

Allergy Pill Space Adventure

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***Standard Disclaimer:** This story contains sexually oriented adult themes, specifically breast expansion. If you are not of legal age to be reading such material or if breast expansion is not your thing, then this story is not for you.*

Chapter 1

Hendra stared absentmindedly out the diner window, watching the colorful array of aircars go zipping by outside. The occasional starship would hum along further up overhead against the backdrop of a sky filled by an orange gas giant. The thick glass muffled most of the hustle and bustle of the city starport. Inside was a noisy atmosphere of patrons chatting in a variety of alien tongues, clattering dishes, and sizzling burger patties in the kitchen.

She had her elbow propped up on the booth table and lazily rested her chin on her hand, her bronze eyes watching the world go by. Strands of sweaty, hazel hair had escaped from under her space trucker cap and stuck to her face, the rest was rolled up in a fraying bun behind her head.

“Hendra! Are you listening?” the pink skinned woman she’d been tuning out smacked the table.

“Huh? What?” Hendra blinked drearly out of her trance and turned to look at the woman sitting across from her. Wide cyan eyes and dark jaw-length hair contrasted pleasantly with her bubblegum pink skin that Hendra knew from experience was just as soft as it looked.

“Were you zoning out again?” the pink woman giggled.

“Oh, sorry, Mel,” Hendra sat up and stretched, popping her neck and shoulders. “Egh, I guess I’m just a little out of it after offloading that cargo. What were you saying?”

“I was just asking if you wanted to go look around after we eat,” said Mel.

“Hm? Yeah, I’d like that,” said Hendra. “Just gotta remember to put more time in our parking meter before we walk too far. Speaking of which, how much longer before we get our food? This place ain’t *that* busy.”

“I dunno,” said Mel, looking around. “Oh wait! I think it’s coming!”

A robot that resembled a tin can with a retro waitress dress stretched over its chassis rattled up to their booth carrying a couple plates and drinks with several pairs of spindly arms.

“Sorry for the wait, hon!” the robot said with a scratchy feminine voice and an accent that would have fit in on Earth’s New York streets. Despite its clanky nature, it managed to balance the plates and drinks on its many hands without spilling anything. “Here’s one starburger and a soda pop for the hard-workin’ lady.”

A plate of purple fries and a burger with a patty that might have been meat was slid before Hendra. She hoped it tasted better than it looked.

“And here’s a water and a nice, juicy florp for the lovely lady,” the robot slid a platter with a big hunk of gelatinous green goo in front of Mel.

“Enjoy your food, ladies!” said the robot before it rattled over to another table.

“Florp!?” Hendra gasped. “Mel, you ordered florp!?”

“Well, yeah! Didn’t you hear me order it?” Mel laughed.

“I guess not,” Hendra admitted. “But why the hell did you order it? You know what that stuff does to you! You’ve got that weird allergy, remember?”

“Oh, calm down. It’s not that bad and my pills for it are just over there on our ship,” Mel pointed out the window to the silver, torpedo-shaped star freighter that was parked on a landing pad a short distance away. The name *Errant Maiden* was painted on its bow.

“After we’re done, we can just walk back to the Maiden and I can take a pill before it gets out of hand. Besides, I know you like how it makes me...swell,” Mel said sultrily, running a dainty hand down her chest.

Hendra’s eyes followed the hand down to the very low neckline of Mel’s silver, latex flight suit and the plump pink bosom squeezed within. “Yeah, but it’s the mess that comes after that I don’t like.”

“Alright, I promise I’ll help you clean up this time,” said Mel, rolling her eyes.

“Or you could promise to eat something else.”

“Oh, come on,” Mel whined. “It’s so good, though!”

Without waiting for an answer, Mel jammed a thick straw into the green jelly and eagerly slurped away at it. Hendra let out a frustrated sigh and begrudgingly took a bite of her mystery meat burger.

“Well, I’ll be,” Hendra said with her mouth full. “This tastes just like a hamburger!”

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After several minutes, both ladies were finishing up their alien meals and looked visibly refreshed.

“Oh man, I needed that,” Hendra sighed contentedly, wiping off some red sauce that had dripped onto her white t-shirt. Its design featured an Asian emperor standing in front of a red sun and was a favorite of hers that she’d picked up in some China-town back on Earth. It was normally covered up by her orange flight suit; but now that she was off-duty, she had the suit zipped down with its arms tied around her waist.

Mel slurped up the last of her green jelly and set her straw down. “*Mmh*, that was even better than I remembered. It’s been ages since I last had florp.”

Mel patted her stomach and looked a little surprised when it gurgled slightly. When it gurgled again, her face blushed a rosy pink and her breathing quickened.

“Don’t tell it’s already starting,” Hendra said with a worried tone.

“I-it’s nothing,” Mel said, but the gurgling noises suggested otherwise.

Moments later, Mel’s ample breasts suddenly surged out several cup sizes larger with an audible *bloom!* The gurgling ceased and she was left with two coconut-sized boobs squeezed tightly together like a couple of big pink marshmallows.

“*Mmh!* S-see? Just a little hiccup,” Mel said unconvincingly.

“If you’re already blowing up, then we need to –,” Hendra was cut short by the waitress bot rattling up to their table.

“Here’s your check, hon!” the robot said cheerily. Then it paused and pointed at something outside through the window. “Hey, ain’t that your ship?”

“What?” Hendra turned to look just in time to see a clothes iron-shaped starship hover over the Errant Maiden. It was noticeably larger than their silver freighter and overshadowed it. Standing nearby on the dock was a humanoid figure tapping away at a datapad.

“Oh shit! We’re getting towed!” Hendra hastily pulled out her wallet and fished out some money. She slapped down what she hoped was enough to cover their meals and a tip before scrambling out of the booth.

“Thank you for the food!” Mel smiled at the robot waitress as she hurried after Hendra.

“Hey! You gave me too much!” the robot called after them, but the duo were already out the door.

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“I thought you said we had enough time left to eat!” said Mel as she tried to catch up to Hendra, who was practically running to the ship.

Mel's silver thigh-high boots clacked on the pavement. Her latex flight suit lacked leggings, so her heeled boots covered her legs up to her mid-thighs. They left a gap of pleasantly pink skin open to the air.

"I thought we did!" Hendra called back over her shoulder. "But I didn't think it would take so long to offload the cargo and get our food!"

"This is what happens when you try to cut corners!" Mel scolded.

"I did *not* cut corners with the parking meter!" Hendra retorted.

"Tell that to the guys towing us!"

The humanoid standing at the dock turned to look at them as they neared, apparently hearing their bickering. He was a short toad-like being wearing a grey jumpsuit embroidered with the city logo and he looked about as thrilled to see them as they were to see him.

"Stop! Stop! We'll add more time to the meter!" Hendra pleaded as she ran up to the toad man. Mel arrived just a few paces behind her, her bosom heaving from the brisk run.

"Too late," said the toad man in a deep voice. "You're already past yer time."

"But it can't be more than a minute over! I put in three hours' worth about three hours ago," Hendra argued, pointing at the parking meter.

"Three hours, one minute, and 23 seconds," the toad corrected. "Ya don't wanna get towed? Then ya gotta stay within yer time. Sorry, dems da rules. I don't make 'em, I just enforce 'em."

As if on cue, a low hum filled the air and the Errant Maiden lurched upward off the landing pad towards the flat underside of the tow ship. Its towing beam pulled the silver freighter up close before several mechanical arms unfolded down from the tow ship and magnetically latched themselves to the Maiden's hull to hold it in place.

"*Unh!*" Mel grunted. Her stomach gurgled and her face blushed as the florp stirred in her belly once again.

With another audible *bloomp*, her boobs leapt out several inches larger. Her latex flight suit stretched to contain the head-sized breasts that bulged out of its already revealing neckline. Two pink pillows squeezed together to form a line of cleavage from Mel's collarbones all the way down to her sternum.

The toad man gave Mel a puzzled look. "What's with her?"

"She's got that weird florp allergy," Hendra quickly explained.

"Ah, had a cousin with dat same problem," the toad man said. "Ya know they make pills for dat now, right?"

Hendra gritted her teeth. "Yes. They are on the ship you are towing."

“Ah, tough break,” the toad man said without much empathy. “Ya can get yer ship back from the towin’ yard once ya pay the parking ticket at City Hall.”

There was a deep boom as the towing ship’s engines kicked on and it began to fly up and away with the Errant Maiden.

“And just how are we supposed to get there without our ship?” Hendra demanded.

“Eh, just call a cab,” the toad man shrugged, walking off to write some more tickets.

It was all Hendra could do not to slug the cold-blooded city official right then and there, but then her eyes caught sight of something more interesting. Parked nearby was an old open-top aircar with the same city logo decaled on its sides...and its engine running with no one watching it.

If time weren’t of the essence, Hendra would probably have just called a cab and paid off the ticket, but there was no telling how long that would take. Meanwhile, Mel’s boobs were a pair of ticking timebombs that could potentially be a bigger issue than the city authorities.

Hendra weighed her options and priorities for a moment before coming to what was probably a rather rash decision. “Fuck it.”

Mel was fidgeting with her flight suit, her growth had caused it to ride up in some places, when Hendra grabbed her by the arm and walked her briskly towards the official’s aircar.

“H-Hendra, what are we doing?” Mel asked nervously.

“We’re getting our ship back,” Hendra said tersely. When they reached the aircar, she pushed Mel towards the passenger seat. “Hop in. We’re gonna give that guy a taste of his own medicine.”

Mel grinned and hopped over the side of the aircar into the front passenger seat. She giggled as she tugged the seatbelt over her wider bosom, latching it across her chest. “We’re gonna be in so much trouble. I can’t wait!”

Hendra dropped into the driver’s seat and buckled herself in, too. “Yeah well, it’ll probably be less trouble than your florp problem will be if we don’t get you your meds fast. Hold on!”

She yanked up on the steering column and slammed the accelerator. The aircar lurched as it took off and swung around after the tow ship like a Sunday driver.

“That’s my car! *Hey! That’s my car!*” the toad man shouted from the dock below. “*Get back here with my car you dumb bitches!*”

“Why don’t *you* just call a cab?” Hendra shouted down to him, grinning ear to ear.

Mel leaned over the side of the aircar, stuck her tongue out, and flipped him her middle finger. They couldn’t hear what expletives he threw at them as they sped away, but they must have been colorful.

Chapter 2

Buildings and traffic passed by in a blur as Hendra sped the aircar up towards the starship lanes above the city skyline. She could see the tow ship carrying away the Errant Maiden far up ahead, but they were quickly closing in on it.

“So, what’s the plan when we catch up to them?” Mel asked with a smirk.

“I’ll let you know when I’ve got one,” replied Hendra.

“Just winging it?” Mel cocked an eyebrow.

“Yup.”

“This should be fun,” said Mel, grinning.

Their commandeered aircar soared past a grungy looking bulk freighter that was tailing behind the tow ship. But just as they were about to catch up to it, a flash of green light flared out from the freighter followed by a small explosion from the hull of the tow ship.

“What the fuck!?” cursed Hendra as she veered the aircar away from a spray of debris.

“That’s no freighter!” Mel pointed behind them. “Look!”

Suddenly, two of the grungy freighter’s cargo pods blew open and a pair of gunships roared out. It was then that Hendra noticed the markings on the bow of the freighter: A skull and crossbones.

“Pirates!” they both cried in unison.

The pirate gunships roared past them and flew up along either side of the tow ship, peppering it with light laser fire. A harpoon fired out from one of them and lanced the port side of the tow ship. It reeled in the harpoon cable, pulling itself up close to a hatch on that side. With a thin laser beam, the pirate ship deftly cut open the hatch and docked with it.

“Shit!” Hendra shouted. “They’re gonna steal the Maiden!”

“And the tow ship!” cried Mel.

“Fuck the tow ship! The Maiden is *ours!*”

Hendra slammed the accelerator pedal to the floorboard, sending the city vehicle lurching forward faster than it had probably ever gone before. Mel squealed with delight, thoroughly enjoying the thrill ride.

Without putting much thought into what she was doing, Hendra rammed the aircar into the backside of the gunship that was latched onto the tow ship. Both girls were jolted forward from the impact, Mel's boobs bulging against the seatbelt straps. The aircar's front bumper crunched as it knocked the pirate ship loose from the hatch.

For just a moment, Hendra saw one of the pirates leaping from the gunship into the open hatch. It appeared to be a four-armed woman in a long coat and a big pirate hat. Drawing a hefty pistol, the pirate turned and fired at them.

Hendra cursed and slammed on the brakes, causing the aircar to reel away backwards from the entangled ships, but not before she heard a couple of thumps from their undercarriage as the shots hit it. She hoped whatever damage they'd sustained was superficial.

She hadn't noticed it in the chaos, but the tow ship had drifted away from the ship lanes and back down into the upper city skyline. They were flying dangerously close to the tops of some of the skyscrapers.

"Wow! We're fighting real life pirates!" Mel squealed, far more gleeful than Hendra thought a sane person should be given the circumstances.

"Enjoy it while it lasts. I don't think we can do much more from here," Hendra said grimly.

Suddenly, dual red laser beams lanced up from between a few of the buildings below and grazed the other gunship, causing it to veer away from the battle. A slim, angular interceptor with a dark grey and black paint job screamed up from the cityscape, firing away at the evasive gunship.

The pirate freighter began lobbing green laserfire at the little starfighter, but it was too nimble to hit. Unfortunately, the first gunship detached from the tow ship and joined the fray. Hendra didn't get to see what happened next because her attention was pulled away by an all too familiar moan from Mel.

Even though she couldn't hear the gurgling over all the noise, Hendra had a feeling that she knew what was about to happen. She stole a glance away from the battle just in time to see Mel's head-sized knockers blow up like airbags.

Mel's seatbelt strained against her swelling breasts as they surged larger, practically engulfing the straps as they bulged around them. Stress lines pulled at the silver latex of her flight suit as it stretched to contain her rapidly ripening melons. She let out a low, pleased moan from the sensations of her bosom filling and fighting against its restraints.

In the longest few seconds of either of their lives, Mel's boobs had rapidly ballooned as big as ripe pumpkins. Soft, pillowy, pink pumpkins that looked like stress balls being squeezed up to her chin by her seatbelt.

Before either of them could process Mel's new size, the pink girl's cyan eyes went wide and she pointed at something dead ahead. "Hendra! Look out!"

Hendra tore her eyes off Mel's bust just as the shadow of a mammoth skyscraper loomed over them. Her reflexes kicked in and she jerked the steering column as far to the right as she could. The aircar veered hard as she tried to steer it away from the building, sending both women lurching to the side.

White knuckles clenched the steering column as Hendra continued to pull it with all her might. Without much to hold onto, Mel gripped her seatbelt straps for dear life as the aircar careened closer to the skyscraper in an arc.

"Just...a little...more!" Hendra grunted through clenched teeth as she pulled.

It looked as though they were just barely going to make it, but then their hearts were jolted out of their chests as the aircar clipped the edge of the building. The impact sent them spinning out of control.

Both girls shrieked in terror as the world spun around them. Hendra frantically fought with the steering column to regain control.

Much to her relief and bewilderment, Hendra somehow managed to stabilize them out of their spin...and then immediately crashed through a glass dome atop another building before her world went dark.

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When Hendra awoke, she found herself still in the driver's seat of their pilfered, and now wrecked, municipal aircar. Much to her relief, Mel was hunched over in the passenger seat next to her and was seemingly unharmed but groaning, this time probably from the crash rather than pleasure. Thankfully, the aircar's emergency inertial dampeners had kicked in and softened their impact.

Sitting on the dashboard in front of Hendra was her prized trucker cap. Breathing a sigh of relief, she tugged it back over her head where it belonged.

Shaking off some of the residual dizziness, Hendra looked around and saw that they had apparently crashed through one side of the glass dome and out the other, landing on the roof of that same building. However, the more she looked around, the more confused she became.

The top of the building was slanted. *Very* slanted. And so were they. Yet, somehow the aircar wasn't sliding down the slope. It was as if they were stuck there. Not that that was a bad thing, of course.

Upon closer inspection, Hendra could see a trail of something pink streaked across the roof behind them. It didn't look like any kind of fluid that the aircar would be leaking. Instead, it sort of looked like...pink gum?

Since it was trailing out from their undercarriage, Hendra put two and two together and muttered, "What the hell did that pirate shoot us with? Speaking of which, where did they go?"

Unfortunately, the pirates, the interceptor, and more importantly, the Errant Maiden, were nowhere to be seen. The battle had ended and they had been left without a ship.

Mel groaned louder and slowly sat up. “Ugh... You drive like my brother.”

“Good thing you’ve got built-in airbags,” Hendra joked dryly.

She gingerly rubbed her chest and tugged at the seatbelt which had locked up tight during the crash.

“This seatbelt is killing my boobs!” Mel fumbled around her chest for the latch. It clicked and the straps practically exploded off of her as her chest bloated out to a more natural shape. “Ah, much better.”

She began adjusting her flight suit but then yanked her hands away from her chest in confusion. “What the...?”

Green slime coated her hands.

“Oh fuck,” they both said in unison.

Mel wouldn’t be able see over the girth of her chest, but Hendra could see her hot pink nipples sticking out from around the edges of her stretched neckline. They must have popped free during the impact. More importantly, they were leaking the slime. A puddle had already formed in Mel’s lap and her breasts had shrunk to the size of watermelons from having leaked so much of their contents.

Before their eyes, the slime puddle shimmered and shifted in Mel’s lap. Moving of its own accord, the slime pulled itself together into a fist-sized mass before quickly reforming into a little, stout caricature of a humanoid with stubby arms and legs.

“Florp!” Hendra cried. “Quick! Grab it!”

The little slime man bounced up out of the way just as Hendra lunged for it. It landed on the aircar dashboard with a *plop*. It turned to wave at them before bouncing away like a ball up the slope of the building before diving through shattered glass dome. Moments later, the sounds of crashes and startled cries echoed up through the opening.

“Well, that can’t be good,” said Mel flatly.

“And this is why you’re not allowed to eat florp, Mel!” said Hendra, exasperated. “All it takes is one bite and your boobs start filling up with the stuff!”

“Hey! We were right by the Maiden!” Mel retorted, trying to wipe the residual slime off herself and stuff her nipples back in her suit. “My allergy pills were *right* there! All you had to do was set the parking meter! But *no*, you just *had* to pinch pennies and get our ship towed!”

“For the last time! I did not skimp on the parking meter!” argued Hendra.

“Oh, sure!” said Mel sarcastically. “Just like that time you *didn’t* skimp out on the...”

Before the girls could continue their bickering, the sound of a high-pitched starship engine drew close. Cruising down from above, the black and grey interceptor from before pulled up beside them.

It was small for a starship, roughly twice the size of the aircar with a pair of short, thick wings that were as wide as the ship was long. The interceptor had a sleek, but angular design that left it looking somewhat flat and wide; likely giving it a lower profile in combat. The cockpit looked wide enough to seat at least two people side by side with room for another row of seats behind them and sloped back seamlessly into the rear half of the ship. Whatever weapons it had were hidden within its chassis, heat-singed gun ports indicated where at least some of them were.

Despite being outnumbered and outgunned in the battle earlier, the interceptor didn't appear to have a scratch on it. Regardless of whatever outcome that battle may have had, it was clear that whoever was piloting this ship was good at it.

With a click and hiss, a hatch swung open just behind the cockpit. A humanoid man leaned out of the hatch wearing tight black pants, a black leather jacket, lightly armored gloves, and a full helmet that concealed his face. He looked out at them through a thin, V-shaped visor in his helm.

“You after those pirates, too?” the man asked. His helmet's speakers gave his voice a cold, metallic edge.

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Chapter 3

The cityscape shrank to just a dot on the moon's surface below Mel and Hendra as the interceptor carried them up into space. The mysterious pilot had offered to give them a lift if they wanted to help him chase down the pirates. Given their lack of options due to being stranded atop a skyscraper, the girls had agreed and climbed aboard.

Hendra was more hesitant to accept than Mel, who just thought it would be fun. Now they were sitting in the backseats of a stranger's starship as it sped towards the colossal, orange gas giant filling the sky.

"So," Hendra awkwardly started, peering around at the pilot from behind his seat. "What's your name?"

"They call me...Clutch," the pilot answered coldly, his voice almost sounding like a metallic cough through his helmet.

Hendra glanced at the controls of the interceptor and saw that they were all manual. "Is that because you fly a stick shift?"

"...No," Clutch stared straight ahead, laser-focused on his target.

The interceptor was picking up speed as the moon shrank away behind them. Up ahead, the gas giant stretched out as far as they could see. Gasses in different hues of orange striped the view-spanning world ahead, slowly swirling together like mixing oils.

Round storm spots dotted the planet like unblinking eyes. They appeared to be flying directly towards one of the smaller ones. It grew in the viewport as they approached, becoming an ominous, dark vortex.

"Where are we going?" Mel leaned in and asked. Her massive breasts mashed against Hendra and the back of the empty seat in front of her. They felt soft and warm like pillows.

"The pirates," said Clutch, his voice betraying no emotion. "I tagged the ship they hijacked with a tracking beacon. It's leading us right to them."

"Okay," said Hendra. "And then what?"

"Vengeance," answered Clutch.

"Vengeance for what?" asked Mel.

"Maybe we shouldn't pry –," Hendra began to shush her but Clutch was already clearing his throat.

“Seven years ago,” he began, sounding like a movie trailer narrator. “The pirates, led by the Dread Captain Iceblood, raided my home colony. We were just humble settlers and had no defenses. They ravaged our colony in a single night.”

“Oh, that’s horrible!” gasped Mel.

“They pillaged my home and killed my sister,” Clutch continued. “Ever since that dark day, I swore that I would hunt down the savage pirates who raided my colony and avenge my sister’s death.”

“You...uh...have my condolences,” said Hendra awkwardly. This whole story sounded a little over-rehearsed to her.

“I will not stop until I have the Dread Captain’s head on a pike,” Clutch raised his fist and clenched it hard enough that they could hear his knuckles crack through his glove.

“Well then,” Hendra nervously said. “We wish you luck with that. Once we get our ship back, we’ll get out of your hair.”

“Aww, Hendra,” wined Mel. “Let’s help him avenge his people.”

“But Mel,” said Hendra. “We’re freighter pilots. Dock workers! We can’t fight pirates! We’ll just get in the way and get ourselves killed!”

“But think of the adventure!” pouted Mel.

“I’ve had enough adventure for one day, thank you very much,” argued Hendra. “I just want to get the Maiden back and get you sorted out.”

The ship closed in on the dark storm and they could see bolts of lightning occasionally light up the swirling clouds. It was like a monstrous whirlpool of smoke that spiraled down into the depths of the gas giant with a gaping maw that looked wide enough to swallow an entire planet.

As they neared their target, a series of beeps chirped at them from the dashboard and a light blinked at Clutch from a small monitor in front of him.

“We’re almost there,” Clutch said. He pointed at something right on the edge of the vortex. “There it is.”

“There what is?” asked Hendra, craning her neck to see what he was pointing at.

“A pirate galleon!” Mel gasped excitedly.

Skirting the outer edge of the vortex was a single, massive ship that had to be nearly half a mile long, at least. As they drew closer, Hendra could make out more details.

Most of the galleon’s hull appeared to be painted a dull red. Slanted energy sails of the same color sprouted out from the top and bottom of the ship like fins. A pair of bulky thruster

engines jutted out to either side of the stern. There was an opening near the bottom for a massive hangar. Scale-like slats ran across the entire hull and were almost certainly closed gun ports.

This wasn't just some rinky-dink pirate ship. This was a full-fledged battleship.

And they were flying straight towards it.

"Uh, I don't mean to be a killjoy, but what the fuck are we supposed to do against *that*?" Hendra jabbed a finger at the intimidating galleon.

"Leave that to me," said Clutch without a trace of fear.

"How about you tell us the plan?" said Hendra impatiently. "I'd rather not get blown up flying straight at a fucking -"

"*Mmh!*" a soft moan from Mel cut her off.

Hendra noticed that her friend's breasts felt oddly warmer than they did earlier. In fact, they seemed to be growing warmer by the second. Mel's breathing quickened and Hendra got a sinking feeling that getting into such an enclosed space with her in this condition might not have been such a good idea.

"Uuh, Mel?" Hendra said with a worried tone.

"Y-yeah?" Mel answered, her breath growing hot and heavy.

"You feeling all right?"

"*Mmh,*" she grunted softly as her stomach began to gurgle again. "I...I think it's happening again!"

"Oh fuck! Can you hold it?" Hendra asked.

"What's going on back there?" demanded Clutch as Mel moaned again.

"Oh, uh," Hendra said. "She's got that weird florp allergy."

"I see," said Clutch. "I heard they make pills for that now."

Hendra clenched her jaw in annoyance. "Yeah, we know. They're on our ship. The one the pirates stole."

Mel moaned again and fell back against her seat, arching her back. Her watermelon-sized boobs jiggled and bulged massively out of her neckline. Her nipples threatened to pop back out into the open.

"Mel, try to hold it in! Relax! *Relax!*" Hendra pleaded.

"*Unnh! I...I CAN'T!*" Mel moaned and clutched her heaving chest.

The gurgling grew louder and Mel's breasts suddenly surged against her grasp. Her latex flight suit creaked and stretched as her melons filled it to capacity and beyond. Cleavage bulged up past her chin and pink flesh muffin-topped out of her neckline.

In moments, her watermelons ripened bigger than pumpkins and threatened to fill her lap. With a final creak, her flight suit's neckline tore open straight down the middle, ending just above her groin. Her enormous bosom sloshed out and clapped together to form a line of deep cleavage extending from her chin all the way down past her belly button.

Hot pink nipples as thick as thumbs popped free of the torn halves of her flight suit and her areolae visibly puffed up as slime built up behind them. The gurgling stopped and the floodgates opened. Jets of green slime sprayed from her nipples, hosing down the back of the seat in front of her.

Mel let out an orgasmic groan as her spraying breasts shrank back down to the size of pumpkins. As quickly as it began, the deluge stopped, leaving Mel panting from the release.

"What was that?" asked Clutch, still focused on flying the ship.

"Nothing good," said Hendra apprehensively. A pit formed in her gut when she saw the slime begin to pull itself together like before.

A warning klaxon blared in the cockpit and lights began to flash on the dashboard.

"The pirates have locked onto us. Brace yourselves!" said Clutch.

Meanwhile, the slime coagulated into a head-sized mass and dropped off the back of the seat into Mel's lap. It quickly reformed into the shape of a rotund little man like it had back in the aircar.

"Oh dear," muttered Mel, looking down over the expanse of her chest at the florp in her lap.

"Don't...move...an inch," said Hendra slowly, trying not to spook it. There was a small trash chute by the pilot's seat. All she had to do was grab the little bastard and shoot it out into space.

Suddenly, the interceptor lurched sideways as a missile screamed past the cockpit, narrowly missing them. Hendra was slammed back against the side of the cockpit and Mel fell on top of her, pinning her with her boobs. She instantly regretted not buckling her seatbelt.

Much to Hendra's horror, the florp launched itself up into the ceiling and rebounded like a ball. It slammed down onto the dashboard with a wet splat, hitting several buttons at once before ricocheting off to another corner of the cockpit.

"What the hell!?" shouted Clutch over the sounds of more warning klaxons and flashing lights.

A moment later, the florp slammed against the back of his head, knocking him forward into the ship's controls. The impact caused the interceptor to abruptly nose-dive straight down towards the stormy clouds, remarkably dodging a pair of missiles in the process.

Clutch pulled himself up and yanked back on the controls, pulling the ship out of its steep dive. Then the florp slammed into the controls from the side, sending the ship into a wild spin. It continuously ricocheted around, hitting the ship's controls and its passengers again and again.

Meanwhile, the pirate galleon's gun ports all swung open and unleashed a barrage of green laser fire upon the interceptor. Miraculously, between Clutch's piloting and the florp's interference, they managed to dodge and weave through the torrent of lasers.

As the ship juked and jumped from side to side, Mel and Hendra were thrown from one end of the cockpit to the other, slamming into each other the whole way. Thankfully, Mel's enormous bust cushioned many of the blows.

"Ack! Grab that little bastard!" shouted Hendra.

"I'm – *Gah!* – Trying!" Mel shouted back.

The interceptor juked again and Hendra found herself toppling over Mel. Pushing herself up on top of Mel's boobs, she saw the florp about to rebound straight at her. Thinking fast, she pulled her trucker cap off and held it out like a catcher's mitt.

Just as she predicted, the florp bounced her way. Ready for it, her hand snapped out with the cap and snatched the florp right out of the air. Then she scrambled over to the trash chute and slam dunked the slime ball right in.

Hendra smacked the button next to the trash chute and there was a quick *fwoosh* as its contents were sucked out into the gas giant's atmosphere.

"Whew, gottem," Hendra breathed a huge sigh of relief and slumped back down onto Mel's boobs.

Clutch wrestled control back over the interceptor and sped towards the galleon. They were close enough now that the name *Queen of Lechery* could be read along the bow of the massive ship.

"We're almost there. Hang on, I'm gonna punch it!" Clutch slammed the accelerator and the interceptor lunged forward at a dizzying speed through a gap in the laser fire.

They hurtled towards the gaping hangar bay, avoiding the deluge of green lasers. Against all odds, they had penetrated the galleon's defenses.

"I don't believe it!" gasped Hendra. "We're gonna make it! We're home free!"

No sooner did those words leave her mouth than the ship rocked with a deafening boom. A flash of green light blinded her and Mel as a laser blasted one of the interceptor's wings.

The wounded starfighter listed to one side, but they were already too close to fail. The huge hangar bay loomed before them and they could see that it was jam packed with a motley assortment of ships. Yet Clutch didn't decelerate at all.

"We're coming in hot!" Clutch shouted.

Without much else to grab hold of, the girls held onto each other as tight as they could. Mel's boobs smooshed between them and bulged up against their faces. If they were going to die, then they would go out together.

The interceptor slammed into the hangar's deck and skidded across with a deafening screech. Its remaining wing collided with another ship's landing strut and sent the interceptor spinning like a top as its tremendous momentum carried it onward.

The centrifugal force lifted the girls and slammed them against one of the hatches. Hendra found herself pinned between the hatch and Mel's boobs. Mel's pillowy mounds molded over Hendra's face like memory foam and threatened to suffocate her.

Eventually, the interceptor crashed to a halt against the far wall of the hangar, sending the girls tumbling back down onto the seats. Hendra pulled her face out of Mel's cleavage and gasped for air.

"That was fun!" Mel giggled and patted her chest. "You were right, I *do* have my own airbags!"

"Did we make it?" asked Hendra woozily. Her head was still spinning from their improvised landing. Right outside the front viewport, she could see a welcome sight: The Errant Maiden, intact and parked just a short walk away.

"Yes," said Clutch. He opened up a compartment under the dashboard and pulled out a couple laser pistols. "Quick, take these. You'll need them when the pirates find us."

Before Hendra could process that, the hatch was yanked open from the outside. Still laying on top of Mel, she looked up and stared down the barrel of a blunderbuss. The reptilian-faced pirate holding the gun scowled at them. Several more pirates of varying species leaned in through the hatch, each one brandishing either a gun or a laser cutlass.

"I think they found us," said Mel.

"We give up!" said Hendra, raising her hands in surrender.

Clutch groaned in resignation. "Damn."

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Chapter 4

A musty odor of sweat, grease, and unwashed floors permeated the seemingly endless corridors and lifts that the pirates had been parading Hendra, Mel, and Clutch through since their rather embarrassing capture. It was hard to be sure just how long they had been walking, but it had been long enough that Hendra was actually beginning to wish for another of Mel's florp surges to come and distract their captors so they could escape.

Unfortunately, there seemed to be no such luck on the horizon. Even if they did manage to slip back to their ship, it was unlikely that they'd be able to fly it very far with their hands cuffed behind their backs. And, knowing their luck, *that* would be when Mel's florp allergy would decide to act up again.

It was impressive that Mel was even still able to stand upright with those pink pumpkins hanging from her chest. The pirates had allotted her enough courtesy to try and stretch the ripped halves of her flight suit back over her bosom for the sake of modesty.

However, there wasn't much of it considering that the ruined silver latex just barely stretched far enough to cover her nipples. Her hot pink areolae peeked out from around the edges like eyes and the tear stopped just shy of her groin. There wasn't much left to the imagination with how the extremely tight suit practically flossed her, forming a noticeable camel toe.

Hendra swore she could hear a faint sloshing every time Mel's knockers bounced with the clack of her heeled boots. She decided to pass the time by trying to guess how many gallons of florp Mel was hefting around in her jugs.

Six gallons?

Eight?

Ten, even?

"Enjoying the view?" said Mel.

"H-huh?" Hendra snapped out of her trance.

Mel giggled as they marched on. "It's not every day you get to see mountains like these up close."

"Oh, shut up," Hendra snapped, blushing. "I wasn't staring. Besides, those are more like volcanoes. There's no telling when those things are gonna blow again."

"I don't know," Mel said, pondering her orbs. "They seem to have calmed down since the crash. Maybe it's actually stopped on its own this time?"

“Not likely,” muttered Hendra, remembering all the previous times Mel had repeated this same mistake. Once it started, it DID. NOT. STOP.

It was a miracle Mel never wrecked the Maiden with how many times she’d let her allergy get out of control. Sure, it was always fun to fool around with those fun bags at first, but it’s all fun and games until your ship gets overrun with florp.

“Keep moving!” barked a skinny android wearing a pirate hat and an eyepatch. It gave Hendra a quick shove to move her along.

“Hey! I’m moving! Geeze!” said Hendra, sharply. “Where are we even going, anyways?”

“We’re takin’ ye to the bridge. Tha Cap’n wishes to see ye,” answered the mechanical pirate with a salty seadog accent.

Once Hendra got a good look at the droid, she could see that it was pockmarked with dents and laser holes. There was a substantial blast mark around where it was wearing the eyepatch and she could guess that its eye got blown out in a fight at some point.

With how run down the corridors of the ship were, Hendra wasn’t too surprised to see the droid in such disrepair. Then again, battle damage and scars could have been something of a badge of honor among these buccaneers.

“The captain,” muttered Clutch. “Good.”

“Hey, don’t get any funny ideas, Clutch,” warned Hendra. “I know you’ve got this ‘revenge quest’ or whatever, but we’re stuck here too. Please try not to do anything stupid and get us killed.”

Clutch grunted an acknowledgement but didn’t say anything further. Hendra couldn’t read what emotion that could have been.

They eventually reached a pair of wide, rounded doors. One of the pirates smacked a control panel nearby and the doors slide open to unveil the command bridge. A haze of pungent smoke rolled out to greet them as the pirates shoved them through the doors.

All around the bridge were a motley crew of rowdy pirates, many of whom were doing some combination of drinking, smoking and laughing. Looking around, Hendra could see a menagerie of crusty aliens and tarnished androids clad in a collage of colorful, often stained, outfits. Not one of them looked cleaner than the bottoms of Hendra’s boots.

In the center of the room was a large command chair that was so ornately decorated with gold embellishments and inlaid jewels that it was more fitting to call it a throne. It’s back was to them, facing the large viewports that overlooked the impressive length of the ship as it slowly circled the dark vortex of the storm below. Several scantily clad humanoid men and women were fawning over whoever was lounging in the throne.

The pirate captors led Hendra, Mel, and Clutch up to the center of the bridge, the three prisoners attracting leers and jeers from the surrounding crew as they passed. The reptilian pirate who had boarded the interceptor stepped up to the throne.

“Cap’n, we ‘ave the crew of the n’erceptor that attacked us,” said the reptilian with a gruff cockney accent.

A gloved hand waved the fawning courtesans away and the throne swiveled to face the speaker. The room abruptly went still and silent as all the pirates straightened up at attention. Even without the pirate hat, Hendra’s eyes went wide when she recognized the four-armed woman from the tow ship raid perched upon the throne with crossed legs. Clutch stiffened up noticeably at the sight of the captain, as did Mel.

The pirate captain took notice of her guests and greeted them with a toothy grin full of pointed teeth. Her skin was a dusty grey but her eyes were a luminous golden yellow and her hair was like a blazing fire. One of her four, gloved hands tucked a fiery lock behind a pointed ear.

A long, dark captain’s coat with golden embroidery made her seem bulkier than she actually was, though she certainly seemed rather muscular for a woman. Its lower pair of sleeves were a lighter grey, appearing to have come from a different coat and had been crudely stitched on to accommodate for her second set of arms.

Beneath the coat, she wore a burgundy corset over a low cut, white shirt that showed off a healthy amount of cleavage. A crimson sash was tied around her waist and a pair of blunderbusses were stowed within. Below were a pair of tight pants with vertical black and white stripes that showed off her thick, toned legs. Finally, a pair of knee-high, cuffed boots completed the look.

“So, you’re the ones who flew through our barrage in one piece. You’re either the best damned pilots I’ve ever seen or the maddest!” laughed the captain. “Welcome to The Queen of Lechery, me hearties! Now, what brings ye to our humble home in the stars?”

“You,” answered Clutch, clenching his shackled fists. “I have searched a very long time for you, Dread Captain Iceblood.”

That elicited a sharp laugh from the captain. “Ye really must have been searching for a long while to call me by that name! I haven’t gone by Iceblood in years. Now, I am the Dread Captain Bubblegum!”

Mel stifled a giggle and Hendra coughed. “That’s not a very intimidating name.”

Captain Bubblegum smirked and stroked the grip of one of her blunderbusses. “Ye eager to find out why I changed me name, lassie?”

“N-no,” replied Hendra, sheepishly.

“That’s what I thought,” said the captain. “So tell me, laddie, why have ye spent so long tracking me down? Have ye sought me out for me charms or have ye a score to settle, perhaps?”

“Vengeance,” said Clutch before clearing his throat and swapping to his movie trailer voice. “Seven years ago -”

Sensing the rehearsed story coming, Hendra cut in. “You killed his sister and raided his colony.”

Clutch’s head whipped around towards her and Hendra could feel him staring daggers into her.

Captain Bubblegum cocked an eyebrow. “Is that so? I have killed many sisters and have raided many colonies. I’m afraid you’ll need to be more specific.”

“Chandra, in the Reybac system,” said Clutch, his voice subtly quivering in anger. “My sister was Mary Vester. She was just a girl then and would be around these women’s age if she were still alive.”

“You’re little Mary’s brother?” the captain’s eyes widened in bemusement. After the initial shock faded, she tilted her head back and laughed along with most of the other pirates in the room while Clutch, Mel, and Hendra looked on in confusion.

“Ye think I killed her?” laughed the captain. “Tell me, did ye ever find a body?”

“No,” said Clutch. “But I know what you pirate scum do to prisoners. You might not have killed her right away, but I know in my gut that she’s dead.”

Captain Bubblegum raised a hand and the room quieted down again. She stood up from her throne and Hendra could see that she was exceptionally tall, easily a head taller than any of them. A courtesan held out a large pirate captain’s hat decorated with a jolly roger in the center and a fluffy green feather tucked in the side. The captain took the hat and put it on before striding up close to Clutch.

Looming over the helmeted man, she smirked down at him. “You’ll learn the truth soon enough, laddie. And when ye do, I’m sure it will be quite...amusing.”

The captain shifted her focus over to Hendra and she stepped over in front of her with the dull *clack* of her heels on the metal floor. The tall woman furrowed her brow and inspected Hendra from her cap down to her work boots.

“Ye don’t look like a fighter. Not like your friend, here,” said the captain suspiciously. “Ye look more like a dock hand. What’s your angle, lassie?”

“We just want our ship back,” answered Hendra nervously.

“Ah, that must be the shiny new catch we just reeled in,” said the captain with a grin creeping back onto her face. “I thought ye looked familiar. You’re the swashbuckler who rammed that aircar into me gunship. Ye really must be a crazy wench to attack a pirate unarmed!”

The captain and her crew laughed at the mention of Hendra's earlier boldness. Eying her over again, the captain's eyes settled on a subtle bulge in one of Hendra's pockets. Before Hendra could react, one of her four arms slipped into the pocket and withdrew a small key fob.

"H-hey! That's mine!" cried Hendra and tried lunging for the key fob but her arms were still restrained behind her back. That key unlocked the Errant Maiden. Without it, making an escape with the Maiden was going to be trickier.

Captain Bubblegum laughed and held the key fob just inches away from Hendra's face. "Not anymore, lassie! I think I might take your ship for a quick spin, later. The Errant Maiden, was it?"

A stifled moan escaped from Mel and drew the captain's attention.

"Well, what do we have here?" said the captain like a cat toying with a mouse as she walked over to inspect Mel. Her eyes danced over Mel's mammoth mammaries. "You're certainly a healthy one. Methinks ye might put some of me cow girls to shame. I think I'll arrange a little...get together later."

Mel tried to hold back another moan as beads of sweat formed on her brow. Hendra's eyes widened when she realized what was coming. A subtle gurgling rose from her stomach once again.

Captain Bubblegum's brow furrowed at the sound of the gurgling. "What's that? Eat something that didn't agree with ye?"

"F-Florp," Mel managed to answer before succumbing to another moan.

The gurgling grew louder and everyone nearby took a few cautious steps back. Mel's arms squirmed behind her, itching to caress her chest but the restraints wouldn't allow it. Another wave of pleasure washed over her, bringing her to her knees as she threw back her head and moaned like a cow in heat.

Mel's breasts surged outward as if a valve had just been opened inside them. Her swelling mounds tried to fight their way out of her torn flight suit, her nipples popping free immediately. In moments, they ballooned from the size of pumpkins to beach balls.

The captain's eyes bugged out of her head at the sight of her already impressively busty prisoner blowing up in front of her. With an audible *snap*, Mel's latex flight suit slipped off her widening bust as it finally grew too large to be contained. Her enormous breasts slapped down onto her thighs and sloshed like huge water balloons.

When the gurgling finally stopped, Mel's boobs had swollen up as big as exercise balls and were capped with a pair of thick, strawberry-sized nipples with wide, puffy areolae. They twitched and quivered just before releasing a pressurized spray of green slime across the bridge. Mel's eyes rolled back into her head and she moaned louder than ever before from the orgasmic release.

The captain nimbly leapt out of the splash zone and watched, wide eyed, as gallons of slime pumped out of Mel. When it was finally over, two long, green puddles fanned out from Mel in an arc and her breasts had shrunk down to the size of beachballs. Gasping for air, Mel sat in a post orgasmic stupor as the room fell into a stunned silence.

Captain Bubblegum opened her mouth to say something but stopped short when she saw the puddles of slime begin to coagulate together into several round, head-sized masses. Moments later, four florp had formed and were standing in the bridge, looking around curiously.

“Florp! Blast ‘em!” barked Captain Bubblegum.

Every pirate who had a gun drew their weapons and began unloading on the unsuspecting florp. Two of the little slime people were immediately blasted back into goo, but the other two leapt up into the air and ricocheted off the ceiling to the far corners of the bridge. The room erupted into a riot of shouting, laserfire, and bouncing florp.

In the chaos, Hendra looked for an opening to make an escape, but there were just too many pirates blocking the exits. Instead, she opted for taking cover. Clutch stood still as a statue as lasers and florp danced around him in a flurry and Mel was still coming out of her post-orgasmic daze.

With one smooth motion, the captain drew a laser cutlass and ignited it, slicing a florp in half with a glowing red blade as it flew by. The singed halves of the slime landed on the floor with a loud *splat* and didn’t move again. The last remaining florp ricocheted around the room a few more times before ramming through an air vent and escaping.

“Damn, one of ‘em got away!” shouted a pirate.

“Don’t worry, it won’t get far,” said the captain confidently. She turned to face her prisoners and pointed the glowing blade of her laser cutlass at Mel. “So, it looks like we’ve got ourselves a walking florp factory! A woman like ye would be considered a bio-weapon on some worlds.”

Mel’s gaze focused and she snapped back to reality. “I-it’s just an allergy! I-I didn’t mean to!”

“An allergy?” mused the captain. “You know, they make -”

“Yes! We know they make pills for it now!” yelled Hendra impatiently. “That’s why we’ve been trying to get our ship back! Her pills are on it! Now will you please let us go so we can make this stop?”

“What kind of pirate do ye think I am? Ye think I would just let ye go so easy?” laughed the captain. “I’ve got other plans for your friend, here. From where I’m standing, ye don’t need pills to solve this problem.”

Hendra’s eyes went wide when Captain Bubblegum drew both her blunderbusses and took aim at Mel. “*NO!*”

There was nothing Hendra could do to stop the captain. With a loud *bang*, she fired her dual blunderbusses at once. Mel fell onto her back as two pink projectiles impacted her tits, sending massive, gelatinous ripples through them.

“*MEL!*” screamed Hendra. She tried to rush to her fallen friend, but a pirate grabbed her arm and held her back.

“Ow, that hurt!” complained Mel. Miraculously, she seemed unscathed and sat up straight. Hendra saw what looked like two big wads of bubblegum glued over her nipples. “What’d you shoot me for?”

The captain grinned and gave her guns a quick twirl. “To plug your leaking kegs, lassie. These here are me signature bubblebusses. They fire balls of gum that are sticky enough to stop a raging bull dead in his tracks.”

“Or an aircar,” muttered Hendra, finally realizing what that pink stuff was that had kept their aircar from sliding down the side of that building earlier.

“Ye might be allergic to florp, but it’s a delicacy to the rest of us and I’m looking at an infinite supply of it,” said the captain with a smug grin. “Take ‘em down to the brig until we have somewhere special for our bountiful lass here to stay. As for the others, I think we can make fine swabbies out of ‘em!”

The pirate crew erupted into jeers and laughter as Mel was hauled up onto her feet and escorted off the bridge along with Hendra and Clutch.

“Did you hear that? We’re gonna be pirates, Hendra!” said Mel excitedly.

“I don’t know about you two,” said Hendra to Clutch and Mel. “But getting abducted by pirates and forced to join their crew was not on my list of things to do today.”

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Chapter 5

The grungy brig cell was far from hospitable, but it was at least somewhat spacious. Graffiti left by previous tenants covered the metal walls and a few slab-like beds were about as close to furnishings as they were going to get. A grimy toilet that Hendra preferred to stay far away from sat in one corner and a glowing, orange energy field separated the cell from the rest of the brig like a prison's bars.

As bad off as they were, it was impressive that Hendra, Mel, and Clutch were still alive after all that had happened that day. However, their fates were far from certain and Mel's breasts were still a growing problem.

"This was not how I'd imagined this day going," said Hendra, who was reclined on the floor and resting her head on Mel's beachball-sized breasts.

"Well, it could be worse," said Mel, cheerfully. "Think of all the times we could have died today."

"Yeah, well now we're locked up on a pirate ship and your boobs are still growing."

"Oh, it's not that bad," said Mel, patting her huge bosom. "Besides, with my nipples blocked, we won't have to worry about the floor breaking anything again."

"But now you can't release any of it," countered Hendra. "That pressure is just gonna keep building. What if you explode or something?"

Mel giggled. "Hendra, have I ever exploded from this stuff before? Come on, let's not be silly. We both know I can get pretty big. In fact, I don't really know how big I *can* get."

"Exactly! Everything has a limit, Mel. Even your boobs," said Hendra, giving her friend a sharp poke in the boob.

"Explode?" said one of the two toad men who were sharing the cell with them. It turned out that the pirates had also captured the crew of the tow ship and, in an ironic twist, crammed them in with the owners of the ship they had towed. "That lady could explode?"

"Perhaps," grumbled Clutch, who was sitting by himself on one of the beds. "She's more than doubled in size since I picked them up a couple hours ago."

The toad man ran up to the energy barrier and began shouting into the hall. "Help! This lady has a bomb in her chest! She's gonna explode!"

"I am not!" retorted Mel.

The sound of footsteps echoed down the hall and a slim, brunette human woman in tight fitting pants and a loose blouse covered by a vest came to investigate the racket. “What’s going on here? What’s this about a bomb?”

“Nothing, we’re fine,” grumbled Hendra.

The pirate woman’s eyes locked onto Clutch and widened. “Clutch? Is that you?”

Clutch perked up at hearing his name and he jumped to his feet when he saw the woman. “Mary!? But how? I thought the pirates killed you!”

“Hold on,” said Hendra, confused. “Is that your sister?”

“Yes,” said Mary, choking up as she fought back tears of joy. “Clutch, I thought you died in the raid. When the pirates found me, they took me in and made me join their crew. I didn’t think I had anywhere left to go, so I stayed.”

“I’ve been hunting these pirates for seven years,” said Clutch. “I had no idea you were still alive. I feel like such a fool.”

Hendra got back up on her feet and straightened up her shirt. “Well, I’ll be damned. Your brother here is half the reason Mel and I are still alive. He’s one hell of a pilot.”

“Is he now?” Mary raised an eyebrow. “I’m not too shabby myself. How about we race sometime? Just like we used to back home with dad’s hoverbikes?”

“Does that mean you’re going to let him out?” asked Hendra.

“Well…” Mary trailed off.

“Please! Let us out, too!” urged the toad man. “We’re no use to you as swabbies! Please, let us go back to our ship so we can leave!”

“Yeah! Let us out, too!” shouted a prisoner from another cell, followed by dozens of other such shouts from throughout the brig.

Mary ignited a laser cutlass and slashed it across the energy barrier of the cell across from them.

“Quiet down you scallywags!” she hollered. The prisoners did as she instructed, so she switched off her cutlass and returned her focus to Hendra.

“I don’t think so,” Mary said sternly. “You’re all here for a reason and it’s my job to keep you there. I might be able to convince the captain to let me take my brother out for a little while, but that’s only because I know him. I don’t know any of you.”

“But your brother does,” insisted Hendra. “At least, me and Mel. If he trusts us, then so can you!”

“I just met you two a couple hours ago,” said Clutch flatly.

Mel moaned and all eyes turned to her. Sweat had formed on her brow again and she was rubbing her boobs. Soon, her stomach began to gurgle.

“What’s with her?” asked Mary.

“Just wait,” said Hendra, looking apprehensively at her friend. “Time to find out if the captain’s bubblegum will hold.”

The gurgling of Mel’s stomach shifted up to her bosom, signaling the start of another wave of growth. With a loud *bloomp*, her swollen bosom jumped larger, gaining inches in moments. They quickly swelled up from beachballs to exercise balls and beyond.

Mel shivered and clutched handfuls of her pillowy pink flesh as she grew. They rapidly swelled up wider than she could reach around and overflowed her lap, spreading out onto the floor of the cell. When the growth finally ended, she was left with a pair of beanbag chair sized breasts that threatened to immobilize her.

The gurgling may have stopped, but there was still a peculiar churning sound that was new. Mel clenched her teeth and squeezed her armfuls of flesh as her breasts seemed to visibly throb.

“*Nngh! It won’t...come...out!*” groaned Mel as she pressed her arms into her chest as far as they would go. Her hands sank about halfway up her forearms into the cushiony boobmeat. The gum blocking her nipples seemed to be doing its job rather well and not a drop of slime left her chest.

Gradually, the churning noise died down and Mel’s breasts seemed to stabilize. She relaxed and leaned into her chest, panting from the growth and the failed attempt to empty herself.

“Okay,” Mel said between breaths. “Maybe...blocking my nipples...wasn’t such a good thing...”

Mary stood by, staring in stunned silence for a few seconds before clearing her throat and speaking. “I see what the talk of exploding was about, now.”

“She needs her allergy pills,” said Hendra. “Without them, she’ll just keep getting bigger and bigger until either she blows or the captain’s gum blows. Either way, trust me when I say that you don’t want to be anywhere near her when that happens.”

“And let me guess,” said Mary suspiciously. “Those pills are on your ship, right?”

“Right! Just let us go and your ship will be safe,” said Hendra.

“Do you think I was born yesterday?” said Mary with a sardonic laugh. “You just want to escape.”

“Mary,” said Clutch. “Let them go. They don’t deserve this and you don’t deserve what’ll happen if she blows.”

Mary stood there, considering it. Just when it seemed like she was about to refuse, she reached over to the cell controls and switched the energy field off.

“Go. Get back to your ships and leave,” said Mary quietly.

The toad men cheered and made a break for it. Mary’s cutlass crackled to life and blocked their path.

“Not you. Them,” Mary said sternly and gestured towards Hendra, Mel, and Clutch. The toad men hung their heads and slinked back to their side of the cell.

Mel grunted as she struggled to get to her feet, her breasts were weighing her down too much. Hendra hurried over and helped heave her up. Mel wobbled and had to fight to stay upright with a pair of gargantuan boobs hanging down to her knees.

“This might be tricky,” muttered Hendra, realizing just how big Mel had gotten.

“I-I’ve got this! I can make it back all right,” Mel said, wavering back and forth.

Walking proved to be a challenge for Mel. Her knees kept bumping into the undersides of her giant breasts, so she could only take half steps forward in what was almost a shuffle. Each move sent a jiggle through her chest and resulted in an audible *slosh*. Getting to the ship like this wasn’t going to be easy.

With help from Hendra, Mel slowly made it out into the brig’s hallway. Clutch grunted and slung one of his arms under one of Mel’s to help move her along faster. As she passed Mary, Clutch looked back at her over his shoulder.

“Mary, come with us,” said Clutch. “You can have a normal life again back home. They rebuilt the colony. There’s still a place for us there.”

“But...I like it here,” said Mary. “These pirates might be rough around the edges, but they’re my friends. I can’t leave them behind. In fact, I think you should stay here with me!”

“These pirates raided our home and tore our family apart. I came here to kill their captain and that’s exactly what I’m going to do once we get these two back to their ship,” Clutch said bitterly.

“Cap’n Bubblegum took me in like one of her own,” said Mary. “She’s like a crazy aunt to me!”

“Uh, guys? Can we have this discussion *after* we get back to our ship?” suggested Hendra. “If Mel gets any bigger, we might not be able to leave!”

“Fair point,” said Mary. “Besides, you probably don’t even know the way back to the hangar. I’ll lead you there.”

Mary walked back over to cell control panel. “Give me a sec to lock the toads back up again.”

“Aw, can’t we rescue them, too?” whined Mel.

“What the hell for?” said Hendra. “They’re the ones who towed our ship in the first place. We wouldn’t be in this mess if it weren’t for them.”

“We don’t even know who you are,” said one of the toad men.

“Um, actually,” argued Mel. “If you had just put enough time in the parking meter, they wouldn’t have towed us.”

“Oh, not this again,” groaned Hendra. “I did *NOT* skimp on the parking meter!”

“Ladies,” Mary tried to interject.

“Oh, sure,” said Mel sarcastically. “Then why did they tow us, huh? Come on, why don’t you guys tell her?”

“Please don’t drag us into this,” said the other toad man.

“Ladies!” Mary started to raise her voice.

“Okay, then how about *YOU* share some of the blame, huh?” shouted Hendra. “If you hadn’t eaten that florp when you know damn well you shouldn’t have, I would have just called a cab and paid the ticket. But I knew *YOU* needed those pills! So, I stole that aircar to save your sorry ass!”

“You stole that aircar?” Clutch chimed in. “I thought that was yours.”

“*LADIES!*” screamed Mary.

“What!?” shouted Mel and Hendra in unison.

“Thank you!” Mary said, exasperated. Breathing a sigh of relief at the momentary truce, she continued. “We’re wasting time. I’ll let the tow truck pilots out if it means you two will shut up.”

“Yay!” cheered Mel while Hendra rolled her eyes.

The toad men both stepped out into the hallway, but paused when they heard something crash down at the far end of the hall behind them. Zipping around the corner in a green blur was the florp that got away. It smacked one cell control panel, shutting off the energy barrier, then rebounded and hit another.

The florp ricocheted down the length of the brig from one control panel to another, shutting off all the cell barriers along the way. With one last smack, it bounced off the panel nearest to the group and smacked right into Mel’s face with a wet splat.

Mel was knocked back from the impact and nearly dragged Clutch and Hendra down with her, but they managed to steady her. Hendra watched in horror as the florp disappeared into Mel’s mouth. Eyes wide as dinner plates and cheeks bulging with florp, Mel was too surprised to resist and swallowed it all with a very confused gulp.

“Tell me that didn’t just happen,” said Hendra in disbelief.

Mel’s face flushed a bright pink and her body heated up as her stomach growled at the introduction of yet more florp.

“*Oooh,*” moaned Mel. “That can’t be good.”

“Oh fuck,” said Mary, though she was staring down the hall at all the deactivated cells.

A head poked out from one of cells down at the end of the brig hall. Then another...and another. The brig erupted into uproarious cheering as dozens of aliens, androids, and humans poured out of their cells into the hall and stampeded towards the group.

The toad men pushed past the group and fled to stay ahead of the mob. Hendra glared at them as they sped down the hall.

“So much for gratitude,” she grumbled. She saw Mary draw her cutlass and step in-between them and the mob. “Mary, wait! You can’t take them all! You’ll just get yourself killed!”

Mary gave Hendra an uncertain look and hesitantly lowered her sword. Meanwhile, Mel moaned as the gurgling grew so loud that it sounded like the florp was boiling inside her.

“*Oooh, fuck! It’s so much stronger than before!*” Mel moaned.

The mob was upon them seconds later. They didn’t seem to pay Hendra, Mel, or Clutch any mind, but the frontrunners immediately tried to grab Mary. The slim pirate woman was able to duck and dodge away from some of them, but a burly cyclopean man got ahold of her sword-wielding arm and twisted it.

Mary let out a cry of pain and dropped her cutlass. The energy sword deactivated and clattered to the floor.

“Hey!” shouted Hendra. “Let her go! She’s with us!”

“Are you crazy?” asked the cyclopean. “She’s a bloody pirate!”

“She’s my sister,” said Clutch. “And our ticket out of here. Let her go.”

Meanwhile, Mel let out another moan and her knees buckled beneath her. Clutch and Hendra tried to hoist her back up onto her feet, but her legs just weren’t cooperating. Mel’s beanbag chair sized breasts gurgled and churned before swelling even larger.

Mel’s increasing weight was too much for either Clutch or Hendra to bear, so they lowered her to the floor to lean on her growing bosom. The mob stared in astonishment at Mel as her tremendous pink boobs spread out wider in front of her. Losing control of herself, Mel squirmed and groped herself while shoving her face into her deepening cleavage.

Seconds later, the growth subsided but a subtle gurgling remained, leaving Mel with a pair of breasts that together were as wide as she was tall. There was no way Clutch or Hendra were going to be able to get her off the floor on their own now.

“If we don’t get my friend to our ship, she could explode!” Hendra hastily explained to the crowd. “We need this pirate to lead us there! Please, let her go so we can help my friend!”

Reluctantly at first, the cyclopean eased his grip on Mary’s arm. Mary pulled herself free and picked her cutlass back up off the floor, ignited it, and distanced herself from the mob.

“Are you okay, Mary?” asked Clutch.

“Yeah, I’ll be fine. Let’s get out of here,” Mary replied.

Mel shuddered and her bosom swelled slightly larger. The gurgling wasn’t going away and it seemed that the second dose of florp was causing the surges to come more rapidly now, albeit in shorter spurts.

The cyclopean man raised his fist in the air and called back to the mob. “Alright lads! Let’s get this lady to her ship!”

The mob cheered and they all pitched in to lift Mel off the floor and carry her above their heads like a crowd surfer. With so many helping hands, they were able to hold her gargantuan breasts aloft, but there was no telling how long that would last with how quickly the surges of growth were coming.

“Whoa!” Mel wobbled atop the crowd. “C-careful down there! I-I’m - *Nnh!* S-sensitive!”

“Come on! To the hangar!” called Mary as she rushed on ahead, leading the way with her cutlass.

Hendra and Clutch hurried on after her. Behind them, the mob cheered and roared after them with Mel moaning and writhing in a pile of tits above their heads.

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Chapter 6

A ruckus echoed through the halls of the galleon and was fast approaching one of the armories near the hangar bay. Several pirates wandered up to the armory doors to investigate commotion.

Just as one of them reached out for the door controls, the doors suddenly slid open and a fist swung out, clobbering the unsuspecting pirate and knocking him out cold instantly. Before his unconscious body hit the floor, a horde of escaped prisoners flooded into the armory, grabbing weapons and overwhelming the surprised pirates scattered throughout the room.

Clutch rushed into the breach, socking a skull-faced pirate in the jaw before grabbing a pair of laser cutlasses from a weapons rack.

“Hendra! Catch!” Clutch tossed a cutlass to Hendra, who just barely managed to catch it without dropping it.

“Wait! I don’t know how to use this thing!” she said just as a pirate android ran up to her brandishing its own sword.

The automaton took a swing at Hendra and she shrieked, accidentally igniting the red blade of her cutlass. The energy blades crackled against each other as Hendra’s blocked the pirate’s blow.

Her instincts took over and her arms seemingly moved of their own accord. With one quick slash, the android’s metal head toppled off its shoulders and clattered to the ground. Its decapitated mechanical body crouched down and fumbled around blindly, searching for its lost head.

Hendra smirked and admired her handiwork. “Huh, guess I might be cut out for this sort of thing after all.”

“Heads up!” shouted Mary, cutting in between Hendra and a mantis-looking pirate who had snuck up behind her. With a few quick flicks of her cutlass, Mary disarmed the bug man and sent his cutlass sailing across the room. Then she bashed him in the head with her hilt, knocking him out. “I’d say you need a bit more practice, Hendra. But not bad for a scallywag.”

“Heave! Ho!” chanted a group of escapees marching through the armory doors. Held aloft over their heads was Mel, bigger than ever.

In the time it took them to get there, Mel’s breasts had swollen up to the size of loveseats and were still frequently surging larger. It seemed like every time Hendra looked at her, she was bigger.

The mob had to duck down low to get Mel through the doors, but even then, her boobs were so wide that they bumped the sides of the doorway. With another heave-ho, they squeezed her through and continued onward. Meanwhile, Mel was cast away on a sea of ecstasy with her hand down the front of her destroyed flight suit, pleasuring herself carelessly.

“Mel! Have some decency!” scolded Hendra, but her friend was too far gone to hear her through the haze of pleasure. Mel’s immense breasts were visibly growing larger before her eyes, bulging wider over the sea of hands lifting her up.

Doubt began to nag at the back of Hendra’s mind. At the rate Mel was growing, there was no way they’d be able to fit her through many more doors, much less into the Errant Maiden. “We’re not gonna make it! She’s getting too big too fast!”

“Yes, we can!” called Mary. “We’re almost there! If we hurry, we can still make it!”

Hendra hurried to catch up with Mary and Clutch at the head of the mob as they cleared the armory.

“Not much further now!” called Mary. “Just through these doors and -”

Mary stopped dead in her tracks, as did Clutch, when they finally entered the massive hangar bay. Hendra nearly ran into them and the mob skidded to a halt behind her.

“Going somewhere, me hearties?” taunted the Dread Captain Bubblegum.

The tall, four-armed captain stood in their path with both of her blunderbusses trained on them and two cutlasses drawn. Right behind her was a massive mobile gun turret that was aimed directly at the door and looked powerful enough to blow a hole straight through a freighter. All around them, dozens of pirates had taken up positions around and on top of ships and catwalks, each one armed with some variety of laser gun or cutlass.

“Little Mary,” tsked the captain. “I’m disappointed in ye. I thought ye were more loyal than this. I figured these scallywags would have to hold a knife to your throat to get ye to help them escape. Although, ye did still lead them into me trap all the same.”

Mary’s jaw tightened and shifted. “Cap’n, please let my brother go and allow these ladies to return to their ship before that one blows.”

She pointed at Mel as the remaining mob just barely managed to squeeze her in through the doors before stopping in their tracks at the sight of all the guns pointed at them. Mel’s chest heaved larger and several of the people carrying her began to buckle under her weight. Gently, they all gradually lowered her to the hangar bay floor.

“My, she *has* gotten big,” said the captain with a low whistle. “At the rate she’s going, she might be better off here in the hangar. Eh, maties?”

The surrounding pirates laughed at jeered at Mel as she lay atop her swelling boobs, masturbating without a care in the world. A flame of anger burned in Hendra’s heart at the

captain's toying, especially after all they'd gone through. She pushed herself between Mary and Clutch and stood defiantly before the captain and her crew.

"We did not come all this way just to be laughed at by some stinkin' pirates on this filthy-ass ship!" yelled Hendra. Much to her surprise, the pirates all seemed to be taken aback by her outburst and were lowering their weapons. "Our ship is just over there! Just let us through so we can finally get Mel her *GODDAMN PILLS!*"

Everyone in the hangar bay fell into a stunned silence and Hendra thought that she might have actually gotten her point through. However, she gradually began to realize that the pirates weren't staring at her, they were staring past her at something else.

Someone bumped up against Hendra from behind and it was only then that she noticed the low rumbling emanating from somewhere nearby.

"Hey! Who the fuck is pushing...me..." Hendra's voice trailed off as she turned around to see two giant pink balloons that were each as big around as the interceptor just inches away from her face.

Startled, Hendra stumbled back from the pink wall. As she moved back, she could just barely see Mel squirming atop the colossal balloons. It was then that it finally dawned on her what those actually were.

"Holy shit," Hendra muttered to herself. Mel had gotten huge before, but this was a whole other level. They had taken too long and now Mel's breasts had gone into overdrive. She and the surrounding escaped prisoners all slowly backed away from Mel's mountains as they gurgled and quaked with growth.

"UUHHNN!!!" Mel moaned loudly from atop her giant bosom as it rumbled larger. *"IT'S TOO MUCH! UUHHNN!! IT WON'T STOP!!!"*

Mel's hips bucked as she feverishly pleased herself to the unimaginably intense waves of growth wracking her body. Her skin creaked as it stretched so far to contain the swimming pools worth of florp rapidly brewing within her that it was starting to become somewhat translucent, allowing the green hue of the slime to come through. All the while, the wads of bubblegum sealing her traffic cone-sized nipples still held firm.

"IT WON'T COME OUT! OH FUCK, THE PRESSURE!!!" Mel screamed as her body quaked from orgasm after orgasm. Not an ounce of slime was able to escape her nipples and her breasts had long surpassed their max capacity.

The rumbling grew louder as Mel's growth accelerated. Her titanic tits groaned ever larger, dwarfing some of the smaller ships in the hangar and showing no signs of stopping.

"Bloody hell, she's bigger than me gunship!" blurted Captain Bubblegum from next to Hendra, startling her somewhat. Hendra hadn't realized that she had backed up far enough away from Mel that she was standing amongst the pirates.

“FUUUCK! TOO BIG! I-I CAN’T HOLD ANY MORE!!!” screamed Mel. Her breasts were rounding out from the pressure, becoming firm and taut as they hit their limit. *“I’M GONNA BLOOOWWW!!!”*

Mel’s breasts groaned with tension as they neared the size of the Errant Maiden herself and began to crowd the ships docked nearby. With no more stretch left in them, her breasts’ expansion seemed to slow down as they finally ran out of room for more florp, but their production didn’t cease. Her skin creaked and groaned like balloons ready to pop as the pressure mounted to a dangerous degree.

Mel’s orgasmic wailing reached a fever pitch and her freighter-sized behemoths creaked one last time before they could finally hold no more. Her mountains shook and nipples as thick as tree trunks twisted and throbbed under the gum.

“Oh fuck! She’s actually gonna explode!” gasped Hendra in horror.

Mel’s gigantic breasts tensed and the gum suddenly began to balloon outward. There was so much pressure built up behind her nipples that they were finally able to release with a tremendous enough force to blow the gum into two huge bubbles. Green slime rushed into the bubbles at an astonishing rate and could be seen swirling within.

Several explosive orgasms blurred together into a white fog over Mel’s mind as her breasts rapidly emptied themselves into the bubblegum and receded. More than a minute of unending, orgasmic release passed until the flow began to ebb. In that time, her breasts had shrunk back down to the size of beanbag chairs while the swirling, slime-filled bubbles had blown up almost to her previous immense size. She vanished from sight as she shrank down behind them.

The flow slowed to a trickle and the giant bubbles let out a low groan before finally coming to a halt. Silence fell over the Queen of Lechery’s hangar bay, save for the faint sounds of Mel panting for breath and the slow churning of thousands of gallons of slime.

“Well, that settles that, I guess-,” Captain Bubblegum began to say before the twin bubbles suddenly detonated like bombs in front of everyone.

A tsunami of slime carried green goo and bits of pink bubblegum to the far corners of the hangar bay. Everyone caught in the blast was knocked off their feet by a tidal wave of florp. Hendra was thrown backwards into several pirates and could feel slime soaking into every inch of her being.

When it was all over, Hendra was left laying on top of a pile of pirates who had all been swept away under a thick coat of green slime. She wiped slime out of her eyes and tried to stand up, her feet slipping and sliding as she did. Looking around, it seemed as though slime coated nearly every surface in the hangar, from the ships to the walls and even the high ceiling.

Pirates and prisoners alike all began to groan and peel themselves off whatever the slime was beginning to glue to them to. Hendra could hear Mel coughing and gagging on the stuff somewhere in the general direction of where she had been before, but the slime disguised her

location well. Before they could all gather themselves again though, the acres of slime began to shift and congeal.

Hendra froze and her blood went cold as she watched dozens...hundreds...thousands of little florp people form all around her. Even the slime covering her oozed off her body to join the growing hordes of florp.

Countless little green, rotund men stood shoulder to shoulder all around the hangar. A sea of them covered the floor, the catwalks, and the ships. Hendra couldn't fathom the chaos this many of them could possibly wreak.

Captain Bubblegum stood up, her hat had been blown off in the explosion and her clothes were thoroughly slimed. She brandished all four of her weapons and let out a battle cry. "What're ye lily-livered scum-suckers just standing around for? *Blast these little buggers!*"

The captain unloaded her bubblegum blunderbusses in a frenzy, trapping several florp in the sticky wads in process. As soon as she began firing, every single florp in the room went wild. The hangar bay erupted into a hurricane of green globs as they all jumped up into the air and ricocheted endlessly off the walls, ships, crewmates, and each other.

It was pandemonium as laser guns fired off in every direction, lancing florp out of the air. Cutlasses flailed around wildly in attempts to slice through the hailstorm of slime. Everywhere, people were being pummeled by balls of florp and knocked around. Pirates and prisoners alike were bumping into each other and slipping on the slimed-up floor.

Somehow, florp managed to get inside the big mobile turret and it fired off a thick, red laser beam just over the crowd's heads, burning a hole straight through the bulkhead and sending many, including Hendra, dropping to the floor for cover. The turret's gun swung around blindly as its gunner lost control. Deafening crackles and pops filled the air as the laser carved a rough line across the bulkhead, severing several catwalks in the process.

Fortunately, no one was under the catwalks when they crashed down onto the floor. The laser beam continued its wild arc, carving through several ships, including a large freighter. Somewhere, a fuel pod exploded into a massive fireball with a deafening *boom*, basking the scene in a fiery glow.

Through the turret cockpit, Hendra could see the gunner trying to wrestle with the controls as two florp bounced around him. The gunner pulled out a pistol and attempted to shoot the little globs, but his laser bolt missed and ricocheted around the cockpit before blasting the controls. The turret finally ceased firing and seemed to droop as it suddenly lost power.

With the turret out of commission, Hendra leapt to her feet and pushed her way through the panicking crowd towards where she last saw Mel. The floor was slick with residual green slime and Hendra had to catch herself to keep from slipping, but she kept on moving. At the center of the chaos was Mel, collapsed upon a pair of beachball-sized tits and covered from head to toe in residual slime and bits of gum.

“Mel!” Hendra called out to her fallen friend. She slid up to Mel’s side and nudged her. “Mel! Are you okay!?”

Mel groaned and weakly pushed her face up out of her tits. “Uuugghh...Hendra...I’m beginning to think...that eating florp for lunch wasn’t such a good idea...”

Hendra chuckled lightly, but the sounds of the chaos around them drowned most of it out. “Can you stand?”

“I...I think so,” Mel said, gradually coming out of the worst post-orgasmic stupor of her life. “Uugh...I feel like I’ve been fucked silly for five days straight.”

“I bet! You were so loud that I bet they could hear you from Earth!” Hendra joked. She hooked her arms under Mel’s and helped her back onto her feet.

Mel wobbled slightly from exhaustion and having had her center of gravity thrown all over the place that day, but she soon found her footing. She wiped some of the slime off her face and chest and flicked it away before setting her sights on the Errant Maiden.

“There’s the Maiden!” Hendra pointed across the hangar past the battle and the damaged ships. The hurricane of florp had died down and Hendra wasn’t sure if it was due to the battle or if it had just spread deeper into the galleon. “Come on, let’s get the hell outta here!”

The two of them hurried through the chaotic scene as best as they could with the slick floors and Mel’s beachball bust. Suddenly, Mel stopped and lurched as her boobs surged larger again.

“*Uhhn!* Shit! It’s still happening!” Mel grunted, trying and failing to fight back the wave of pleasure that just washed over her exhausted body.

“Then we *have* to keep moving!” Hendra urged, pulling her along towards their ship.

Something gooshed under Hendra’s boot and she looked down to see what it was. “Oh great. Of all the times to step in gum.”

A big wad of bubblegum glued Hendra’s boot to the metal floor. She tried to pull it free, but the gum stubbornly refused to let go and held her boot firmly in place. Grunting in frustration, she bent down and began working at her shoe laces to at least get her foot free.

“*Hendra! Look out!*” Mel shouted and pointed at something to their right.

Hendra followed Mel’s finger to see Captain Bubblegum standing nearby with one of her blunderbusses trained on Hendra.

“Where do ye think you’re going, lassie?” mused the captain with a smug grin plastered on her face. Just as her finger began to squeeze the trigger, a florp collided with the gun, knocking it from her hand. It clattered to the floor and was promptly kicked out of sight by a stumbling crewmate.

An annoyed grimace crossed the captain's face as she saw her gun skid away. Returning her focus to Hendra and Mel, she flourished her dual laser cutlasses and charged forward with an excited grin.

Hendra's eye went wide with panic at the sight of the captain's advance and Mel stumbled back away. Quickly, Hendra ignited her own laser cutlass and stood up. Moments later, her blade crackled as the captain's first blow crashed against it and threatened to knock the sword from Hendra's hand.

She held firm and was able to just barely parry two more rapid blows from the captain before her inexperience and trapped foot caught up with her. The captain's assault threw Hendra off balance and she unconsciously loosened her grip on her hilt. Their blades met again and with a quick flick of her wrist, Captain Bubblegum sent Hendra's sword flying from her hand and clattering across the floor.

Disarmed and sensing a finishing blow coming, Hendra ducked and rolled forward. Luckily, she had loosened her stuck boot just enough for her foot to slip loose. The captain's blades sliced through the air where Hendra's head had been just a moment before.

Hendra quickly somersaulted back onto her feet and stood up to face the captain again, her sock sliding on the gooeey floor. However, she had no weapons and hastily looked around for any nearby without any luck. Captain Bubblegum's grin spread across her elegant face and a fierce bloodlust sparked in her golden eyes as she readied her blades and lunged forward yet again.

This time, another laser blade cut in and caught the captain's lunging swing. The blades crackled as Clutch stepped in and dragged his blade down the length of the captain's until it met the hilt and fried it. The captain's blade dissipated in an instant and she jumped back from Clutch with her remaining blade drawn.

"We meet again, pilot! Are ye ready to settle that little score of yours?" Captain Bubblegum said with a smirk and discarded the hilt of her destroyed cutlass. She pointed her other sword at her new foe and began to slowly circle around Clutch and Hendra, careful to keep both in her sights.

"Bring it!" Clutch said.

Clutch made the first move and lunged at Captain Bubblegum. She was ready for him and deftly parried every swing and thrust he threw at her before assaulting him with a flurry of lightning-fast attacks. He fared better than Hendra did, but not well enough.

Quickly tossing her sword to her off hand, the captain caught Clutch off-guard and slashed his sword arm just below the shoulder. Clutch grunted in pain and flinched, opening himself to a back-hand slash from the captain. The captain's blade crackled across his helmet, cutting a searing gash across his faceplate and visor.

The man went down, dropping his cutlass as he fell over and landed on his side. Clutch immediately leaned up and reached for his sword with his other arm, but the captain's blade was thrust just inches away from his throat.

Captain Bubblegum smirked as she stood over Clutch, holding her glowing red blade to his throat. "Ye might be good in a cockpit, but this is no dogfight. You've got nothing on me, laddie. I could beat you with four arms tied behind me back!"

The captain cocked her sword back in preparation for a final swing to cut his helmeted head off, but *another* blade lashed out from the sidelines and deftly sliced through the hilt, causing her remaining blade to sizzle out instantly. Captain Bubblegum reeled her head around in shock and fury at this new interloper.

The captain's eyes went wide in astonishment when she saw Mary step between her and Clutch, wielding the offending blade. "Mary!? What the hell are ye doing!?"

"Saving my brother," Mary said curtly. She carefully stepped back and helped Clutch back to his feet, not taking her eyes off the captain for a moment. "Come on, let's get to your ship."

"No. I have to finish this," grunted Clutch.

"Forget her! She's not worth it!" Mary grabbed his arm and tugged him away towards the ships.

"*Get back here ye lily livered scallywags!*" Captain Bubblegum yelled in fury at them as they fled through the crowd and florp. She raised her one remaining weapon and aimed the blunderbuss at their backs.

Suddenly, Captain Bubblegum was knocked off her feet and tackled to the floor by Mel. The impact knocked the last hand-cannon from the captain's grasp and sent it clattering away out of her reach. Mel tried to pin her with her massive bosom and rammed one of her swollen nipples into her face.

A muffled, confused grunt was all that could escape from the captain's mouth as Mel's thick, strawberry-sized nipple was shoved into it. Mel squeezed her breast with both hands and pressed her body against it as hard as she could, causing the captain's cheeks to balloon outwards with slime. The captain's eyes went wide with surprise as Mel tried to drown her in florp.

However, the captain refused to swallow and the flow quickly backfired when her mouth had filled completely. Slime sprayed out all over her face and she wrestled herself free from Mel's spraying nipple, coughing and gagging on slime.

Shoving with all six of her powerful limbs at once, the captain launched Mel off of her and into the air. Mel let out a yelp as she was hurled nearly ten feet away and skidded across the slick floor on her back.

"Mel!" gasped Hendra. She rushed after her friend, but a burly pirate who was trying to yank a florp off his face bumped her hard to the floor.

Captain Bubblegum got to her hands and knees and wiped as much slime off her face as she could. Her fiery hair had become a matted mess of sticky green goo and added to her frenzied, battle-crazed look.

Coughing, the captain spat out more slime and shook her head. “Ack! Got florp up me nose!”

A group of brawling pirates and prisoners nearby kicked something across the floor towards Hendra. It stopped just a few feet away and she could see that it was the blunderbuss that the captain had lost earlier. Looking up, she saw that the captain noticed it too.

Both the guns lay between Hendra and Captain Bubblegum, each just a few feet away from the other. They locked eyes for a tense moment as they both had the same thought.

Simultaneously, Hendra and the captain each scrambled on their hands and knees towards the nearest gun. They both slipped and fell on the slick floor in the gun rush, but neither let that slow them down.

With her heart pounding in her ears, Hendra frantically reached for the gun nearest to her and just barely managed to tap its grip with her fingertips. Dragging it with her fingers, she pulled it into her grasp and brought it up, hoping for dear life that she had it aimed at the captain who was already bringing her own gun to bear.

Both blunderbusses went off at once with a deafening *bang*.



Chapter 7

Everything went dark and Captain Bubblegum found that she could no longer breathe. Her head spun and there was a dull ringing in her ears, giving her the momentary fear that she might have been dead.

Gradually, the ringing faded and the sounds of the chaotic hangar bay drowned it out. She tried to open her eyes but they wouldn't budge and no matter how hard her lungs tried to suck in air, none came. A spike of panic jabbed at her and she grasped at her face to find something soft and sticky covering it.

Rage boiled up behind her sticky masque as she realized what had happened. The captain's blood seethed so hot at the thought of having been bested by that dockhand wench that it threatened to melt the bubblegum off her face. The wench may have gotten off a lucky shot, but Dread Captain Bubblegum was most certainly not down for the count.

Each of her four hands grabbed handfuls of the gum and pulled as hard they could. It felt like her skin was peeling off, but light began to pierce through the sticky veil and warm air graced her nostrils again. What air had been left in her lungs steamed in her chest and exploded out in a crazed battle cry with such fury that most of the surrounding combatants paused to see the captain rip the wad of her own bubblegum off her face.

Locks of orange hair were ripped out by the stubborn gum, but the captain's face was intact. She flung the wads of gum away and furiously looked around for Hendra and Mel, a crazed bloodlust glowing in her golden eyes.

The two girls had apparently run past her and were making a beeline straight for their silver freighter. She may have missed that wench the before, but there was no escape this time.

Captain Bubblegum scooped up her blunderbuss and aimed it precisely at the back of Hendra's head. Just as she was about to fire, an urgent emergency signal flashed on the communicator strapped to her wrist. She tried to ignore it, but its persistence won.

Impatiently, the captain smacked the communicator and she barked into it while still keeping an eye on her target. "What is it?"

"Cap'n! They're all over the ship!" a voice cried out through the tinny speakers on the comm device. "The little buggers have even made it to the bridge! They're wrecking everything!"

"Then deal with it!" barked the captain.

"There are too many of them! They've disabled the controls!"

“What do ye mean they’ve disabled the controls!? They’re bloody *florp!*” she shouted in disbelief.

Suddenly, a loud boom echoed through the galleon and rocked the massive ship.

“They’ve blown the main port thruster!” cried the voice from the bridge.

The floor shifted under the captain’s feet and she could feel everything begin to tilt. With that thruster gone, the Queen of Lechery was beginning to list heavily to one side as the gas giant’s gravity tugged her down.

“We’re losing altitude! We’re going down! The Queen’s being pulled into the storm!” the voice was near hysterical.

Captain Bubblegum felt the gravity of the situation weigh on her. In just a matter of minutes, the situation had slipped from her grasp and had spiraled out of control. She knew that those prisoners from the interceptor would manage to escape somehow and make a run for the hangar, but she could never have predicted this.

Biting her lip, she found herself forced to make a very hard decision. After several long moments, she relented and made her choice.

“Patch me into the PA system! *Now!*” the captain ordered. A second later, there was a beep and the overhead speakers to the entire ship crackled to life.

“Attention all hands,” the captain’s voice echoed through every speaker aboard the ship. “The Queen is lost. Abandon ship! I repeat, abandon ship!”

Smacking the communicator off, Captain Bubblegum took one last look at Hendra and Mel as they vanished into the bustling crowd of people running for their ships. Grimly, she raised a fist to the two girls. “Mark me words, ye have not seen the last of Dread Captain Bubblegum! I swear it!”

A crewmate slipped and fell on his face by the captain’s boots. She bent down and grabbed the man by his shirt collar and hoisted him to his feet.

“Get moving, swabbie!” she ordered and shoved the young lad towards her gunship. The captain calmly followed, ready to leave this mess behind her.

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Chapter 8

As soon as the captain's announcement ended, the struggle in the hangar bay shifted from a hectic battle to a frantic rush to the nearest ship. All around Hendra and Mel, pirate crewmates and escaped prisoners scrambled over each other to find seats on whatever working ship they could climb into.

Hendra could still hardly believe that the captain's shot had just barely missed her head during their duel. She'd hoped that their luck would hold out long enough for them to get off the galleon, but the darkening clouds swirling just outside the hangar's entrance were beginning to dash her hopes. It was clear that the galleon was on a rapid, uncontrolled descent into the maelstrom that it had been safely circling previously.

It was becoming difficult to hold Mel up as the ship continued to gradually tilt steeper and steeper, leaning them towards the Hangar wall. All the while, Mel's breasts were still periodically surging larger, refilling with florp.

"Come on, Mel! Just a little further!" Hendra urged on. Dead ahead was the shining silver hull of the Errant Maiden, splattered lightly with green slime.

"Ugh! They're so heavy!" grunted Mel, weighed down by a pair of exercise ball-sized boobs that hung down from her chest like dumbbells.

"I know! But we're so close!"

A few yards later, they stood before their silver chariot at long last. Hendra searched through her pockets for the key fob to unlock the ship and open the boarding ramp, but then paused. Her face went white as a sheet with a sudden realization.

"They've got the keys! *FUCK!!!*" cried Hendra despondently.

"What about the spare?" Mel quickly suggested.

Hendra snapped her fingers at the reminder. "That's right!"

She sprinted over to one of the Maiden's landing gears and reached up inside its hatch. After some fumbling, her hand found the hidden compartment that had their spare key fob stashed inside. Grabbing hold of it, she withdrew the key but nearly dropped it when she saw Mel's boobs swell up again.

Mel's knees buckled under the weight of her gurgling beanbag chair breasts and she fought to stay upright. "*Hnngh! Hendra! Hurry!*"

Wasting no time, Hendra clicked a button on the key fob twice. The freighter beeped and a hatch opened, from which the boarding ramp descended. With a soft thump, the end of the ramp touched down on the hangar floor right at Mel's feet.

Salvation was just inches away, but Mel's over encumbered legs refused to budge. Seeing her friend's predicament, Hendra ran around behind her and pushed her over.

"Whoa! *Mmph!*" Mel gasped as she fell tits-first onto the boarding ramp. They were big enough to soften her landing, but the impact sent spurts of green slime from her nipples up the ramp.

With Mel on the ramp, Hendra rushed around and pulled herself up onto the ramp ahead of her fallen friend. Her sock, wet with slime, slipped on the metal and Hendra face-planted it. Surprisingly, it didn't feel like she'd busted her nose, but she didn't linger on it long before scrambling to her feet and up into the ship.

As soon as she got inside the Errant Maiden, she smacked a control panel next to the hatch. The boarding ramp retracted and carried Mel up to the ship with it. As it angled itself up to meet with the top of the hatch, Mel slid down the ramp on her boobs and inside.

Seconds later, the hatch slid shut and sealed itself with a pressurized hiss, leaving the two of them alone at last in the narrow corridor. Hendra stood there in stunned silence and Mel lay atop her massive boobs, nearly blocking the corridor from wall to wall.

"We made it," said Hendra, who seemed to be in a bit of disbelief. "We actually made it!"

Mel opened her mouth to speak when the ship was suddenly rocked by another explosion from somewhere in the galleon. Her boobs slowly slid across the floor, bumping against the wall as the ship tilted to a disorienting degree. They weren't out of the woods yet.

Hendra sprinted to the cockpit and looked out the viewports to see crates and fuel pods skidding across the hangar bay. Most of the other ships appeared to have already taken off or were powering up. There didn't appear to be many people left running around out there and the majority of the floor seemed to have moved on to other parts of the galleon.

Outside, it was pitch black. Not like the distant void of space, but a smothering darkness that pressed in through the huge hangar opening. Purple lightning flashed, momentarily blinding Hendra before shaking the ship with a deafening boom. The Queen of Lechery had fallen well into the storm and the longer Hendra took to get moving, the less likely they were to escape the apocalyptic maelstrom.

Hendra's hands danced across the Errant Maiden's control panel as she powered up the freighter. The Maiden hummed pleasantly as she woke up. Lights flickered on and digital gauges lid up as the ship's engines came online.

"Mel! Hang on! It might be a bit bumpy back there!" Hendra called back down the corridor as she strapped herself into the pilot's seat.

Hendra activated the takeoff sequence and the Errant Maiden lifted off...only for a neighboring bulk freighter to come skidding across the hangar and smash into her side. If she hadn't been strapped in, Hendra would have been jolted from her seat by the impact. The freighter pushed the Maiden across the hangar bay and pinned her against the back wall.

"*Augh! Fuck!*" cursed Hendra as she throttled up in an attempt to free the Maiden, but the larger freighter was too massive to push back or slip past.

It didn't look like anyone was in the cockpit of the bulk freighter and it appeared to have been damaged by the wild turret earlier. There was no chance of the freighter freeing them itself.

Not willing to give up when they were so close to escaping, Hendra frantically worked the controls and tried every trick she could think of. Unfortunately, the Errant Maiden was well and truly trapped.

When the futility of her efforts finally sank in, she angrily yanked her cap off and slapped it down on the console and slouched back in her seat in defeat. There was nothing more she could do from here.

"Goddamnit!" she cursed, fighting back angry tears. "It's not fair! We were so *close!*"

A low hum emanated from somewhere behind the bulk freighter and it slowly began to screech away from the Maiden. Hendra sat stupefied for a moment before she regained her senses and flung her hands to the controls.

The Errant Maiden's engines roared to life and the silver freighter lifted off again. She retracted the landing gears and pushed the ship forward. As she passed the bulk freighter, she caught sight of the cause of its miraculous movement and couldn't believe her eyes.

Hovering just behind the damaged freighter was the clothes iron-shaped tow ship that had picked up the Errant Maiden back on the moon. It was using its towing beam to pull the bulk freighter out of the way for her. Sitting in the cockpit of the tow ship were the two toad men from the brig waving at her.

"I guess those slimy bastards remembered gratitude after all," Hendra smiled.

Once the Errant Maiden was clear of the damaged freighter, the tow ship released it and fell in behind the Maiden on her way out of the hangar and into the storm. Intense winds crashed against the Maiden, nearly knocking her back into the hangar bay, but Hendra punched the thrust and the silver bullet pierced through the pitch-black clouds.

A murky darkness closed in all around and the unrelenting winds pulled the Errant Maiden along with them. Hendra found herself forced to fly with the current or risk losing control of the ship. She flew up alongside the Queen of Lechery and sped up to pass the gargantuan battleship as it sailed deeper into the storm.

All along various decks of the galleon, Hendra could see the lights of dozens of little engines arc away like shooting stars as the Queen launched her lifeboats. Something flew by overhead and she thought in might have been another ship, but she couldn't spot lights from any

engines. When another shot by and was highlighted by a flash of lightning, she realized that those were the galleon's energy sails snapping off and being carried away by the extreme wind.

Passing by some of the viewports along the side of the galleon, Hendra thought she could see little green men dancing and waving at her. It seemed that the florp really had taken over the galleon. At least they seemed to be having a good time, regardless of the fact that they were on a doomed ship.

Up ahead, Hendra could see the engine lights of another ship on an ascent. Hoping that it would lead her out of the storm, she sped up and followed it. She got one last look at the Queen of Lechery as the galleon sank away into the shadowy depths of the swirling storm, never to be seen again.

Minutes later, the orange sky opened up before Hendra, momentarily blinding her as the Errant Maiden emerged from the dark storm clouds. When her eyes adjusted, she breathed a sigh of relief and looked around to see dozens of ships and lifeboats sailing up and away from the gas giant. Some were headed back to the moon and others to deep space.

A brief message appeared on one of the Maiden's screens. The tow ship pilots were thanking her and Mel for helping in their escape and were going to see about getting their parking ticket dismissed.

"Well, I'll be damned," said Hendra. "Mel! Those toads are gonna clear our parking ticket for us!"

A sensual moan echoed back to her from down the corridor. Suddenly remembering that Mel's allergy still hadn't been dealt with yet, Hendra hastily undid her seat straps, activated the ship's auto-pilot, and hurried to check on Mel.

Filling the tight corridor almost entirely were Mel's giant pink boobs. They gurgled loudly and swelled larger, pushing her butt against the ceiling as she lay atop them. Fortunately, her nipples appeared to be trapped somewhere beneath her bulk and likely wouldn't be unleashing any florp upon the Errant Maiden. Unfortunately, the gurgling wasn't stopping, which meant she could go back into overdrive at any moment.

"*Uuhhnn!*" Mel moaned. "*Mhn!* Hendra! M-my pills! Hurry!"

Hendra rushed off to the main cabin where the medical supplies were stored. She flung open one of the cabinets and quickly sorted through it.

"Mel! They're not in here!" Hendra called from the cabin. "Where did you put them?"

"They're in the medical cabinet!" Mel called back.

"I'm *looking* in the medical cabinet! *They're not here!*"

"Not that cabinet! The *other* med cabinet!"

Hendra rolled her eyes and ran over to the cabinet on the other side of the cabin and immediately found the bottle of Mel's florp allergy pills.

“Got them!” Hendra cried victoriously.

She ran back over to Mel to find her friend even larger than before with her back pressed up against the ceiling now as well. Hendra quickly popped the cap off the pill bottle and started shaking little blue capsules into her hand.

“How many should you take?” asked Hendra.

“I-I don’t remember,” stammered Mel, flustered. “What does the bottle say?”

Hendra examined the bottle’s label. Her eyes quickly scanned over it a few times, not making any sense of the foreign letters. “I-I don’t know! I can’t read it!”

“Then...uh...just gimme two, then!” Mel suggested.

Hendra separated two pills and dumped the rest in the bottle. “Here! Take them!”

Mel stared blankly at her. “What? Without water?”

“Mel! Please!”

“I can’t swallow pills without water, Hendra! You know that!”

Hendra rolled her eyes and ran back to the cabin to get a glass of water. She grabbed what looked like a clean enough plastic cup and impatiently filled it with water, splashing it all over the place as she did.

She ran back with the water and thrust it out to Mel with the pills. “Here! Now take your pills!”

Mel took the cup and grimaced at it. “Ew, this is hot water!”

Mel’s hallway-filling breasts gurgled louder and swelled larger again, pressing up against her cheeks and forcing her arms up higher.

“*Just take the fucking pills!!!*” yelled Hendra.

Finally relenting, Mel popped the pills in her mouth and washed them down with the warm water with a gulp. Hendra took the empty cup from her and stared at her expectantly. Several moments passed but the gurgling persisted.

“Well? When are they supposed to kick in?” asked Hendra anxiously.

“Uh, any minute now, I think,” answered Mel uncertainly.

The gurgling peaked again and Mel’s boobs swelled once more. They bulged up against her face, covering her mouth and threatening to smother her. Her arms were pressed up against the ceiling and her hands tried to wriggle free from the encompassing pink flesh.

Hendra took a cautious step back as Mel’s bulging bosom encroached further down the corridor. However, the growth soon stopped and the gurgling seemed to finally quiet down.

After about a minute of blessed silence, Hendra let out a sigh of relief and flopped down on the floor in front of Mel. She leaned back against the cushiony wall of her friend's bosom and let out another, more tired sigh. Her body ached, not just from the battle with the pirates or the crash landing in their hangar or the series of bumpy rides that led them there, but from the morning she'd spent unloading her cargo at the dock before they ever sat down at that damn diner.

Hendra looked down at herself and surveyed the damage from the day. Patched of dried green slime and bits of pink gum were caked onto her clothes and skin. She looked at her foot that was missing a boot and noticed that her sock had torn in multiple places and felt glued on from all the slime soaked into it. Her hair was a mess and to say that she smelled interesting was an understatement.

"What a fucking day," Hendra thought aloud. "I can't fucking believe we went through all of that just for some fucking allergy pills."

"Mmph," was all Mel managed to get out with her boobs muffling her voice. She followed that up with a fit of giggling.

"Laugh it up, slime tits! 'Oh, I'll just order some florp. What's the worst that could happen,'" Hendra said in a mock Mel voice. "It'll be fine, you said. Your pills are just over there on the ship, you said. Well let me tell you! That is the last time I am ever letting you order that shit again!"

"*Mph!*" retorted Mel.

"You blew up a fucking battleship, Mel! I'd rather lick this boot clean than see another florp in my lifetime!"

More muffled laughter.

"I think I'll just leave you like this for a while to teach you a lesson."

A series of shrill beeping called to them from down the corridor to the cockpit. Someone was trying to reach them on the comms system.

"Ugh," Hendra slumped and sighed. "I'm too tired to answer that."

The beeps echoed down the corridor again and Hendra groaned.

"Okay, okay! I'll get it!" she said, dragging herself to her feet. Sitting down may have been a mistake, her sore muscles did not want to move.

Groaning, Hendra slowly lumbered back to the cockpit and switched on the comms screen to answer the call.

"Hey, what do ya want?" she grunted at the screen.

"Well that's a fine way to say hello to the lady who busted you out of the brig," replied Mary with a smirk. Sitting next to her was Clutch with his wounds bandaged up.

“Mary! Clutch! You guys made it out all right!” exclaimed Hendra with surprised glee. She saw a ship out of the corner of her eye and looked up to see the battered interceptor flying just ahead of the Maiden.

“We’re glad to see that you did, too,” said Mary. “Where’s the other one?”

“Mel’s...uh...in the back recovering,” Hendra told her. “We got her allergy pills and the florp finally just stopped a minute ago.”

“Good,” grunted Clutch. “Captain Ice-...err...Bubblegum wasn’t kidding when she called Mel a bioweapon.”

“Yeah, we’re gonna steer clear of florp from now on,” said Hendra. “Where are you two off to?”

“We’re going back to our home colony to rejoin them,” said Mary. “It’s been a long time since either of us have been home. I think it’ll do us some good to get away from this life for a while.”

“That sounds swell,” Hendra smiled. “Good luck, you two! And thanks for everything! There’s no telling where Mel and me would be right now without you.”

“Likewise. May our paths cross again, you scallywags!” Mary winked at her and the comms screen blinked off.

Hendra watch as Clutch’s interceptor veered off and away towards home. She breathed a happy sigh and started to sit down in her pilot’s seat, but stopped halfway when something wet and gooey smooshed against her butt.

Hendra spun around and saw a little green florp man sitting her chair waving up at her with a stubby arm.

“MOTHERFUCKER!!!”

THE END