

Space Melons Part 1

Zara huffed and wiped the sweat from her brow. A vast expanse of space stretched overhead with countless stars. Combined with the alien landscape, it was a stunning sight to behold despite her tiredness. Even within her silvery space suit, the humidity was obnoxious.

Removing a communicator from her belt, she spoke into a small receiver. “Captain Zara to transport, do you read me? Captain Zara to transport.”

Static came through until a voice broke the noise. “Loud and clear, Captain! Got a lock on your location. Ready to come home?”

Zara looked around her feet. A pile of melons waited there, freshly plucked from the alien vegetation. Normally it would be a scout’s duty to collect the tasty treats, but Zara enjoyed the mundane work as a break from the relentless captaining of her massive vessel.

Proud of her gathering, she stooped down to take a melon in her arms. Its dark green color stood out against the pale blue of her skin. Standing only four feet tall, gathering the sizable fruits had been no easy task. Zara’s lithe, twiggy body was begging for a warm bath.

“Beam me up!” she commanded.

“Roger, roger!”

She clicked the communicator to her belt. It wouldn’t be long before the familiar tickle of the ship’s transporter caressed her body.

ZZZZZZZ

The air around her crackled. Zara’s hair stood on end as gentle curls of current spiked from her pointed ears.

“Wait...”

She looked down, seeing waves of transparency flowing over her body.

ZZZZZZZ

“Wait! Shit!”

Something was wrong.

Frantic, she grabbed for her communicator. “*Zara to transport!! Cancel! Cancel the teleport!*”

Static garbled their response. “Wh--... --eaking--... --aptain Za--”

ZZZZZZ!!!

Her body trembled with energy. Knowing moving from her pinpointed location meant certain doom, Zara could only wait as the transporter struggled to beam her to the ship. Her free hand absentmindedly clawed at the melon with her fear.

“Turn it off!!! Turn off the--”

KZZZP!!!

The alien world flashed away in an instant.

KSHP!!

KSHP!!

An instant later, Zara was looking at the transport deck of her ship. Golden sparks showered around her from failing components within the chamber. She raised her hands to shield herself.

SPLAT!!

SPLAT!!!

SPLAT!!!

SPLAT!!!

SPLAT!!!

“Turn it off!!” she yelled over the sounds of melons exploding upon teleportation. “Shut it down!!”

Several crew members raced to an emergency power switch beneath a console. A low hum filled the deck when the chamber powered down. Sparks died away, leaving the area in dim backup illumination. Zara leaned against a glass wall trying to catch her breath.

The deck manager rushed to her aid. “Captain! Captain, are you alright?? Somebody get a medic!”

“I’m... I’m fine...” Zara panted. “There’s no need for medical attention... I’m all in one piece.”

Her feet squished in a puddle of broken melons. Their green juices littered the transport chamber in a sticky coating. “Dammit...” she sighed, seeing the fruits of her labor go to waste. “Get someone in here to clean this up, and then I want this transporter inspected top to bottom. We can’t afford--” Zara trailed off.

“M...Ma-am? Is something the matter?”

The captain’s eyes moved around the chamber, counting the mounds of exploded fruit. “There are only five melons...”

“Ma-am?”

“I had six. I-I was holding one when I was transported!” Frantic, she looked around, hoping it could be located. “Where is it?? Where is the--”

GUUUURGLE

“Nnngh!!” Zara doubled over. Hugging her chest, she began sweating when a dense pressure caused her small breasts to flush with heat.

“Captain?? What’s wrong??”

GUUUUUURGLE

“Nngh... Ah!” She gasped for breath as her crew crowded around. Beneath her suit, she could feel her breasts trembling. “I... I-I think I know where the sixth melon went...”

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!

Everyone heard the sound of churning fluid this time. The entire transport deck's attention shot toward Zara's bust as she struggled to breathe.

"Captain...? Are you--"

GUUUUUURGLE!!!

"*Nngh!!!*" Overwhelmed by strange sensations, Zara stumbled against a wall.

The deck fell silent when they saw two supple mounds tenting her suit. Always so petite, the sizable assets dominated Zara's figure as they more than quadrupled their original mostly flat volume.

"*I-It fused with me!! The melon's DNA! I-It's making my breasts--*"

GUUUUUURGLE!!

"*Ah!! Dear Trogdor!! I think it's making me--*"

STRRRRTCH!!!

Most backed away when her mammaries surged outward. Swelling rapidly, they rivaled the size of her head. Such globes protruded from her torso with outlandish prominence. Rapid breaths brought them to wobble, rubbing against the inside of her tightening suit. Every inch of their swollen curves could be seen in vivid detail.

"*Captain!! Your breasts are growing!*"

Zara ground her teeth and dared to cradle her engorging bust in one arm. "*T-Thank you, cadet! I can see that!*"

Their weight was becoming troublesome. Distended and dense, Zara felt as though she were carrying two milk jugs strapped to her chest. Stress wrinkles pulled across her suit as it approached its limit. Although stretchy, it was not designed for such an endowment on such a tiny creature.

GUUUUUURGLE!!

Her eyes widened when she felt her skin vibrate against her fingertips. Fluid churned deep within her bust. "Oh no."

GUUUUUURGLE!!!

"*Oh no!!! Nnngh!!! Leira! G-Get the ship's head of maternity!!*"

The officer stared in confusion. "Maternity, Ma-am?? Wouldn't you prefer a doctor or--"

GUUUUUURGLE!!!!

"*Ahh!! No! No!! I-I think I'm going to need a pum--MMMGGH!!!!*"

All fell silent when Zara released a sexual moan. None had ever witnessed such a reaction from their captain. Seeing her blush with arousal and pant helplessly in heat left them stupefied.

STRRRRTCH!!

"*My... M-My breasts...*"

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

Flesh heaved on Zara's front. Seeing her chest bloat like two balloons was overwhelming as they stretched below her ribs. Their bottom curves would soon grace her belly button.

STRRRRTCH!!!

"Mmmngh!!! M-My suit...! It's too small!!! A-And I'm... I'm not big enough for these!!!"

All eyes were on the captain when a trembling hand grasped her straining collar. It pulled down, revealing the stuffed cleavage below.

"C...C-Captain... Your--" someone whispered.

GUUUURGLE!

Her skin stretched. Pressure rose. Against the drum-tight suit, all could see Zara's throbbing nipples puffing larger with angry vigor.

"Too...hot!!! They're too...FULL!! That melon DNA... It's... What is happening to me?!"

STRRRRTCH!!!

Her suit strained. Stitches popped. Her neckline dove to reveal a vast expanse of taut flesh.

"C-C-Captain!!!"

"Yes, what?? What?! I realize my breasts are--"

"Your skin is turning green!!!"

The statement made her breath catch in her throat. Looking down with weary eyes, Zara gazed upon her cleavage. Once a pale blue, her breasts now wobbled and shined with a rich green hue. It spread from their bases, darkening as it encroached down her breasts and into her cleavage.

GUUUUUURGLE!!!!

She watched her skin stretch. Something sloshed within. *"Augh!!! This... T-This is..."* Zara couldn't think straight. *"I-I-I think I'm filling up!!!"*

SPLRRRTCH!!!

"MMMGGH!!!"

Green fluid soaked through her suit to match the location of her nipples. They quivered against the wet fabric, spraying jets of syrupy fluid onto the floor.

SHRRRIIP!!!

"I-It can't...hold me!!!" she gasped. Legs ready to buckle under their weight, Zara grabbed the bottoms of her breasts as they rubbed against her stomach. She appeared extremely pregnant as the majority of their mass congregated at her abdomen as large teardrops.

SHHRRRIIIIP!!!

Tears opened like fireworks. Green flesh appeared through every slit. Her crew could only stare at the mystifying sight.

"T-They're filling up!!! My breasts...are turning into..." She squeaked, unable to say it aloud.

Another woman said it for her, pointing with an aghast expression. “*They’re turning into melons!!!*”

GUUUURGLE!!!

Zara’s eyes widened as they began firming. Her skin tensed. Their shapes rounded out, her nipples lifting upward.

“*The pressure!!! I-I can’t...hold the PRESSURE!!*” Rubbing their sides, she struggled for air under a blanket of immense pleasure and strain. “*T-They’re gonna blow!! My MELONS ARE GONNA BLOW!! MY SUIT IS TOO TIGHT!!*”

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

“*Mmmmgh!!! MMMMMMGH!!!! S-SOMEBODY GET THIS DAMN SUIT OFF ME BEFORE I--*”

SHRRRIIIIIIP!!!!

SPLRRRRRTCH!!!!

Their size proved too great. Tearing her suit apart, two gargantuan knockers half her size exploded from their prison. The release brought Zara to the ground, landing among the piles of melons. Her breasts overflowed her lap. Dark green, they shone alien in the chamber’s light against her blue skin. Streaks cast down their curves like watermelon stripes, pulsing with every heartbeat. Though out of sight, she could sense her nipples were ready to blow. Swollen to the point of aching, her areolas had domed outward like corks ready to pop.

“*I... I-I... Mmmmgh!!!*” Zara squirmed, clenching her hands into fists.

GUUUUUURGLE!!!!

Her skin tightened, rounding her breasts. Pressure was moving through her mammaries and assaulting her areolas. Sudden panic gripped her and she scrambled to cover her nipples with her palms.

“*MMMMMGH!!!! G-G-GET AWAY!!!*” she yelled at all the female crew present. “*GET AWAY FROM MY--*”

SPLRRRRRCH!!!!

It came on too fast. In a wave of enormous engorgement, Zara’s breasts released a shower of thick green fluid upon her crew. The letdown relieved most of her pressure, though even when her eruption reduced to a trickle, her size remained lap-filling.

Tired, she looked upon the drenched crowd in the transport deck. Several men who had borne the brunt were wiping themselves clean, but Zara wasn’t concerned about them; she was more focused on the several women with flushed cheeks and over-erect nipples jutting into their suits.

“*Oh no.*”

To be continued