

Night Job

“God I need to find a new job...” Macky groaned to herself. “Or at least go into business on my own.”

It was late at night and the nightlife had brought her into a nearby alley down the street from a local pub. More specifically, the man in a long trenchcoat had led her into the darkness. It was nothing new; most men preferred her services in barely-lit, secluded locations. It made them feel better about what they were paying for. Macky didn’t mind too much; one hundred dollars was one hundred dollars and men eagerly paid for access to her well-endowed assets.

Tugging at her red skirt to help shield her legs from the late-night breeze, she followed her client into the darkness. Petite with a great set of knockers and a tight ass was a great money-making combo, but not so useful for staying warm.

The rowdy sounds of the bar faded away and left them alone. “All right, this work for you?” she asked none-too-sweetly. “I don’t feel like having to hitch a ride back to the bar, you know? I’m not allowed to use payment for transportation.”

“This is fine,” the man said. His voice was slick as if oiled. Aside from his initial request, he had said nothing. Macky had hardly caught a glimpse of his face from under the wide brim of his hat.

“You a politician or somethin’?” she asked, leaning against the cold brick wall. Its surface was unforgiving against the shiny material of her low-cut shirt, but it was late enough in the night for her not to care.

“You could say that,” he gruffed.

“The private eye look is usually a dead giveaway,” she shrugged. “Not that it matters. We doin’ this or what?”

“If you’re ready.”

“Trust me, the goods are good to go.” Macky slipped a thumb under her skirt and drew down a pair of panties, tossing them on top of her purse before waiting in the middle of the alley. “Just remember, you do anything kinky and your bill is gonna skyrocket.”

“No problem.”

The man stepped towards her like a predator, a strange movement shifting under his trenchcoat like a mass of eels.

“Am I goin’ front, back, or top, hon?” Macky asked, straightening her top for a view of supple cleavage.

“Little of everything, actually.”

“Well that’s going to cost you ext--”

Macky’s voice trailed off when the man’s trenchcoat opened. Numerous tendrils fell to the pavement, creeping towards the stunned woman like massive serpents in search of food.

“W-What the hell?!” she screamed, eyes wide in shock. The sight of tentacles coming closer made every fiber of her being want to run, but her feet refused to move. Motion returned a

second too late, a slimy arm whipping through the air to wrap around his wrist as she turned to flee. “*What the fucking hell?!*” she cried out again.

Macky flailed against the mass of muscles, helpless when three other tentacles wound their way around her ankles and remaining arm. They lifted her into the air, spreading eagled in the middle of the alley as if it were a circus performance.

“You’re a freak of nature!” she hissed, struggled against her restraints.

“Merely an inspector of such,” the man said slickly. Three more tendrils slipped from his slithering form and crept through the air towards Macky’s body. The ends of these were different, topped with small nozzle-like openings.

“*Ahhhh!?*” Macky screamed, seeing them come close enough to trace slimy lines across her body. “I did NOT--*MMGGPHHH!?*”

The end of one tentacle shoved itself into her mouth and muffled her speech. It was warm against her tongue and cheeks, and too strong to force out without her hands. Her eyes widened when the other two arms twirled around her thighs before vanishing under her flared skirt.

“*N-Nghh!*” she groaned, feeling each of their ends slip inside her body. Macky could only watch as the three tentacles began to expand and thicken, a pressure moving through them like black firehoses. “*MMMPPHH!?*”

She gagged when a thick liquid was pumped down her throat. The flow was quick and warm, hardly giving her enough time to swallow between each surge. Her body shivered when the same fluid was forced into her crotch and ass, the tentacles eagerly forcing the man’s substance into her body.

“*M-Mmmnnngh! MMMNNGHH!?*” Macky moaned. Odd gurgles escaped her stomach as she swallowed more liquid, heat starting to warm her chest and butt. It wasn’t long before strange sensations ran over every inch of her skin like a million fingers pushing and pulling on its surface.

Something bubbled in Macky’s breasts, her top sliding over her prized D-cups. “*Mmmph???*” she grunted, eyes widening as she looked down. Swelling hills were growing on her chest, filling her shirt with an amount of flesh she had never seen on her own body. They bulged and expanded outwards into the fabric, her tummy becoming exposed as her top drew higher to accommodate her filling volleyballs. The space of her cleavage closed so quickly her heart skipped a few beats.

Seeing her chest filling out like a pair of water balloons was shocking enough, but when Macky felt her thighs close the gap between her spread legs, she truly began to panic.

“*MMMPPHHHHH!!! MPPHH!?*”

The man was motionless save for his extended tentacles, firmly holding the woman in the air as her curves grew. Macky could only continue to gulp, filling her body with swallow after swallow of liquid. It rushed into her tits and ass, pushing against her skin with building pressure. The heat radiating off her was like an oven, the ooze funneled into her trembling frame.

It only took a moment for her mammaries to engorge larger than beach balls. Macky's top had pulled tightly across her bust like a comical sports bra, the fabric refusing to stretch. Throbbing nipples like strawberries pulsed in agony, areolas doming out from the rising pressure.

Behind her, an ass hung heavily in the air against widening thighs. Macky's skirt had been small to begin with and as a result had drawn tightly around her expanding hips like a restraint. It dug into her skin to create deformed bulges in her curves. Against a rear end nearing the width of two yoga balls, it was only a matter of time before it blew.

"Mmmmmm! M-MMMMHPHHH!!" Macky pulled against the tentacles around her arms, her motions only causing her monstrous tits to wobble and shake. A frightening tightness pulled across her skin, the sides of her chest and hips threatening to rub against the sides of the alley.

SHRRRRRIIPP!!

Her shirt and skirt burst into shreds, releasing her bloating, naked form to the night. The tentacles struggled to keep her in the air when her chest fell forward, hanging off her like massive teardrops. Each fist-sized nipple sang in the cold night from the pressure. Macky could feel her legs being forced apart by her own swelling thighs, each round as an over-inflated car tire.

The firmness of her skin was the most frightening part. Gallon upon gallon of the goop rushed into her with no signs of stopping, yet she could feel her curves growing tight and giving less and less. The light of the moon reflected off her swaying cleavage reaching towards the ground, its surface taut like a drum.

"M-M-MMMPH! MMMMPPHHH!!"

To her horror, the flow increased. Macky was positive her blimping breasts and couch-like ass couldn't take anymore, but something shifted in her body. A rumble vibrated her stomach for the briefest of moments before her eyes bulged and she felt a bloating sensation unlike anything she had felt before.

An incredible flow of fluid rushed into her abdomen, the combination of all three tentacles filling her belly like a party balloon. Her sides bulged and rounded, the space below her navel tightening before distending over her throbbing pussy. Macky was powerless as her stomach ballooned against her hanging breasts, skin dangerously sliding against itself as her gut lifted her chest into the air on a shelf of flesh.

"NNNGHH! N-NGGHH!!"

Macky had to arch her back as her tits climbed into the air atop an alley-filling gut. Skin taut and bloated beyond its capacity, her belly button began to tremble and shake, shooting into the air like a fist-sized bump declaring her fullness. Every inch of Macky sloshed like a tanker truck. Just as her belly was nearing the size of her breasts, her skin starting to creak and groan.

"NNNNNNNGGGGHHHHHHH!!!"

The man's tentacles popped free of her body, spraying their ooze into the air and drenching Macky in the process. The fluid was hot and thick, sticking to her skin like glue. It dripped off her in large globs, dissolving her tattered clothes and leaving her bare in the air.

Gagging for air, Macky was about to scream when her body started to shake. Pressure rushed over her skin like a balloon in its final moments as her tits, belly, and ass engorged beyond measure. They reacted to the liquid, pressing into either side of the alley before being forced to grow in awkward shapes from the confines. Macky had never been so terrified of the rough brick surface in her life.

To her relief, the man released his hold on her arms and legs. She leaned on her van-sized udders, shocked to see her own size holding her aloft in the alley, feet dangling against a blimped tummy. Speechless, she could only watch as her skin was lined with an increasing number of stretch marks from still rising pressures.

The man watched with satisfaction from below, gazing at the still-swelling form of the woman as her butt blocked the alley's entrance while her belly and chest blocked the view of the moon. Skin reaching its utmost limit, he grinned as she shook from the pressures of his fluids, hands unable to indent her skin as she frantically tried to massage its surface.

"Yes," he said, turning to walk deeper into the alley. "I think this planet will do nicely..."