It was supposed to be a rather easy task; Serathin had been given a dozen small capsules to swallow, then once he had finished with his trip back home he could pass them and bring them to the broker of the organization for a bunch of money.  It wasn't the first time that the draconic sabrewolf had been a mule in order to bring in items and had even augmented his physiology so that he could handle larger items, which meant that these capsules were an easy score for a lot of cash.  As usual he knew very little on what he was bringing onto the planet as the space shuttle that he was traveling on started to make entry into the atmosphere.  There was a bit of turbulence as they made their way in and though the jump had been a rather short one, around ten standard hours, Serathin was ready to pass these capsules and get something to eat.

But just as they were about to make landfall at the colony station there was a huge jostle that nearly put Serathin and multiple people out of their seats.  There was a sharper bump on the second one and as panic began to set in on the crew there was an announcement of an engine failure and for everyone to brace themselves as everyone let out a cry from a massive jolt and sudden drop in altitude.  For a brief moment Serathin could see out the window that the colony was quickly falling out of sight and as an explosion could be heard on the opposite side of the craft.  He had a flash of insight that this wasn't good but before he could even grip against the chair to hold himself down everything suddenly went black...

When Serathin opened his eyes once more he found himself in a hospital bed, gasping awake as he could hear the sound of monitoring machines beeping around him.  He could also feel something in his arm and looked up to see that there was an IV in his arm as well as he quickly regained his faculties.  It appears the vessel didn't have as gossamer a landing as he had hoped and as the hybrid accessed his surroundings he was fortunate to find that he wasn't handcuffed or anything.  If the ship had crashed it was unlikely that they would do something like a body scan, though if he was unconscious for too long they might have sent him through one just to make sure he didn't have any internal injuries and see the capsules inside.

"Mr. Sabertooth?" a voice said, Serathin turning to see a panther man standing there in a white lab coat.  "Thank goodness you're awake; my name is Dr. Sing, you're in the Markon Isles infirmary.  While I'm sure this wasn't how you were wanting to come into our fine colony I'm afraid that there was a catastrophic engine failure when the ship made reentry into orbit, though fortunately the back-up systems managed to engage and resulted in no casualties."

"Oh, well that's good," Serathin replied, trying not to sweat as he attempted to gather as much information on what was happening as possible.  "I'm actually feeling pretty good and I have some stuff that I needed to get to immediately, and I haven't eaten anything."

"Of course, from your preliminary examination everything seems fine," Dr. Sing said.  "We're just waiting on the results of your body scan analysis and once you're green you're good to go."

Serathin felt his blood turn to ice as he heard the news.  They had done a scan on him... which means as soon as they examine it they will probably find his augmentations and the capsules that were in his system.  After that it would be a simple matter of expelling them out of his system and seeing exactly what he was smuggling.  Designer drugs, illegal chems, nanotechnology... whatever was inside him would put him in deep trouble likely and potentially looking at the inside of a holding cell.

Though there was nothing that he could do at the moment the hybrid's mind was racing with potential ideas on how to escape once they find out that he was a smuggler, only to find that his time was not as long as he thought.  The panther got an alert on his tablet that had a picture of the draconic sabertooth on it, which he tapped and looked at for a while while slowly nodding his head.  "Well, I got your scan results..." Dr. Sing said, Serathin swallowing hard despite himself before the panther gave him a smile.  "Seems like you're good to go, did you want any outpatient treatment before we discharge you?"

Serathin could feel his jaw dropping slightly but quickly recovered, shaking his head as he watched the panther take out the IV line and the other monitoring lines.  Even with a somewhat backwater colony like this one they would have had decent scanning technology enough to spot the capsules that he had swallowed.  There was no way that they would have missed it, yet as he was given a clean bill of health and given a card in case any further treatment was needed he eventually found himself grabbing his bags and heading to the food court.  At this point he was ravenous but if he ate anything it would cause his stomach to start acting up and potentially digesting the capsules, but if they weren't there he had somehow already passed them or... the crash landing had broken more than the ship.

With the contents potentially absorbed in the system Serathin knew that he was on the clock; given the fact that the infirmary hadn't detected anything unusual the only ones that could help him were the ones that had him smuggle the capsules into the colony in the first place.  But he needed to eat and his stomach was rumbling, his hand rubbing against the purple fur underneath his shirt as he looked for somewhere he could purchase food.  At this point he was pretty sure that there was nothing to pass and he would rather think better on a full stomach then potentially pass out and subject himself to another examination where they could find something.  He found the first place that had something that he wanted to eat and he could feel his tailmaw salivating as he grabbed ready made food and found a place he could sit and make a call.

It was a risky move to reach out while still technically in the space port he needed to get information as fast as possible in case he needed immediate medical attention.  The line that he was given would be only usable once and was just to get a line on the drop-off point, so using it in this way would likely draw their ire as he waited for the line to connect.  "Hello, this is the Markon Isles Casino," the woman on the other side of the line said.  "How can I help you?"

"I'm looking for a private game of roulette with blue zeros instead of green," Serathin replied, the secret passphrase hopefully connecting him to the right person.

"Please hold," the one on the line said before he heard a transfer tone, then a secure line being set-up before he was reconnected once more with a different voice.  "Ah, Serathin, you made it, when we saw the news we weren't sure that you would be calling us."

"Yeah, but there was a bit of a problem concerning my luggage getting damaged while on the flight," Serathin replied, feeding his tailmaw the food while he talked so he could keep conversing while eating.  "I think the contents have been compromised, and I need to know how much trouble I'm in."

"You'll be just fine," the voice on the other end said, Serathin's worry on his face turning to suspicion at the dismissive tone that the man had.  "Enjoy yourself, Mr. Sabertooth, it will be a pleasure working with you."

Before Serathin was able to ask anything else the line went dead, and when he looked at the computer he was speaking through he saw that the number was not only disconnected but completely destroyed.  Something wasn't right... despite the nonchalant nature of someone that supposedly just had one of their shipments potentially destroyed it was the fact that they didn't even ask about what happened that really worried him.  He had heard horror stories that had been used to bring in illegal goods that turned out to be explosives or poisons that were made specifically to wipe out colonies, but he had always been more than careful when it came to his client.  Yet he was sitting there with no capsules, no line to his employer, and as he looked down he realized that his stomach had started to push out slightly past his shirt while he sat there.

When he looked down and pressed against his belly Serathin realized that in his nervous state that he had eaten everything he had purchased, but he hadn't bought enough that would have made him look this swollen.  As he got up though he did feel a shift in hi stomach that was something other than food and could tell there was something already starting to happen.  He still had the card of Dr. Sing, did he go back to the infirmary and admit what he had done?  Or did he go out into the colony and try to find the ones that were responsible for this particular job and figure out what's going on?

Considering the sizable jail time that the former would get him Serathin decided to go with the latter, heading out of the spaceport and into the city proper.  With the planet having been terraformed already there was no need for the reflective domes and he could already see the heavy machinery moving to push out the borders of this place and start spreading across the land.  The colony wasn't the only thing that was spreading though as he walked through the street, hearing the audible gurgle of his stomach as he could feel it growing heavier as he walked.  With every step it seemed to jiggle slightly more and as he bumped up against a light pole avoiding someone there was a shift inside him that caused him pause.

This was more then just his stomach becoming stretched out, as Serathin had adjusted his shirt he could feel something solid inside his stomach sliding about.  For a second he thought that perhaps the capsules had somehow survived but as he could sense whatever it was settling back into place whatever was inside him was far bigger then that.  But what was inside of him was becoming less important as his shirt was starting to tighten against him with his swelling stomach causing it to push upwards while his belly poked out from between it.  His pants were also starting to get pushed down and start to slide over his rear with only the tail strap holding them up, which meant that if he didn't find another pair of clothing he would be getting more than just the occasional stares he was getting from his awkward walking.

Fortunately the area just around the spaceport was the shopping district, which was exactly what he needed as he could feel his pants starting to tighten a bit too.  Serathin tried not to look too out of place when he went into the clothing store but by the time he reached the door and stepped inside he had to stop and take a breath while he had a hand on his stomach.  There was definitely something inside of him at this point and even his stretching belly was having a bit of trouble keeping up.  For anyone that was looking at him from the outside he might just look like he was pregnant, and in a way he was as he could feel what were definitely some sort of eggs growing inside of him.

The eggs weren't the only things being produced inside of him at the moment either; as he was about to go up to the avian shopkeeper to ask about clothing he suddenly felt something like a wet cough come up from his throat.  Suddenly it felt like he was drooling after he did and as he put his hand away from his muzzle his eyes widened at the sticky strands that were between them.  Before the other man could look up and see what happened he quickly darted to the restroom in order to try and wash up while managing to tell the one looking at him in question he was feeling sick from his flight.  Whether or not that was a good excuse didn't matter to him and as he got into the bathroom he immediately locked the door behind him, then went to the sink and spat the goo that had been building in his system.

But it was still coming out and as Serathin breathed wetly there was another sensation that was coming over his body, causing him to gurgle slightly as he felt a surge of pleasure go through his body.  It had been part of the augmentations that went with all the other components to aid in the smuggling of things inside of him and as he gripped the sink he could feel his stomach quiver.  Something was pushing up inside of him and as one of the eggs slid up into his esophagus he couldn't stop the river of slime that was drooling out of his mouth.  His neck stretched and swelled from the base of his neck and as it pushed its way up his green eyes rolled into the back of his head.

It only lasted a few moments but it felt like an eternity to the hybrid as something pushed up against his tongue and eventually pushed out of his lips, the egg pushing out of him with one last heave that also ended in a mini-orgasm that left him panting.  He had to blink a few times once he had expelled what it was and when he looked down at the sink he found that there was a sizable shiny green egg that sat in the puddle of slowly draining slime.  Though it wasn't very large it had been enough to stretch his jaws out and as he rubbed his lower jaw he saw that his tongue looked different than before.  While strands of slime were still stung between his teeth some of it was starting to leak out from the tip of the appendage that was much longer.

Suddenly Serathin could hear the door jiggling and when he turned back he could see it moving.  No doubt the avian creature or someone that needed to use the rest room, and with nowhere to really hide the egg he had just produced all he could do was attempt to explain himself.  Even with one of the eggs out of his system his belly still hung gravid and there was no way he would be able to put his pants back up after finding the button broken.  The immediate plan of action the hybrid had was to try and explain enough of what happened to keep them out of the bathroom long enough to grab some clothing and bolt out of there.

But as the door was opened and Serathin saw the avian shopkeeper, whose name on the tag labeled him as Monad, his tail maw had a different idea.  All he heard was a muffled cry as the flaps of his tail tip opened up and darted forward like a snake before latching onto the brown-feathered head of the other creature.  "No, bad!" Serathin said as he attempted to grab his thick appendage and pull it away, only to drag the other man into the bathroom as a wave of pleasure spread over him.  "You let him go!"

But his tail hadn't seemed to answer to him like it was before and as Serathin attempted to try and override the base personality of his tailmaw he once more felt another wave of pleasure that caused him to nearly fall back against the wall.  As he trembled in pure desire he could feel something pushing its way up his tail and as he looked at Monad he could see that he wasn't the only one experiencing it.  Though initially the avian shopkeeper had been pulling on the tail, which was rather fruitless given the suction on his head, his hands had fallen to his sides while his body quivered.  Serathin felt himself blushing slightly as he could see that the pants of the other man were starting to tent already and the inner tentacle of his tailmaw could be seen pushing into his throat.

There was another spasm of pleasure as the egg that was sliding up his tail was quickly making its way into the other man, though at the moment Serathin realized that he had other situations that he needed to solve.  With the store no longer manned he could grab what he needed and get out of there as he heard the avian let out a gurgle from the goo that was leaking out over his head.  As he slowly opened the door and looked outside Serathin saw a few things that could help him at least get out of the station without being cited for exposure... though he had to grip against the door as the egg inside his tail maw pushed out the same way it did with his mouth.  He once more found himself gasping and moaning as his cock throbbed hard while the egg pushed through the tentacle and began to stretch out the beak of the one that was still engulfing the avian.

Once more Serathin felt slime leaking not only out of his muzzle this time but his cock as well as he could feel Monad swallowing down the egg that was pushing into his body along with more of the goo.  More eggs were coming... and unless he wanted to get stuck in this store he needed to get out of there and figure out how to escape the station before whatever his backstabbing employers desired came to fruition.  With the egg bulging out the feathers of the stunned avian's stomach the tail maw unlatched itself, a thick strand of slime connecting the maw to the head of the other man as the draconic sabrewolf dashed out into the store.  He quickly darted over towards the counter and it didn't take him long to find the buttons that operated the shutters, closing down the store even as he could feel the base of his cock bulging with another egg that was nearly causing his eyes to roll back into his head.

Fortunately no one had come in at that point and as Serathin watched the metal lower he gripped the counter and let out a cry of pleasure.  The thick flesh of his shaft had swelled with new length and as it started to wiggle about he could feel the egg inside of it pushing down from the still swollen stomach that he had, though he was able to see the bulge as it pushed tantalizingly into his shaft.  By the time he had secured the area and worked his way around to grab clothing he had stopped just before he could put them on and had to hold onto a nearby rack as the egg inside his cock finally reached the tip.  It was getting hard for him to concentrate on anything other then the pleasure that was coming from his shaft as he could feel more slime dripping out of his cock along with the egg that was starting to poke out.

Serathin had gotten the clothing he wanted and went over to the register in order to pay for it, only to stop when he realized that he didn't want to put even his burner credstick on file.  "Hey, I'm going to just take these if you don't mind," Serathin called out to the one that was still in the bathroom, seeing the avian creature rubbing on his bloated belly as a loud, wet gurgle escaped from the beak of the shopkeeper that was still covered with a layer of thickening slime that encased his head.  "Great, you just sit there and take a... a... fuck!"

Another powerful surge of pleasure cascaded through serathin's body as the second egg pushed completely out of his cock, though it was technically the third as he knew that there was one inside of the bird of prey as well.  He had to wait there and hold fast to the counter as the egg finally pushed out of him and dropped in a puddle of thick slime that cushioned its fall.  As he panted heavily from the exertion the pleasure he found that came from it felt so good that it was hard for him to ignore as he eventually settled himself enough to no longer shake.  While his anatomy was made for this the pleasure was something new as he could feel the eggs inside him jostling about while he started to get dressed.

Twelve capsules... if each one spawned an egg, Serathin thought to himself as he went out the back door, then he would only have nine left that he would need to get out of his system before he was back to normal.  Whatever they had done to him it wasn't his problem, he just needed to be out of there before whatever plans this group had came to fruition.  Already he was getting a bad feeling considering how addicting the pleasure was starting to get and knew enough that he just need to find someplace quiet and secluded to lay these eggs.  The only hope he had as he made his way down the alley while holding onto his swollen stomach was that he wouldn't be stretched out for too long, ignoring the slimy tongue that was practically sliding out of his muzzle as he attempted to find some sort of hiding place.

A few minutes later a dragon had walked out of his shop, making his way through the alley near the back of the collection of storefronts that bordered the spaceport.  Gregory had just finished cleaning up the club he worked and and was about to head home for the night, or rather the day as he looked at the credits that he had collected as tips.  As he made his way towards the main street in order to catch the tram that connected the spaceport to the main city though he noticed a shadow moving about that had caused him to pause.  With automated sentries and scans that made their way through the area crime was low enough that he wasn't worried about being mugged, but as the grey and white scaled creature watched the creature approaching he could see that they were in some sort of distress.

"Hey, buddy, you alright?" Gregory asked as he slowly walked over, which the draconic sabrewolf responded by leaning forward and letting a mouthful of slime exit his mouth.  He was dressed in a bodysuit and a coat that only accentuated the fact that this strange hybrid had a bulging stomach that was practically quivering with each step he staggered forward.  "Whoa, you don't look so good, I'll call the paramedics and get you into the infirmary."

"No wait," Sreathin said as he had held up his hand, shaking his head as the eggs he had been holding inside of him were threatening to push out at any moment.  "I just... I need a drink of water, and a place to wash up.  If you could just point me somewhere I can go I'll give you a hundred credits for your trouble."

A hundred credits... that was almost as much as he had made on the rather slow night, and with the keys still in his hands Gregory found himself looking back at the door he had just come out of while biting his lip before finally turning back to Serathin.  "Alright, just try not to drool all over the floor that I just cleaned," Gregory said as he looked around before ushering the alien creature in distress to his place of business.  "We'll get you cleaned up and then you got to get on your way, alright?"

Serathin just nodded his head and followed the dragon into the club's back rooms to one of the storage areas.  Though the draconic sabrewolf had said he just wanted a drink he had no intention of doing so, especially not with how much he had swelled since he had left the clothing store.  He had several eggs that were getting ready to leave his body and he had even managed to expel another one from his tail maw just to calm his body down before he met with the dragon he saw.  Even the bodysuit he wore in order to stretch over his frame was getting tight and as the dragon left him in the rather large bathroom to get some water he immediately began to strip it off himself even before the door closed.

Almost the second he bared his body Serathin had to cover his mouth as he could feel the egg that he had been holding back the most, thick ichor dripping through his gritted teeth as it pushed out somewhere new.  As he thrashed his head about from the intense euphoria that was coming from his tailhole he leaned back up against the wall and felt his inner muscles pushing out the egg.  His fur and scales were matted with slime as he felt more of it pouring out of his cock, pooling around him in defiance of the wishes of the dragon as his hole stretched open around it.  But even as that one was trying to slide out of him there were more that were starting to push out from the egg sack that his stomach had become.

Gregory had heard the sounds of distress as he had come back with a bottle of water and it caused the dragon to hurry his steps, more so hoping that he wouldn't find a mess he had to clean up or a dead alien creature as he opened the door to the bathroom.  Almost immediately he found himself starting to slip on the thick pool of black ooze that was on the floor but when he looked down he saw that the draconic sabrewolf wasn't there.  What was there was the bodysuit and as he leaned down to pick it up and examine it he found something else inside.  It was an egg... and as it pulsated at his reaching for it he suddenly found a shadow falling over him and turned to see the egg-laden creature standing there with a smirk on his face.

"Might need more than a glass of water," Serathin said, Gregory slipping in the ooze as he tried to avoid getting grabbed but failing miserably.  As he was lifted up in the air he found the hybrid to be quite strong and incredibly naked as anywhere the goo made contact with his grey scales had started to tingle strongly.  "Thanks for letting me hide out here though..."

Before Gregory could say anything he was pushed up against the tile wall, the muzzle of the draconic sabrewolf pressing up against his lips in a passionate and unnatural kiss.  As the green eyes of the hybrid stared intently into the orange ones of the creature he had captured Serathin could already see them starting to roll back into his head.  Whatever was in the slime was becoming more potent and this time as he felt the egg that was pushing up into his throat it was his tongue that was slithering into the partially open maw of the creature.  He could feel Gregory writhing in pleasure from getting slime directly poured into his throat and his stomach had started to bulge a bit just from getting filled in this way, though as Serathin pushed down the shorts and underwear he was wearing with his grabby feet paws his new cock was already wriggling about.

To call it his dick at this point was an understatement; it had grown to nearly a foot in length and was as thicker than his wrist as it guided itself to the exposed tailhole of the quivering draconic creature.  He hadn't even realized that he had lifted Gregory off the ground as both cock and tongue were wiggling about in his maw, Serathin's back arching and pressing against the half-naked creature as he felt the eggs sliding through him.  After the one coming out of his own tailhole feeling the two that were already pushing their way into holes of the other man were much easier, and there was something about sliding them into the increasingly slime-covered dragon that was incredibly satisfying.  Even it being guided up into him Serathin grabbed onto the hips of the creature in order to push the bulge in his shaft into Gregory, letting out a muffled groan of climax as he pushed it deep into the other man where it would join the one that was pushing down from his tongue.

Serathin couldn't even see the features of the dragon that he was plowing into as the egg from inside his tongue could be seen sliding down into his throat, bulging out his neck.  He gave the lewd kiss a few more seconds before pulling it out, a thick glob of the black slime coating his entire head in a similar fashion to what had happened to that bird as he panted in exertion.  "Oh... I think I may have overdone this one..." Serathin said as he took a step back and saw the dragon plastered against the wall, legs and tail flailing in the air with his ovipositor still stretching out his hole while his stomach gurgled and swelled even when he pulled out with a shrug.  "Ah well, I'm sure it'll be... fine..."