-- *Mel* --

“What’s wrong with me?” Mel panted, leaning against the wall as she lumbered down the hall. Her body felt so heavy, yet strong, like she could bench press the whole crew with one arm. Ever since she woke up, all she’s thought of was Jackie. No, Jackie specifically. She wanted to get pregnant. And the only way to get that on this ship was with Jackie.

Still, there must’ve been a better way than making her cheat on Gabby like that? But then, what did that matter? All that was important was to get pregnant. That’d make her feel better. Besides, she’d get Gabby in on it sooner or later. Just as soon as she was prepared. But for what?

God, she was horny. She wanted to go back and find Jackie, this time in a private space, one with a lockable door so they wouldn’t be interrupted. No, she had something else to do first. The others could get in the way, no matter what she tried. She needed somewhere safe, guardable, a place to keep them. Then, once she was finished with Jackie, they’d join her.

She finally looked at a sign for where she was going; Cargo. They’d emptied it out already, leaving only containers and some surplus food storage. No one went down there unless ordered to. Perfect.

Once inside, she fell to her knees. Her ass covered her legs and feet, but it wasn’t done growing yet, still expanding back and out. She rested upon it as she spread her thighs, enjoying the lewd peel of her juices. They were thick and dark, with every new drop an even darker shade. Before long, it was black and shiny, like hot plastic. She needed more of it. A lot more.

Lurid squelching echoed around her, feeding the arousal pounding through her veins. It only got better as she continued, her fingers seeming to reach deeper and deeper, pulling greater gouts of her fluids with every thrust. What didn’t pool on the floor poured down her thighs, warming her even further. She slammed against her huge clit on one thrust, the pleasure knocking the air from her lungs. She fell onto her front, ass still raised as she fingered herself.

In that position, her kegels were even stronger and jettisoned thick jets of the stuff. It splattered against the nearest wall, yet didn’t pour, instead seeming to spread out on its own power. Parts set quickly, taking a leathery appearance, yet shiny as latex. Her hand was covered in it, but it didn’t go the same way for her. It adhered to and moulded around her. She bucked her hips hard as a line of her goo rolled across her stomach.

When it reached the base of her tits, Mel convulsed. Her throat burned and drool spilled from her lips. She slapped a hand over her mouth on impulse, only for more to spill past her fingers, revealing the same black goo. A shudder passed down her lower body and her asshole flexed too, spilling its own supply. Pressure built in her pumpkin sized breasts, forcing her to lift up just enough for her nipples to get free.

Her once deep pink nubs had turned the same black as what poured from her. She slapped a hand over one, groping it hard and ejaculating thick streams of the stuff. With this much coming out, her nest would be complete in no time. The perfect place to capture and make more of herself. And for Jackie to knock her up.

“Oh fuck yes,” Mel gurgled and vomited more of the resin, while turning her lower half to aim it at more of the walls. Webs hung between corners, sticky enough to slow anyone caught in it. Anyone that wasn’t strong enough. Which was to say; anyone but her. She imagined Jackie strung up there, helplessly aroused by Mel’s inhumanly fertile figure, while shooting a virile load right into her baby maker.

She stayed there for hours. At some point, she fisted herself, using her hands to shovel out the goo and slather it across anything not already covered. Veins of it spread out from the biggest clumps, replicating itself to create the perfect nest. Which meant she could leave it for now.

Mel finally stood and stretched the cramps from her limbs. A dull ache permeated her body, not unlike when she felt a cold coming on, yet she didn’t dread this. She knew it was necessary, a precursor to something more. Leaving her mess behind, Mel headed for the bridge as Mathias called her name. She ran a hand across her flat belly, promising it would soon be massive with young.

-- *Jackie* --

The call went out three hours ago, when Gabby and Jackie confronted Mathias about their suspicions. Fortunately, with more than one voice in the equation, they actually listened, putting out a call for Mel to come to the bridge. Yet it went unheeded. As it did the next dozen times.

“This is crazy. She’s not in her right mind and her body is changing. Who knows what she could be doing while we’re gathered here?” Jackie said, pacing back and forth. She couldn’t sit down, not with her body thrumming with energy.

“She’s an alien now,” Arwen said, the same thing she told them when she arrived, “She got impregnate and now her DNA is being overwritten.”

“Just shut up. There’s no way that’s happening,” Mathias said, “We found possible alien life, yes, but Jennifer melted every trace of it. Correct, Jennifer?”

“That is correct, Captain,” the android said, “And my observation of Mel overnight indicates no sign of foreign bodies in her system.”

“Right, but what if these can’t be picked up on our sensors? It’s not human in origin after all,” Arwen said.

“And maybe those eggs inside her were just a distraction,” Jackie added, “it could be an infection. A parasite?”

“She gets it!” Arwen said, “I say we find Mel, shove her in an airlock, then get the fuck out of here.”

“We’re not killing one of our own! Anymore talk like that and you won’t have jobs when we get home, understood? We’re waiting for Mel. She’ll give her side of the story and we can confirm what you say about her body. Until then, sit down and shut up.”

Jackie continued her pacing, glancing frequently at Gabby. She was surprisingly quiet. In contemplation? Anger? It could be either of the two. Lesley was nonplussed as always, though she didn’t jump at Arwen’s suggestion of violence. It was a good look for her, being quiet.

The waiting continued, until they finally heard the door hiss open. Everyone turned to look, then gasp as Mel waddled in, her curves far too big for her to walk normally. One of Lesley’s shirts was stretched around her boobs, barely acting as a bra for them. It would’ve slid right up if the nipples didn’t hook it. As for her lower body, she was just lucky that Gabby always had a long skirt on hand, otherwise everything above her knee would be visible. As it was, a glimpse of her ass still poked out.

“Sorry for the delay. I was so tired and none of my clothes fit me anymore,” Mel said with a shrug.

Jackie held her breath, all too aware of the aroma pumping out. None of the others seemed affected, save for Arwen, who held a hand over her nose. Her cheeks were flushed, the same way Jackie’s felt.

“What happened to you?” Mathias asked, stepping forward.

“Jackie explained it best I think. After those eggs got in me, my body thought it was pregnant. But now that they’re gone, it’s trying to overcompensate. Isn’t that right, Jackie?”

“Don’t talk to me.”

“Oh, um… sorry about earlier. It’s just, while I was unconscious, I had these ultra vivid dreams and no way to get relief.”

“So you tried making a move on my girlfriend?” Gabby demanded.

“I shouldn’t have and I’m really sorry. It won’t happen again.”

“I don’t care what happened between you two as long as it wasn’t non-consensual.” Jackie looked away from Mathias, ashamed of the fact it very much was consensual. Even if she wasn’t in her right mind necessarily, “Mel, you head back to your room and wait there. Jennifer and I will come later for a full examination. Just to make sure.”

“Okay,” Mel yawned, “Sorry, still really tired. Getting impregnated like that really takes it out of you. Bye!”

Once she was gone and the door shut, Mathias looked to the rest of the crew, “Okay, something is definitely wrong.”

“So… how about my plan?” Arwen asked.

“Not yet,” Mathias said, “I meant what I said to Mel. If this is an infection or parasite, then surely we can fix it.”

“Maybe if it was something from Earth, but this is an *alien*,” Jackie said, “We’d need teams of people working round the clock, and even then who knows if we’d find anything. At this point, we need to remove her. Before we’re infected as well.”

“I’m with them,” Gabby said, “I like Mel, but… this isn’t her. Did you see how she talked about what happened? The Mel we know would’ve been tripping over her words in excitement about it all. Then there’s the incident with Jackie.”

“I say we lock her in part of the ship. See if it plays itself out. Or perhaps she just needs some relief? Sexual therapy can do wonders,” Jennifer offered.

“Fuck this,” Lesley said and got up.

“Where are you going?” Jackie demanded.

“Where my pals ain’t talking about offing one of their own. Call me when you make a decision.”

Mathias sighed and sat at the main table. Jackie took the opposite end, staring at them, barely blinking.

“Give me one chance. Part of this could easily be psychological for her. Let me talk to her first. No offence, Gabby, but I’ve known her for a while. We’re… close.”

Gabby giggled, “Sorry, sorry. No offence taken.”

“It’s too risky. You saw how big she’s gotten already. It hasn’t even been twenty-four hours. What if she gets taller next? Or stronger?”

“You saw how she moved,” Arwen said, “Her footsteps were light despite all that weight. I can’t speak for her arms, but there’s no doubt that she could probably beat a donkey in a kicking contest. So, if she turns hostile…” She punched into her palm with a satisfying smack, then made exaggerated sounds of dying.

“Did she seem hostile?” Mathias looked to Jackie and Gabby, the only two who’d interacted with Mel at all.

“No. Just,” Jackie looked down at her pants, where her semi-erect member rested, “Really horny. And very into the idea of being knocked up. If she is being controlled by something, I think the plan is to breed and infect...” She sighed, “One chance, Mathias. I don’t care what you say, or what your rank is, if she’s beyond saving, then she’s out.”

Arwen grimaced at the decision, “Whatever. I’m not gonna wait for her to get me. If you need me…” she didn’t finish and just walked out.

“Thank you, Jackie. I know it’s probably stupid to try, but she’s… important.”

“Yeah, whatever. Just don’t get infected too.”

Two steps forward, one step back. At least everyone was aware of Mel’s changes, but Mathias just had to be sentimental, now she might’ve just doomed them all. The only one that seemed to understand how dangerous this could be was Arwen, her suggestion of dumping their infected crew member out the airlock being the most sensible. Much as Jackie would like to believe she could create a cure, it just wasn’t possible with how limited everything was.

Worst of all, she was still horny! With the hellish scenario she’d found herself in, Jackie would’ve at least hoped her libido would be settled, and yet her cock constantly irked her. She could contemplate the worst case scenario of them all being infected - or being forced to blow up the ship to keep it contained - and the stupid thing would twitch, like the prospect was somehow arousing. She’d take of it later. Ooh, by the time she finished with it…

For now, however, she stayed on the bridge. Every camera was active, set to alert her at any movement, but all she got thus far was Lesley and Arwen wandering the halls.

“She’s not leaving her room?” Gabby asked, setting a cup of coffee in front of her.

“No,” Jackie took a sip, grateful for the overly bitter brew the ship always made. It didn’t seem to matter how much sugar and cream they used, it always came out black, but she appreciated it for that moment. Anything to distract from the mind-numbing fact that Mel seemed perfectly docile. She just sat on her bed, ass spread out far and wide. It was clear that she’d grown even further, but it had slowed.

The only change was her occasional sigh of boredom. Mathias still hadn’t gone down, pacing their own quarters and muttering to themselves. With nothing happening with anyone, Jackie’s focus drifted to Mel, recalling what happened a few hours prior, and wondering what else the infected woman could’ve done. Her fingers drifted to her lips, all but feeling that kiss and tasting the saliva.

Something had to be wrong with her to want to continue it. If she wasn’t infected already, then doing that would seal her fate. Jackie ran a hand through her hair, grimacing at the feel of it. She didn’t get a chance to use conditioner, and it showed. Then there was her shit night of sleep.

“Hey, Mathias can handle themselves. And it’s like you said, Mel doesn’t seem hostile. You can afford a little break, right?” Gabby said, rubbing her back.

“I can’t. The second I relax, we’re all fucked. I know it.”

“Jackie,” Gabby sighed and took her hand, giving it a firm squeeze, “We’re not that fragile. You’re not responsible for everyone here. And besides, you’re no good to us when you’re frazzled.”

“Hmm,” She squeezed her back. Everything she said made sense.

“Come on. You didn’t get to finish your shower. Let’s do that. I’ll even join you.”

“Aren’t you still mad about… you know?”

“I was never mad at you. I know you’d never do that without my consent if something wasn’t up. And I can always bring you back,” Gabby leaned in, lips almost touching Jackie’s ear, “There’s things I haven’t you shown you yet.” The giggle she let out was distinctly sexual.

Jackie groaned, “Gabby, I… I really shouldn’t.”

“Well, you can watch her while I help you relax?”

Tempting as it sounded, Mathias was already on edge enough as it was. Better not to stir the pot too much.

“Or I can help you?”

“Where the fuck did you come from?” Both yelled, neither aware the android was still in the room.

Jennifer chuckled, “Sorry. Shall I leave? Or would you like me to stay and…”

“No. No, it’s good you’re here though. Jennifer, keep watch and if anything happens, let me know, please.” Jackie said and smiled at Gabby, taking the lead back to the showers.

-- *Jennifer* --

This was fascinating. The way Mel’s body had changed in under a day, and how it was continuing to change, baffled traditional science, then there was the pheromones pouring off her. No wonder Jackie had stopped breathing with her in the room. Everything about Mel was designed to attract anyone who could breed her. Jackie’s assumption seemed spot-on.

Jennifer sat in the humans place and watched. Nothing was happening, but that was good. If nothing catastrophic happened for the next couple weeks, then they’d reach Earth and Mel would be taken for study. Jennifer’s mission would be a success.

Of course, she doubted things would remain peaceful with this crew. Arwen was already paranoid to the point of wanting to jettison Mel, and neither Jackie or Gabby were opposed to the idea. Then there was Lesley, whose behaviour had been peculiar for a while now, however that wouldn’t last. Once her head was on right, she’d be just as hungry for blood as the rest. The only one Jennifer didn’t need to worry about was Mathias.

She had any number of solutions for the others. No matter how strong Lesley was, she was little more than a child to Jennifer. A swift blow to the head and she’d be out for a while. The same method would work for the others, but she’d prefer not to incapacitate the whole crew, should anything happen to the ship. She could only handle so much on her own. Jackie and Gabby were simple enough for the moment, since the former had a raging libido.

Arwen posed a far more difficult challenge. She was already on edge, far more than any of the others, and inherently suspicious of Jennifer too. An engineer on top of that. If anyone found out Jennifer wasn’t entirely with them, she’d be the first one to incapacitate her. The best play would be to take her out of the picture first.

Just as she began calculating the best methods, Mel grunted. The android turned her attention fully onto the screen, seeing the certainly non-human crewmate hunched over, breasts gushing between her chest and knees. They jiggled in time with the anxious tapping of her legs. A new transformation. Thus far, Mel’s mass had changed and little else. Surely an alien lifeform would have starker differences?

“So… fucking… horny!” Mel howled and kicked the wall. Her head whipped around the room, like a trapped animal, settling on the air vent. They were large, designed for any crew member to squeeze in for work, but even she couldn’t fit in there. The same thought didn’t cross her head, it seemed, as Mel jumped onto her bed and yanked the vent open. She shuddered at the burst of air, but didn’t let it deter her.

Now Jennifer was staring at an empty room. What to do? What to do? Inform the crew, put out an alert, and search for Mel herself. That would be standard procedure. She stepped back and just watched, tapping into other cameras to see what Mel’s next move would be.

-- *Mel* --

Though she fully intended on staying in place and waiting for Mathias, the heat in her lower body had other plans. She hissed at the cold touch of metal all around her, figure much too large for this, but she didn’t have another option. Jackie and Gabby were still at the bridge, monitoring her. They could shut any door she tried going through. The vents were more complicated and they didn’t have tracking in them. It’d be a while before they figured out which shafts to shut off.

By then, Mel would have relieved this dreadful burning in her crotch. It wasn’t that she only wanted to fuck, she did want to talk with Mathias, figure things out - maybe fuck them too - however none of that mattered for the moment. Not while her juices poured down her thighs, completely saturating the otherwise useless panties she’d put on. Once she was satisfied, she’d go back.

“They’re talking crazy. We can’t just kill someone. No matter how they’ve changed. I know… I know… it’s just… The things I saw out there, Helen. I don’t know what to do. Yeah… you’re right. Just go with my gut. That’s how I met you after all. Love you. Bye.”

“Lesley,” Mel whispered and crawled over to the vent, peering down at the impressive mountain of feminine muscle. Those striations juxtaposed brilliantly with the supple swells of her bust. She was also a proverbial ‘beast’ in the bedroom, though Mel had only heard stories. Still, it wasn’t like she had many options. She’d prefer Jennifer, but… no, maybe not. She wanted someone human. Someone she could… do what with?

“Gotta find Mel,” Lesley said.

They weren’t far from cargo. Perfect. She could always drop down and have her fun right then and there, however that wasn’t nearly as appealing. Besides, it’d be funny to see Lesley’s reaction to the ‘renovations’ she’d made. Just need to lead her there.

Mel crawled ahead and rubbed her thighs together. A drop of her juices squeezed out between them, then dripped over the vent, inevitably falling to the floor with a small splat. She also released a moan, one that carried through the vent. Lesley startled, then looked around, noticing the black bead on the floor. Mel moved ahead, letting out another. She was a hunter, luring her unsuspecting prey.

It wasn’t long before Lesley came to the cargo door. More of the black oozed from around it, seeping through what should be air-tight seals. She stood there, indecision all over her body language, but Mel knew she’d win out in the end. The security officer’s nipples were like diamond peaks and the scent of her lust had already soaked through her pants.

“Lesley,” Mel said, “Come to me.” She let another, even thicker drop of her fem-cum fall, then moved ahead and dropped down. The door hissed as it tried to open, but was held fast by the goo. It still opened, with Lesley’s powerful arms appearing soon after, followed by her flushed face and wide eyes.

“Mel? Are you okay? What is this stuff?” Lesley paused, trying to brush the goo off her hands, “Why aren’t you in your room? Mathias was supposed to see you.”

“It’s okay. I wanted to see you,” Mel said and stepped forward, feet squelching in the resin-like substance below. It had spread wonderfully from the otherwise small coatings she’d left behind, though it had thinned out in this endeavour. That was fine. Lesley didn’t back away from her, breaths coming heavier as a blush rose up her neck. Soon, there’d be plenty more pussy juice to finish the job.

“You shouldn’t be here,” Lesley said, no longer concerned with the residue on her skin, captivated by the approaching bosom, “If the others find out, they’ll kill you.”

“I know. They’re scared. Not everyone can embrace change. But you can, right here and now. You just need to relax and do what your want most.”

“What I want?”

Mel nodded and closed the final gap, breasts squishing into and swallowing Lesley’s own bust. Hers was an interesting body, with powerful pectorals that pushed her already impressive endowments out further, yet the breasts themselves were soft beyond belief. Without clothes, they’d be so much fun to fondle. Mel nearly freed them on the spot, but she held back. Lesley needed to give herself first.

She expected to wait another minute, only for Lesley to grab her face and tug it in for a passionate kiss. Though it wasn’t the same passion found between lovers, where it was slow but powerful like a leisurely tide, Mel wouldn’t argue with the desperate tongue that shoved itself into her mouth. She sucked on the muscle, while her own much longer appendage reciprocated. If the size and dexterity of it surprised Lesley, she didn’t let it interfere.

Strong hands left Mel’s face to explore other parts of her body. She pushed closer in response, letting Lesley feel her breasts as intimately as possible with clothes on, while encouraging the hands to wander lower. Fingers dug into her hips, moans flowing into her mouth, then wrapped around to her ass and bit deep. Mel groaned low in response, hands returning the favour and luxuriating in how strong Lesley’s form was.

A perfect ally. Mel moaned in agreement with her stray thought. Now she just needed to take this further. She slid her fingers up Lesley’s ass and hooked them into her shirt. Lesley went to pull back to remove it, but Mel had little patience and simply tore it in half. With it gone, all that remained was a sports bra, though it too met the same fate. Lesley breasts flopped against Mel’s, soft and sagging as expected.

With their release, Mel sank away from the kiss. She crouched down and came face to nipple with Lesley’s bust. While she did suck on each tit, leaving a thick coating of saliva behind, her true goal laid lower. She trailed her lips and tongue over the rigid peaks and valleys of Lesley’s abs, even drawing it across the pelvic bones peeking over her pants. Her quest paused there, while she reached up and undid the buckle.

All it took was a light pull and the pants came down. Her lips quirked in amusement of the striped panties, though her focus was on the dampness spreading out from the faint swell of Lesley’s lips. A gentle tug peeled them from the folds, revealing a lovely pink labia that just begged to be tasted. Mel summoned more spit and dove in.

Lesley immediate latched onto her head, grabbing fistfuls of hair like she needed something - anything - to keep her grounded. As if Mel’s lips and tongue would send her flying. Yet all she did was kiss her on the pussy. She hadn’t even so much as licked it, though she did so right after, sending tremors throughout Lesley’s body. Juices flowed quickly and mixed with her saliva, the combined fluids dripping down the security officer’s thighs.

“Oh my god, what are you doing down there?” Lesley asked, voice trailing into a long moan as Mel pushed her tongue in deep.

A convulsion ran up the changed woman, along with a surge of tangy, almost metallic flavours. More followed, though they didn’t issue from her mouth. She smirked against the meaty folds, feeling the fresh, sticky fluids pour from her holes. Some even oozed from her navel. If there was any inkling that her insides weren’t truly human anymore, then that crushed it.

But whatever. She felt amazing, better than that even. That short tryst with Jackie easily took the crown as her best fuck in her entire life, and she hadn’t even gotten the best part. Her body only felt better the more she changed. She couldn’t even imagine the next phase in her evolution.

She looked up from her meal, seeing Lesley’s head tossed back in exultation. Now was the time. Mel pulled away with a drawn out slurp and, before Lesley could even notice, pushed the officer back. She landed against the wall, stunned by the sudden turn, then even more so by Mel rushing her. The same black goo that surrounded them gushed from her mouth, splashing against Lesley’s wrists, while a separate jet from her pussy secured the ankles. Survival instinct kicked in and the officer attempted escape, only to find herself held in place.

And yet, despite all that, Lesley didn’t fight much. She struggled, but none of her muscles were doing much, the striations almost subdued. Strands of the black extended up her forearms and calves, tugging moans from her. Mel licked her lips, reaching down to stroke between her folds as she looked upon the work of art strung up before her.

She’d been the nerd for much of her life. People got used to having information at the tips of their fingers, curiosity dwindling in response, but she preferred to learn through actually doing something. It earned her lots of scrapes and bruises, and ostracised her from neighbours and classmates growing up. Naturally, people mocked her. The crueller ones assaulted her.

Though she did find her confidence later on, she never felt like she had power. Everyone else always seemed more qualified than her, or was more outspoken. None of that was true anymore. She had Lesley bound before her, the strongest woman she knew, and she did it with ease. Mel could do whatever she wanted with her. Still touching herself, she reached up and ran her fingers along Lesley’s abs, feeling just how toned she was. Everything at her fingertips.

“So wet,” Mel noted as she came to the bound woman’s pussy. Everyone knew Lesley was a total domme, always on top and never relinquishing that control, yet there she was quivering in arousal while completely subdued. A sure sign that she wanted it.

‘It’ being what exactly? Mel frowned then moaned as a deluge of her new fem-cum poured from her, only it didn’t flow as gravity dictated. It, instead, surged up her thigh and gathered around her clit, stacking upon the cluster of nerves. Every drop writhed independently against her, piling pleasure upon her. Mel crammed a fist up her snatch and opened it, releasing the floodgates.

She didn’t fall despite her legs turning to jelly. Black poured over them, thick rivers separate from those gluing themselves to her clit, the only thing keeping her upright. At the same time, glossy lines spread up her belly, though it was far slower. Mel didn’t question what it meant or why her body was doing this, captivated by the inhuman bliss as it rampaged through her veins. The sensations only got stronger as more gushed out.

Until it stopped. Or rather, the growth stalled. The ecstasy remained, potent as ever, but she could at least adjust. Mel stumbled about like a drunkard, feeling a tremendous weight swinging from her crotch. She balanced against a wall and breathed deep, waiting for her galloping heart to finally settle. When it did, Mel took stock of her body.

Well… she intended to look at her legs first, feeling something like a latex layer shifting as she found her equilibrium again. However, something far more novel distracted her, that being a long, fat cock projecting at a forty-five degree angle. And it couldn’t just be a normal cock either, but one with a flat, mushroom crown of equine origin and a dense ring around its middle. Beyond that, it had a thick layer that connected back to her crotch, where it looked like roots had latched onto her. The whole thing was a glossy, piano black with a smooth finish. Multiple striations marked along its surface, not unlike the muscles of a particular woman.

One that had seen her metamorphosis and was clearly eager to test it.

“What do you think, Lesley?” Mel asked. Her voice was husky and seemed to reverberate in her own head, though it wasn’t her own words that echoed. Whispers of what to do next, though she didn’t need to be told that. She hefted her new cock, biting her lip in satisfaction at the absurd weight, “This thing must weigh close to five kilos. I’ll get a good workout just walking with this thing.”

She took a step and wavered for a second, not expecting a long heel on her foot. It seemed to squelch against the ball of her foot, like it wasn’t part of her body, and yet she felt the floor through it. A strange sensation, one that warranted further study. She walked around, heels and the sheer size of her endowments forcing her into an unintentionally sexy swagger. It took a minute, but when she was confident on her new semi-natural heels, she found herself able to move with an uncanny grace. One that shouldn’t be remotely feasible with curves like hers.

“This feels amazing!” Mel groaned and stroked her length, gasping at the zaps of electric pleasure that went straight to her bud, “But so weird. It’s like I’m stroking a giant version of my clit, but I can still feel it against the original. I need to get used to it. You’ll help me, won’t you, Lesley?”

The security officer hadn’t said a word, but the slow lick of her lips spoke plenty. As did the errant drops of pussy juice. Mel sauntered over, whole body jiggling and bouncing with her exaggerated steps. Her cock stood up at just the right height and angle to brush against Lesley’s private lips. A drop of liquid bubbled up. When Mel pulled it away, a rope of black connected them before it snapped back into place. Lesley whined in response, hips arching away from the wall. It was about all the movement she could manage anymore.

“Sorry, Les,” Mel panted and put her tip back into place. God, her thing was huge, at least as long as her arm, “I wanna tease you more, but I can’t help myself. You understand, right? Good, now… oooh, ffffffffuuuuuuucckk!” She nearly came just from squeezing the head inside.

And what a squeeze! Based on pressure alone, it didn’t feel like she could’ve possibly fit inside, yet her glans compressed and nestled just past Lesley’s opening. Once inside, like her cock knew how much a vagina could stretch, it flared back to full size. While she managed not to cum from the initial penetration, Lesley didn’t hold back and squirted all over the fat length that had yet to enter. Mel groaned as her cock throbbed rapidly, retaining a little of its additional size each time.

It needed more. *She* needed more. Her pussy clenched, walls rubbing into each other and drooling liberally, while she moved closer and arched her hips, sliding inch after inch past those blissfully tight folds. Every millimetre she pushed in made Lesley clench and writhe. The officer was stretched so tight, it was like a second mouth, slurping all over Mel’s equine-shaped dick. The folds clung tight, tucking in as she pushed, then unfurling as she reared back.

“Oh fuck, I’m not gonna last long,” Mel said and settled into a sawing motion, feeding a little more each time. It wasn’t enough, however. She couldn’t let herself burst before she reached the womb. With a cock like this, she couldn’t very well let it go to waste. She didn’t even have half of it inside yet. The problem was Lesley’s height and bound state.

“Fuck it,” Mel snapped and grabbed onto her crewmates hips, yanking her down. Unlike Lesley’s struggles, it only took one swift tug to break the bondage. She took the entirety of the officer’s weight into her hands, propped her against a wall and pounded away.

It was a risk, since Lesley now had some freedom, but the woman was too far gone. Rather than fight, she wailed and bucked into the next thrust, one that slammed right into her cervix. The next was even harder, demanding entry the way a battering ram would. Lesley grunted each time, louder and more hoarse, until finally she let out a gurgled scream.

Mel slammed their crotches together and ground into her clit. Something inside bubbled, approaching a rapid boil. When it did, she wouldn’t be cognisant enough to fully appreciate what came next. The transformed woman looked between their bodies and moaned. Shifting Lesley’s weight to one hand - which didn’t feel much different to her surprise - she ran a hand along the bulge of her cock. It pushed out so far that it completely overshadowed Lesley’s abs.

“Here it comes,” Mel said and leaned over, breasts eclipsing her partner’s whole torso, whispering into her ear, “Hope you’re ready, because things are about to change.”

“Yes,” Lesley hissed in pleasure, then her whole body seized up, pussy turning into a vice around Mel’s cock. No matter how strong her kegels, the dick was stronger. It pulsed larger by inches at a time, with three massive tubes forming along its length, all of them larger than any human dick. Mel growled at the feeling multiple hard, oval shapes moving into the tubes. As they erupted from her urethra one after the other, her pussy unleashed pressurised squirts everywhere in reach.

While she only pushed out one more set for a total of six, it was more than enough to give Lesley a big, bumpy belly. The sort that belonged on a woman in entering their third trimester. Mel ran her hands all over it, massaging the black goo into the misshapen sphere. Even without her touch, specks of dark appeared over Lesley’s breasts. Mel giggled, gleeful at the prospect of another person like her. And at the thought of her babies growing big and strong inside Lesley. Except… they wouldn’t grow. They needed fertilisation.

They needed sperm.

She needed Jackie.