Spinel Pod Plant absorption tf

“Hello? Anybody there? Guys?” Spinel shouted. She knew what she was doing was very stupid. Like a soon-to-be-dead character from a cheap horror story, desperately calling out overused phrases signifying her current state as being ‘lost and cut off from the rest of her party.’ Absurd, simply absurd. But what else could she do? It seemed like the infamous Rakishar forest, which had supposedly claimed many travelers trying to navigate a new path between the Capital City and Port Preminus, had just claimed its latest victim.

Screw that. Spinel frowned. Already her imagination was running wild with all kind of weird scenarios detailing her death here. All load of bullshit, she firmly said to the doubting voices inside her head.

“Guys! Hello? Fuck!” The last word she shouted out particularly loud, hoping the profane word would somehow bring her colleagues back from disappearance and tell her that they got her real good this time.

But of course, like any story involving a lost adventurer in a dense jungle or a deserted ruin, no response came back. Just the typical forest sounds made by various creatures lurking around, the constant buzzing, howling, growling and screeching. Strangely she didn’t see any fauna since she was separated from the rest of her group.

Spinel looked at the compass, of which she had to pay a significant sum to have it magically enhanced and calibrated. The device’s needle was spinning rapidly, the runic signs showing no comprehensible readings she could make use of. She sighed. Even the damned thing wasn’t working. So the rumors were true, this forest being some kind of a magical realm that sucks whoever dares to trespass the place.

Somehow, it was better than some of the places Spinel had been in. At least in here, there were no nightmarish monsters charging straight at you. Unlike some of the verdant hellish jungles she was in, Rakishar wasn’t suffocating and drowning her with constant layer of thick mists or pestering her to death by infinite number of swarms coming at her. Some of the plants turned out to be edible without poisoning her or turning into some kind of freakish plant-animal hybrid monster.

But the forest was dangerous on its own right. Spinel suspected she was running in circles. Everything looked almost the same, with similar-looking pattern of trees stretching as far as her eye could see. The tall trees blocked out the sky. When she tried to clime one of them, she felt a deep rumble emanating from the particular tree, its branches shaking in a threatening manner. The barks became sticky with strange goo. Taking the message, she jumped down immediately.

How she got separated from others, Spinel could not tell. It was almost bafflingly comical. Again, like in those horror stories you tell by the campfire at night; a group of people wandering inside the forest, each telling others to keep calling out their names as not to get lost separately. At that point all probably knew that their expedition had come to a fail. Their aim had now become trying to find a way back to the Capital City. The Charters’ Guild would be once again disappointed, but there was no choice. The expedition force walked in a single line, though with how they had to make a path in the middle of the forest it was hard to see even the closest member in front of you.

And with Spinel being the leader, she led the group in the front, slowly becoming desperate as she couldn’t figure out where she was going. The air was almost getting soggy. They weren’t inside a forest mist, but almost something akin to it.

After a while, Spinel could no longer hear even the muffled shouts from the back. She felt a sinking feeling in her stomach as the group did not appear even after she was waiting for them more than an hour.

That had been a few days ago. Now almost running out of supplies, Spinel walked in all directions, almost given up on finding others. Her belly rumbled. Despite the myriad sounds she was hearing, she hadn’t encountered any of the ordinary (or not-so-ordinary ones either, strangely) forest critters that would’ve gone a long way to alleviate her hunger and thirst.

Just as she sat down on the ground, her mind suddenly wondering if she would never wake up should she take a nap, Spinel picked up a sweet scent. Her nose quivered, and her other parts of her body became more animated as well.

Was it some kind of a plant? Perhaps edible as well? Spinel tried not to become too hopeful. Such sweet scent she had seldom inhaled even from the powerful nobles’ feast. It was almost unnatural, too suspicious. She knew plenty of telltale stories involving carnivorous plants that lured their victims via giving off a sweet aroma.

From the distance she could see a round object. Amongst the never-ending sickening greeneries, there was something out of the ordinary. Just like everything else she had seen so far for the last few days, it looked like a plant, its color brown like a tree bark, but it wasn’t a stump. When she got closer, she could see it was an empty pod. Its bloated spherical shape was almost like that of a pumpkin or the appendage of pitcher plants to capture and dissolve insects for the plants to use them as nutrients to grow. Its size was quite large, big enough to accommodate her whole body, its height coming up to her waist.

Breaking a branch from the nearby tree, Spinel nudged its outer shell with the twig a few times, ready to run in an instant should the pod react to the physical touches. Nothing happened. As she got closer, she found that there was a puddle inside the pod. The surface didn’t look too bad, just looking a bit stale but otherwise mostly transparent and reflecting the surroundings around it.

Spinel’s heart leapt as she saw the puddle. Maybe she could drink it. It didn’t look outright poisonous. And if this pod was indeed a leftover of a dead large pitcher plant, then she could definitely drink whatever was inside that puddle. Utilizing plants as a source of quenching one’s thirst was a common survival tactics used by many adventurers. And while the pod was large enough to swallow her whole, it didn’t look that dangerous, since it didn’t react to her touching with the twig. Actually, it looked like it had been dead for many times. Its dark and dry color suggested that it was no longer alive like the rest of flora surrounding it, which all sported various shade of sickening greenery.

So Spinel put aside her bag and other gears in the nearby ground, and then stepped into the inside of the pod. Its floor was a lot smoother than she had expected. It actually felt bouncy as the light jump she undertook made her bounce back a bit like a trampoline.

“Whoa!” Spinel said, not expecting the pod’s floor to be so buoyant. Wasn’t the thing supposed to be dead?

As if responding to her thoughts, the pod began to shake, throwing Spinel off-balance. She caught the pod’s wall, trying to step out from the pod, which wasn’t that easy as the walls were slippery with a liquid secreted from the insides.

Holding the outer rim of the pod tight, Spinel tried to make a jump. But suddenly something grabbed her feet as she was sucked back into the pod. She screamed, but it was too late. In an instant something slippery and sticky caught hold of her foot, then crawled upwards as it coiled around her legs. Many more followed suit as she felt her leg getting clamped down.

“Argh!” Spinel’s eyes widened in surprise as she felt something touch her crotch in a very intimate manner. The pod was now closing down her, its agape entrance shrinking rapidly, squeezing tightly around her lower half of the body.

“What the- Ahhh!” Something was going very wrong. It made Spinel recover from her initial shock. But then it was already too late, the pod fully awakened as the new prey entered its hollow shell to become its new vessel. What it was nobody knew, just a very ancient creature that had long laid dormant as its last host died away in ancient times.

Its strange mind had already figured out the creature that had fallen in its grasp. A very fertile female it was, with strong physique and excellent spirit; the pod’s assimilation tentacles caressing her clitoris made her shake wildly. Spinel gasped as it did so, giving the creature ample time to slide more of its tentacles through her vagina which was growing increasingly wet from the unwanted arousal she was feeling.

“Hey! Fuck off! Ugh!” Her loins felt like it was on fire. She knew the feeling too well. It was like she was going into heat. But this one felt more intense as multiple thick tentacles penetrated her vagina with ease, making her gasp. No male could go such a depth in that short time. She felt like being struck down by a thunder. Even as the tentacles went deep inside her they didn’t neglect to touch and rub her clitoris, further draining her will to resist. Maybe the smell was indeed a lure, making her feel aroused. The heat started to emanate to her other parts of her body. Her body swelled, especially around her genitalia and breasts. Her scales became sensitive, feeling the soft and sticky sensation of the tentacles latching onto her and some going inside her.

Her legs brushed unwittingly-or perhaps the exact opposite-as her pussy juice slid down her thigh and then to the floor to be absorbed into the pod. Through the process it could feel and taste its soon-to-be host’s lust.

Spinel could guess what the creature’s intention was. More tentacles sprouted inside the pod, which was then attached to her body like a sticker. Some were searching additional holes to penetrate and fill her inside more. A strange tickling sensation near her anus made her nearly jump. Except she couldn’t, because the pod was now fully closed around her waist, and wouldn’t budge no matter how she tried.

“Let me go!” Because she had left her bags and weapons before she entered the pod, all she could do to resist was to hit the pod with her bare hands. The surface of the pod was now surprisingly slippery, making her miss her strike more often than not. “Why you-urrpf!” Sensing how the captured creature was still resisting, the pod sprouted more tentacles from the nearby ground. Some of the tentacles came out from the ground and coiled around her wrists, stopping her punches. One especially long and thick tentacle with its tip looking very much like a cock sensed its chance as Spinel kept yelling at the pod encasing her. Into her agape mouth went the thick tube-like structure, forcing her to breath by the nose as to not suffocate. It shot out something inside her mouth, because she felt something trickling down below her throat. It felt sweet. And that worried her as she instinctively sucked the thing inside her mouth like a candy to taste more of the flavor.

“Umpf! Umpf! Urhh!” Her body thrashed, or to be more exact, flailed helplessly as the powerful tentacles and the pod squeezing down on her body forced her to comply the intrusion happening to her body. Actually, it didn’t feel bad once she stopped moving and began to relax. Once she no longer resisted, the tentacles actually caressed her, far gently than any other male she had bedded with.

“Umm….” It was clear she was moaning. The thick tentacles steadily moving inside her two holes below and one hole above made her hard to not feel pleasured. The slick tentacles latched onto her insides well, moving so smooth that it felt like she was pleasuring herself with a really expensive dildo that didn’t scratch against her inner folds. And their combined size made it really full, her neck and stomach showing bumps as the pod’s appendages kept moving in and out, coating her inside with its slick liquid to reduce the friction between her body and the tentacles.

“Um…umf….hnngh…” Now the moans Spinel were making was more rhythmical, attuned to the tentacles moving back and front inside her. Each time they withdrew, her passages felt empty, her body having quickly gotten used to being filled up. She was definitely more relaxed now, her struggles now virtually nonexistent. Her mouth was now eagerly sucking the tentacles going inside her neck. Even her vaginal and anal muscles were greedily clamping down on the penetrating tentacles.

The pod rumbled. Spinel could sense what was coming. A very pungent and musky smell preceded before she was blasted with the pod’s thick cum filled her body in three separate passages. She briefly wondered whether this was really cum and would make her pregnant, but her thoughts were washed away just as her penetrated passages were filled to the fullest. So much cum shot out from the tentacles with such a force; Spinel coughed violently as cum spewed out from not only her mouth, but her nostrils as well. She gave a vacant look of a silly expression with eyes rolling upwards and face flush with arousal. Her vagina and anus also leaked extra cum that her body couldn’t store.

“Umfh…” As the pod’s cum kept filling inside her, Spinel’s belly inflated noticeably. The pod made room as it relaxed its grip on her, letting her bloated stomach rest on its rim. The process for the assimilation of the host was now really taking place. Her body was reacting to the massive influx of cum, which was specifically made to alter her body to become a more favorable host for the pod to take over.

Her belly grew larger every moment, the inside sloshing like a rapidly expanding balloon. Soon her other body parts began to inflate as well, most noticeably her breasts and butt, which also jiggled as her body quivered in pleasure, becoming rounder and more curvaceous, almost like they would burst from becoming so thick and pudgy.

Inside the pod, tiny countless tendrils attached themselves around her feet. They felt ticklish, but soon their real purpose was revealed as they began to fuse with her scale. That was the only way to describe it, for her legs began to show the pod’s green tendrils spreading upwards. The tendrils actually went inside her scales to reach her muscles then to her veins, which then began merging with the latter, letting the pod’s essence flow inside her.

And the fusing wasn’t just happening around her legs as well. Except making slight adjustments whenever her belly grew to make more room, the pod squeezed tightly around her waist, secreting strange glue-like substance so that Spinel couldn’t detach herself from it. As more glue was poured around her midsection, it too began to seep inside her, slightly changing her bright fiery red-tinted scale to that of a green hue, which steadily became darker as her waist was showered with the gooey stuff. It was now becoming more and more difficult to discern her waist and the pod, with another set of tendrils latched onto her belly and waist and dragging her down.

Spinel sensed her body getting heavier with extra flesh added. Her body flailed. She sensed what was happening, and struggled to escape from the pod. But her legs felt strange. Something heavy was pulling them down. It was as if someone had tied a pair of heavy rock on her both legs.

“Ummpf?! Umf! Argh!” She shouted, desperately trying to escape from the pod’s grasp. But now it was too late. Already having ingested plenty of pod’s cum through her various orifices, it was already circulating freely inside her body, affecting multiple parts. Now it was her own body that was rumbling.

Sensing the host’s distress, the pod produced more of its cum and shot out the massive load, making her body bloat more from the accumulated cum alone. Spinel moaned again as she felt her body getting filled again. It was likes she had eaten too much, but unable to steer away from a particularly delicious food. It had its desired effects since her struggles grew weaker, the strong taste and smell overwhelming the draconian’s senses and making her head spin.

Spinel relaxed more, opening her mouth even more than she had thought possible. Her holes down on her nether region also allowed more new tentacles to join the fun and attach themselves further. On her legs were now hundreds and thousands of tiny tentacles which now began to inject their own version of transformative liquid inside her legs.

She could feel it. Her legs were growing bloated. Inside the pod they gained extra pounds. She couldn’t feel nor move her toes by now. When she tried to do so, all she got was a funny feeling of something of a huge thing shaking. As her flesh inflated to an incredible degree, it filled all the vacant spot between her lower body and the pod. The tendrils stretched the overgrown lump of flesh which now resembled very much of a pod: spherical and seething, its color now a mixture of green and brown.

She could see it too, as the outline between the pod and her waist was now almost indistinguishable at this point. When she touched the pod, she could feel her body getting touched. The hot cum spurting out from the tentacles dropped on the pod, and Spinel felt her body getting splattered with the sticky male juice.

“No….gurk….uh…” Out of surprise and desperation, Spinel was able to spit out the huge cock from her mouth. But she could only utter a few words in utter disbelief as she saw what her body had become. She couldn’t see nor feel her legs. Her body had become fused with the pod. There was no other way to put it.

She still felt her vagina and her anus getting fucked by the tentacles, but the sensation felt distant, like how she would perceive her stomach digesting her last meal. It felt happening *inside* her body rather than *on* her body.

“What…why…” No matter how she tried, Spinel couldn’t move her legs. It felt like they didn’t exist at all from the first place. Whenever she tried to move, all she got was the pod heaving slightly to and fro like a pendulum. The heavy weight of the pod made dragged her down heavily. Best she could do was to move a few inches. Actually, all the shaking only further served to arouse her, as her own tentacle-cocks shivered at the sensation, growing hard and leaking pre from its gaping urethra.

Wait. My cocks? Spinel watched in horror as she felt bumps growing on the pod. It was her body alright, since she could feel strange squirming sensations. Something felt very hard and stiff. It was a tense feeling. The bumps grew longer and longer. Thicker as well, as its cylindrical shape took the unmistakable form of a male penis. Her feeling of being fucked on the inside intensified the growths. As they all grew hard and started leaking pre, the intense sensation hit Spinel like a truck. She panted heavily, tongues rolling out from her mouth. Soon another batch of cum spurted on her body. This time Spinel fully experienced what it felt like to ejaculate her own male cum via her multiple penises. The tentacles from the pod thrashed wildly as they shot out thick batches of cum like garden hoses shooting out water at a high velocity.

The parts where her cum splattered on her body began to take a darker hue as a thin layer of grassy surface began to spread from the splashed areas. Its tiny roots burrowed inside of her scale as the surface blanketed her scale, turning her body more suitable host-form for the pod to assimilate.

“Gah….how….ahh!” Spinel shouted, unable to contain her orgasmic bliss. It was really hard to think. Being both the penetrated and the penetrator was too much for her normal consciousness to bear, her mind becoming altered as well to always expect sexual pleasure and cherish it fully than anything else.

All the extra fluid absorbed onto her body had another effect as well. Her breasts had been keep ballooning out for the last few minutes. They were quite sizable to begin with, her D-cup breasts making others quite gasp and making Spinel say the classic line ‘My eyes are up here.’ As she was fed with the pod’s cum, the two round orbs on her chest became heavier and pudgier, shredding the light tank-top she was wearing via the expanding flesh alone. Her areolas also increased in size as their radius increased. Now her breasts were truly humongous, each one bigger than her head.

Meanwhile her nipples weren’t exempt from the changes as well, as her once slit-like nipples that she sometimes fingered herself while she was alone masturbating became bloated. Like a short male penis the tip of her nipples were becoming engorged. With each tentacle’s thrust inside her pod body reaching the depth of her insides that she now couldn’t locate, her nipples grew.

“Wait! No! Ah….ahh!” When she saw how her areola also swelled, forming two little orbs that looked very suspiciously like balls, Spinel panicked. Some part of her mind did relish in her body becoming more curvaceous and sexy; big taut round butts and bouncy breasts, what’s not to like about those? But her lower body becoming merged with the pod and cocks growing out from them were seriously concerning, not to mention her breasts seemingly growing balls and penises. The extra weight added onto her breasts made them sag, almost dropping below her belly which was inflated like that a ten-month pregnant woman nearing birth.

“Ah…damn…uh…” The intense sensation focused on her breasts became stronger. Her nipples looking and behaving very much like cocks felt extra sensitive even to the very air touching and caressing them, which prompted their growth in size and length. Her breasts began to be filled with liquid as her changing body diverted the cum it absorbed to her chest. At first her chest heaved and bounced, but the movement became slower and ponderous as she felt them getting filled like containers. The liquid she was filled with was already leaking via her almost fully erect dicknipples. Judging how sticky and viscous it was, along with its thick white color, Spinel could see what had happened to her mammary glands; it was now probably storing huge amount of male cum.

Before she could do something-but Spinel probably knew that her body would not heed her command, the sexual stimulation too great for her to do really anything-her nipples came. Her cock tentacles sprouting from the pod did the same, the combined simultaneous cumming blasting obscene amount of cum and hammering her with such intensity that it almost physically hurt.

The bewildering sensation was too much for her to bear. Spinel’s body shook and thrashed as she without thinking humped her waist with her imaginary cock there, wishing her cocks could find some nice tight holes to fuck senselessly. As she closed her eyes and focused on the strange itching feeling on her waist, another bump began to form right under her navel, where her vagina used to be. The swelling made Spinel breathless again. It was the same growing experience. The bump eventually elongated inch by inch, making Spinel gasp and drool and thrash her pod-body and cock tentacles simultaneously. Her multiple male genitalia also shot out their cum in unison, showing clear signs of her lust overtaking her consciousness.

“Ah….hah….ngh…” Spinel muttered, a look of satisfied smile apparent on her face, her lips facing upwards in the forgetful bliss. The bump was accompanied by two small round objects just as her dicknipples had been developed. They ballooned, and the stick above them was accumulated with her own flesh promoting growth in size and length. After a while her new cock was proudly displaying its wanton sight, its sizable shape probably putting most males and even herms to shame.

“Hah…yes…ungh….uh…” Spinel didn’t notice how long her hands had been freed from the tentacles. But as soon as she realized that she could use them, she immediately started pleasuring her main member jutting from her crotch. The balls touched the pod’s surface which was now slick with the slime it produced, stimulating her arousal further.

“Gah…hah…” Now hardly saying any words except moans and grunts, Spinel rolled her heads in bliss as she continued to rub and massage her cock, making it grow further. Her ‘main’ cock sprouting below from her navel was now touching her sagging breasts. Veins popped out from surface, and the sheer pressure of cum building on her balls made them saggy as well, drooping downwards while continuously churning with a fresh batch of cum.

Then she felt something rising from her depth. She knew what was coming. This time she didn’t shout. Spinel just mumbled incomprehensibly, the ejaculation feeling natural and smooth like she was peeing. From her cock suspended in mid-air came buckets of cum like a geyser shooting out steam all the way up to the sky. Her other cocks came as well, the pleasure letting of a series of chain reaction. The area surrounding her pod body was now littered with various size of puddles with steaming cum.

As Spinel became more used to her pod body, the merging began to take its final course. As her lower body finished expanding and occupying the pod, some of her hitherto disappeared body parts appeared again….albeit in altered forms. Her legs were effectively divided into multiple long sinews was now being connected with the desiccated roots of the pod. Now she felt the cool earth as she felt her multiple ‘legs’ becoming roots and extending deeper and deeper into the underground. She could actually feel her hunger and thirst going away as her roots started sucking out nutrients for her body to ingest.

From the back of her pod, two mounds appeared with a crack between the two. The two bumps expanded outwards, its smooth curves becoming plump with added flesh. Almost like her breasts, but on the middle valley there now popped open a hole with puckered outline. It used to be her anus, and now it would serve a quite different purpose as her body’s internal structures had undergone drastic changes. With no normal digestive tract, her puffy back hole was now another orifice for her cock tentacles to penetrate.

As her newly formed hole became increasingly sensitive with the ring around it stretching outwards, it huffed and puffed like a living creature on its own. Sensing a new space to fill, Spinel’s cock tentacles moved in a flash to occupy the space. Again smile formed on her mouth as the draconian felt another of her cock penetrating something and her hole filled with a nice thick cock thrusting in and out, scratching the itch nicely. Each time the tentacle moved inside her anus it stretched the ring of flesh around her further, making it incredibly wrinkly and more sensitive than before. The feeling made Spinel surrender more to her pod body and accept what she was becoming. Now she found it difficult to think anything other than getting pleasured. Her memories weren’t completely lost, just her consciousness giving in more to the alien psyche and accepting it as her own.

Her body’s rough scale had become smooth brownish green surface at this point. Her cock tentacles spewed out copious amount of cum to nearby plants, making then tingle a bit. It was a sign of her cum becoming highly infectious, capable of affecting and transforming the surroundings she was in. The infection was happening underground as well. Spinel gasped as she felt something funny happening on her many roots heading downwards. She felt each and every one of them becoming bloated at the tip, being filled with something.

Then she was hit with an intense desire to cum. She willingly let go of her inhibitions. Then she came-though not in the parts she had expected to. Sure, her main cock and other tentacles shot out again and again, but a new feeling of euphoria came from the underground as the bloated tips of her roots was surrounded with cockflesh with a slit forming in the end, making several new penis heads. Her inside grumbled as the pod rearranged her organs to create several internal testicles to send cum to her cockroots. When they came, Spinel’s body shuddered again. One thundering pleasure after another, Spinel wondered how she could still remain conscious and not overloaded with extreme lust.

“Ah….good…so good…hah….he...huh?” Spinel was keep rubbing her hands alongside her huge cock. It now shot out cum at regular intervals like a clock ticking. But something strange was happening. First it was her hands feeling stiff. Spinel thought they were going numb because she rubbed her member too hard, but now her arms were feeling strange as well, not quite heeding her commands. “Come on…why…” She gripped her cocks harder out of frustration, but again the grip wasn’t satisfactory enough.

“Argh…damn…huh….wha, what? No! This can’t….ah…” Upon closer inspection, Spinel could now see what was happening to her hands and arms. Her once dexterous and slim fingers were all becoming bloated. It looked like a wasp with a particularly potent venom had stung every finger on her hands. Her palms became sticky and slimy as they expanded outwards in a tumorous growth, becoming wrinkly. The extra layers of flesh than surrounded her fingers, leaving only the tip.

“Ah….no…uh…ugh…” She realized what was happening at this point. Her fingers huddled together, now difficult to distinguish each digit. Her sharp fingernails was fast disappearing as slits formed on her fingertip, leaking white and thick liquid. The strong virile smell was now very familiar to her. “Hah…heh.” Though she realized how monstrous she had become, of how much her mind had succumbed to the pod’s domineering psyche, Spinel felt elated as she imagined the sensation of 2 new cocks spurting out cum all at once. Just the thought was enough to send her close to an edge, her tentacle cocks spewing another load of cum.

“Yes…ah….” Too late, she thought. She couldn’t go back. Below her waist was the pod, which was now seamlessly connected with her upper torso. She stretched her arms wide in the air, welcoming the growing numbing feeling on her hands. The fingers merged as tiny tendrils surrounded them and formed an outer layer of foreskin. Inside that shell, each finger would bloat and eventually merge with others, filling the vacant space and forming a new single cock on each of her arm.

She felt her arms becoming stiff. Their insides were changing as well. Veins popped out from her arms in a grotesque manner. Cum began to flow inside her arm, making it expand slightly outwards, bulging with a fresh load of her sticky seed ready to be shot out. Her arms bended weirdly in multiple parts as they became prehensile, snaking their way around her. On her each arm, the fingers coalesced into form one giant penis head with urethral slit forming on the tip. She felt blood rushing-no, cum rushing inside her thick long arm that was now much like a hose flailing wildly.

Letting out a triumphant roar, Spinel raised her arms high up in the air like she was hooraying. Through her fully erect arm-cocks her cum traveled fast, eventually shooting out another load of cum in the nearby ground, making several large splattering sounds.

“Not enough…more, more…!” With her arms moving on its own, Spinel felt saddened as there was no way to pleasure her main cock anymore. Looking wistfully at her throbbing member, she then got an idea. Why not use her mouth? That cock stretching from the pod had grown all the way up to her breasts, occasionally touching her dicknipples. If she tried real hard enough, perhaps she could make it longer, enough to reach her mouth.

So that’s what she did. Spinel closed her eyes and started imagining sucking her cock with her own mouth. Not cock tentacles, but her main cock. Tentacles were puny compared to her massive member attached to her pod. Through her lust-addled mind the pod merged with her and used the opportunity to modify her as a suitable host. But now Spinel was wanting more. Parasitic relationship was not enough. She wanted to become truly one with the pod. It was easy to forget everything else since she had given up so much already.

And changes did take place. Spinel’s neck was elongating. It stretched and stretched, fueled by her wish to suck her own cock so she could pleasure it and taste its tasty salty cum. Her hairs fell as her face became smooth. Her facial features were becoming smoothed out. Cock. That was all she could think at the moment, and it was actually affecting her body to become like the object she was craving for. It was hard not to, since most parts of her body had cocks. Cocks on the pod, tentacle cocks, root-cocks, cock-arms. All shooting out cum, all fully erect with hefty balls always pumping out more cum to shoot.

So Spinel focused more. The smooth pink surface began to spread around her face. More strands of her hair fell, making her look bald. Her nose and eyes slowly lost their defining features, seemingly drowning in the glans-like surface. Her face became thicker, matching the thickness of her neck. Now above her shoulder there remained one singular long tube-like shape.

Her mouth remained. It gaped larger, drooling excessively, fit to such her huge shaft dangling from below. Just a little more… Her neck could bend now, her mouth almost touching the tip. Veins popped out from her neck.

Then she plunged. Greedily she suck her own cock, her face stretching outwards. Now only smooth cockhead remained with the mouth acting as a urethral slit. Spinel’s beautiful and luxurious hair had all fallen to the ground. Her teeth began to transform into flesh, melding inside her mouth. Her face felt stiff as the smooth surface covered every inch of it, becoming increasingly sensitive in the process, wrapped up by the foreskin crawling from her neck.

Her entire body heaved as she greedily drank the huge torrent of cum filling her mouth. Then she felt gurgling inside her chest. Something was coming up from the passage she had just swallowed her cum. It wasn’t vomit, but the sensation sure felt like it. Her neck, no, her face-cock shuddered and shot out huge amount of cum. Spinel felt like she was cumming and vomiting at the same time. Her other cocks followed suit, adding more to her frenzied lust.

This time, she couldn’t say anything. Her body thrashed violently, the scale unlike her previous ejaculation. She was shooting cum via her mouth, through her transformed cock. Spinel could still see and feel, her pod body creating new sensory system for her to use. And she was sensing something….

When she finished ejaculating (though she knew one or several of her cocks would cum shortly once again), Spinel moved her cock tentacles. They too could be grown longer if she concentrated enough, her mind focusing on the sheer depravity of her cock extending further into the nearby ground, suddenly appearing out of nowhere and fucking new ‘volunteers’ to extend her colony of the pods. She remembered her expeditionary forces. She thought she could sense them from the distance, all wandering around in this strange place. Now fully attuned to the pod, she could see how her cocks could reach them and share the blessing. Already the ground near war showed abnormal growths of multiple new cock tentacles. But Spinel knew she wanted more. Not just a group of solitary tentacle, but a full group of pod creature like her to mate and play with.