Spinel passenger plane tf

34 days Ago.

Spinel sat on the chair with a sigh. The comfy chair of the premier lounge for the airline pilots inside Aesir airport had always lived up to her expectations. Yet right now she wasn’t in a mood to appreciate the place.

“So you didn’t hear from Sate? And Kokias as well?” Spinel said as she stretched her arms, looking towards to her friend Arfel. Like Spinel herself, Arfel was also a pilot working for the Aesir Airlines.

“The Airlines told me they both quit.” Arfel answered, leaning against the chair.

“Bullshit. Who are they going to ask to fly the damn planes?” Spinel scoffed. Ever since the new CEO took charge of the Aesir Airline, things have been turning rather bad. Almost all of the personnel were overworking. Some quit. Others just disappeared…just like her friends Sate and Kokias.

“I heard they are introducing new planes. Run by A.I., I think. Also they were…uhm…’biomechanical construct creatures?”

Spinel had seen them, albeit from afar and very briefly. She didn’t know what was so special about them; they looked like normal airplanes. But before she could say something, there was a loud buzz. Arfel took out her cellphone from her pocket, frowning.

“Sorry, but I gotta go. Urgent call. See ya.”

With that Arfel left even before Spinel could say something. Another instance of the Airline playing merry hell with their workers. She too, had reflexively reached for her phone when she heard the sound.

Inside the kitchen not far away from the lounge where Spiel was, a cook took out something from a refrigerator. It was a small bottle. He poured it on the plate. Moments later, that plate was delivered to Spinel. Without thinking, she took a gulp out of the food. The cook was watching from a distance, holding a phone in his hand.

“…?” Spinel’s eyes widened. There was something…wrong? But the sudden spicy taste she felt was gone in a flash. “Huh.” She muttered, thinking that maybe the sauce was too strong.

The cook pressed the button on his cellphone, sending the message that the deed was done. Soon the changes would take place

That night, after Spinel had collapsed on the bed head first and immediately fell asleep on her bed, her belly gurgled. It didn’t wake Spinel up, who was too exhausted and shut her eyes tight thinking that the stomachache would go soon. Though the pain was indeed gone after a while, something happened. Her butt swelled a bit, like a tube that was being blown with air and growing bigger. The pajama pants she wore got tighter as the expanding flesh made the curves look more prominent around her bottom.

Her breasts were undergoing a similar process; her bra felt tight. The string behind her back snapped as two round orbs on her chest expanded outwards.

32 Days ago

Back on the lounge after an extremely tiring flight, Spinel was sitting on her favorite spot with the food she had just ordered: a juicy steak with tomato pasta.

Some part of her mind did worry that eating both the steak and the pasta was the reason why her body was gaining fat. Yesterday she had to buy a few pair of underwear and clothes as her old ones didn’t fit. Her butt wouldn’t go fit her pants, and her bra would snap as it tried to contain her massive pair of breasts. Maybe all the meal and snacks she was having was finally starting to affect her body shape. Her belly was showing some layers of fat attached around midsection as well, the pudgy flesh easily grabbed whenever she touched her belly.

But the food was too good to miss. And the oil that came along with the meal—the waiter told her that it was a special sauce—had a distinctive scent that heightened her appetite further. At least for now, she forgot about the extra fat that had developed around her body.

She poured the oil on her food, practically covering it completely, both the steak and the pasta. The wet, yellow, and glistening syrupy surface was a sight that was hard to resist. As soon as she finished pouring the oil (and completely emptying the oil bowl in the process), Spinel went for the food, gulping down the oily meat and the pasta noodles. The sticky food crumps inside her mouth was just too good.

She didn’t mind some of the oils falling on her clothes, leaving multiple stains. Some even fell between the cleavages of her breasts, which had become so big, as her breasts had been keep inflating. Her each breast was probably a little smaller than a soccer ball. Some fell on her hands, and she licked each finger vigorously, almost making her chick hallow with the sheer force she was sucking. Others passing by scoffed at the sight, thought Spinel was too lost in her eating experience that was now becoming more than to satisfy hunger.

As she kept swallowing oil, her body expanded further. This time the change centered around her belly, gaining some fat in an incredibly short time. The belt she was wearing loosened a bit. Her pants moved downwards, revealing the top of her buttcrack as her butt expanded alongside with her belly.

She ignored the rapid growth that was happening around her body, focusing only on the delicious food she ate. Especially the oil—it was so rich and creamy. She asked waiter for more oil, and when the bowls came, she dripped the meat inside the bowl, making sure the food was thoroughly covered in oil.

The plate was almost empty now, but that didn’t stop Spinel. She looked around for a moment, knowing that what she was about to do would appear very much strange to others. Seeing that no one was particularly interested in watching her, Spinel poured all the three bowls into her cup that was almost empty. The oil filled half a cup, and Spinel took a gulp, drinking it all.

As she gulped down the liquid, her nipples started to become more pronounced despite the fact that she was wearing a bra. The sensation of her flesh rubbing against the clothing felt pleasurable, and Spinel fought hard not to touch her breasts.

Having inverted slit-like nipples, thankfully her arousal didn’t make her nipple go hard like small cocks jutting from her breasts. But they did start gaping slightly wider as she mindlessly gulped down the oil, stretching deeper inside her chest and developing some kind of tight passage as the wrinkled flesh grew.

And down in her crotch, her pussy became damp as her feminine juice leaked and stained her panties. Her clitoris grew larger than ever before, making Spinel brush her thighs. Her face was blazing with heavy deep red blush and she had to control herself not to moan on the spot. Then she felt another kind of trickle flowing from her vagina; her bladder had suddenly released what was inside there.

When Spinel hurriedly left after paying her bills, the seat she was seated on was wet with a mixture of her pussy juice and urine. The cashier tried not to stare at swollen bumps on the female draconian’s chest as well as her crotch; both parts protruded from her clothes, forming clear visible bumps. When she walked, people eyed her behinds, her pants managing to cover only up to half of her buttocks and revealing dangerously close her puffy anus and a little bit of her bushy crotch that was still wet with her juice and urine.

That night, Spinel returned from the nearby grocery store holding two plastic bag full of edible oils of every kind. The people at the store all stared as Spinel barged inside, whose ass and breasts were showed off in a very conspicuous way due to the fact that her clothes didn’t fit. Spinel tried to ignore all the eyes upon her curvaceous body. *At least they think I’m sexy.* She kept telling herself.

As soon as she returned from the store, she took off her clothes and tossed them onto a floor. Her body was definitely looking fat now as she looked herself in the mirror. Her ass had grown quite wide so that her lower body didn’t show fully on the mirror. Her breasts sagged downwards when she took her bra off, reaching almost up to the top of her belly.

The sight didn’t concern her much. Her belly suddenly growled, and her nostrils flared as the powerful scent of all the oils she bought flooded onto her. Her other thoughts evaporated as the smell registered onto her brain.

She went outside to the living room. Soon inside her palms were one of the many oil bottles she had bought from the store. *God, the smell!* Spinel’s head was spinning. Her body was starting to feel hot as the heat developed from her loins and spread to other parts of her body. On her crotch was dangling several dews of her own juice.

“Uhm…” This time she couldn’t help but to moan. Her hands quickly moved to unscrew the lid and pick up the bottle. Seconds later her lips was already touching the tip of the bottle. She was directly drinking the oil even though it was supposed to be used as a side dish for sauce.

She gulped and gulped, her neck showing visible bulges as the liquid travelled all the way down to her stomach.

It wasn’t long before there was a loud growling coming from her stomach. There was another strange feeling as well, the sudden flush of liquid quickly welling up in a particular organ inside the draconian’s body. The bladder swelled to extreme degree as the thick liquid kept pouring in, pushing it to the passage that led to her pussy.

Moments later Spinel felt a trickle flowing down on her leg. Her vaginal muscles gave in; it was too hard to hold in. And it actually felt pleasurable to just let it flow. The warm liquid drizzled down on her thighs and then to the floor. A puddle was starting to form as Spinel kept peeing, her eyes closed and focusing on the feeling of her bladder getting filled and emptied simultaneously.

“Ahh…hhng…” Her hands moved down to her crotch as her clitoris stood up. She didn’t see it, but it actually swelled more than usual; the small rod grew taller than before, twitching in mid-air. When her hands rubbed her clitoris, Spinel gave a lustful cry. Her urine came out in thick torrents as in response to the intense sensation.

Her other hands moved to her breasts. She massaged and felt her plump chests falling heavily on her hands, now unable to be grasped by one hand. The areola expanded a bit while she was touching her breasts, further stretching her nipple-slits.

“Ummmfg…how did…ummfh!!” Spinel never got to finish her sentence as her probing fingers easily pushed inside her nipples. The insides reacted instantly to her hands, tightening around the intrusion and wrapping them like a snake coiling around its prey. Sticky liquid poured out from her breasts.

Her mind went completely blank for a while. The tight passages were almost like mini vaginal passageways that were being penetrated by her fingers, which were wet with ‘milk’ coming out from inside of her chest.

Meanwhile her pussy was still letting out a steady stream of yellow urine. Added to that steady stream was her female cum being squirted out in short forceful intervals; the floor was now stained with her fluid, a big puddle that increased in size as more piss and pussy juice was added. Soon one of her hands found its way down to her quivering pussy, stroking her clitoris first and making Spinel scream with pleasure.

And Spinel wasn’t satisfied with just touching her clit. Soon her hands rubbed the sensitive vaginal folds, which were soaked wet with her fluids. Touching her flesh sent a series of electrifying sensation that made her toes twitch and legs tremble. White stream of milk squirted out from her nipples, making Spinel surprised for a while. But then the pleasure drowned all of her initial concerns.

Naturally her hands found way to the deep cavernous passage of her pussy; it was a ravenous hole that tightened around her fingers as they slid in. As for now, it would have to suffice with her fingers. Curling her hands into a fist, Spinel pumped her arm inside her vagina, which swallowed her entire hand and then all the way up to almost halfway towards her ankle. Even her anus twitched and spasmed as her vaginal passage bloated out considerably and pressuring other internal organs.

As Spinel was lost in her incredible masturbatory session, another series of changes took hold. They weren’t outright noticeable. She didn’t suddenly grow a new pair of arms or have her head split into two. She was becoming quite ‘bulky’ though. Her thighs bulged out a bit as her muscled legs honed from many years of fitness lost their defining features. Her thighs became soft mounds of flesh that fattened to create soft malleable flesh that one found it hard not to touch and squeeze.

Her arms also changed a bit, the muscles becoming less pronounced as they were replaced with fat. Instead of well-defined tendons and arm biceps which were clearly visible along her arms, there were now flabby fats, which were only good for being touched and massaged in a very sensual way.

Lost in the pleasure, Spinel didn’t take notice of her body’s fattening process. After moaning loudly and squirting out a waterfall of cum and urine, she was back to fingering her breasts, which also splatted a steady stream of milk all over the floor. When she had eventually came to her senses, her living room was a completely mess; the floor was soaked with her bodily fluids with a large puddle on the middle.

“Wha…what...” She muttered, unable to comprehend what had just happened. Never before her masturbations were this intense.

“I hope I must be dreaming…” She said, taking deep breath to calm down. Yet she knew that what had transpired was indeed very real, her body craving for that sweet powerful orgasmic release once again.

And the smell… After looking her finger slick with her liquids, Spinel moved her fingers to her mouth. Her tongue reacted to the insertion and instinctively wrapped around the object, tasting the flavor.

Her body trembled. *What is this taste?* Spinel’s eyes furrowed. Yet despite her facial expression, her mouth was busily sucking her finger like a newborn baby, eagerly savoring the salty and sweet taste that made her body shiver. Spinel felt her pussy letting out another small leakage of her feminine cum…

26 Days Ago

Spinel opened her eyes. The room was still dark. The numbers on her cellphone told her that it was still a half an hour left before the alarm would ring. But that didn’t make Spinel to stay in the bed. Instead she sprang up.

The bedsheet as well as the mattress were both soggy. If she had turned on the light, she could make out wide yellowed splotch on the bed in the middle. The sheet was especially wet on the upper part where it draped over her breasts.

She paid no heed to her bed’s current state. What mattered was that her body felt like fire. White liquid drizzled out from her chest, and she squeezed them hard as to make the milk squirt out from her chest. Yes, that had to be milk. She was lactating now.

Yet it felt so pleasurable that she found it hard to be shocked by this sudden development. After squeezing her breasts tight for a while, her fingers moved to insert her fingers her nipples. She had no qualms about spreading them wide; she wanted to get all the milk she could from her breasts. It was just so tasty. And it made her felt stronger; that’s how she felt it. She could find no problem staying up late and feel fine after a particularly long flight. Five hours ago she fell asleep on her bed after a 13-hour flight, and yet now she woke up and had no problem playing with her body.

“Uhmm…oh, yes…ah…” Spinel stretched her hands fully inside her breast. Each time she did so, the tight passage inside her breasts returned to their original narrow passage.

But not her gaping slits. They became very loose, the holes getting wider each time she inserted her fingers into them. Same with her other holes down there; eventually Spinel’s hands moved to her crotch, where she eagerly pushed in and out of her butthole and vagina.

Spinel moaned, her heads turning upwards in pure bliss. But she knew it was not enough. Her holes longed to be filled…and she had just the right things to shove right in. From the drawer she drew out two obscenely long and thick dildo. She grinned as she saw them. Two XXL sized Bad Doll Co. monstercocks—when all else failed, these two trustworthy monsters were sure to hit her in all the right ways.

Usually the dildos had to be applied with plenty amount of lubes, and taken really slow. But this time it wasn’t necessary. Spreading her legs wide so that her two gaping holes were clearly visible, Spinel inserted two dildos at once. In one swift motion they both went in to the very root, leaving only the stool parts visible.

“…!” Spinel wordlessly gasped, both surprised and aroused by the fact that her anus and vagina easily accepted the gigantic monstrosities without causing her pain. Her lower belly distended slightly forward as the dildos went all in. As Spinel moved, the room was filled with her lustful moans, screams, and incoherent gibberish that could be well heard those living in nearby units inside the apartment complex.

Her holes stretched as she self-pounded her holes with such ferocity that the flesh around her holes became saggy, the sphincter muscles becoming relaxed, permanently widening her holes. Whereas her anus was only partially visible between her buttcrack, it now became more noticeable as a dark patch of gaping space enlarged by the dildo penetrating it without any regard to her body. Her vagina was much of a similar state, the pussy flesh drooping downwards and ruining her once perfect pristine vaginal structure.

She didn’t mind. All Spinel felt was that her holes now felt wonderful, the extra puckered flesh clinging to the dildos and squeezing them extra hard, making sure she would feel the maximum pleasure available. And her depth was getting repeatedly touched with the phallic objects, sending her over the edge multiple times. Soon her bed was wet again with stream of female cum and piss.

And of course, when she was done, she reached out for the bottle that she had put on top of the drawer yesterday. She gulped the oil like she was drinking water. Again her body swelled slightly, making her round curves stand out more…

22 Days Ago

“Um…Spinel?”

“Yes?” Spinel replied without turning her head. Currently in the lounge and gulping the oil without eating any food, she was now taking two seats because her swollen butt was a bit large for just one.

Others passing by the lounge tried not to stare at this strange scene; there was just too much weird thing going all at once, what with the draconian’s large body frame and her clothes being very loose to show her body more than it should’ve been: her large shirts revealed ample deep cleavage between the two chest mounds, and her baggy cargo pants was dangerously low to the point of revealing the top of her wrinkled asshole.

“Don’t you…uh…don’t you think people might look—“ Arfel glanced around. She could see others staring at them.

“Whatever.” Spinel shrugged.

“I think you are—“ Arfel againhesitated, wondering how would her friend react if she got to finish the rest of her sentence. *But there is no denying it. Even her belly now has several layers of fat. She’s definitely getting fat.*

“Uhm, your scale’s getting kinda shiny? And a lot…sweaty as well. Maybe you should go to the hospital…”

Spinel glanced downwards. That was indeed true; her scales were all glossy to the point she was wearing an incredibly smooth and tight latex that clung to her body. The once reasonably coarse reptilian scales were now replaced with a laminated surface like that of an inflatable sex doll…just like that one dragon doll she once saw on the Bad Doll Co. website while trying to buy some new dildos.

And her body was wet too, to the point that the seat she had taken was collecting dewdrops that gathered around the bottom, the puddle being formed on the center as her body sweated profusely. Arfel didn’t mention it, mostly out of courtesy, but the draconian’s body smelt quite dense. It wasn’t foul, but the smell was indeed noticeable, sticky and oily, just like the smell of the oil Spinel was drinking right now.

“Yeah, maybe I should get a leave of absence that the Airline is sure to grant me while they overwork all pilots to death.” Spinel said in an overtly sarcastic tone, not even bothering to look at her friend.

“Maybe you can give it a try…” Arfel said. She then stood quiet, wondering if she could find some reason to excuse herself.

“Anyway, I think I gotta go back to finish my report. See ya.”

“See ya.” Spinel replied.

As soon as Arfel left, Spinel lowered her hands down to her crotch. Her puffy vaginal flesh was visible through the two layers of clothes she wore. Without any hesitation, she plunged her entire fist into her cunt, making her body tremble and letting out a moan. She ignored the shocked expression of a person who was watching her from a table nearby.

As her curled fist freely moved inside her depth, Spinel felt a familiar feeling that she had been expecting: a feeling of bladder so full that it was going to burst. Her muscles gave in, this time by her own command. She could feel trickles of urine flowing out from her pussy, wetting the chair and flowing down to the ground to form a yellow puddle. Her clitoris grew more, poking her underwear.

Moments later her fist moved unto her anus, which also enlarged so easily to allow her hands to enter. The wrinkles never did restore to its original tightness; each time she fisted her anus, it spread even wider, to the point that the hole was large enough to show her intestinal passageways if one was close enough to her humongous ass.

When Spinel left, there was a large puddle on both the chair and the floor. Since her favorite spot was in the corner of the lounge, it would be while before some unfortunate clerk would come and gawk upon seeing the mess.

19 Days Ago

Spinel crossed her legs inside her car. Her belly showed telltale signs of a two bulges. The seat creaked as she moved slightly up and down, up and down.

“Are you okay, ma’am?”

“Ah…yes… Got a bit of cold…umfh.” Spinel said to the gas station clerk as she continued to rock her body.

The clerk didn’t respond, trying to ignore the very obvious thing that was happening inside the car. Instead she just concentrated on filling the car with the fuel. Sometimes it was best to let something slide.

“It’s done, ma’am.”

“Oh…thank you…ahhhh…” Spinel’s tongue rolled from her mouth, unable to take in all the pleasures she was filling. Her hands were now touching her breasts and already some of the fingers were inside her chest. The shirts she wore showed the traces of her fingers on her chest.

“Have a nice, uh, day…” That was all the clerk managed to say.

But the car didn’t leave. It moved to another parking space, this time close to the store at the station. Inside Spinel picked up a bottle from the cupboard, ready to fuel herself this time.

Then she froze. Something she hadn’t noticed before caught her attention.

The sweet, heavenly smell of car oil that enveloped the entire gas station. It was oil, right? A voice spoke, pausing everything else and forcing her to acknowledge this new piece of sudden revelation. She could buy them. And then…

The door opened. As Spinel got out from the car, there was a messy flopping sound of something forcibly taken out from a long container. On the seat lay two hue dildos that were as long as half of Spinel’s arm length, covered thoroughly in urine and female cum from top to bottom.

Shaking her hips wildly as she walked, Spinel entered the store. The one customer trying to exit was shoved back as the draconian’s huge frame was too much for him to pass through.

After a while, Spinel exited from the store, holding multiple plastic bags in her hands. Others passing nearby started at her. It was easy to see why. The plastic bags all contained various car oil products.

Only Spinel herself knew why she had bought so many of them. After driving for a while, she parked her car in a remote back alley that she sometimes came when she wanted for some quick masturbation sessions or wanted do something in secrecy.

Stopping her car, Spinel hurriedly scrounged over the plastic bag. The smell was already so strong, and in the enclosed space of a car the oil’s combined scents intensified, making her head feel dizzy. She thought she would almost pass out from such a concentrated dosage of smell; perhaps such exhilarating sense of getting over the edge might be the reason why some might take interest in breathplay…

What she was about to right now was probably even more extreme. But she couldn’t help it. The smell made her drool. And when she opened one of the lid, the strong waft of smell made her horny as well as hungry. Wet splotches formed on her clothes as her body started producing fluid as if it was a natural response to do so. She could smell her milk and urine and cum all at the same time.

She sniffed the container. The metallic smell should’ve made her gasp for breath. She didn’t. Instead, she placed the stuff on her mouth. Then she drank it, swallowing the contents without stopping.

“Uhmmm…” The taste was just as superb as the smell. It made her want to cum. It made her crave the sensation of getting filled and squirting out her piss and pussy juice in a very obscene way, spreading her pussy so it was visible in mid-air along with her hairy, glistening, and wet pubes. Almost compelled to do so, Spinel got out of the car and crouched on the ground.

She moaned as she took off her clothes and dropped them on the floor. Soon steady stream of yellow piss poured out from her vagina. Its black and smelly flesh that clung to her pussy looked quite ugly, but for Spinel it was a sign that her holes could accept even the longest and thickest dildo she had, allowing her to feel maximum pleasure while she relished in smearing herself with oil.

This time, it was a different type of oil that she was consuming to fill her waiting stomach. It was even better than last time. The car oil was so thick and potent it nearly blocked her neck like she was getting deepthroated.

As her body got used to the oil that was not meant for living organism, her body changed further. The glossy surface of her red scale began to take silvery tinge as the color spread to all over her body. And it got shinier as well; the sweat on her body was now incredibly oily, so that it clung to her skin and created a slick layer that reflected the sight around her like a mirror.

Yet at the same time her scales were undergoing another type of transformation. She was yet to notice, but even as her skin got all shiny like a chrome, her surface turned incredibly soft that one could push his finger unto her scale and it would actually plunge inside her body, almost like a slime or a jelly.

The parts where her skins touched each other started getting sticky as her jelly-like flesh mixed with each other a bit, making squelching sounds. When she smacked her huge ass, her hands clung to her bottom and left a sticky imprint. Sticky gloops started to drop from her body, splattering on the floor.

The pleasure was so good. Her urine flowed out endlessly, or at least that’s what she thought. But her hole was so small, coming only in small trickles (although this ‘trickle’ was double the size and force of the usual urines Spinel had). So she did what she thought was perfectly natural to do: while she was in her current squatting position, she forcibly stretched her vagina as wide as she could, so that her urine could come out in more forceful currents and make her feel better.

“Mmmfgh!” Spinel had to bit her lips not to make too much sound and attract unwanted attention. The pleasure of her newly increased vagina was truly exhilarating. As her female genitalia expanded further, the color of the flesh surrounding it became darker. The muscles loosened to accommodate the widening process, sagging underneath and creating ugly layers of folded vaginal flesh that was starting to smell because of how the multiple meshed flesh trapped the already rank and concentrated odor of her urine, cum, and vaginal scent all mixed togheter.

Now she wouldn’t be able to hold pee; as she felt her bladder getting filled, her vagina was unable to hold itself as the muscles had gotten incredibly loose. Yellow trickles flowed out as nothing was there to obstruct its flow.

Spinel peed for quite a while as she emptied one oil bottle after another, the label all saying DO NOT DRINK.

14 Days Ago

“Umfh….umfh…hah…”

Inside her home, Spinel was on all fours with no clothes covering her body. She was standing in the center of a wide puddle that had formed around her. As her pussy twitched and jerked another stream of urine, it was easy to see that it was definitely not water that had coalesced on the floor.

But if a random passerby somehow managed to peep through Spinel’s house and watch her nude body, the most shocking thing would have been the multiple oil bottles inserted on various parts of her body. Upon closer inspection, he would be equally surprised that the bottles were actually half-full and their contents were flowing inside the draconian’s body.

“OH..fuck…yes…” With her ass raised high in the air and face on the floor, gravity took hold and the bottles inserted on her expanded vagina and anus emptied their contents. Her holes were filled with a vehicle fuel. On her mouth were another bottle that she was sucking greedily to drink oil to the last drop; it tasted so oily and slick, yet her body accepted it without much problem. This really was much better than just drinking the oils. That was so boring.

Soon she were playing around her chest-slits, now eager to also fill that part of her body with oil. She actually felt invigorated as the oil entered her body, as if she was a vehicle and getting refueled. So why not fuel her body even more? With her fingers, Spinel enlarged her nipples as wide as she could. There was no pain, as her malleable skin easily bended as her hands moved, forming wide o holes that were soon inserted with two more bottles for her body to take.

“mmfgh!” She fought hard to savor the moment and not just cum the moment her nipples were penetrated. Now she just couldn’t get maximum satisfaction without having her nipples filled; as the oil flowed into her chest, Spinel came, cum spraying on the floor. Soon she heard the trickling sound of her urine, as well as the arousing scent that had a faint tang of oil that she had drank and put inside her body.

When the bottles were emptied, Spinel quickly replaced them with another, and then another. Her holes were permanently stretched as a result, now always gaping and never properly closing down. Her flesh around them darkened and got increasingly sensitive; from now on Spinel would need to ‘plug’ her holes with whatever stuff as not to let her hyper-sensitive holes and nearby muscles get in touch with clothes.

When she put on her underwear later after emptying half of the car oils she had bought and her belly bloated out forward like she was just about to give birth, she moaned as she came uncontrollably as the fabric touched her anus. It looked like she would need to make more adjustments as her body changed in a very strange and obscene way…

On the next day, Spinel went to the airport with her holes all plugged; it was good thing that she had several dildos and beads lying around inside her house. Thankfully the feeling of getting penetrated didn’t send her over the edge; now only by drinking and/or getting injected with oil would she able to truly orgasm.

So shaking her hips that had grown so huge that nearly blocked the entrance to the airport (and making others stare at her), as well her body becoming so much slimy that sweats were much more like slimy gloops that occasionally dropped and splattered on the floor whenever she moved, Spinel moved around the airport, thanking at least for today there was no airplane she had to steer.

But when the fuel car containing aircraft fuel passed by, Spinel’s nose twitched, and suddenly she felt her underwear getting wet. She instinctively knew the reason for her sudden incontinence, but found it hard to admit it.

It was the smell.

The smell of potent airplane fuel, so oily and thick that it almost made her eyes water and mouth cough violently; yet it turned her more, her body relaxing more and her holes getting looser. Spinel actually had to shove the dildos and beads into her holes as not to have her holes leak more fluid on the spot.

After some time had passed, Spinel was inside the indoor parking lot for all the various aircraft-related vehicles. It was noon; almost everyone had gone to eat lunch. And she knew that no one had been patrolling the parking lot for the last few months.

When she neared the fuel tank car, Spinel immediately took off her clothes, which was sweaty with her slimy sweat. She felt a trickle flowing from her nether region as she peed again just from the heavy fuel smell filling her nose.

Reaching the car, she quickly unscrewed the fuel hose from its resting place and shoved it right unto her awaiting anus. Spinel bit her lips and moaned as the hose continued to go inside her anal passage.

And when she pressed the button, Spinel let out a series shouts as her back passage was getting filled with potent liquid fueling her. She really felt strengthened by the liquid entering her body, satisfying her lust. And something was building inside her, some kind of pressure that she had no power over it but to give it in.

“Gurk!” Then Spinel abruptly opened her mouth as she felt that powerful pressure travelling up her neck in short notice, bulging out with some definite stuff that wasn’t just her imaginations. Thick black oil erupted from her mouth.

It shouldn’t’ have been possible. Her body wasn’t supposed to function like this; getting fucked in one end and the stuff coming out in the other end? Yet Spinel welcomed the incredible sensation of her body getting penetrated in the most extreme way imaginable, her inner passages opening up straight as the sticky torrents of jet fuel travelled her body as if her mouth and anus were connected through a straightforward pipe.

She was essentially vomiting fuel, and she was loving it. Her body shuddered at such intense pleasure she was experiencing. She whimpered when she felt the flow inside her reducing; she had to have more! So when the oil tank was empty, Spinel approached the next tank car, this time inserting the hose to her vagina. And there were other holes she could get filled with…

11 Days Ago

In the airport parking lot, Spinel writhed as her holes were all filled with the fuel hose coming from multiple fuel tank cars all at once. Suspended in mid-air as her body with arms and legs outstretched wide in an X-form, Spinel relished in the massive amount of airplane fuel filling her body to the limit; every hole she could think of was getting penetrated: mouth, nipple-slits, vagina and anus. And from those holes, while they were filled with hoses, black ichor-like liquid came out as the fuel overflowed, since so much of it was being funneled into her body.

It all started relatively ‘innocent’ enough. First was her intense desire to drink from the fuel tank. Then an idea came to her. She could drink the oil while being fucked in the pussy! The sensations of getting filled on top and bottom were certainly marvelous.

Then why just one hole? Her other hole quivered, sad to be left behind. So another hose it was, this time into her awaiting anus that easily accepted the insertion without any kind of lube. Consuming liquid that way would be more effective.

And then more…more! Her chests slits were now almost small holes that could take her entire fist if she carefully slid it in. So she slowly inserted the fuel hose on each of her breast; though after the initial insertion, she hurriedly put the rest in, enjoying the sensation of her plump breasts getting filled and the passage inside expanding to be adjust to the hose size.

“Mmmfh….hhmmm…” And thus was Spinel getting fucked by several hoses at once.

With her eyes closed, Spinel squeezed her flesh tighter, which somehow seemed to make the hose shoot out its load stronger inside her, completely painting her insides with the fuel. No part of her mind worried that what she was doing could probably kill her. She just found the taste and smell of every oil intoxicating, especially those used for fuels.

Once she had tasted and smelt the airplane fuel, her body could no longer go back drinking edible oils. It was not strong enough. She craved something stronger and more potent. Her body getting filled with all the fuels was a truly fulfilling experience that made her orgasm without ever tiring.

So lost in getting ‘fucked’ by the fuel hoses, Spinel didn’t even notice the metallic door getting opened. The loud clanking sound of the heavy footsteps made her froze. With her multiple holes tightly holding the hoses inside her, she couldn’t just run away.

“So it seems you’re ready for the next process.”

“Mmrfgh?!” Spinel’s eyes widened as she saw the Aesir Airlines CEO Ephren and his retinues in front of her. Some were already holding a camera in their hand. They were probably filming her right now. Several more people in engineer’s uniform hurriedly came in, carrying some large metal boxes on their both hands.

“Good thing you took so well to our company’s new test product.” Ephren smirked. He walked near her, smacking her ass and then fondling her nipple slits, which made her moan. Spinel was unable to do anything. “Shouldn’t have done that, you know. Threatening to send our company’s documents to the press? Bad idea.”

Spinel tried to say something. She tried to spit out the hose she had a while ago so willingly put inside her mouth, which now extended all the way through, the bulge on her neck showing the outline of something long that was deep inside her.

But she couldn’t as the hose let out something different inside Spinel’s body this time. It was still thick and sticky like fuel, but something else was added; Spinel found her eyes rolling upwards as this liquid seemed to make her body burn alive. The heat was unbearable, making her shudder madly with intense desire to be fucked mercilessly. She was probably being forcibly made into go heat

The engineers behind Ephren has been already working with the fuel tank cars that Spinel hitherto had been using to fill her up, quickly pouring the liquids inside the handheld fuel boxes that they had brought. The oil was more potent, almost raw petroleum mixed with something else that only the Aesir researchers knew.

“I think you at least deserve to know what’s happening. I mean, it’s all thanks to you, really. With all the complaints you have been making about pilots being overworked and demanding more wages, we figured perhaps we could think of ways to remedy the situation.”

Someone passed a syringe to Ephren. He held it on his hands, and then shoved it unto Spinel’s fat wobbling butt. Though she didn’t feel pain due to how large her bottom had gotten, she did feel something hot being injected unto her, making her moan and shudder.

“Consider this as a promotion, actually. I think you’ll like it. You even get your own plane. That plane being yourself, of course.”

“Mrffgh?” Spinel wondered what the hell the man meant. Her being a plane? Was this some kind of metaphor that she had to figure it out?

But it didn’t take long for Spinel to understand what fate awaited her; her body gurgled as the injection was circulating along with her blood. A new type of fuel was entering her as well, which was different. It was sticker, almost like a mud and clinging to her insides like thick goops that she had no way to get rid of, which was starting to pile up.

“MMRfgh!” Still her mouth—along with her other holes—was securely wide open with the fuel hose filling her up. Slimy sweats splatted on the ground, and a yellow puddle formed on the ground as she had just peed without herself even recognizing it, the process becoming so instinctively natural like a response to certain actions performed. Yet the muffled sounds she were making weren’t completely due to the insatiable lust that was being inflamed further.

Something was happening. Ephren and others could see it too. The first signs of changes happened on her face. Her hairs started falling, strand by strand. Spinel watched in horror as her beautiful locks were fast vanishing before her eyes.

Meanwhile her facial skin was becoming even shiner and more glossy than before. Her scale lost its reptilian coarseness and turned into one gigantic smooth frame that spanned all over her face. The typical bright flaming red color of her scale lost its luster, a new smooth surface covering the draconian’s entire facial structure.

Her pointed horns and ears were getting smaller. They first lost their sharp straight posture and became limp. They were being absorbed onto her face, soon leaving nothing but smooth surface where her horns and ears were originally there. Her hair was going bald, the silvery polished plate taking up Spinel’s entire frontal face.

Her snout expanded outwards, the nose at the tip becoming slightly wider in a circle shape. Her nostrils were soon covered with the expanding ‘plate’ that made her cough violently, but that feeling soon abated.

That smooth surface spread downwards, enveloping her neck to take the same uniform shape. It gained bulk to match the size of her changed snout, becoming one thick tube with a triangular tip at the end. It was becoming difficult to distinguish her face and her neck now, the two merging into one long cylindrical tube.

While all this was happening, Spinel noticed her eyesight getting dimmer. Black nothingness lurking around the edge of her vision was moving to the center. Was she going blind? She squirmed as she tried to take off the hose from her mouth and beg to Ephren and others that she will do anything that the company desires from her. But she didn’t know that the transformation happening to her *was* what the Aesir Airlines wanted from her.

The part around Spinel’s eyes got darker as black film-like surface spread outwards from her eyes. The black stuff seeped inside her eyes as well, making her sclera look black, and then eventually her irises. Then the lights went out.

“Mmrffgh!” Spinel screamed as she realized that it was not the light that had been suddenly turned off. Her eyes did. What really happened was that the black film had completely covered her eyes. The dark patch eventually settled around on a roughly rectangular pattern, its size expanding as there was a single long slate where her eyes should’ve been.

Spinel’s eyesight did return as she saw people staring at her, some surprised, others curious, and Ephren smirking, probably satisfied with what was happening to her. But something was off; it took a while, but Spinel realized her vision had change somewhat. She could see far more than she had originally been able to; as the black patch expanded to her sides, Spinel’s peripheral vision increased, allowing her to see more and more. It made her feel disorientated.

What Spinel was yet to realize was that the black sheet was not exactly like the silvery plate that had covered her entire face. If looked closely, one could see the inside beneath Spinel’s body. But what was there wasn’t the potentially grotesque sight of bones and muscles, but something even stranger; sure, the scene itself was nothing out of ordinary. But a view of a plane’s cockpit shouldn’t have been there inside someone’s *face*.

But there it was, her body responding to all the oils and fuels had consumed so far, also triggered by the injection she had just received moments ago. Her insides shifted as her internal structures began to change.

What alerted Spinel more than the gurgling of her body to progress such changes was that her body itself was rapidly gaining mass. Regular intake of oil and fuel had already made her body quite tremendous; just yesterday when she sat down on a public toilet, her butt flopped over to the side, dangling beneath. And even before that, trying to enter the toilet stall had been a chore, because she had to squeeze her huge flabby butt through.

But now she was getting really, really big. Not just being on a fat level. An actual increase in size and mass. It was probably due to the fuel; her mouth tasted extremely cheesy and fat flavor that would’ve normally disgusted her. It felt like what was going through her stomach was a thick slurry sludge that gave no time for her to breath…except that she didn’t have any nose now, her snout just a flat smooth surface. Spinel wondered how she could still smell the delicious arousing scent of oil.

Strangely her mouth did remain and wasn’t gone, unlike her horns and ears. It was a funny feeling for her as her plane-like face had a still functioning mouth that could be opened and closed. Of course, along with her face, her mouth did change. As her face got wider and bigger, her mouth followed suit. Her teeth was still there, but they were coated with strange metal coat that rendered her fangs smooth and unable to cut and tear meat like she had used to. She tried to bite the hose, but all she did was to lewdly fondle and suck the hose with her almost doll-like teeth.

As more and more of the strange ‘fuel’ entered her mouth, it prompted another kind of change. Her tongue lengthened until it grew long, soon coiling like a snake on the tube going inside her long neck-tube that had effectively became one structure with her face. Copious amount of saliva dropped from her tongue, which she found it hard to control. Always she would drool from now on, the oversized tongue unable to fit inside her mouth, dangling out and making her look like a dog panting.

The fuel also left an impact on her lips. Completely drenched by the liquid, it responded to the transformative substance. It swelled with each load that was unloaded unto her mouth, the flesh expanding and expanding, until it was twice its original size and protruded from her mouth, a kind of thick lips that some might find it sexy…and the dark-red color reminiscing of a lipstick was a final touch that made lips look quite mature, sending signals that she would like to suck on some meaty long tube…which was what she was doing right now, as Spinel instinctively wrapped her huge lips on the tube that was deepthroating her inside and sucking it dry.

Right now Spinel was effectively spitroasted in mid-air, her position on all fours and supported by the massive hoses securely holding her in place. Her breasts sagged as it expanded larger with each thrust of the individual hose, her butt following suit, both growing. Then it was her arms and legs becoming bigger, her belly swelling out like she was several months pregnant, until she was the size of a small airplane. When she looked up, Spinel noticed the ceiling had gotten a lot closer than the last time. Ephren and others looked smaller.

She flailed her arms and legs, shouting and moaning, hoping that she could somehow still escape from this terrible (yet arousing at the same time) situation and have everything back to normal. It didn’t happen. Instead, Spinel felt her arms getting stiff, not being able to move it so freely.

“Mrrfgh?”

“Oh, bravo. Her arms changing now. Even faster than the previous samples. The new oil really is showing effect.”

Spinel caught something was going on. Previous samples? New oil? Had there been others who had suffered what she was going through right now? Her pilot colleagues who disappeared…surely they couldn’t be…

Her thoughts were interrupted as Spinel’s arms lost most of their flexibilities. They were seemingly stuck in an outstretched position like wings of a plane as the silvery surface coated over them, the microscopic ‘hooks’ piercing her inner skin and seamlessly merging with her original body. Wings they would be, as from her arms started sprouting what first looked like bat’s membrane wings. But they weren’t exactly that. The newly developing ‘skins’ hardened into a big right triangle-shaped plate, and Spinel’s hand at each side was going through a similar process that had happened to her horns and hairs, becoming gooey first like slimes and then its shape being disintegrated, eventually absorbed back into her flesh. Her fingers became all like noodles, each flailing helplessly; then they were all gone, her palms with fingers straightened up hardening into a new triangular shape that Spinel couldn’t control. It moved upwards slightly, becoming winglets.

On the front and back of the wings developed slats and flaps that could be adjusted with someone ‘piloting’ Spinel, via the machine that was being converted out of her internal muscles and organs that one could see through the visor on her face.

“Mrrfg! Grghh!” Try as she might, Spinel couldn’t move her arms. They were wings now. And then she felt them getting heavier as something dragged them down. Beneath the wings, some tumor-like shape appeared, which quickly took the shape of barrels. Its front opened into a wide circular hole, and on its middle grew multiple blades that was distant apart from each other. That barrel-shaped object was attached to each of her wings, becoming propellers for her to take lift and fly.

By this point Spinel realized what ‘thing’ she was becoming. On her wide black visor, numbers and words started to appear. She knew them. She recognized and understood them. They were very familiar, after all. They were the stuff one would see when looking at a plane.

Again and again Spinel tried to move her arms that were now fully functional airplane wings; the numbers and the texts appearing on her visor told her that her ‘wings’ were in prime condition, ready to move the propellers once the engines were set in place.

From the top, her body was changing to become an airplane. But it was something more than that; normal airplane didn’t have gigantic boobs that seemed to expand more and more as her body was pumped. The metal plate soon covered her breasts, making her moan as even the insides of her nipple-slits were coated, from which the substance seeped inside her body, triggering another kind of changes that made her more suitable to become a plane.

If anything, her breasts got even larger, enough to be squished on the ground. And then Spinel nearly lost her mind as the slits expanded in all of a sudden.

“Mrrfgh!” Her eyes rolled upwards, and she came again, a mixture of urine and female cum gushing from her crotch. It was hard not to. Though her inverted nipples had been steadily increasing in its width, now big enough to be penetrated with fuel hoses, this time the expansion was more rapid. It felt like someone shoved a hand inside her nipples and stretched in to all direction without giving her time to adjust. And that was not entirely different from the truth, for the hose penetrating each of her breast had sprouted some kind of a tire jack that expanded its length inside her, forcibly stretching her holes wide and expanding the hollow space between the newly developing cavities.

“Mmrfgh! Mmrfhh!” Spinel screamed. Her body writhed. Whether she did it from pleasure or pain, she wasn’t so sure. Though from the way her body reacted with liquid gushing out from her penetrated holes and her eyes rolling up wide, as well as the long tongue sliding out from her mouth with saliva dripping on the floor, it seemed quite obvious which emotion did she feel more strongly.

This time, the breast passages inside her were permanently enlarged, thanks to the pumps that kept growing inside. With her now seemingly hyper-sized breasts almost touching ground, her nipple-holes too matched the size, also forver gaping and now big enough to allow a young child to enter and disappear completely inside. To those loose breast-slits several more hose went inside as Ephren gestured the others to continue with the procedure, which made her madly spasm with bliss.

“Hmm…I think we might need another ‘storage’ for this plane.” Ephren said.

Understanding what he meant by that, the men and women under his command brought another machine from somewhere in the hangar bay. That machine looked like an oversized milking machine with giant suctions that were too big to be attached even to the largest and fattest cow with huge bloated udder.

“Mrfgh?!” Though her eyes had become one wide black visor and couldn’t reflect her shocked expression, her muffled noise did tell that she saw through her visor that some people were walking towards her with what looked very suspiciously like a machine made for milking.

But she wasn’t lactating, was she? Though her body had changed so much for the last few weeks, and even more so at this very moment, her breasts were dry.

She was surprised again when she noticed her breasts weren’t getting attached with the suction cups. Her nipple-holes continued to be ravaged by the several hoses that pumped her full of oil, the liquid inside dragging her breasts further. The only relief she had was that her metallic upper body had no problem supporting her body despite the massive weight added to her chest.

The two suction cups were finally attached to her body. Yet they were placed under her breasts. Spinel wondered what that meant, until the machine was activated and she felt air being blown unto her body.

“MRFghhj!” The pumping was relentless. The upper part of where her belly inflated as the machine blew massive amount of air into the suction cups attached there. The small bumps grew into hemispheres, growing larger and wider as Spinel huffed and puffed, trying to bear the sensation of getting her flesh inflated to two bouncy shapes that looked suspiciously like a pair of breasts.

“Mrrfh….hmmmgh…” Spinel’s eyes lost its focus, as the new pair of breasts were just as soft and plump as her original ones. While her new ones were smaller compared to her originals, they were still huge compared to normal human ones, what with the draconian’s body being well beyond average human and anthro heights. They were half the sizes of her original breasts, which were as big as basketballs.

And the process wasn’t quite finished. Spinel’s body twitched as something came out of the suction cup. It was the same tire jack-like mechanism that was currently inside her original breasts. To her new silvery breasts the pumping gear easily slid in, her body almost acting like jelly, easily parting way without any internal damage. Again, there was no pain, but weirdly pleasurable sensation of getting her skin penetrated. The machines went in, widening the holes, making sure her flesh wouldn’t automatically clot around them. The widening space gaped.

Then the flesh around them got sensitive, its color taking nipple-like dark brown color. And then it swelled, the color again changing into dark-red. Its swollen flesh got wrinkled as it inflated outwards, protruding in a very sexy image of thick heavy lips glisteningly wet. Moment later tongue popped out from the chest, drooling and licking, attaching themselves into the hose that was going inside her second pair of breasts.

“….!” Spinel watched in wordless horror—or was it pleasure? Her brain struggled to process this amazing feeling of getting penetrated in the nipples getting doubled, as well as two new tongue sucking something phallic in a very obscene way, her head swimming in a haze of pleasure. Her original mouth was gaping wide open, forming a silly smiling expression.

And even when her stomach was getting coated, her breasts didn’t shrink nor did it disappear. And despite its huge size, it remained quite bouncy, the expanding inside getting filled with fuel to maintain its shape. Spinel could feel her chest getting filled. And the sound of huge liters of fluid sloshing inside as her body moved was another sobering reminder.

She wasn’t just becoming a plane. She was becoming some kind of hybrid between a living creature and a machine, and a very perverted one at that. Her wobbling belly and ass didn’t get streamlined into uniform tube shape as it had happened with her face and neck. The tantalizing curves, plump delightful lines, and bountiful shapes remained as her body was covered with a new machine-like surface, now a tinge of red nowhere to be found on her body from head to toe.

Spinel could only moan as her breasts were getting filled more and more with the fuel entering them, making her body feel heavy. So much fluid was getting stored up in her breasts.

And then something happened. It was probably another sign that her body was changing. All the oil that was accumulated on her breasts churned as her breasts bounced with the pumps, her four breasts getting constantly filled. Soon white, thick, and syrupy fluid squirted out of her all four breasts; the original ones had their milk come out in successive bursts like a vagina squirting female cum, and her second breasts with lips on the nipples had long tongues rolling out from them that was drooling milk, because through Spinel’s chest-tongue she could taste that very whitish stuff.

Other parts of her body continued to change as well. Her belly had already been so blown out like a balloon full of air, skins getting extremely tight around the edge. Her abs that she had spent months to cultivate by going through the gym disappeared under the layers of fat that made her belly naturally protrude and sag. Some people were actually touching her belly now, Ephren included, all saying that her belly was like a plump jelly that one could play around for quite a while. Spinel’s face reddened with embarrassment, of course in a figurative way as her face could no longer be called as that of a living creature.

“Oh, I think we can use her belly as another extra storage or something?” Ephren said as he grabbed and fondled a handful of Spinel’s belly flesh with an extremely obvious intent. His hands then moved to her bellybutton, which actually went in a bit as he pressed it with his hands. “Fancy getting a new ‘port’ here, Spinel? What do you think?”

Spinel whimpered.

No one gave any notice to the changing ‘living’ airplane as people busily moved themselves upon Ephren’s veiled suggestion. Another hose was brought from somewhere along the many fuel tank cars that was lying around the place. Spinel now knew why there were so many of the vehicles in the first place; Ephren and others had been waiting her to come here…

“Sir, do we plug the hose into her—“

“Yes, yes. Do it. Her body’s changed enough.”

Spinel shuddered in a mixture of terror and expectation as the men brought the fuel hose close to her navel. She could guess what was about to happen. And she was right.

“Mmfgh…”

The hose poked at Spinel’s bellybutton. Like the last time the Aesir Airlines CEO poked her belly, the tip of the object went inside, the soft surface getting pushed easily with the pressure applied. If the men holding the hose would’ve stepped back, then the poked skin would bounce back like an elastic surface.

But they didn’t. Instead, they started shoving the hose right unto her navel, pushing it bit by bit, so more of the flesh was pushed aside and pressed inside. Inch by inch her belly gave way, a small passage forming inside her belly.

And through that passage the hose went in deeper. Spinel thrashed and twitched, feeling her newly forming tight, slick, and wet passage squeezing the hose as much as it could. She knew exactly what this feeling was; she was effectively getting a second pussy on her stomach.

The hose moved with such force and intensity that her inner stomach flesh was stretched out to the sides. When her navel slit was wide enough to let something through, people inserted tire jack like the one that was inside her other holes, expanding the inner space.

Spinel could only moan as the tight passage went in deeper and. More hoses went inside her bellybutton, which by now had a squishy muscles that easily parted, with the top of the bellybutton developing bumps with round tips at the end. When one of the hoses deep inside her belly touched the bump, Spinel nearly screamed, a slick liquid flowing from her bellybutton.

While all this was going on, the plate that had completely covered Spinel was going through a second phase of transformation. It looked just like one might see on a plane surface: metallic, silvery plate. But one thing was different: it was soft, almost like a slime, elastic and malleable.

Looking at the scene, Ephren whispered something to the man on his right. Perhaps this would be fun to watch, he thought. When the man spoke to others, some smirked and approached Spinel, whose eyes had lost focus from all the repeated penetration putting a toll on her body and mind.

When one particular brave soul touched Spinel’s body, it responded with the pressed part going in slightly, before bouncing back to its original shape. Other people followed suit, lightly smacking her butt and belly and rubbing their hands all over her body.

It was amazingly soft and squishy, pleasurable and soothing to touch. Soon people started groping the smooth surface in a very lewd and obscene way, some putting their entire hand and fisting it, eliciting a series of moan from the transformed draconian.

“Mmrfgh….hmmmf….”

Spinel couldn’t really understand how her entire body had become so sensitive. But it did feel good. She could feel her inner flesh tightly clinging around multiple probing fingers and occasional fists and arms ‘penetrating’ her.

Unlike her arms, her legs remained in place, not being suddenly retreated inside her body. But it didn’t escape from being unaffected. There were several loud cracking sounds that made Spinel flinch. Though she didn’t feel pain, she could feel her legs getting twisted. Her once long and lithe leg shapes were getting ruined. First her petite toe claws, which she had paid tremendous amount of time to get it manicured and treated at the beauty salon, grew big and incredibly sharp, becoming like raptor talons which were definitely capable of easily tearing down metal; a fact that was soon proved as her legs thrashed, leaving dent marks on the stone floor. Like her belly, her thigh swelled to frightening degree as they got fatter, having several thick layers upon her legs.

As her foot’s behinds lifted upwards, her leg posture changed, from being straight to being crooked, which in turn made Spinel’s entire body stoop to the front a bit. Her huge body and its heavy weight, as well as her legs fixated at folded positions, were forcing her to walk with her butt protruded from the back, exposing more of the juicy curves and plump holes that had been hitherto hidden between the crack of her bottom.

Her tail wasn’t exempt from getting changed. While it swished madly in her lust-inducing haze, its movement got slower as it was getting coated with the same squishy plate that was covering the rest of her body. From the tip of her tail, a new thin triangular-shaped appendage grew from each side, looking like the wings attached to the tail-end of a plane. Her original tail had its end tip stand tall, standing like a shark’s fin.

From Spinel’s holes various liquid gushed out: milk, pussy juice, saliva and urine. Her navel hole wasn’t an exception. And then something else was happening. Something even more incredible than just her tail getting changed.

Her anus was expanding. At first it looked like her back door was merely expanding slightly due to the hoses inserted there going in deeper. But it wasn’t just that. Her flesh kept moving to the sides while the flesh around her butthole got all wrinkly and sticky like sphincter muscles. Slowly as the hoses moved in and out, the inner anal flesh bulged outwards, swallowing the hoses more until their tips were completely buried inside her anal ring. Followed suit was the hole itself, which got incredibly larger, permanently gaping in a large o-shape like the exhaust port of a plane. No amount of hoses were going to completely plug her hole now.

When the hoses fucking her vagina dropped to the ground, Spinel whimpered, not caring that her abused and loose cuntflesh was drooping low. She just wished people would start plugging them back to her pussy already! But that didn’t happen. Ephren and others stepped back, including those who had been lewdly fondling her body. They knew her transformation was entering a final phase. They could see her clit growing.

And Spinel felt the growth firsthand. Inch by inch it grew longer, also swelling, veins appearing on its surface. A slit formed on the top, the skin on top becoming smooth pink, like the tip of a urethra. Her clit was becoming more and more cock-like, and Spinel only moaned as she found the swelling sensation unbearable, slapping it on her huge belly to make it grow longer and thicker. It quickly grew to a full mast, standing in its glory, the erect penis coming almost near her navel slit, rubbing along the edge.

And a cock must go with big hefty balls; hence Spinel’s pussy closed as her vaginal muscles flesh coalesced into two spherical shapes, the surface getting wrinkly and turning into dark black color. Its size inflated in tune with the hoses’ incessant penetrations, like a swimming tube that was getting pumped full of air.

“Mmffgh!” With a grunt Spinel’s cock shot out cum as her drooping balls dropped to the ground, the impact translated as an incredible pleasure in her head. Her cock twitched and shot out several loads, the last several ejaculating like she was taking a piss, a steady torrents of cum gushing out from her cock.

With her balls growing in size, her fat thighs moved sideways a bit, affecting her posture. She had to walk like a huge slumbering reptile now, what with her gigantic and fat ass that was expanded wide sideways. Small rectangular windows formed on her side, the transparent glass showing how her body inside had become a series of hollow spaces fitted with chairs and all other stuff one might find inside a passenger airplane.

“Mmmfgh….mmm…” But none of that mattered Spine. Her body was definitely that of a plane now, albeit a strange one; a plane with curvy boobs and ass, a malleable, grope-able body. Her arms were gone, replaced with wings that were permanently stuck in a straightened position. She could flap them at the tip, but that was all.

With her visor, Spinel could see Ephren and others looking at her. They all looked small compared to her. Small enough that they could go inside her. The thought made her blush. Following her transformation, her mind was becoming stranger and stranger, the image of her inside getting filled making her blush.

And that wasn’t about her holes getting filled with hoses. Sure, that was pleasurable on its own rights, evidenced by her current state of eyes rolled upwards and body shaking, twitching, and convulsing like she was having a seizure, but another image of humans and cargos being loaded into her made moan, a thick stream of cum flowing out of her urethra like she was taking a piss. After short successive bursts her balls swelled in a short span of time, churning to produce more cum for her to shoot.

“Gentlemen, I think we can call this a success.” Ephren smiled, snapping his finger.

People approached and Spinel and started taking out all the hoses that had been deeply wedged unto her body. Each time a hose was pulled out with a large plop, Spinel moaned, a torrents of fuel flowing out from the outstretched and loose hole, which didn’t quite properly close down and return to the original shape; people could see the inside of the orifice with its wrinkled walls stained with the fuel and Spinel’s own bodily liquid, getting equally sticky and slimy as the former that had stained her body completely. When all of the hoses had completely left her body, Spinel’s holes still remained in its gaping position, half-filled with cum.

When asked what to do, Ephren shrugged and said, “Plug her up,” so people took some time to find a large, almost missile-like long cylindrical objects that had obviously prepared in advance waiting for these kind of exact moments. Spinel’s body heaved with as she produced lustful moans and noises, feeling the thick meaty rods filling her bereft holes and satisfying the empty sensations.

“And begin the next process. Our new plane will need lots of time for its ‘maintenance.’ Ephren added.

Spinel wondered what might that be, some part of her mind wishing that they would get on with the maintenance already. But the more rational part of her mind held back, terribly afraid of what she was right now, and what she would become later… Was she still herself?

Moments later Spinel was surprised to find that her inside was indeed that of a plane. The door opened, and some people climbed inside her. She felt two people inside her head. It was her cockpit, the place she was so familiar with. When they pressed and touched the buttons, her body responded accordingly: from her arms and right below her face, wheels descended down, allowing her to move smoothly without her scales getting scratched by the ground. Of course, her oversized cock and balls drooped on the ground, making her shoot out little streams of cum every now and then.

No…she had to fight it. She was not a machine. She could not let others control her to their liking. Spinel’s body abruptly stopped in mid track as she concentrated on making her body stop. She was her own master. She needed to fight.

Ephren’s expression remained unchanged from his grin as the pilots inside Spinel told him that the changed draconian wasn’t all listening to their commands. No matter, he thought. Every machine needed some proper breaking in before they could function efficiently…

10 Days Ago

“Please…let me….go….!”

Inside the maintenance bay, Spinel barely managed to speak, her form now that of a strange-looking airplane. Her body looked huge while her butt and breasts having grown even larger than before, constantly wobbling in a juicy taut round curves that just begged to be groped, slapped, and fondled.

There were some new additions added to Spinel’s body as well. Most noticeable was the streaks of paints and pictures, a large draconic head on her body and her tail, showing what she had become now, that she was a property that belonged to the Aesir Airlines.

Yet more embarrassing for the former draconian were a number of piercings that had been recently installed upon her body. Spinel didn’t feel any pain as people came to her and plunged the large metallic rings unto her sensitive flesh. Actually, she moaned and screamed, loving the way her tender flesh was being continuously stimulated by them. Almost every hole of hers was pierced: her lips, tongue, nipple-slits and nipple-mouths, urethra, navel-slits, and even unto her anus. They made sure that she would never be able to calm down, sending minute electric signals to her body with the strange gadgets built inside them.

As a result her body right now was constantly being aroused by the electrical stimulations wreaking havoc on her body. Her cock had been erect for at least half an hour, leaking pre and cum. Her four nipples were all leaking their fluids. Even her anus was somehow constantly wet, lubricated by the fuel-like slimy sweats constantly being produced from her metallic clay-like surface that was surprisingly malleable. Inside her balls the sticky and virile cum created waves after waves as the two orbs moved right and left each time Spinel writhed her body whenever she was overwhelmed with the prolonged pleasure.

Yet she couldn’t just let it all out. The same rods that had been inserted unto Spinel’s various holes were still there in place, making her unable to cum, but only let her liquids out in very small trickles. And then there were several chains that were attached to her wings and legs, making sure that she wouldn’t be able to escape, caging her like an animal.

“Please….” Spinel whimpered. She thought she was going to burst. Her body parts were inflated to ridiculous degree, her body buoyed by her overgrown breasts, cocks and balls. Her vision greyed on the edge because of the immense pleasure that she was feeling. And that pleasure of holding was gradually changing into pain. But not just any kind of pain, but that sweet deliciously amazing pain with an addictive flavor that drove one mad. And she had been experiencing that feeling for quite a while. Had it not been her augmented mind, she would’ve gone crazy already. “Let me…cum…please…”

“And you shall follow orders?” Ephren asked, standing on the staircase part of the ladder car. “Do as you’re told? Be a good airplane and be piloted by our crews?”

“Yes, yes…Umffgh!” Spinel thrashed her body in frustration. She had to cum, and cum desperately. Perhaps she could fool this man later. Getting out of this painfully arousing situation was her priority.

“Very well then. Release the rods!”

“Ye..ummmfghh!!!!”

For a moment, all Spinel could see was nothing but complete blackness. She felt her body exploding as the rods inserted unto her holes suddenly came out, allowing her concentrated fluids to come all out at once.

It was quite a sight to see. Ephren and others had already moved to the higher grounds, knowing what was to happen.

Torrents. Torrents of cum, milk, and other fluids produced from Spinel’s body rapidly flooded the ground. It was as if a dam holding a vast reservoir of water suddenly disappeared, making all that water sweep the nearby surroundings with a truly destructive force. Her cock, navel- and nipple-slits twitched madly as they let out obscene amount of cum, piss and milk. Like a series of waterfall each hole let out what had been stored unto Spinel’s body so far.

The extreme purging sensation was too great. Spinel thought her will was getting eroded further, thinking that if this was how she would feel, then perhaps being a living airplane wouldn’t be that bad. Her holes were vomiting what were inside, but there was no end to the continuous flow of the liquids that poured out from her. Spinel felt her mind getting hazy. She suddenly felt really tired. Maybe she could do with some sleep….

When Spinel eventually came to her senses later, she found that Ephren and others were nowhere to be found. The HUD display on her visor told her that about 40 minutes had passed. She nearly gasped. She came for that many minutes? Judging how her holes were all lose and wide open, maybe she had indeed came that much, letting out everything that had been stored inside her body.

*This was wrong*, Spinel thought. She had to get away. Luckily during the whole lustful ordeal the shackles holding her in place were somehow gone. A lot of thing must’ve have happened while she was being passed out, because while the ground still reeked of her urine, cum, and milk, the floor was relatively dry with only stains reminding her what had happened.

This was her chance. There was no one inside the hangar bay except her. She should definitely try to get away. But to where? The voice inside her spoke, but she ignored it. Maybe she find Io and ask for help, since she was a robot herself.

But when Spinel tried to move her body, she felt something was off. It wasn’t like she didn’t know how to ‘pilot’ her own body. Last time she did just fine, her memory of being a pilot serving her well. She knew what buttons to press and what steps she had to take to make her move, to have the wheels come down from her arms and on her face.

Yet they didn’t move. She tried everything, but nothing happened. Her body simply didn’t heed her command.

“Huh?” Spinel muttered, wondering what could’ve gone wrong. She frantically checked the display on her visor to check if there was any steps she had missed. Then she saw an exclamation mark on the bottom right corner. When she ‘clicked’ the image, a message box popped up. FUEL EMPTY. PLEASE REFILL. These were the words that was inside the box.

Spinel stared at the image in front of her in utter disbelief. That thought had never occurred to her. Fuel empty? Does that meant she had to be fueled?

“Oh, just as I had foreseen.”

The voice made Spinel to turn her head. Ephren was standing on the door of the hangar bay.

“What do you mean by that?” Spinel said.

“Oh, you know, it’s just like what your display is saying.” Ephren chuckled. “A plane with no fuel cannot move, of course.”

“You bastard!” Spinel shouted “You did this on purpose!”

“Took long enough, don’t you think so? Shouldn’t have complained so much, you know. Good thing your body took it so well. I’ve never seen others change it like you did. I think you’re a natural.”

“…..”

“Oh, in case you want to move, perhaps you should get refueled? How about this?”

Even before Spinel registered what was going on, her body reacted immediately. Her face blushed as her sensors got a whiff of the delicious scent. Just like when she was still a draconian, there was a heat developing inside her, which dominated her entire body in a short notice.

Before she knew it, Spinel’s long tongue came out from her mouth. She was panting and drooling. Her holes quivered and spasmed. Her mind was already imagining the thick hoses penetrating her needy orifices. Again she felt her balls being filled with cum, milks flowing from her breasts, and her cock twitching madly. Her eyes closed, and she was slapping her cock on her belly again. It was strange how she had that particular strength remaining to move her body…

The sound of the man watching her from afar laugh brought Spinel back to her senses. What he said, Spinel couldn’t remember, because before she knew it, her holes were getting penetrated with the hoses. Again a lapse that she couldn’t recognize.

“Now that’s more like it. Also, do remember that since you’re a plane, you’ll probably need our engineers to fix your stuff in case something goes wrong. A plane can’t go to a hospital, right?”

His words were forgotten at the moment as Spinel was already relishing in the sensation of getting herself filled, the thick cock-like hoses bending in strange ways to go deep inside her body, making sure that her body was properly filled with all the necessary fuels to sustain her. *Not now*, she thought. Maybe after she was completely filled, then she would find some ways to escape from this hangar bay.

5 Days Ago

“Mmmhh…yes, more, more…” The voice was her own, but Spinel couldn’t believe that she was saying such things.

She didn’t know how it had happened this way. Apparently this was another fueling session gone wrong, or maybe extremely right. She was currently surrounded by a dozen of people, all naked and sporting erect cocks.

And they were fucking her, or whatever they felt fine while molesting her body in every kind of a sexual way.

Through Spinel’s holes the men plunged their cocks. At first they were hesitant, shocked by her gigantic cock and her multiple breasts, along with her various slits and her protruded anus. She really was a monster.

And a very sexy monster she was, as people found out. Her cavernous holes were quite large to be properly penetrated, but one could try to make her hoes squeeze tightly with appropriate ‘buttons’ installed inside her body. And her malleable surface easily created pseudo-vaginal passage if one just plunged their cocks right unto it. Despite being metallic, her ‘skin’ easily admitted objects like slime, a side effect of making her surface more durable and not be damaged by other incoming stuffs when she was high up in the air.

Spinel’s body shuddered as she grunted like an animal. She hadn’t talked much since people all came surrounding and started fondling her. They didn’t talk much as well. Both side communicated via animalistic moans and grunts, and body movements that they all knew exactly what they meant. They all wanted to mate. People fucked her in various places. Her entire body felt like a giant onahole that was being used by multiple people at the same time.

Soon the men and Spinel could hold no longer. Spinel closed her eyes as the sensation of getting filled on multiple ‘holes’ were too much; the way that her soft flesh squeezed around the members were equally mind-blowing for the lucky males who had been chosen to ‘tame’ Spinel and make her more subservient every passing day. As of today, she didn’t even said token protests. She merely turned back and wiggled her gigantic ass and breasts invitingly when they came looking for her in the hangar bay. There were no chains holding down her in place—there was no need to.

After the men unloaded their seed inside the various parts of her body, Spinel came as well, her cock twitching and letting out a thick syrupy cum that pooled beneath her.

And then she found several of the rods inserted inside her holes had fallen to the ground. When people tried to put them back in, they realized some of them didn’t fit anymore. Her holes had gotten even looser in just a few days, and bigger sizes were needed. Spinel had a silly smiley expression as she ignored people jeering at her how big her holes had gotten. She was currently daydreaming about bigger and thicker plugs that would fill her. There was no reason to escape, right? They were all taking good care of her.

3 Days Ago

When Ephren had visited Spinel on her new home inside the hangar bay, what he saw was the scene of Spinel grinding her meaty erect cock and hefty balls (and by now it was hard to see either of them going limp or being empty) on the coarse ground, moaning loudly. Without proper arms, that was the only way she could masturbate with her cock.

Upon seeing Ephren, Spinel begged the man to refuel her with the hoses. He obliged, telling her that she would need to do another ‘test flight.’ Spinel nodded, telling him to fill her holes already.

After a lengthy refueling session that had become another orgy between the engineers that tended her and Spinel (which was by now becoming a regular workday occurrence), Spinel took to the flight. It was easy, her previous life memory allowing her to instinctively guide her body to take off and then soar high up in the sky.

And the pilots inside her was doing a good job moving her around. A sense of pride she could feel. She was a good plane. People liked her, and that was good, right?

But when the display said LOW ON FUEL, Spinel panicked. This was just like that time when she couldn’t move. “Hey! I thought I was properly fueled!”

“Well, about that…” One of the pilot said, his face having an expression of someone who was trying not to laugh while thinking about something funny.

“What?”

“Uhm…the Airlines said you’ll be refueled in mid-air.”

Spinel was about to say something in reply, then stopped. Of course she and her colleagues often joked about the particular way the refueling process was done, and that specific parts attached to the tanker plane: long and thick, obviously phallic-shaped…

“Tanker aircraft approaching from behind, requesting for the refueling process.”

Although Spinel’s airplane head meant that she could no longer turn her heads to see what was on her back, the display visor sent her an image via the camera installed on her back, allowing her to see check what was going on. She gasped. It looked much like her; an aircraft with bouncy breasts on its middle, and having raptor-like bestial clawed legs. And of course, an erect cock and heavy balls that made one wonder why a machine designed to fly in the air would have such ponderous packages.

“Refueling granted. Opening hatch.” Before Spinel could say something, one of the pilots sent the message to the aircraft, which replied the pilot’s confirmation.

“Wha..what do you guys mean by that? How—“

Spinel’s confused words were cut off as she felt something prodding her swollen anus. The touch made her semi-erect cock immediately reach a full mast, making her moan. Her plane body remained on air thanks to the pilots. Just the tip was enough to drive her over the edge.

“Nnghhhhh!”

With how slick her puffy hole was, the thick and long rod shoved right inside her anus. One single swift thrust was all it took was to have her prostate (that somehow got developed inside her body) get plowed repeatedly.

The rod looked much like that of an equine penis, so that it had flared tips and rings in the middle, which added to the heightened stimulation Spinel was receiving. The tanker plane pounded her anus so relentlessly, the pleasure so great that her vision was temporarily blocked, unable to handle all the overloading stimulations.

Spinel kept moaning, her own erect cock bobbing up and down to the rhythm of the thrusts the other plane’s penis. She couldn’t help it. It was truly a novel experience, being fucked while she was flying. Her balls started churn as she felt cum stored there struggled to get out. Too bad there was a giant plug that was blocking her urethra, its length going up to almost half the length of her veiny erect cock…

Not for long, as one particularly savage thrust from the tanker plane was all it took for the plug to go suddenly pop from her cock. And then Spinel came.

Spinel panted heavily. No words came out, only grunts and moans. The pilots laughed as they too realized what was going on. After all, that’s why they flew her to the forested area near the airport, so that there wouldn’t be unfortunate victims who would be splattered by a torrents of cum falling from the sky.

Her cocks bobbed on its own as she was pounded and pounded, her belly heaving out like she was heavily pregnant, expanding to ridiculous degree. While her other plugs were still secured in place, various fluids drizzled out from her slits, adding to the rain that she was making falling down below.

“Hngh…” She could only moan when the pilots said to her that the refueling process was over, which was about 10 minutes. That was too short, she thought.

When she had eventually got back to the airport, she was delighted to find out that there were a dozens of these new tanker planes that had to be tested. And to much of her chagrin that still remained within her after all the recent humiliating experiences, she nodded, already raising her butt high up in the air and wiggling it, while sensuously licking her thick lips with her snake-like forked tongue. Of course she would do it. This was getting better and better. Obeying Ephren had so far made her always feel satisfied.

Today

Inside the hangar bay, a sizable number of people had gathered. On front of them was Spinel, who was in a squatting position that revealed her erect cock and balls, supported by her massive muscled legs sporting wicked claws.

But everyone knew that Spinel was a very obedient aircraft that relished in getting fucked and molested. Ephren was standing near Spinel, wearing a fancy suit like a talk show host getting ready to start his program.

“Ladies and gentlemen, I welcome you to Aesir Airlines’ product show. Our newest model, living aircraft AA-2! A upgrade from the previous version; it’s more intelligent and maneuverable. And it obeys any command given. Now, pee.”

Spinel’s body shivered as she heard the command. She relaxed her bladder. Soon from her cock a yellow stream of urine flowed out while she panted like a dog. The audience laughed at the scene.

She didn’t care. She relished in others gawking at her and be surprised at what she was doing right now. Her gaping holes that were stretched wide enough to admit human being, as well as her sizable curvaceous assets that put thick voluptuous females to shame; her body was a sense of her pride now.

The acrid smell registered on her senses turned Spinel even more, humping her cock by moving her waist vigorously. Some shocked people left the scene, but others watched the scene in morbid fascination, wondering what kind of sorceries were required to turn the promising (and rebellious) draconian pilot into this absurdly sexual freak that was masturbating and peeing in front of them.

“Now, shit.” Like a master giving commands to his dog, Ephren said.

People gasped. Was she really going to do it? Could a ‘plane’ somehow unload its excrement?

But she actually did it. In her squatted position, she held in her stomach, focusing on the feeling of the waste collected within her strangely changed body travelling to her stomach and then to her colon. She felt her anus getting pounded with the thick logs. Then she relaxed her sphincters.

The place was silent except the grunting of Spinel and the messy sound of slurry poops escaping the living aircraft’s protruded anus. The smell was quite…distinctive, almost mesmerizing in some kind of twisted way, making people unable to take their eyes away from the shitting creature.

“Hah…oh…yes…fuck…” Spinel muttered as her entire body heaved. Her cock shot out its cum while she was shitting, the sensation constantly being translated as being too good, almost like she was getting fucked in the ass. And the sheer relief of letting herself go completely was a welcome bonus.

Beneath Spinel layers of shit were collected. Looking at it, Spinel tongue rolled out, covered with her sticky saliva. She glanced at Ephren, who nodded.

What happened after shocked (and made them aroused, as it turned out) the guests. Spinel’s face dived head first into the pile of steaming shit. Her mouth opened, and she relentlessly started devouring her own droppings that came from her anus.

It was tasty. That’s how the bitter and rancid taste was translated inside Spinel’s almost completely corrupted and twisted mind. She didn’t mind her swollen lips getting smeared with cum, nor did she pay particular attention to the way that the thick shit clogged inside her neck, forcing her to reduce the chunks into little bits before she could swallow.

“As you can see, our new aircraft is an eco-friendly and energy-efficient saving model that can convert its own waste back in to fuel!” Ephren enjoyed people’s shocked, confused, and blushing looks. “And there are more to come. Perhaps you would want to get some taste of how her body would feel?”

Even as he spoke, Spinel focused on letting her anus let out as much poop as possible, while forcing most of them unto her mouth, into her hungry stomach that suddenly felt a pang of emptiness that desired to be filled. Of course, since because she was a plane, it was a natural reaction. A plane needed fuel to fly, and shit was her fuel. Her belly gurgled as she felt all the shit she ate being converted to fuel to sustain her. It was a continuous cycle that she could indulge all day.

But as for today’s ‘show,’ there was more than just Spinel consuming her own filth. Her cock and balls were already aching to find some tight holes to ravage. Getting fucked was good, but fucking others was equally pleasant as well. And she knew just whose hole she was going to fuck first. She even told Ephren before.

But first things first, it was time for Spinel to be served her ‘meal.’

Some time later, there were now multiple men and women all naked and surrounding Spinel. Just like the engineers who had tended her before, they were quickly drawn to her soft body. But they were doing more than that. Mostly consisted of wealthy entrepreneurs who had money to indulge in every exotic debauchery that were known to mankind, they didn’t miss a chance when a new one was out of the blue: fucking a living plane.

So these men (and some women) inserted their massively endowed cocks (augmented by some costly surgical procedures) unto Spinel’s various gaping hole. No slit was spared and every hole occupied. Her entire skin they groped and fondled, fucking senselessly.

And one man was even bolder than others. Seeing how Spinel had eagerly ate her own excrement before, he proceeded to go near her mouth. Spinel sensed what was going on. She opened her mouth wide, letting him approach close with their butt. Then he placed unto her butt in the tip of her mouth, using her lips like a toilet seat. Then he grunted.

Which was what exactly Spinel was waiting for; fresh batch of shit rolled down unto her mouth, then to her gullet. It was as tasty as her own. The smell was suffocating, adding to the extreme pleasure her changed perception came to crave. Her cock immediately stood up, slapping on her stomach.

While he was keep emptying his bowels, Spinel made sure to lick his asshole thoroughly, savoring to the last drop. When he left with a satisfied look on his face, another men quickly came, intent to not to miss the chance of shitting on a willing, gigantic creature with a soft long tongue.

Soon the rest of the people gathered found her other slits to shit. Most popular was her mouth-slits located on her second pair of breasts. The tongues there rolled out greedily, anticipating what was to come. And the men and women lost no time in piling their shit inside Spinel’s breasts, which was then rapidly converted into fuel for her machine body.

Ingesting so much shit made her belly gurgle. Now Spinel herself could add to a new load of excrement to eat. Her anus bulged out even more as something sprouted from the gaping orifice. Her excrement soon dropped to the ground, making a large splattering sound. Shitting now felt so natural for her. If she relaxed her sphincter muscles a little and applied a little pressure to her stomach, shit easily dropped out from her ass.

“Are you ready to give these people a final show before the day ends?”

When Ephren spoke, Spinel nodded, her eyes twinkling like a puppy who has just been given a treat by its master. Finally, she could get her toy that her master promised.

When Arfel was forcibly dragged unto the hangar bay, she gasped as she saw what had become of her colleague. She hoped that Spinel would at least recognize her…

She did, in fact. But not in the way Arfel had hoped. The living aircraft with a dazed expression smiled upon seeing the vixen.

Arfel screamed as she was grabbed the men, who approached towards Spinel’s gaping anus. It was covered in shit, and the terrible smell made Arfel gag and form tears on her eyes.

“No, no! Please! Spinel! No!! Pleas—NO!!!” Her screams were cut short as she was thrown into the anus, being met with the torrents of shit that Spinel had let it slide starting from her belly. Arfel was forced to swallow extreme amount of shit if she wanted to live. And the direct dosage of living aircraft’s undiluted filth, aided by multiple more adjustments Spinel’s body had gone through, rapidly accelerated the transformation on the fox’s body.

Inside her huge cavernous butt, Arfel was tossed and turned, her body taking a same silvery soft surface, her ass and breasts expanding.

While all this was happening, Spinel was delighted to be presented with several more pilots that she once knew. One was moaning lustfully as she was getting shoved by Spinel’s huge cock, a reenactment of the refueling process that Spinel had experienced few days ago. Some were visible only through the silhouettes of arms and legs struggling inside Spinel’s four breasts, which contained one pilot or two inside each. In there they were getting doused with Spinel’s milk, pussy juice and saliva, making sure they would show similar signs of transformations that had undergone by the draconian.

While all this was happening, Spinel’s navel pussy was currently being impaled on the largest hose that was available inside the airport, making sure she would get the necessary fuel to sustain the multiple transformation process going all at once.

The screams and moans of the pilots around her and inside her was a delightful music to Spinel’s ears. She felt content. Instead of a boring and tiring job, she now got to be a cool living aircraft that could fly and turn others just like her. She couldn’t wait to be fucked by other aircrafts that would’ve been former pilots. The thought made her cum, and the pilots inside and being fucked by her with drenched with her liquid, speeding up the transformation.

She now really loved her job.