



The Form of your Destructor

Vignette I

By Keliadom

It was late in the afternoon for Hansika. Her job had not called in quite a while, and other contractual offers had dried up. Things were looking dire. She was never one to worry much, though. Something always came up. Today, though, she would rest. Her body had been feeling under the weather for three days now, a sort of general cloudiness. Hansika was resting on her couch, a blanket covering her bare skin. The sun barely passed through the closed blinds, with thick curtains killing any possibility of light penetration deeper into the living room. The air smelled lightly of cumin and nutmeg, probably from the cooking of her neighbor. They had the habit of eating much earlier than other south Indians she knew. The sound on her television was almost muted, softly padding the room with background noise.

Her mind wasn't there, though. One of her hands grabbed the end of her areolas, circling the base of her nipples. Her dark protuberance hardened and took up a sort of cauliflower shape: short, fat with large bumps. Her lips stifled a moan. She curled the toes on her long feet. The hairy lips of her genitals engorged, quickly showing her clitoris erect.

Why did she feel so out of it? She pressed her hand over her erected sex, circling its base as she did with her nipple. Outside, the sound of a dog broke the general quietness. As it kept barking, Hansika moaned louder, becoming less concerned about being quiet. Her hand was now penetrating her labia, all the way down to her wrist. The walls of her vagina contracted with pleasure, squeezing her palm. She

squeezed her engorged nipple and found her thumb and index finger spread much farther apart than usual.⁸

Hansika's eyes opened. "What?" her mind was unsure what she had just felt. She threw the covers off. Her right breast was so thick it was now pushing her right arm apart. The nipples still seemed, with every passing moment, to engorge further. It seemed more and more bumps and skin unfurled the same way a chemically expanding paste seems to create new matter. "Fuck yes!" Her skinny frame never had to worry about the size of her breasts before. But now this was something else. Her hand started pushing inside her labia with increased vigor, optically blurring its movements from her frantic movements. Little drops of vaginal lubricant started ejaculating, ruining her couch.

She closed her eyes and smiled. Her mind filled with images of her breasts burying her as they pushed the boundaries of physics. She could feel their skin moving down on her stomach, her areolas now wider than both her palms. There was no way to pinch her nipples anymore. Their size had exponentially grown, overflowing her palm. She grabbed both with her hands, and squeezed as fast as she could, like one would a stress ball. More skin bumps passed between her fingers, the skin so distended the pores were apparent. Hansika yelled out, she cried of pleasure, covering the barks of the dog with her own moans.

Hansika tried sitting up. Her right breast fell off the couch, sharply pulling her body down with it. A loud snap echoed through the room as it slapped against the wooden floor. Dust rattled from the ceilings. Hansika's gargantuan breasts pressed down with all their weight on her teats, the bulbous organs firing all their nerves to her brain. For a moment, everything stopped, and then a constant, growing feeling of heat emanated from her chest, delineating her breasts clearly in her mind. The growth had diminished. Her mammaries shook, as if trying to retain a dam.

"Ooooooooooh GOD!" Hansika yelled. Her chest vibrated stronger until, in a moment, an explosion of flesh. With a snap, she was propelled upward as tons upon tons of her mammary glands blew in size, slamming her against the ceiling. Hansika orgasmed. Everything slowed down, and silence filled the darkened room. Her hypersensitive flesh occupied the entirety of her vision, no matter where she looked. The growth had stopped, and again, a slow-building heat. Another burst of expansion seemed to gather.

Hansika's heart jumped: loud knocks at her front door.

"HANSI! Can you hear me? Are you okay?"

It was Liven, her neighbor. Again and again, Liven banged at her door. He had mistakenly heard her moans as cries of pain. Liven went to her window, trying to see inside. A strange object seemed to be pressed against the glass: a large, dark, skin like material was pressing against it. Liven walked back to her door and placed

his ear on the panel. He thought he heard something. Faint words, with what he thought he could distinguish was his name.

In a sudden instant, the door snapped: a large crack split it along the joints, something terribly strong was pushing against it. Now, Liven could hear Hansika clearly:

“RUN LIVEN! RUN! RUN FOR YOUR LIF- ooooooooooAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!” he heard Hansika yell with all her strength, just before a massive, tumescent mass of black bulbous flesh pushed the door out of its joint. Liven couldn’t believe what he saw. It looked like a giant nipple. It cracked the door frame as it outgrew it from all directions. The wall of flesh seemed to head toward him rapidly and, as he fell on the ground, he protected his face from it.

As he waited, nothing happened. He opened his fingers covering his eyes, and saw the turgid protruding part of Hansika had stopped moving. Liven approached and placed his hand on it. The heat radiating outward of it was surprising. Before Liven knew it, without asking, he gave it a lick, and another, and then he rammed his body into it, his erection painfully hard against his clothes. The nipple vibrated. It seemed to gorge even more, new mounds appearing out of thin air as the cells multiplied. A thunderous crash echoed through the neighborhood : Hansika’s house had just lost its eastern wall, dark flesh billowed out of the structure like lava flow as the rest of her breasts relieved her of the pressure.

Liven, for his part, was oblivious and approaching ejaculation. His sex trying to penetrate whatever hole it could find on the massive teat. The vibrations increased. Hansika was lost in orgasm after orgasm until everything stopped suddenly.

Liven paused his actions, and heard Hansika for the last time, her voice extinguished by her moans: “I... I told you to...”, she could barely get her breath.

“I told you to run.”

Liven snapped back to reality, but too late. The house exploded under pressure. The roof blew, the walls snapped down like a cardboard box ripped off its pressure points and Liven held on as best as he could as he found himself pushed skyward. In a moment the nipple now occupied the space the house used to claim, with an enormous, bulbous areola behind it. In a moment more, he found himself sinking in the ever-multiplying bumps and ridges of the teat, unable to comprehend his position as more and more flesh surrounded him. Dark, pulsing hot skin started to press against him from all directions, as he sank in abyssal depths of her flesh. In but an instant, he now only had a small opening above his head and then, darkness.