDA to never mention what happened. Nikki and Andrew were in a more complicated situation.

The scientists at the lab spent days combing every millimeter of their bodies for survivors. They used specialized scanners and teams of shrunken search parties, but in the end, they only found one survivor. Joel, Rachel's other assistant, the one who volunteered to shrink down because he had a crush on one of his colleagues, was the only person left alive.

He had been washed out of Nikki's vagina by the wave of her cum and ended up trapped in a single bead of fluid that leaked from her vulva and dripped down the rise of her ass. He ended up plastered against her anus in a smear of dried cum. Had they not gotten the frantic phone call from Amber, she may have found and wiped the smear up, or worse... gone to the bathroom. He was found and regrown to normal size. He was walking through the hallway, wrapped in a heavy weighted blanket, when he saw Nikki and Andrew being led across the hall. He looked upon the shorter couple and a moment of recognition swept through him, igniting a deep primal terror. He fell to his knees, shrieking in terror at the sight of them. The couple was ushered away as the doctors tended to the scared man.

Nikki and Andrew were shown footage that had been recovered by the dropship. It showed everything that happened from the perspective of the bodycams the team was wearing. Including the last thing Rachel saw being Andrew's gushing cock before her camera went dark. Nikki agreed to be silent if she was given a file containing all of the footage. She said she wanted to remember what happened, so she could never forget the horror that occurred. That was a lie. Instead, every time she saw a shot of her body blown up to a continental scale, she

felt a surge of arousal wash through her. She had never felt more like a goddess than she had when she learned that over a hundred people had died on or in her body.

An evening, not long after, she lay in bed watching the final feed from Rachel's camera, masturbating as she did. Yes, she loved Rachel; Rachel was her best friend after all. That said, she loved the thought of her friend spending her final moments entombed within her. She would have been even more turned on if she knew that Rachel was still alive. Deep within her fallopian tubes, Rachel was trapped in the dark, her camera, light, and locator smashed and lost. She was a parasite trapped in the seemingly endless tunnels of Nikki's reproductive system. Part of her knew that if Nikki knew she was trapped in there, her friend would likely never let her out. She would be doomed to be trapped within her friend forever. As she was. The thought of this possibility crossed both of their minds. It horrified Rachel and led Nikki to the first of many orgasms of the night. She just needed to restart the footage one more time.