

Pleasure Cruise

Written by Dan Standing for his [Patreon](#)

Individual Chapters are available to all [Patrons](#)
multiple times a month.

\$5+ [Patrons](#) Receive Collected PDFs with each update

\$10+ [Patrons](#) Can Submit Suggestions for
Transformations

Please help support transformation stories and comics by
joining our Patreon!

<https://www.patreon.com/dSreDUX>

Chapter 1

Part I - Day One

It wasn't publicly known when the first invitation was received, but everyone knew when the *last* invitation had been delivered. No one who received the mysterious invitations had been willing to share the exact wording, but the same basic information had leaked from multiple sources; a free pleasure cruise only for those who identified as female. And ONLY by invite. Many acknowledged that there was some sort of clause, something they had to agree to when RSVPing, but the most detail any would give was that it sounded like - at the worst - an *interesting* proposal.

Carina and Tiara were two women who never got an invite. No one knew what other qualifiers there were for some to be invited and some not, aside from identifying as female. Carina had accepted that, as petty thieves squatting in an abandoned factory, there was really no surprise as to why they hadn't found one of the practically supernatural invites.

Tiara was much angrier as the leaked date of departure grew closer - she considered it classism. An unacceptable snub to the situation she believed life, and

not Carina and Tiara's own choices, had wholly placed the pair in. And while Carina admitted some truth to Tiara's argument she could also reflect on all the other paths she could have taken before landing where she was.

Then, on the morning of the pleasure cruises' expected embarkment and cast off, Tiara's anger turned to action.

"We're going to sneak on and rob the fuck out of that ship and everyone on it," Tiara announced, laying out her plan for getting onto the recently docked *Mestra*. Carina was hesitant - there was no announced *return* date so there was no way of knowing how long their subterfuge would have to last - but ultimately she decided it couldn't hurt to make one more decision down this path.

Arriving at the port before the sun turned night into dawn Carina was blown away by the size of the *Mestra*. She counted at least twelve, if not more, decks of the ship rising out of the water. It had to be well over three hundred yards from end to end. Carina's confidence about being able to hide on such a massive vessel started to rise.

The pair stripped down to the bathing suits they'd put on under their black shirts and pants. The plan was to swim to one of the massive anchor points, scale the chain, and then pretend to be on the way to one of the ship's pools, hoping that would be enough of an excuse to not have on them whatever ID was expected.

As her partner in crime stripped down Carina could not keep herself from admiring Tiara's lithe form. Tiara's body was well toned, but her arms and legs retained their slim profile. Tiara was only a few inches over five feet tall, but no one had ever told her breasts to keep to that scale. Under the red bikini top Tiara's hefty boobs jiggled and swung, their weight fighting the knots that kept her finger-thick nipples covered. Carina had often imagined how easily her own hands would have been overwhelmed by the flesh of Tiara's chest. Tiara pushed aside a shoulder-length brunette lock from her face and prepared to jump in the water, casting a glance at Carina indicating that the gawking woman should hurry up.

Carina was wearing a one-piece blue bathing suit under her burgling outfit, which hugged her taunted stomach and chest. Breasts merely half of what Tiara sported were squashed under the material, which looked smaller to scale to Carina's nearly six-foot height. She

had no issue with her short blonde bob cut hair, and kicked her sneakers off her surprisingly petite feet.

Together the pair leapt into the ocean and began their plan. Much to Carina's shock it appeared to be successful, as the duo reached the first open deck of the ship, swung their legs over, and immediately passed out as their feet touched the deck of the ship.

Carina had no idea how much time had passed as she slowly regained consciousness. Her muscles were turgid and ached as she slowly pushed herself up from the chaise lounge she'd awoken on. Blinking and trying to clear her foggy mind she heard a groan to her right, and looked over to see Tiara waking up upon a similar lounge. Looking down at herself Carina confirmed they were both still dressed in their bathing suits.

As her vision sharpened Carina took in more and more of where she was. It was some sort of office with a stark white decor. A large desk sat before them with an even larger leather chair behind it. The broad chair was facing away from them, looking out through enormous windows that revealed nothing but miles upon miles of open ocean.

They were on the ship, and it was underway!

“What the fuck happened? Where are we?” Tiara finally muttered. Carina looked over to see Tiara trying to get up from the lounge, but it was clear that the same heaviness that Carina could feel laying over her muscles was also keeping Tiara in place.

“You are on the *Mestra*. Our security system detected your unregistered DNA when you boarded,” came a female voice from the other side of the chair. Slowly it rotated to reveal a woman dressed in a captain’s uniform. She was beautiful, her features perfectly shaped upon her lightly tanned face. Strawberry hair ran out from under her captain’s hat in waves down to her chest. As Carina followed those lovely red locks she noticed something about the woman’s jacket - it had four arms! They lead to four hands in white gloves, two with fingers interlocked under her chin, two others folded on the desk.

“You could have left us there! We haven’t done anything! You can’t kidnap us! Take us back!” Tiara hissed. Carina tried to give Tiara a look to shut up, but she was still moving too slowly to do so.

“You prefer incarceration on land to what I have to offer here? Your obstinance is amusing, but I’m afraid you’ll find that the technology which allows us to make this trip so very unique also means we are well aware of

why you boarded,” the woman smiled. She rose from her chair and Carina realized that only now Tiara was noticing the four arms.

“Who are you?” Carina asked with as much respect as she could.

“Oh, well, thank you for asking. I’m Captain Daphne. I’m not the one who chartered the ship, but I am the one making most of the decisions. And what to do about stowaways is completely my domain. Tell me, what do you really know about the voyage you’ve illegally cast yourselves upon?” Captain Daphne strutted around to the front of her desk, white heeled leather boots clicking on the floor, and then leaned back, all four arms crossing her captain’s jacket.

“I know we should have been invited! We need a free cruise more than all the people invited who can afford one!” Tiara hissed.

“Hmm, maybe. Sadly I’m not the one who was in charge of the invitations. Let me cut to the chase. The *Mestra* was chartered for a very special pleasure cruise, a *literal* pleasure cruise. Anyone who RSVPed had to be willing to be, well, *willing* to be open to wanton sex and pleasure. Certainly all consensual, *no* means *No* here no matter what waters we’re in, but we encourage all our

guests to be open to options and indulge in sexual pleasures wherever, whenever, and however the mood finds them.”

“Why do you have four arms?” Carina could not help herself to ask.

“Well, the answer to that is not unrelated to what next I have to explain. You see, the trip isn’t entirely free. Anyone who wanted to join this voyage had to sign a special waiver saying that they consented to having bodily alterations happen to them any time or place on the ship, so long as it was guaranteed they’d enjoy those changes. I can’t explain the technology - if it *is* technology - but I can speak from experience that it can look into your deepest desires and grant you something amazing you may not have even been able to fully comprehend your desire for having before experiencing it.”

As she spoke Captain Daphne flexed her four arms to illustrate that she was especially pleased to have them.

“It’s this wonderful process that not only alerted us to your presence, but also the intentions you had for being here,” the Captain smiled. She broke from her recline against the desk and began walking back around

it, her lower left hand tracing the edge of the wood, her upper right hand scratching under her hat, and the other two hands waving at Tiara and Carina. “And so now it is up to me to decide what to do with you. Traditionally we’d throw stowaways in the brig, but the access I have to the alteration process means I can craft some *personalized* brigs for the pair of you...”

As Captain Daphne spoke Carina could feel a tingle in her toes. She looked down to see that her toenails had taken on a silvery tone. She cocked her head and raised an eyebrow, knowing that no such polish had been applied before Carina left for the *Mestra*. But as she looked Carina saw the coloration spread - it was moving into her toes and along her feet towards her ankles! Instinctively Carina tried to flex her feet but found them completely stiff and unresponsive.

A cursing gasp from her right pulled Carina’s attention, and she could see a similar thing happening to Tiara’s feet, although they were turning to gold! Slowly the metal alterations continued around their ankles and up into their calves, each woman’s legs feeling heavier and heavier.

“What the fuck, you can’t do this to us!” Tiara exclaimed.

“I really can, but I don’t want to,” Captain Daphne mused, returning to her seat, “You see, I’d rather make a deal with you. As the *Mestra*’s captain it is my job to make sure my guests are having the best possible time. And we have a long journey ahead of us and I’m in need of amusement. So I’d like to arrange a little competition between the pair of you, one that would also give me some insight into how the women who are *supposed* to be here are enjoying the unique amenities.”

The metal alterations were already midway up Carina’s thighs, and she was certainly trapped by her own weight and immobility atop the lounge.

“Yes, yes, sure!” Carina exclaimed.

“What do you want, you bitch?!” Tiara shouted.

“Well, my proposal is this. I’m going to grant each of you nice thick rubber dildos to replace your pussies. I assure you they’ll be quite pleasurable, but it isn’t your pleasure I’m interested in. Every twelve hours you’ll have to find a passenger willing to experience your new appendages. Whoever’s partner experiences the most pleasure will earn one of you a point for that period, as well as tell me how their experience is going. At the end of the journey the winner will be allowed to

leave the *Mestra*, while the loser will find herself a gold or silver addition to our gallery. Do we have a deal?"

"Yes, yes!" Carina exclaimed. The wave of cold dull silver had claimed her pussy and ass and was moving up her stomach. Tiara cast her partner a dirty look.

"Don't agree to anything! We're under duress!"

"Just suck up your ego and agree," Carina pleaded as she watched the gold travelling closer and closer to Tiara's enormous breasts.

"Fuck, you're weak. I could have gotten so much further with out you holding me back," Tiara hissed, "Fine, I agree to your fucking game."

"Excellent," Captain Daphne laughed, clapping all four hands together. Instantly Carina felt her lower body begin to lighten, the silver flowing back down her body and relaxing her muscles and flesh. It ended on her toenails which then faded back to their light pink.

Carina now felt something else growing heavier and tighter. She could feel her clit pulsing. Her breathing began to increase as she felt her little nub stretching and growing with each beat of her heart. Underneath her swimsuit Carina's lower lips were being parted as the

bundle of nerves which was once barely half-a-centimeter in size ballooned past twice its original size.

After only a few seconds Carina gasped as she felt her expanding clit grow beyond the recesses of her pussy and push its tip into the fabric of her bathing suit. Her eyes widened more and more as the circumference of the lump under the blue material did the same, first as wide as a dime, then a nickel, next a quarter. As it spread out to the width of a golf ball it had also grown over an inch beyond the crest of her labia.

And the whole time her expanding clitty was only getting more and more sensitive. As the pressure against the bathing suit's lower liner increased Carina's belly began to warm from the erotic contact. The stiffening nub - no, *shaft* at this point - was being shoved backwards against Carina's pelvis. She couldn't take it any longer and threw down her hand to pull aside the restrictive material.

Out popped what was unmistakably the head of a rubber dildo. It had a generic phallic shape, but was in now way anatomically correct. Free from the restriction the shaft's growth appeared to increased, pushing out to five inches long and two inches in width.

A moan from Tiara captured Carina's attention once more, and she looked over to see that her partner had pushed her bikini bottoms down to her mid thigh, freeing a rubber dong identical to Carina's in every way except for the color - Tiara's was red.

Carina's attention was captured by Tiara's altering anatomy. She wanted to find what was happening to them disgusting. Appalling. Unforgivable. But instead she only found herself *incredibly* horny. And Carina knew this wasn't some fresh addition to her mind. For ages she'd wanted to fuck Tiara. To slip inside of her and find an unknowable intimacy. And finally Carina had the equipment to do so.

Turning back to said equipment Carina let out a little "Oh!" as she saw how much it had grown as she watched Tiara. Her attached dildo was now nearly ten inches long and probably three inches thick. Carina doubted she would have been able to fit such a thing in her pussy - *her pussy!* Looking down Carina could see that her labia remained beyond her mons, completely encircling the rubber shaft that had grown in. In fact, it looked and felt as if the enhanced clit had grown over and plugged up any access to Carina's pleasure hole.

"There, that should about do it..." Captain Daphne announced, and Carina did indeed feel the

sensation of growth slowing to a stop. Her long blue dildo relaxed slightly, but remained long and stiff and erect in the air, bobbing gently above her thighs. Tiara's red shaft did the same. Carina could feel some of the heaviness lift from her muscles, regaining much of her mobility.

As the same happened to Tiara the brunette leapt up from the lounge as quickly as she could, clearly with the intent to attack the captain. But as she did so Carina saw Tiara's body suddenly lock up. Her mouth opened and her eyes rolled back and Tiara fell to her knees, a long guttural moan oozing out of her. A spray of red cum erupted from the tip of Tiara's dong.

"What...what is happening to her?" Carina whispered.

"One of the many fail safes on the *Mestra*," Captain Daphne said with a grin as she stood up. She had in her hands two plastic cards with RFID chips embedded in them. The cards were on lanyards, and she handed one to Carina as the captain came around her desk once more. "Anyone who intends to cause real unwanted pain to another person on this ship is incapacitated by a massive orgasm until the impulse leaves them."

Tiara was swaying back and forth on her knees as she continued to cum, a puddle of thick red fluid beginning to pool around her. The captain placed the second lanyard around Tiara's head with a little smug flourish.

"There, she'll have it when she comes out of it. Maybe we should leave so she calms down. I have rounds to do anyway, and you should go find your stateroom and introduce yourself to your new roomie," Captain Dahne continued, ushering Carina out of the office.

"You mean Tiara and I aren't rooming together?" Carina objected as she found herself out in the ship's hallway. Wood paneled walls ran as far as the eye could see in either direction, and a red carpet with stiff short bristles made itself known under Carina's feet.

"Should you later decide to make those arrangements certainly feel free, but since you are now competitors I thought it best to give you each some space with people who were interested in having company. I recommend you go introduce yourself and settle in. I won't start your first scored sessions until after noon today," Captain Daphne elaborated on as she turned and began to walk away from Carina. Over her shoulder she pointed with her upper left hand back at Carina and

added, “You’re in 4130, the elevators are back that way!”

And with that the captain turned a corner and was out of sight.

Carina just stood for a moment in the hallway, the first time she’d been alone to really process everything that had happened. She took a deep breath and looked down over the swimsuit-packed hills of her chest. Beyond them she could see the long rubber cock extending out beyond her thighs. There was a mild ache to it, a light sense of *need* that Carina recognized as low level horniness.

A deep warm blush passed over Carina’s skin as she realized she was, essentially, standing in a public hallway with her crotch exposed. Briefly Carina thought she could slip the shaft back into the bottom of her bathing suit. But it wasn’t the pure restrictions of space and physics that stopped her. As Carina laid her hand on the length of her expanded clit a warm shiver ran through her. Carina popped up onto the balls of her feet and her stomach spasmed.

It had felt like someone had pinched her clit, which essentially she had. What had been a low level of arousal had suddenly spiked now. Carina could feel all

the internal aspects of her pussy, the parts well plugged up behind her knew false phallus, wip aflame. Some of her juices began to leak around her labia and dribble down the blue length.

“Ahhhhh...not doing that again,” Carina shuddered. She could feel the little rivulettes of liquid trickling across the surface of her cock, a little line of tickle that then cooled as they dried. It was clear that if she wanted to hide herself away she needed to get to room 4130. Carina took a few steps like she normally would have but had to stop again. Her unbound gait was now causing her dick to wobble around. Not only was it knocking against her thighs - causing more arousing shivers - but the base of it was swinging in and out of the canal of her pussy.

Every step was causing Carina to slightly fuck herself.

Leaning against the wall and letting another blush wash over her and abate Carina resume her walk to the elevators with slower, more intentional steps. The self-penetration was lighter and more bearable, and with a little bowing of her legs she could avoid the slapping to her thighs.

A few paces later Carina arrived at a lobby with four golden-adorned elevators which connected the hallway she'd come down with another on the opposite side of the ship. A staircase also met its landing at this lobby. Carina learned that she was on the 12th floor. Stabbing the down button she nervously waited, hoping no one was coming up the elevator she had summoned.

A *ding!* from behind alerted Carina that the elevator she had planted herself in front of was not the one which had arrived. Turning around she could hear giggling emanating from the opening doors. As they slid apart and revealed the passengers Carina saw a pair of young women in light flowery sundresses laughing and holding onto each other. With their free hands they each carried some sort of tropical beverage. Based on their staggering Carina guessed the drinks were alcoholic.

Carina watched silently as the pair exited the elevator. For a moment she thought neither would notice her, as their attention was squarely on each other. But just as they were about to exit the lobby both cast their eyes on Carina.

Specifically on her crotch.

Both women smiled, winked, and licked their lips...and then turned back to each other and walked off

into the far hallway. But just as they disappeared behind the wall Carina saw that one of them had a monkey tail slipping out from the bottom of their dress. It waved to her before being pulled out of sight.

So taken aback by what she had just witnessed was Carina that she hadn't yet moved towards the elevator. Only as she heard the doors start to slide shut again did she realize she was about to miss her ride. Without thinking she bound across the lobby for the elevator and leapt through the closing doors - the whole way her plastic penis swinging around inside and out of her. As the doors closed Carina collapsed against the wall, her body sweaty and her heart beating rapidly. She took deep breaths as she tried to get control over the horny haywire she'd just thrown herself into.

And it was another moment before she realized the elevator wasn't moving. Carina weakly reached out and hit the button for the 4th floor.

A few seconds later another *ding!* welcomed the flushed woman to her floor. Meekly stepping out Carina didn't see anyone around, and looking to the signs on the wall found which way to go to reach her stateroom. A few careful steps later she'd arrived at 4130, swiped her card, and opened the door.

“Oh, hi roomie!”

Part II - Neome Arrives

Neome took a deep breath as she looked up past the port processing building at the enormous ship docked behind it. The *Mestra* was immense and striking. Neome's social media popularity had allowed her to experience many adventures she'd never expected, but taking a cruise was one she hadn't yet experienced. A warm Florida breeze tried to knock her large sun hat from atop her head, and Neome casually put up a hand to hold it down on her light brunette locks.

She was standing at the curb of the drop-off zone as the driver of her rideshare passed off her largest suitcase to one of the porters standing by. It was only when the handle of her carry-on luggage was pressed into her hand that Neome came back down to Earth. She thanked the driver, gave him a hefty tip through the phone app, and then fell into the line of people making their way inside the receiving building.

The flip flops on Neome's delicate feet clipped and clapped with each step as she patiently moved through the line checking everyone's invitation-tickets and passports. Neome was taking the time to take in who was around her. There were so many people, many of which of course Neome didn't know or recognize. But here and there she could see other influencers like

herself or more famous, some actresses she'd certainly seen on TV and film, and even some singers. Despite the stardom of some of the women in line everyone appeared to keep it together and play it very cool.

That was very hard for Neome. Her innocent exuberance, her excitability, her bubbly passion for any experience, was part of what made her social streams take off.

The other part was, of course, the size of the outfits she wore.

At the moment Neome was wearing up top a bright yellow bikini top that purposefully perked up her perfect baseball-sized breasts. Around her hips was the matching cheeky brief bikini bottom which covered far more skin than the usual thongs she sported. That she was wearing a slightly gossamer sarong over that meant Neome was practically over dressed.

It wasn't long before her ticket had been inspected, her passport confirmed, her bag x-rayed, her phone checked and locked away, and her room key lanyard issued. Normally the room key would also act as the de facto charge card to purchase alcoholic drinks, fancy dining experiences, or items from the shop, but the woman behind the counter explained that *everything* on

the ship was fully covered and available for consumption and use - the card was swiped only to help track stock and availability.

Neome's heart was aflutter as she rolled her suitcase up the gangplank and stepped onto the red carpet of the ship. There was a unique scent in the air, like a new car but pleasantly muskier. She wanted to drop her bag off at the room as quickly as possible and begin to explore the ship and checked the little paper she'd received with the lanyard - Stateroom 4130.

The room was small but well laid out. A little bathroom with sink, shower, and toilet was directly to the left when Neome entered, and across from it were a couple closets. Stepping beyond that short hallway entry brought Neome to the stateroom itself. Two twin beds a loveseat and a table were to Neome's left. A tiny desk, which housed a minifridge, and a wall-mounted TV were along the right side wall. Beyond the beds was a large window that looked out over one of the lower decks. Beyond that were the islands that ran alongside Port Everglades and the open ocean itself. Neome's other bag had not been delivered yet, so she rested her smaller suitcase next to the bed closest to the window and decided she wanted to go out and explore.

According to the map of the ship by the elevators the pool was on something called the Lido Deck, which was a few floors above the 4th. Neome rode the elevator up all atwitter with excitement, bouncing lightly on her toes to expend *some* energy and lightly bouncing her breasts. She burst forth from the elevator as soon as the doors started to open and was greeted by the most wonderful scents of food. Walking out of the elevator lobby on the Lido Deck level she found the immense nearly ship-long food bar to her left, and the Lido's pool out a pair of automatic sliding doors to her right towards the ship's bow.

Strolling onto the deck of the pool Neome was greeted by a small high-top bar, and beyond that was an impressively sized pool that had its own swim-up bar. Lounge chairs made of brown plastic rattan encircled the pool, with tables and chairs set up along the exterior of the deck. Neome bit her lip as she looked out over the dozen or so of beautiful women who had already arrived to swim or tan.

And some were doing either of those activities in little to no clothing. Neome felt herself blush as her eyes danced across some much lovely-

Feeling a flame start to stoke between her legs Neome needed to gather herself. She turned and slid onto

one of the chairs at the bar and looked around for a bartender. Instead of a person a rounded white pillar just short of five feet tall rolled over to the surprised woman, little rubber wheels concealed under its base. The top of the white plastic pillar was smoothly rounded and it resembled, to Neome, a large vibrator. Across the flat surface a screen blinked on displaying only a ?.

“Ah, um, a pina colada? Please?” Neome asked haltingly.

The screen switched to display a picture of a pina colada, and then a picture of the keycard popped up.

“Oh! Of course,” Neome blathered, struggling for a second to grab the plastic resting atop her chest. She swiped the card, a thumbs up appeared, and two small arms popped out of the machine’s sides to begin grabbing and mixing ingredients. As she watched Neome tried to recall if she’d seen *any* staff on the *Mestra* since she’d boarded and couldn’t recall any. With a cheery sounding *ding!* the automaton placed a perfect pina colada in front of Neome, flashed a ;) emoji across its screen, and then rolled back into the spot it had first activated from.

“Uh, thanks!”

Neome picked up her drink and sipped at the straw, revelling in the sweet burn. Maybe with this she could calm her nerves. She turned back around just in time to see a woman with especially large and full breasts pull off her top. Neome sat transfixed as she watched the wondrous balls of pleasure roll out from the built-in cups of the discarded bathing suit top and bounce atop nicely tanned ribs, wobbling and wobbling as she reached down to grab some suntan lotion.

Feeling her body react to the sight Neome bounced up from the bar and quickly clip-clopped away. She spotted a set of stairs leading up to an overhanging balcony and she followed it. Finding herself alone at the raised vantage point Neome took a long sip of her drink and rested against the railing. It wasn't that she didn't *want* to take in all the sexiness in and around the pool below, it was just that being so close to it, so near to interacting with it, jumbled Neome's mind as to how she should react to it. She was much more comfortable people-watching from a floor above.

She felt silly. She'd certainly looked at plenty of topless and nude women - and men - on her phone. Neome was secretly pledged to more than one 18+ fan image feed of a few people she followed - and even knew - through social media. But that was a lone experience, no one was looking back at her. No one was

wondering or asking why *she* didn't have the same offering to her fans.

Neome looked down at the topless and nude sunbathers with jealousy. Not envious of the size or shape of any breasts compared to hers - she was quite satisfied with her soft handfuls. No, Neome was jealous of their courage to strip down and put themselves on display. Every time Neome tried to take that step some little doubting voice in the back of her mind found some excuse for why she shouldn't, that it was wrong or desperate or embarrassing or some other societal pressure. Deep down Neome knew that she'd held up her feed's terms of services as the reason why string bikinis and thongs were as far as she'd gone, when there was so much more going on inside her that was holding back the simple acting of undoing a knot and letting gravity do the rest.

She took another long straw suck of her pina colada.

It was at this moment a thought entered Neome's mind. Now it fully came from within her and had not found its way from any other source. But what was unusual was that this deep-welled statement didn't stop at her inner-monologue but actually escaped her mouth.

“I want more reasons to show off my tits!”

Neome’s eyebrows raised as she realized she’d spoken that outloud. She touched her fingers to her lips in surprise, and then looked to the drink in her hand.

“This must be stronger than I realized.”

Despite that thought Neome shrugged and took another long sip, shivering as the melting mix sent a strong shot of rum hit her tongue. The liquor sent a pleasant burn through her chest. Neome took a deep breath and sighed.

And then Neome realized there was another sensation lingering upon her chest aside from the taste of rum. Her breasts and the surface of her ribs were tingling, not quite an itch and not quite a tickle. There was a tightness, but also a soft cushiony aspect.

Neome looked down at her breasts, lifted up by the cups of the bikini top, and gasped as she saw their bulges push upwards. At first she thought the sight was simply from taking a breath, but as she exhaled they didn’t descend back to their previous curve. Instead they continued to expand upwards, like rising bread! The sensation of her top getting tighter, the strings pulling

against her shoulders and back, confirmed that something more was going on.

And that something more was not just acting on her boobs. Neome sent her hands to four other new sensations forming on her ribs. There her fingers found four soft nubs swelling up from her skin - four spots that sent familiar pings of pleasure to her pussy. Neome recognized that this was similar to how it felt when she pinched her nipples.

Her breasts were still slowly expanding, and she now had no choice but to pull up her top or continue with the discomfort of the straps pressing into her. She popped her thumbs under the lower hem of her bikini and yanked it upwards. She felt the slap of her soft boob flesh against her ribs, and quickly yanked the fabric over her head. Looking down at herself Neome could tell she'd gained at least an inch of new fat on the curve of her tits, her nipples standing hard and proud in the air.

The sensation of growth was ebbing away from her breasts, but Neome could feel it was lingering atop her ribs. Returning her hand beneath her underboob Neome found hills of flesh rising up beneath the four nubs - which by now she had accepted as nipples. Her mind was reeling. What was happening was impossible, but she remembered signing the waiver. Neome knew

there was the possibility of bodily change so this shouldn't have been a surprise.

But being told that your body could be altered and actually experiencing it were very different things!

Regardless of her thoughts on what was happening, it was happening nonetheless. More and more soft flesh bubbled up upon ribs which were never meant to carry it. There was a warm tightness that came and went with each heartbeat, as Neome felt her skin stretch full, then relax as it adjusted to the increased mass, only to be stretched again.

After a minute Neome could feel the new tits beneath her originals fill out round enough that her upper underboob was resting on the top curve of her middle row of breasts. Shortly after that the same sensation fell upon her bottom boobs. Neome could feel how her central boobs were now slightly squashed between the weight of her originals and the perkiness of her lower new set.

As the growth of Neome's four new assets slowed and stopped she took a deep breath, which pushed slightly outwards all six nipples. She could not believe it, but there was no denying it - Neome was peering down through three sets of cleavages on tits at

least two cup sizes larger than when she'd boarded the *Mestra*. The weight was significant, and certainly very present, but because of how it was spread down her torso Neome didn't find it strained her back too much.

Just as she was slowly raising her hands up to grip her fully-grown six breasts Neome heard a wolf whistle ring out from below her. Neome's focus shifted from the curve of her breasts down over the curve of the railing to a bikini-clad woman reclined at the far end of the pool. Seeing she'd gotten Neome's attention the woman raised a thumbs-up high over her head.

The whistle had also directed the attention of many of the other pool-goers up to Neome's balcony, and she only now fully realized that she was standing topless in public with six tits on display! Her entire body blushed and instinctively she tried to cross her arms over her boobs.

It was now that Neome discovered three things;

- 1) Her drink was still very cold and sent a chilly shock through Neome's body as the hand holding it struck the side of the glass against her lower left breast.
- 2) It wasn't possible to actually cover up six boobs with only two arms.

- 3) Her breasts had not only increased in size, but also in sensitivity - a *lot* of sensitivity.

“Oh...fuck!” Neome gasped as she made contact with four nipples. Incredible bolts of pleasure shot through her wobbling busts and straight to her pussy. The reaction was so intense it yanked together her thighs and drenched her bikini bottom. Neome pulled back her arms but the act was already done - Neome had gotten herself horny to a nearly debilitating degree.

Her free hand grabbed the railing as her body doubled over, all six breasts dangling from her ribs and swinging around like pleasure pendulums into each other. Neome took deep breaths over and over again but there was no rolling this back...she needed to cum.

But she certainly wasn't doing that here!

Neome downed the rest of her pina colada and placed the empty glass next to the railing, hope it would be safe and found there. She gritted back the burn of the rum as she moved quickly through the doors behind her and into another hallway leading to an elevator lobby. Her three rows of tits swung and bounced against each other with each hurried step, sending more and more smaller pangs to her pussy. Neome jammed the elevator call button and watched her jiggling flesh settle as she

waited, her lungs panting. She wanted to grab the bundles of flesh and hold them in place, but knew what more contact with their skin would do to her.

Thanks to the rum beginning to kick in and screw with her inhibitions it was possible Neome wouldn't be able to wait to get back to 3140 to sate herself if she grabbed them again like she'd just done. And if someone caught her masterbating in the elevator - a shiver of shame batted the idea out of Neome's mind.

Boarding the elevator and hitting 4, Neome stood still, her pussy stewing in the damp soaked moisture of her bikini bottom. Her musk quickly built up in the small space. Neome reflected on what she'd spoken aloud just before the growth and additions began; *I want more reasons to show off my tits!*

It was clear to Neome how her request had been granted. First, her original pair of boobs had probably outgrown any clothes she had brought. Even if they hadn't, Neome hadn't brought anything large enough to cover *six* breasts. She had so many that not even her arms could be configured to hide her topless nudity. And lastly, given how sensitive they were, Neome knew she wouldn't be able to last more than a few minutes with

anything like a robe resting on her nips and tits before she'd be so horny she couldn't help herself.

She now had *plenty* of reasons to show off her tits. And Neome could not help but recognize how part of her was legitimately pleased by that outcome.

The elevator *ding!*ed and Neome walked to her room as quickly as she dared, her pace a little odd as she tried to minimize the jostling and rubbing of her many breasts upon themselves. Her thighs were held wide to try and minimize the squicking sounds of her drenched and dripping bikini bottoms. She swiped the door open and closed it behind her.

The sarong and bottoms were unceremoniously dropped onto the floor of the little hallway, and now completely nude Neome went straight for her bed. She could feel how damp her thighs were getting so she just climbed onto the decorative comforter, hoping that would protect her actual mattress from getting wet. All six tits swung and bopped into each other as Neome turned around and sat on her ass.

One shoulder rested against the wall to hold her upright as one of Neome's hands snaked around all of her boobs and slipped over her thigh to her glistening and engorged labia. The other dove into the horizontal

cleavage of her original breasts and her middle set. She could feel herself sweating, the sensation of it all overwhelming Neome, so much pleasure coming from places it shouldn't!

And all of that was focusing between her legs like sunlight through a magnifying glass. The heat was nearly too much, Neome's crash course towards an unimaginably powerful orgasm actually making a small part of Neome's brain fear for her safety. As she careened towards the building bubble of pleasure Neome's course was thrown askew as she heard the lock of the door whir and the handle turn.

Realizing she was about to be walked in on masterbating an immense wave of shame grabbed the wheel and spun Neome away from the path towards her coming cum. Her body practically went into shock as two desires clashed, and all her mind could numbly do was grab a pillow out from behind her. She hugged it tightly with her arms and legs, Neome shuddering as all six nipples and her gurgling pussy pushed into the cool fabric.

Through the hallway Neome could see a woman wearing a blue one-piece bathing suit enter. At least it looked like a woman. The confusing point was the

enormous blue dong that waggled straight out between her legs.

Thinking wasn't something Neome could do much of in her beet red state, and all she could muster with an uncharastically bubbly voice was;

“Oh, hi roomie!”

Part III - Tiara Gets Started

With a gasp Tiara collapsed tits first onto the floor of Captain Daphne's office. She could feel her nipples pressed into the pools of dark pink cum she'd been pumping out of her twat-plugging clit dildo for... Tiara realized that, trapped as she had been in a loop of intense orgasm, she didn't know how long she'd been stuck like that.

Tiara had fallen with her ass raised up in the air, and the red cock was dangling down from her thighs, still dripping. Despite the marathon cum session it wasn't any less rigid - it was latex, after all. Latex toys didn't have refractory periods. Grumbling as she pushed her hands down into the pink slurry that surrounded her Tiara stood up. Strings of faux-cum dribbled down her body and limbs, mixed with a heavy sweat. Taking no care to contain her mess Tiara swung her arms, launching the fluids haphazardly across the office.

Smiling as she watched the splatter spread across the walls and desk Tiara took stock of herself. She still wore the red bikini top and the bottoms, which were pulled aside to let hang free her new clit-endowment. Cursing at her unexpected enhancement Tiara reached

down to tuck it away and was struck by the same intense arousal Carina had discovered.

The difference between them was that Tiara did not give a shit about letting the red rod hang in full view. She stopped her attempts only so that she could keep a clear head - and not let herself purposefully find any pleasure from what Captain Daphne had done to her. While Carina had felt shamed by her physical exposure, Tiara's ego burned from having been bested.

That would not happen again.

Tiara's mess-pleased smile turned to a more predatory grin as she realized Daphne had left the stowaway alone in her office. Continuing to slosh off her goo Tiara took a few steps to go around the captain's desk, take a seat, and see what she could find of use.

Except that Tiara quickly found that she could not make herself walk around the captain's desk. Some invisible influence just kept Tiara on the far side of it. The same influence kept her hands from quite reaching the desk to take anything from it. And any paperwork she tried to read went out of focus the moment she put her attention to it.

“Fuck!” Tiara growled, her first chance at getting back at the captain yanked out from under her. But while

she couldn't directly interact with the desk she could splatter her juices all over it, and after covering a significant amount of the room in her pink spunk Tiara stepped out into the hallway feeling her need for vengeance partially satisfied to a petty degree.

Walking into the hallway made Tiara aware of two things.

The first was how her lengthened clit wobbled in and out of her pussy, teasing the tightest portion of her canal. Tiara gritted her teeth at the sensation but refused to let it change her stride, sheer angry defiance keeping the stoking furnace's heat tapped down.

The second was the key card bouncing around on her tits. Tiara snatched it up and nearly choked herself on the lanyard. Relaxing her grip she flipped it over in her hand and found a sticky note on the back that had RM 3140 written on it. At the bottom was added, Game starts at noon ~ Capt. D.

Tiara ripped off the note, crumpled it up, and tossed it to the floor, a blush of fury welling up from her neck to her cheeks and spreading over her forehead. Then Tiara realized, as much as she didn't want to admit it, that she'd forgotten the room number. She took a few steps away from where the note lie before she admitted

to herself that she needed to know where she could at least go to plan. Rolling back her body in defeat Tiara picked the note back up, uncrumpled it, and reread again 3140.

Marching off in the direction she was already facing Tiara had some distance to travel before she got to the next elevator lobby. She fumed as she went, pushing out of her mind the sensations wavering in and out between her legs.

“I’m going to take this whole ship. That fucking captain is going to regret doing this to me!” Tiara muttered, spotting a sign up ahead pointing towards an elevator lobby, “All she did was give me a dick! A tool I can use! There’s nothing this ship can do to me that I can’t use to me advant-”

Tiara was about twenty feet from the next corner when she stopped mid-step and mid-sentence. She just stood staring at Fabiana, who had just slowly strutted around the bend and into view.

Part IV - Fabiana Struts Her Stuff

From the moment she stepped onto the Lido deck of the Mestra it was hard to ignore Fabiana. Yes, as a model by trade she was certainly beautiful - a long lithe upper body outdone only by the length and tone of her legs. Breasts she could easily cover - with a little bulge out the size of her palms - for tantalizing photoshoots that also looked delectable in push-up bras. A round girl-next-door face with a perfect little nose and plump lips. All of it sunkissed with a coffee tan that barely hid a swarm of freckles. Everything was framed by curvy brown tresses that stopped just short of hiding her pert little peach ass.

Even if all of that wasn't on display in black silk panties, bra, and robe atop black wedge heels, Fabiana made sure her volume meant you couldn't help but notice her.

“Oh, my, gee, look at this pool!” Fabiana exclaimed directly to no one as she walked past the bar and whipped off her sunglasses dramatically, “I mean, it's not as nice as the one at the hotel I stayed at in Monte Carlo, but I could explain to them how to spruce it up! I shared a lot of my opinions with the staff there!”

A number of eyes followed Fabiana as she replaced her sunglasses and went to the edge of the pool - where all the rattan loungers faced. She catwalked along the lip, swinging her head from side to side to take in who was watching her. And there were plenty of eyes upon her. Some lingering on her form with lustiness, and others with some annoyance.

“Dear me, are these not real rattan?” Fabiana pouted. She bent down her torso with her knees locked so her robe fell back and put her rear on display while she touched the end of one of the loungers - one of the occupied loungers. “I mean, I suppose it will do, but there is this wonderful little shop in Malaysia that just does wonders with the real thing that I will just have to recommend. I don’t know if I can sully the memory of it with this, I’ll just have to find a chair.”

Tables and chairs, however, were currently placed around the outer edge of the Lido deck, which wasn’t quite center-stage enough for Fabiana’s liking.

“Oh no no no, this is the completely wrong feng shui!” Fabiana announced, flopping her ass onto the edge of one of the tables and throwing an arm across her forehead as she thrust out her breasts, “If that old master

I met in Puyang saw this he would just die. Someone fetch one of the help so I can make some alterations!”

“How about you leave it where it is and let some of us just relax? How about you relax?” one woman a few recliners down finally spoke up. As she heard the objection Fabiana popped up from the table like a mole in an arcade game.

“Just because you do not have the will to be the one who improves everything they touch does not mean you should think I am not doing what I was meant to do!” Fabiana announced. “My aura is clearly too great for you to comprehend!”

“Look, sweetie,” another woman in a recliner to the side spoke up, “We’re just saying this cruise is a place where you don’t need to try and put off whatever energy you’re-”

“‘Whatever energy’? ‘Whatever energy?’” Fabiana scoffed, throwing back her hair as she raised her nose at the newest interjecter, “I am someone who everyone looks at and knows epitomizes big dick energy!”

As she finished her sentence Fabiana felt a shiver start at her hips and run all the way up to her head. It was a warm sensation, and Fabiana caught herself feeling

lightly turned on by it. This was followed by a mild stiffness in her upper body and arms.

“Oooh...what’s...what’s...” Fabiana murmured, at a loss for words for the first time in a long time. She felt a pinching tightness in her bra and looked down at her chest. Her breasts were heaving and wobbling within the silk, and it quickly became clear that they were pulsing outwards centimeter by centimeter with each of Fabiana’s deepening breaths.

But that wasn’t quite the source of the pinching. Fabiana’s breasts were not just getting bigger, they were moving. Shifting down her ribs specifically, which was dragging them against the lower support of the bra.

“Fuck, ow, fuck,” Fabiana hissed as she reached behind herself to undo the clasp. The silky brassiere dropped to the ground, her freed bobbies dropping downwards and bouncing as they continued to grow and shift unencumbered. At the same time her black silk robe slipped from her shoulders and also fluttered down.

At this point Fabiana had intended to bring her arms around grab her tits to truly prove that she could feel what she was seeing. But she found that the skin of her upper arms was stuck fast to where she had pulled them back to undo the bra. And when she tried to look

down at them Fabiana instead felt her neck and chin being gently raised.

Those who were watching Fabiana could see what was happening. The flesh of her upper arms was fused to her torso from her shoulders to her elbows. The knobiness of her shoulders was smoothing and moving inwards, while Fabiana's neck was getting thicker. And while she couldn't see it happening, Fabiana could feel her long brown tresses releasing from her scalp and caressing her back and ass as they fell to the boards of the Lido deck.

As Fabiana's neck met the width of her head a thick ridge formed around her jawline, turning a slightly more purple-red than the skin below it. Her breasts had continued to grow as they pushed further and further down her torso, and by the time they reached her hips each hung from her heavily about the size of a basketball.

When her flailing lower arms tried to reach her escaping bust Fabiana felt her skin connect and stick to her stomach and within mere moments the entirety of both arms had been absorbed into her body. From her stomach upward her lithe form was filling out more and more, giving her the look of an overular shaft as wide as

her hips and stretching back to line up with the curve of her ass.

With her face pointed up into the open sky Fabiana could see none of what was occurring, and after a few blinks her eyelids stuck closed. Her mouth stretched upwards and merged with her nose, this new opening forming a vertical opening with a light pucker of reddish lips to match the darker skin tone of what had once been her head.

It was obvious now to those watching that Fabiana had gotten what she had spoken about. Her long legs, still sporting her wedge heels and thong, were unchanged. Atop her thighs, hanging heavy and bloated and huge, were Fabiana's breasts. They retained their nipples, but they were harder to see amidst a new wrinkled texture. From Fabiana's ass up her body had become a huge cock, complete with a center ridges and some forming veins. Amidst all of these phallic alterations she had retained her belly button, although it wasn't easy to spot.

Nobody could deny that Fabiana now hefted big dick energy.

Fabiana's head had lost all of her facial features, each one pulled within the cap of her enormous glans.

Despite the new darker skin tone the faint spattering of freckles was still visible. A ridge was the only indication of where her chin and neck had once met, with a mouth-sized urethra opening the only remaining orifice. It's pucker was twitching like a fish gasping for air - although Fabiana found she had no issues doing that. Instead she was learning how to control her new hole.

“Wuh...wuh...wuh...woah,” the walking cock muttered. She was stiff and turgid and the low hang of her breast testicles - her breasticles - created an odd center of gravity. The sun gently warmed the sensitive skin of her new form. The sea air blew over her length, and Fabiana could feel how each new part of her differed in its sensations - her full sacks were tickled, her body length erotically tingled, but the gentle air current caress across her head made her downright horny.

“Thiff...thiff feelf...fo goood,” Fabiana sputtered, sensing how her body was stretching and stiffening slightly. It actually felt a little too good. She could understand how if she let herself continue to stand in the mix of sensations of warm sun and teasing breeze the aching pressure in her breasticles could end up released. She'd never cum in public and part of her, despite accepting that she was now a giant stiff cock on

legs, still didn't want to do that where anyone could see and gossip about.

Although she had no eyes, Fabiana found that the sensitivity of her length gave her a sort of short-distance sonar. She could sense the ambient heat and energy of things roughly two feet from her. While her first few steps were wobbly as she adjusted to the distribution of weight walking on a moving ship, Fabiana managed to cross the Lido deck and pass through the motion-activated doors. Wobbling through the hallway she sensed her way to the elevator lobby step-by-step.

On her own operating the elevators would have been practically impossible, but Fabiana could detect that she was not alone in the lobby.

“Bowm, pweafe,” her urethra puckered.

Part V - Some Alone Time Together

“Uh, hi to you, too...roomie...I’m Carina,” Carina replied, completely uncertain of what to do. As Neome was covering her many breasts with a pillow Carina sent both hands down to obscure her blue dong. But this meant she had to release the heavy metal stateroom door, and it slammed shut startling Carina and causing her to jump forward slightly. One foot came squishing down onto something cold and wet on the floor.

“Ah, fuck, what is that?” Carina exclaimed, quickly pulling the damp sole up and hopping awkwardly into the room as Neome’s panties stuck to Carina’s skin. Carina leaned on the little table and finally kicked the material off. It hit the closet door with a *splut!* and stuck for a moment before finally sliding down.

“Oh, uh, sorry, those are mine. I’m Neome,” Neome said meekly. But Carina barely heard her. She had her bottom lip bit and was taking deep breaths as she supported herself on the table. Such quick and exaggerated actions had caused her clit-dong to do a significant amount of pumping in and out of her. “Are, uh, are you okay?”

Carina took another deep breath and finally looked back at Neome.

“I’m, uh, fine, sudden movements create a lot of, um, *sensations* with this...” Carina replied. She shifted so her hips were square to the bed, and let her blue banger hang free.

“Wow. I take it that is, well, *new* since you got on the ship?” Neome asked, her voice beginning to display some steadiness and confidence.

“Yeah, and it’s made getting to the room, you know, *interesting*...” Carina sighed. This was all so insane she was glad she’d found someone to vent something to.

“I’ll bet,” Neome nodded, and then she looked down at herself. If this woman could display her addition to a stranger, Neome figured there was no reason she should cover up the things she had because she *wanted* to display them. “These are new, too.”

Tossing the pillow aside Neome shivered as she exposed all six breasts, sitting up more in the bed in order to better display them and relieve some of their pressure and contact on each other. She moved her ankle under her groin and could feel how drippy she was.

“My, those are...those are *impressive*,” Carina said. She was going through the internal process of seeing something so alien, from initial revulsion of the mutated human form to acceptance to...curiosity. How on Earth did it feel to have those?

How on Earth did it feel to *feel* those?

Carina shook the last question from her head. She pulled her attention away to look around, and saw the closet door that Neome’s panties had struck.

“Do you mind if I...?” Carina pointed at the closet.

“Oh, no, please, go ahead. I haven’t claimed anything yet.”

Carina carefully went to the closet and opened it, finding inside what she’d hoped for, two white terry cloth robes. She took one out and closed the door.

“I think I’d like to go change into this...” Carina added, raising up the robe in one hand and motioned over her shoulder with her thumb towards the bathroom.

“Of course, please, go ahead,” Neome gently waved off Carina, who turned and went into the little lou. As she went Neome could not help but take in

Carina's soft little rear wedged slightly in the blue bikini bottoms.

Alone in the room now, Neome found herself caught between a desire to try and quickly cum and the fear of Carina coming out and catching her. She squirmed on the bed, her pussy dripping more and more through her indecision.

Carina hung the robe up the door hook and looked at herself as best she could in the cramped quarters. Over the sink could only barely see the upper ridge of the blue dildo in the mirror. She shimmied the bikini bottoms off and untied the bikini top. It felt good to be unrestricted, and as her breasts tear dropped every so slightly Carina gently ran her fingers over the lingering indents the strings and seams had left in her skin.

Looking down at the turgid shaft blooming from her snatch Carina sighed.

“It could be worse, at least I don't have-”

Carina's words were caught in her throat as she felt a tingle spread over her blue dong. No, not a tingle - a vibration. Her rubber addition was vibrating! And

since the length phallus was actually her clit, she felt her plugged canal flush further aflame.

“Oh fuck, why...why is it doing *that*?” Carina mewed, biting her lip and doubling over. Her thighs squeezed and her hands at the sink in a death grip. She looked down at her offending appendage and then made a realization.

Stumbling nude out of the bathroom Carina leaned against the closet doors for support as she made her way back towards her roommate.

“Ne...Neome, do you know...what time is it?”

The six-breasted woman on the bed couldn't react for a second as she took in the desperately horny nude woman stumbling towards her. Then she realized she'd been asked a question and looked around for an answer. Stretching around to her left Neome saw a digital alarm clock on the table beside her bed.

“It's, uh, it just hit noon.”

“Fuuuck, the game's started!” Carina moaned. She took a deep breath and pushed her ass against the clacking closet door, trying to pull apart her legs and stand up straight. Her rod thrust out from her thighs. Neome couldn't pull her eyes away.

“Game?”

“Yeah. My dick just started vibraaaaaating,” Carina clenched, “I’m suppose to fffffuuuuuuck someone every tweelve hours and the first rrrrrrrrrround just started.”

“Oh,” Neome said, pausing to think a moment before simply stating matter-of-factly, “Would you like me to help with that?”

“Yeeessssss please,” Carina gasped, and with that invitation she bound over to the bed Neome was perched upon. She rolled ass-first onto the comforter, and found herself spread eagle feet to pillows and head to footrest. Neome’s six tits swung and banged against each other as she rushed to get her knees within Carina’s thighs.

A half dozen hard nips dangled over Carina as Neome shifted her pussy over Carina’s shaft. Impatient, Carina lifted her legs and wrapped them around Neome’s hips. The two closed the space between them and the blue dildo pressed against Neome’s labia. The vibrations flooded into her lower lips, and as they pressed closer the judder knob squished over Neome’s clit.

“Fuck, fuck, wait...” Neome gritted her teeth, quickly sending in a hand around the unwieldy mass of her busts to push Carina’s clit-schlong down and guide it

inside herself. As its girth filled her canal the vibrations emanated throughout her entire core.

All of this contact had pushed Carina's mind into a nearly animalistic desire to rut. The tip pressed against Neome's lips, her lover's hand shifting the shaft, and then finally sloppily engulfed by the drooling puss. Carina moaned as centimeter be centimeter she felt her ballooned clit slickly gripped by the warm pleasure pocket.

"Shit, yes, shit..." the reclined woman gasped, and she pushed her elbows behind her so she could shove her head up into Neome's many breasts. A sea of tits engulfed her face, and Carina was licking and sucking every surface presented to her. Her legs cinched around Neome's waist, pulling them so close that Carina filled the other woman up to her hilt, their mons mashed together.

"Ah...God...yeah...my titties...suck my titties..." Neome begged. Carina wanted to feel more of the glorious breasts surrounding her and lifted up her arms to pinch at their nipples, but in doing so she lost the support keeping their combined weight held up. Carina fell backwards, bringing Neome with her. Neome's rows

of boobs squashed over Carina while Carina's blue dildo pushed even deeper into Neome.

“Guhhhh...” Neome groaned. The combined sensation of being so fully fucked while having a half dozen overly sensitive breasts crushed against another woman was too much. She pushed herself up so she could begin rapidly pumping her loins along Carina's stiff vibrating alteration.

Carina was also lost in lust. Her shivering shaft was being buried over and over into a tight wet warm slit. She was blanketed in so many tits she couldn't attend to all of them. It was paradise.

And it was about to be bliss.

Neome's orgasm had been building for some time, and she could not believe she was only now crossing it. It gripped her in the ribs, then extended down through her belly before joining with the ball of euphoria that had been growing between her legs. As the two met she came, her back arching and pulling her top two breasts away from Carina, the middle two resting on the reclined woman's own tits, and the bottom pair still squashed between them. Her toes curled and Neome's muscles locked her in a quite erotic pose.

Carina's pleasures had been building, but not in the same way. It felt as if her orgasm had been artificially held at bay - until her lover came. Horniness and desire had been compiling, but instead of a slow build to her crest Carina experienced a sudden jump to her blissful explosion that caught her off guard. She also arched her back and plunged her clit-cock just another half-inch further into Neome than it had yet gone.

A pressure from within Carina's pussy swiftly built and then released. She shuddered as she felt it rush through her cock, another pang of pleasure as it released inside of Neome. Carina's legs once more hooked tighter around Neome's ass as spurt after spurt of lady cum erupted through her blue rubber manhood. Neome could feel herself being filled with warm joy.

The pair remained locked like this for nearly a full minute before Neome finally started to come down, and Carina did so with her. Deep breaths and a sheen of sweat were shared by both. As Neome's toys uncurled and her muscles loosened she slowly raised herself from her impalement. Staring down through the many cleavages before her Carina could see her excessive blue goo pour from Neome's nether lips as she released the clit-cock.

Separated from their intimacy Neome rolled onto her back. Her three pairs of tits rolled and rocked before finally settling just barely flattened over her ribs. Neome let her legs splay, leaving her thighs separate and her pussy on display to Carina. She could see her thick azure gift dribbling from Neome's cleft like freshly struck Texas tea.

Her body was exhausted and didn't want to move, but Carina forced herself to crawl around so she was laying in the correct direction on the bedding beside Neome. The pair pushed their tired sides against each other and interlaced the fingers of their center hands, resting the shared grip on their hips. They said nothing, but just let their shared afterglows drift them into satisfied slumber.

Just as she slipped away to sleep Carina thought, *I wonder how Tiara is handling this...*

Part VI - A Pair of Dicks

Tiara stared at the giant cock walking towards her atop long smooth womanly legs. The length of it stretched slightly backwards, as if it was holding itself with some haughty attitude.

Herself, Tiara corrected in her mind as she saw that between the bloated breast-balls shifting atop the swinging thighs was a shorn pussy.

The sight was so unbelievable that Tiara simple stared as Fabiana stepped closer and closer. Finally the dick woman was close enough to sense Tiara's body. Her curves and form radiated over the surface of Fabiana's turgid height.

"Exfufe me, bu hall iff for more than juft you," Fabiana gurgled, stopping and planting her feet at an angle so she could tap one and display her distaste for Tiara's rudeness.

"God, you're cocky for a cock," Tiara hissed, standing her ground.

"I'fve mefver mot been more than moft cam hamdle!" Fabiana's urethra spat. She moved forward and swung her breasticles to knock Tiara out of the way. Pushed up against the wall Tiara actually hissed in anger.

“Fuck you, bitch!”

“You wifsh,” Fabiana replied, swinging her as she continued down the hall, “Efveryone wifshes they could!”

“Ha! I’d never-”

Tiara’s sentence caught in her mouth as her clit-cock tingled for a moment. Then it began to vibrate.

It was noon.

“Nevfer what?” Fabiana sputtered, stopping and turning her enormous girth.

“Ahhh, I’d never...I wouldn’t...” Tiara was doubled over, her ass pushed hard against the wall. The vibrations were overwhelming, turning her on in a way she’d never felt before. Her body needed release. There was no escaping it. “Fuck. I need you. I need you to...”

“To whad?”

“To fuck! To fuck me!” Tiara exclaimed. Her breathing was deep and haggard as she slammed her back against the wall.

Fabiana slowly finished her turn and headed back towards where she had passed Tiara. She took long, slow, deliberate steps, and eventually the begging

woman came back into her sensory. The dick woman stood with a wide stance and towered the length of her hard thick shaft over Tiara. Fabiana was practically dripping from her sense of power.

“How do you reawwy afk me bat?”

“Please fuck me,” Tiara groaned, her arousal completely breaking down her defiant attitude.

“Fime,” Fabiana sputtered, “Bud omwy becaufse I feel like id.”

Fabiana pushed her hips forward and Tiara reached around to grab her ass. The enormous breasticle pushed against Tiara’s thighs before falling to the side of their bodies like sacks of seeds. Tiara hooked her feet around Fabiana’s ankles so she could pull them even closer together, her red rubber cock pressing into Fabiana’s slit.

They both moaned as the vibrating head pushed its way inside of Fabiana’s puss. Her dick body was pressed up against Tiara’s bikini-held breasts and face, and Tiara shifted her arms so she could run her hands up and down the length of Fabiana’s phallic form.

“Mmm, fuck, yeah...” Fabiana groaned, her rigid mass quivering as it ground against Tiara, “Keep boogieing bat.”

“Sure...” Tiara grunted, squeezing the cock woman against her so she could plunge her red clitty rod as deep as she could, “Just stay like that...”

As the pair rutted in the hallway a few cruise guests turned into the hallway and saw them. A couple blushed and turned away, but as Fabiana and Tiara closed in on their finale three in total had stayed. A ginger redhead and a curly brunette had, at first, lingered to giggle and point.

But as the duo watched on they found themselves getting more and more turned on, nipples popping and pussies drooling. What started as an unintentional gentle brush against one voyeur soon turned into the pair of them watching with hands pushed underneath a skirt, shorts, panties, shirts, and bras. A quiet chorus of little mewls and sighs were barely audible over the primal hammering they’d stopped to watch.

Tiara’s disgust at herself for needing any help with her relief was all that had kept her from bursting the moment she slipped into Fabiana. But that resolve had been gradually dissolved with every stroke within

Fabiana's drenched canal, and the crescendo of their sex had now reached its zenith.

"Fuuuuuuuu-" Tiara had started to cry out in orgasm but was interrupted as she unloaded her red slush inside of Fabiana. As she let loose inside the dick woman, the red cum instantly triggered Fabiana's own orgasm. And while she experienced a familiar burst of bliss between her legs, Fabiana also felt a new sensation rushing through her.

Fabiana's enormous breasticles contracted, and a deeply satisfying surge erupted through her penile body. Her head slit gasped and gurgled before the first gallon of extra thick white goo exploded like a geyser. The spooge splattered against the hallway wall and stuck for a moment before more and more poured down upon Tiara, filling her mouth mid-exclamation.

More and more viscous white fluid cascaded from the top of the dick woman as her legs shivered, her breasticles squeezed themselves over and over, and her altered upper body quivered and tensed. Tiara had thrown her hands over her head in a futile attempt to displace the globs falling down upon her. She was covered in thick white goo like she was in a '60s monster movie - or a '70s porno. As Fabiana continued to cum every inch of Tiara's bikini was soaked, and not a

spot of skin wasn't underneath at least five or six centimeters of cum. It was pooling around Tiara up to her ankles.

Finally the flood came to an end, the last cups of cum dribbling out of Fabiana's slit with bubbles of her exhausted gasps. Tiara tried to step away from the dick woman, her red dildo slipping from between Fabiana's thighs and revealing its own fluids dripping from her slit. Exhausted nearly to the point of passing out, Fabiana let her softening body fall against the hallway wall just to the side of Tiara.

"Wuh...botch...pfft!" Tiara tried to swear at Fabiana, but sheets of semen was still pouring down out of her matted hair and into her mouth. She was sloshing pints of it from her face and arms, shocked she hadn't drowned in the downpour. Tiara tried to push herself from the wall and get away from Fabiana, but her feet were slickly stuck in the puddle and she kept slipping back against the wall.

And with one especially strong and frustrated shove she actually pushed herself back and into Fabiana, causing the dick woman to lose her balance and fall over atop Tiara, each of them dropping onto the cum-soaked carpet. This then became a tangle of swearing and futility, as Fabiana had no arms to lift herself and

Tiara's body was still so cum-slicked she couldn't get any grip to move Fabiana off of her.

Down the hall a mix of light laughter and orgasms was barely heard. And, as the ginger and the brunette felt each other's juices splash upon their hands they stepped back out of view into the short connective space between the state room hallway and the elevator lobby.

The pair, still strangers despite their intimate experience, bashfully looked each other in the eye as both pulled shimmering fingers out of the other's undergarments. Awkward smiles were exchanged as cheeks blushed.

"Th-thanks," the ginger playfully bit her lip.

"You, uh, you, too," the brunette smiled, "That was, um, really good."

"Yeah, you as well," the ginger paused, looking her newfound companion up and down. The brunette's skin was practically the opposite of her own pale freckled complexion, a lovely dark auburn. Beneath her crop top ginger was practically drooling at the sight of the brunette's honeydew sized - and shaped - tits, a few

cup sizes larger than the ginger's own pair. "I would love it if we could do that again together."

"Mmm, yeah, I'd enjoy some more hip-to-hip time with you, I'd love to get into your panties a little better," the brunette grinned.

As the duo began to close in for their first kiss they each felt a gentle force envelope them. Their legs and asses started to tingle - and both looked down as they felt the caress of the ship's air conditioning. Eyes went wide as each saw the other's lower clothes disintegrate into thread and stitching, the remnants of the fabric gently falling around their feet.

"Oh, what is-"

"I don't-"

Naked from the hips down with their glistening labia on display the ginger felt her right leg gently guided towards the brunette's left leg, and the sensation was similarly felt by the other woman on her left leg. Hips and outer thighs touched and the pair cooed as they felt an absolutely erotic pulse pass through their cores as the connected flesh merged.

The pair quivered as the flesh down to their knees knitted together, and the joint bent of its own

command. As two center big toes became one the merging leg curled back further than either could naturally, and as the calf met the thigh the skin there also joined. The central combined limb continued to fold and curl and vanish within itself until the ginger's right butt cheek settled in next to the brunette's left one.

The pair swung their arms about atop two remaining legs as these limbs made subtle stretches and contractions to even out. As they found themselves balanced on two legs the sensations of change came to an end and it was clear to them that their current configuration had reached its completion.

Looking down at their new conjoined form the duo found their upper bodies had been left unaltered down to just past their belly buttons. From there their midriffs tucked in and came together like a V, angled just slightly towards one another. Each of their central breasts pushed against the other under their remaining tops and bras, and their center arms tucked back and behind the other's torso.

From the hips down were their pale and tan set of legs. And nestled between their dichromatic thighs were a pair of pussies. On the right side was one with a small

curl of red fuzz riding atop it, while the left was nothing but smooth auburn skin. Both had an aroused glaze.

“Oh, ooo, we’re...” the ginger moaned as she pivoted her torso, her contained right breast mashing against the brunette’s left.

“Fuck, we sure are!” the brunette gasped. She ran her forward hand down her side and slipped it over her thigh to her bare nether lips.

“Uuuuuhg, yeah...” the ginger sighed. She hadn’t felt the brunette’s hand when it had traced the separate torso, but the moment it slid over into their shared lower body the sensation of being caressed faded into her mind.

“You can feel me down here?” the brunette asked, brushing up to the very edge of her slit.

“Yeah, yeah, I can, you tease,” the ginger grinned through gritted teeth.

“And if I do this...” a finger deftly slid inside of the pussy she’d once carried alone. The ginger threw back her head, her tongue slipping out upon her open lips.

“I definitely feel that...” the ginger forced herself to take a deep breath and get control of herself. She

straightened her neck and looked her new body companion in the eyes, lust burning in them. She grabbed the brunette's top and pulled it over her head, then snapped off the bra. The brunette laughed and did the same, leaving the combined pair now totally nude in the breezeway.

The ginger took the brunette's generous rearward breast in one hand and clamped down on the dark rubber nipple with thumb and forefinger. The brunette hissed in pleasure and did the same back to her bodymate. Each of their other hands slid down their individual bellies, then crisscrossed their hips, and an auburn finger slipped inside a pale puss while a pasty digit found its way inside the tanned neighbor.

Both legs went weak as each woman felt for the first time the sensation of two twats being simultaneously pleased. It was both sex and masturbation. Neither had any desire to hold back, and the sensation of being finger fucked in dual pussies by both yourself and your lover was quickly too much for the pair.

Long groans leapt from their lips. Both of their legs went wobbly and they collapsed on their side against the hallway wall. The ginger's back curled and locked as she came, whilst the brunette went limp atop

their mashed breasts. Long strings of love's liquid sputtered from the pail pussy and dripped from the other.

After a moment each regained control of their individual torsos, and with unspoken coordination that pushed away from the wall and stood up. Each was biting a lip as they looked their new body-sharing lover in the eyes.

“So, I guess the only question now is,” the ginger asked sheepishly, “...whose stateroom do we want to stay in?”

“I think the best way to decide that,” replied the brunette as she slid her hands up their shared hips, and then over the torso of her partner to cup and bounce the ginger's tits, “Is to test which mattress is better!”

PART VIII - Setting The Mood

Carina's eyes fluttered open and she took a deep breath as she slowly woke up. As she saw the walls of the state room and recalled where she was she sat up quickly. She was eager to see if the needy knob her clit had become was still there.

It was. Carina let out a sigh as she watched the long shaft bob up and down between her thighs, the sensation of it lightly pumping her pussy thanks to her swift movements causing her body to twitch. This was causing, thankfully, nowhere near the arousal she'd experienced earlier, and had been satisfied by-

Looking to the other side of the bed Carina saw that it was empty. Briefly fearing she'd been abandoned by Neome, her concerns were assuaged when Carina heard the sound of someone using the shower in the state room's tiny bathroom.

Using was a qualified term, however. The shower stall would have already been a cramped space for Neome even before she'd grown four new fat breasts and plumped up her top pair. Maneuvering in the space-challenged state room bathroom with six grapefruit-sized boobs bouncing on her ribs meant brushing the walls with her nipples if she turned one way

or dragging them across the plastic shower curtain if she turned the other.

Even once Neome got into the shower and figured out the unusual controls to start the water that wasn't the end of the complexities of washing herself. As the showerhead started up with its initially cold water Neome quickly realized that her titties' extra sensitivity was not limited to fabric and flesh. As the cold spray struck Neome's upper breasts and dribbled down her many cleavages her half-dozen nips popped hard, her areola crinkled, her knees buckled, and her ass bumped against the back of the stall. Neome moaned as she felt her pussy - the primary thing she'd come into the bathroom to clean - resume dripping.

The showerhead was mounted at the end of a flexible hose, and as the water warmed up Neome grabbed the handle and brought the spray downwards below her hips. It drenched her little feet for a few moments as the boobular woman took deep breaths, regained command of her weakened knees, and rose her ass up from the wall. The only thing she needed to clean was her pussy, and all the drying blue spunk Carina had splurged into it.

She could do *that*.

Adjusting her posture Neome washed her legs as she directed the spray further and further upwards. Soon it found her sticky blue-covered cleft and Neome bit her lip as the pressure struck her groin and she used a soapy hand to clean herself. The early spray across her bosoms - despite its cool temperature - had warmed up Neome enough that she considered positioning her fingers in just the right spots to jill herself right there in the shower.

But she held back. She'd just had a really good fuck, and the source of Neome's satisfaction was still sitting in the other room. If she needed to cum again she'd go have some of that big blue dong again. So Neome concentrated on washing.

Not that it was easy with six fleshy funbags wobbling all over her ribs and belly. They knocked into Neome's arms and made it nearly impossible to see her hips and groin. But she felt her way through the cleaning and when Neome believed she'd rinsed the sex off of herself satisfactorily she turned off the water and returned the sprayer to its hook. Carefully - so as to not send her hungry pussy running back to Carina's cock - Neome patted herself down with a towel and then twisted her hair up in it to dry.

A sense of accomplishment welled up in Neome as she opened the door and stepped back into the stateroom, naked save for the towel wrapped around her head. She saw Carina sitting on the bed and the two caught eyes. Blushes tinged their cheeks.

“So, uh, thanks, for that,” Carina mumbled, shifting her legs under herself in an attempt to make her rubber cock less obvious - less out there - finally settling on bending up her right leg so her clitty-dick rested on her raised thigh.

“It was, literally, my pleasure,” Neome replied. Carina obscuring Neome’s view of the blue shaft actually made Neome think about it more, and she could feel her many nipples harden more sharply. A little tingle tickled her pussy. “Does that sort of need grip you...often?”

“I think...I think it will only do it once a day, starting at noon,” Carina replied, trying to recall everything she’d been told, “I’m supposed to help the captain determine if people are experiencing pleasure from their changes?”

“By fucking them?”

“Yeah. I’m actually competing with someone. We snuck on board and this is, like, our penance?” Neome blushed again, this time in shame.

“Oh, a stowaway? You are a naughty one,” Carina smiled. She padded over to the empty bed and sat down on it so Carina could get a good view of her boobs, the third pair nearly resting on Neome’s thighs. “For the record, I wouldn’t have asked for these directly, but now that I have them I can confirm I experience a lot of pleasure - much of which thanks to you.”

As she said “you” Neome leaned forward and gently placed a hand on Carina’s raised knee. With a little pressure she coaxed the blonde to lower it, and Carina’s rubber shaft rose into view. Carina could see hunger in Neome’s eyes...but Carina had hunger somewhere else.

“I do see you didn’t quite wash everything away down there, did you want to go again and then get some food?” Carina asked.

“What do you mean?” Neome was taken aback, “I did wash my...down there!”

“Well, um,” Carina didn’t know how to say this, “You’re...you still look blue!”

After acquiring more mirrors and wash rags the pair quickly discovered that Carina had indeed fully washed herself - but something about Carina's blue splurge had, like a blueberry popsicle does to one's tongue, stained Neome's pussy from the inside of her labia as deep as either of them could see!

"I'm so, so sorry!" Carina bawled, nearly in tears, "I didn't know it would-"

"Shhh, shhh, it's okay! I don't care! I can't even see it," Neome patted Carina's back. She was now seated next to the blonde woman on the mattress, slightly hunched over so that Neome's three pairs of tits were starting to rest on and squish atop each other. "You said it's a competition, right? Maybe it's just part of that, to mark that we've...done it? So you or the other one can't use the same person over and over again."

"Oh shit, I didn't even think of that," Carina muttered, wiping her nose as she pushed back the tears, "I'm going to need to find someone else to...help me tomorrow!"

"Well, we'll deal with that. But first, you said you wanted food, right? Why don't we go do that and see if we can introduce you to some new people who could help?"

“Okay, yeah,” Carina smiled, and the gurgle in her stomach agreed, “Let’s go check out the buffet!”

PART IX - Moving On

It took a few minutes of struggling and stumbling before Tiara finally extricated herself from underneath Fabiana. The dickgirl appeared to be asleep, bubbles sputtering from the slit atop her head at a rhythm akin to snoring. Tiara still couldn't stand up, the layer of semen still about a centimeter thick across her entire body and carpet. Slowly Tiara crawled down the hallway towards the elevator lobby. As she got further and further away from the cum-soaked fibers her hands and feet began to find better grip. Just short of the corner Tiara finally pulled herself off her hands and knees and stood up.

Thick semen was still dripping from her hair down her face, and her body shivered as the layers of milky white were starting to dry in places. Tiara wiped her eyes and tried to slap back the rivulettes dribbling down her forehead. Her body felt heavy under what was at least ten pounds of splodge adhered to her skin.

She needed a shower. Tiara found her lanyard and went to check for the room number, but discovered that the sticky-note was basically destroyed from the moisture of the cum.

“3140, I think it was...” the dripping brunette muttered, “It better have a shower.”

Slow, heavy steps hefted Tiara to the elevator lobby. Although she was barely moving with any momentum, the layer of cum encasing her cock pulled it down against the depths of her inner pussy, constantly teasing penetration. Tiara sneered at what appeared to be two women conjoined at the hip get onto an elevator and let it close without noticing Tiara. She slogged over to the call button and jammed her finger on it, a string of semen stretching away from it. Tiara could feel the soft layer of goo drying into a cracking shell across her back, atop her shoulders, and behind her knees. It made her shiver.

In short order the elevator arrived, Tiara left another cum string on the button, and it let her out. More and more of her glistening glaze continued to dry as Tiara dripped her way to 3140. The cool sensation over her skin popped her nipples, which were themselves starting to be clutched in a dry layer of dickwoman cum. She had to wipe the keycard clean on the hallway carpet before the door would recognize it, but eventually she got into the state room.

Tiara's teats popped even harder under the hardening spunk as she walked into the blasting air conditioning in the state room. There was nobody there to bark at, commanding them to "Turn it down," and since Tiara didn't know where the controls were she

simply escaped the cold draft into the bathroom and shut the door.

The water was hot, but the pressure wasn't so high that Tiara could just point the nozzle at herself and shunt off the sticking semen. It took her half an hour of spraying and hand-wiping to clear off her skin, and another half and hour - and nearly the entirety of the shampoo provided in the shower - to feel like she'd gotten it all out of her hair.

All of this while trying not to stimulate her red rubber cock too much. There was no way to avoid spraying or splashing it, and cleaning the goo from its length nearly had Tiara's ass pressed against the plastic shower wall ready to jack herself off - but that was the opposite of her goal right now. She didn't need *more* spunk to deal with. Tiara released her hand from the red shaft like dropping a hot iron, staring at it with disgust over the temptation it brewed within her loins.

Tiara resumed her showering and after another long ten minutes finally felt clean. She dried off her body, wrapped up her hair, and stepped out of the bathroom - right back into the full-power air conditioning.

“Fucking damn it...” A quick search of the room presented the state room’s environmental controls and Tiara switched them off. The blowing air stopped and left Tiara insilence. She stood at the window looking out over the ocean spreading endlessly before her.

Tiara would master this ship, and then she’d master all that water out there. The idea caused her two moisten behind her clit-cock.

As she stood at the window, naked save for the towel around her hair, hands on her hips and dick raised proudly, Tiara heard the state room door open behind her.

“Oh, hey, you must be the roommate? I wondered when the fuck you’d show up.”

Before heading up to the Ledo Deck Neome had put her hair up into a tight bun. Bending down to reach her feet meant bunching together her six tits in a way that rubbed them all against each other and nearly caused Neome to jump on Carina’s rubber cock again. So Carina helped Neome slip on a black thong that nestled over her blue pussy, and a pair of Daisy Dukes over that.

Carina borrowed one of Neome's bras and a t-shirt. After much consideration over the pros and cons of robe versus skirt, Carina finally put on one of Neome's gauzy skirts. It rested JUST gently enough atop Carina's clitty-cock that she believed it wouldn't turn her on as much as the soft-yet-heavy terry cloth robe, and it provided some semblance of coverage that made Carina feel much more comfortable going out. Carina did have to accept leaving the stateroom without underwear on - and that her permanently hard rod was unmistakably lifting the front of the wispy skirt. But it was something, and did cover her ass.

Next to Neome's naked half-dozen titties it was easy to feel like the less-exposed one. All six boobs wobbled about her ribs with each step of Neome's wedge cork sandals. Walking through the hallways Neome thought about how nice it was to feel the cool conditioned air waft over the skin of her breasts. To feel their shifting and bouncing unencumbered. Neome loved how it all felt, and wished she'd taken the jump to do this when she'd only had two.

As the pair arrived at the buffet on the Ledo Deck Neome really thought about how this was the first time she was purposefully letting others see her topless. Her

mind and body were awash with emotions between pride, shame, arousal, fear, and anxiety.

The duo didn't know quite what to expect of their fellow cruisemates in either appearance or reaction, but they found that the majority of the guests were still typically human. As they browsed the salads, meats, deserts, drinks, and other fixin's lined up and down the ship Carina and Neome could see the occasional cat-ear-adorned head or third leg, but despite their personal experiences it appeared most of the ship's guests had not yet been altered.

And, despite the ship's lax policy on clothes, the majority of people milling about the Ledo deck were dressed, physically altered or not. That didn't mean that the clothes were what one would expect to see people at a buffet dressed in. Some of the women were in lingerie, others in swimsuits of varying coverage, some in body stockings, some slinky dresses, some comfy pajamas, and others standard shorts and shirts.

And every passenger looked absolutely amazing and comfortable in their outfit.

Carina and Neome tried not to stare or gawk at the alterations or outfits - and others appeared to be doing the same to them. On occasion each would catch a

look or glance at the blue dildo or six jiggling jugs, but that usually didn't linger or was followed up by a swift affirmative flirty smile. Both women slowly felt more and more comfortable with themselves and the acceptance from the passengers around them.

Their worst anxieties waylaid, Carina and Neome agreed to split and meet back at a group of tables so they could each get what they wanted to eat, and Carina got in line for a salad. As she waited to work her way along there were a pair of women in front of her the blonde quickly realized were roommates still getting to know each other.

"I've got to warn you," the first, a deeply tanned brunette dressed in the provided terry cloth robe, said to her companion, "I'm really used to jilling myself to sleep. And I'm not used to having to be quiet about it."

"That's okay," the other said, a platinum blonde with purposefully fake-looking breasts beneath a full-body fishnet. Electrical tape covered her nipples, and a pleather thong was wedged up her equally bulbous rear, "There's so many fucking hot femmes on this boat I may not be able to resist myself. And if you ever want any help...oh! Yes, beans, please..."

As lima beans were spooned onto the blonde's salad the brunette continued.

"I won't say no, but, I also kind of...like doing it myself," the brunette continued, also putting out her bowl for lima beans, "Honestly, if I had an excuse to flick my bean all day non-stop I'd gladly do it! OH! Oh shit!"

The brunette had been startled as her left hand suddenly released the salad bowl and she struggled to keep it from dropping out of the grip of her right hand. Carina watched as the brunette's rogue hand lowered down and slipped into the robe. The brunette fidgeted and gasped as her hand was clearly pushing its way past panties to her pussy.

"Fuck, ooo, oh..." the brunette continued to hiss as she tried to move down the salad bar one-handed. Beneath the robe Carina could see her squeezing her thighs and stumbling in her steps.

"What happened?" the platinum blonde asked.

"My left hand! It...it's, mmm, pinching my clit! On its own!"

"What? Really?"

“Yeah, I can’t...ffffffffffuuuuck, guh, it won’t listen to me! I can’t pull it away!”

“Let’s get you to a table before you drop that thing!”

Carina couldn’t pull her eyes away as she watched the pair swiftly sit at a nearby table. The brunette fell back heavily onto her chair, her salad bowl nearly tipping over. Her left hand was still deep between her thighs and she had to adjust her seat so as to not crush it. As she stared down at what was happening the shock of it was clearly fading away to happy satisfaction.

“You okay?” asked the platinum blonde.

“Oh...yeeaaah, I could get used to this...mmm, I think my clit is-”

“Do you mind, uh, to keep moving?”

Carina’s attention was snapped back to her task at hand by the question asked from the woman behind her in line at the salad bar. Blushing and nodded Carina rushed through the last few items before grabbing some lemonade and heading back to where she was supposed to meet Neome.

The triple-busted woman was already at a table, her tray with its sandwich and ice water placed down.

Neome was staring down at the chair, considering the best course of action for sitting at the table with her six enlarged boobs.

“Neome! Neome! I think I just saw someone get changed!” Carina hissed, as if what was happening was some secret. She was bouncing on her toes, too excited to consider how her rubber rod was heaving its base in and out of her pussy.

“Okay, okay, calm down! We’re not at a risk of lacking altered people!” Neome laughed, placing a hand on her roommate’s shoulder so she’d settle, “Let’s eat first!”

“Fine, but, I think I have a theory,” Carina said as she pulled out her chair. She sat down so quickly that she couldn’t react in time to keep her plastic dick from swinging up and banging into the underside of the table. Less than any pain it was the pressure pushing the base down against her moistening canal that gave Carina pause. She used the material of the skirt to dip her shaft down low enough to seat herself properly, although there was nothing she could do to keep its head from gently tapping the underside of the table.

Neome was more calculated with her sitting process. With six tits the size of grapefruits bouncing

before her - each of which sensitive enough that their own motion against each other was enough to turn her on - she had to think this through. She pulled the chair out well beyond where she would have pulled it in the past. Sitting down she had at least a foot between her middle nipples and the table's surface - she thought. It was hard for Neome to see everything before her. She reached down and gripped the chair so that when she leaned forward slightly she kept it tight to her butt. She felt the weight of her titties swing forward, the total mass of them threatening her balance.

Neome took little steps forward until she felt the edge of the table start to press into the horizontal cleavage of her second and third row of breasts. Slowly she leaned back and adjusted her angle until she was full seated on the deck once more. Her lowest row of breasts were pressed under the edge of the table with only minor discomfort. Her middle set rested atop the table, bulging like water balloons under their weight and the weight of the top pair resting more directly on them. That extra pressure was only minorly erotic. It was imperfect, but Neome figured she'd get better at accounting for their arrangement in time. It was only Day 1, afterall.

“Eat, then tell me,” Neome instructed the overly excited Carina, who stabbed at her salad with frustration. Neome shook her head in amusement as she lifted her

BLT sandwich. She eagerly bit into the lightly toasted bread, through the bacon, then lettuce, the tomato, and the generous layer of mayo at the bottom. Neome had given up sandwiches like this LONG ago to maintain the figure that had helped propel her social media feeds to success. But, given the environment and the six ginormous titties covering up most of that figure, Neome was eager to revisit carbs and calories.

Carina was poking at her salad mopily. Her mind was split between her theory about how people brought on their changes, and how annoyed she was that she'd only gotten salad. Salad! For years she'd scraped and foraged for food from dumpsters, trashcans, discarded grocery surplus, and she now had the opportunity to eat prime rib so close she could smell it and she'd gotten fucking salad?! What had she been thinking?

A few bites in and Carina was done with the greens. She could get more food - more decadent food - later. The blue-endowed blonde looked up to check how close Neome was to finishing her sandwich when Carina's eyes went wide. As Neome had been eating her BLT she'd unknowingly been squeezing the mayo to the back end of the bread - and a large bulge of it was nearly to the point of dropping off.

“Neome, wait-”

Too late. The warning had come as she'd been mid-bite, and a dollop of mayo reached its tipping point and dove down into Neome's cleavage. It struck the side of her upper left breast and stuck there for a moment. And, despite the ripples it sent through the sensitive flesh, it would have remained there - easy to nab with a napkin - if its cold impact hadn't sent a jolt through Neome. As she gasped from the shocks surprising her brain and moistening her pussy her tits wobbled and the mayo slid further down her uppermost cleavage, now spread and splattered down atop her middle breasts.

“Fuuuuuck...” Neome hissed, trying to remain quiet. She grabbed the edge of the table and tried to still her bosoms so as to not spread the mayo any further. This worked, and the splotch of mayo finally stopped its journey through Neome's cleavages. Both women sat still and quiet for a moment. Carina simply could not look away from the erotic plinko, and Neome was aghast that the first time she'd gone out topless she'd splurged food onto her tits!

Finally Carina plucked up a few napkins.

“Do you want me to-”

“No, no, I’ll...I think I should do it...” Neome replied quietly. She took the offered napkin, poured some of her water on it, and gasped as she brushed the cold wet paper over her skin. Neome hadn’t thought it possible for her nipples to pop any harder or for her areola to crinkle and further, but indeed they could. Her ass tightened with each chilly wipe, sending little bounces through the four boobs above the table. Thankfully that didn’t send the mayo any further on its travels.

Wipe after wipe Neome cleaned up more and more of the mayo from her jiggling flesh, but as she did so she could feel that she was pushing herself closer and closer to a climax. She could have stopped and let the intensity die down but Neome was so embarrassed by what she’d done she couldn’t let a second go by looking like this. She patted and wiped and pushed her hand into upwards and sideways cleavages, dragging skin and paper both wet and dry across her boobs. And her ass kept flexing and her belly kept warming and her pussy kept drooling.

Carina couldn’t look away as she watched Neome clean off the mayo. She was fascinated by how Neome’s boobs bulged and shifted as her hand moved within their cleavages. Their soft masses rested on Neome’s skin as she moved between them, jiggled and

rolled and bounced against each other as the condiment was wiped away. Carina could only compare the vision to having a bucket of water balloons and trying to pull one out from the bottom. Thick hard nipples waggled gently atop crinkled areola. Carina could feel her pussy get wet and her rubber clit-cock twitch at the thought of how softy and comfy and sexy and warm it would be to be lost within Neome's bosoms.

Finally, as Neome's hand wiped up the last drip of mayo her free hand gripped the table and her teeth bit her lip; the elation of cleaning off her tits was all that was needed to push Neome right into an orgasm. Quivers rushed up from her hips and sent her boobs rocking back and forth against each other and the surfaces of the table, a feedback of pleasure that stretched out her climax.

From being embarrassed by dripping food on her breasts to orgasming in public, Neome had gone from one embarrassment to another. She squeezed the mayo-soaked napkin in her grip and tried to keep herself from yelling out. A wavering mew dripped from her lips that made Carina raise an eyebrow in concern.

“Are you o-”

“Yep. Uh huh. Don't. Worry. About it.” The words came out clipped as Neome kept each of them

from sliding into a gasp of pleasure. Finally the wave of bliss fell away and Neome caught herself leaning forward limply atop her freshly wiped breasts. She dropped the used napkin and pulled another, which she subtly dipped under the table so she could pat at the moisture escaping her pussy around her jean shorts.

While Neome tended to herself Carina forced down more bits of her salad just to keep herself busy. She also looked around and tried to spot the pair from the salad line. They were still at their table, the brunette's back to Carina - but she was clearly fidgeting in her seat.

Neome dropped her damp and musky napkin on her plate and leaned back, letting out a long sigh.

“So...how you doing...?” Carina asked.

“Not keen that I just did any of...all of that...” Neoma waved an open hand in front of her above-table breasts and over her crotch, “...in public. But it doesn't appear like too many people noticed.”

Carina glanced around the many occupied tables and the lines for food. No one appeared to have taken notice.

“It’s pretty late in the day, honestly I’d bet you aren’t the first person anyone’s seen publicly orgasm by now.”

“I suppose that’s true.”

“Are you, uh...are you still eating? I want to see if we can talk to a woman I saw give herself a masturbation compulsion.”

“A what?” Neome cocked her head as she fanned herself with her hand.

“This woman in front of me at the salad bar said she wanted ‘an excuse’ to play with her pussy all day and suddenly she couldn’t stop her hand from slipping between her thighs!”

“Hmm, sounds like she and I have different ideas about cumming in public.”

“What happened right before you grew those?” Carina pressed on, waving at Neome’s chest, “Did you say anything?”

“Yeah, that I wanted to be able to show off my tits, but I was too...oh,” Neome slowly nodded her head as she put the pieces together, “I see. Maybe there is a pattern.”

“Let’s go talk to her!”

Neome smiled and shook her head at Carina’s excitement, then pushed back on her chair, slowly pulling her six tits away from the table. Carina gripped Neome’s hand and led her through the tables and plate-carrying guests to the brunette and platinum blonde. As they arrived at the duo’s table the blonde had finished her salad and was watching with amusement as her companion ate.

Or, she was trying to. Carina and Neome watched as the woman brought a fork towards her mouth with her free hand. Her other arm went under the tabletop, and it was clear from the shaking of her elbow that the brunette was rubbing at something out of sight. The blonde was clearly greatly amused by the sight of her companion’s pluck of salad vibrating off the fork and back into the bowl before the brunette could get a good bite on it.

As Carina and Neome approached they saw the brunette start to blush. She already had a sheen of sweat glistening across her skin, and her hair was lightly disheveled. As a blissful crisis took hold of her the brunette dropped her fork back into the bowl, gripped the table, and bit her lip. She gasped and cooed and had the broadest, dopiest smile.

The blonde was laughing as her companion quivered in her seat. The rhythm of the brunette's elbow had increased, and her entire body shook. The brunette let out a little squeak of joy before her head flopped forward, her brown hair coming dangerously close to dipping into her greens. She took a long breath, clearly very satisfied. Her elbow's motions had slowed, but not stopped. It was obvious that her hand was still moving.

“How was that one?” the blonde asked.

“Better than any salad...” came a breathy reply, “How many is that now?”

“You're only up to five. Think you can finish that salad before number six comes?”

“Fuck, you're probably winning that bet...”

It was now that Carina brought herself and Neome right up to the table, its occupants looking up at the newcomers.

“Excuse me, but, um, I was hoping to ask a question and maybe work out a theory I have.”

The blonde was clearly not enthused about the intrusion, although her attitude softened as she got a look at Neome's many breasts.

“Excuse yourself, can't you see we're...eating. You've got a new look, haven't you?”

Neome blushed at the attention - but found it wasn't unwanted. She found herself subconsciously pushing her chest out slightly, her top two pairs of tits stretching outwards just a bit over her ribs.

“Yeah, still getting used to going out with them,” Neome replied, her voice faltering just enough to betray her bashfulness. She put her body on display on social media all the time, she had to get used to doing it in public like this if she was going to enjoy the cruise at all!

“I like 'em,” continued the blonde. She ran one hand over a fishnet-covered breast, her thumb brushing over the crossed electrical tape. The tight flesh of the enhanced boobs barely gave under her caress, “You might guess I've got a thing about getting more tit on display.”

This entire time the brunette had continued her attempts to eat her salad, her other arm still vibrating. The conversation between the blonde and Neome was broken as the brunette again dropped her fork as she was

taken by her next orgasm. She bit her lip and gripped the table. Her robe had slipped open and her tanned slopes could be seen wagging back forth hanging from her ribs. More sweat broke out across her skin, and after a few seconds she ceased her pleasure shivers and sat still. A small satisfied smile cracked one cheek.

“I guess...you win...” the brunette fake-pouted to her companion.

“Right, and I’d like to get to my winnings, so what do you want?” the platinum blonde turned to Carina.

“Well, um, we think Neoma, here, got her breasts because she said something that could be interpreted as a request to change her breasts, and I overheard you...” Carina motioned to the brunette, whose arm was again shaking beneath the table, “...say something about masturbating, and we wanted to check and see if maybe changes are triggered by certain phrases...or phrasing...”

Carina was stumbling over herself as she reached the end of her thesis, the focused eyes of the impatient blonde drilling into her.

“And, what, did you say something about wanting a hard-on all the time?” the blonde asked, taking a finger and tapping Carina’s blue dildo-clit. Carina

gasped and held her breath with a sharp intake as she felt the erotic reverberations run through her.

“Noooo...I, uh...I got this a different way...” Carina collected herself, “What about you? Any of...this...” Carina motioned a hand over the blonde, “New to the cruise?”

“What, you got a problem with my look?” The blonde started to push back her chair and stand up, but her brunette companion reached out and gently grabbed her wrist.

“They’re just curious,” the brunette soothed.

“What? That I said something like, ‘I want to feel like I’ve been caught in a net?’ Or, ‘I think my tits should be taped?’ Or, ‘I want boobs like a pair of bocce balls?’ Or, ‘I’ve got metal hair?’ Or should I go further, like, ‘I want dicks for eyes?’”

All three surrounding women were taken aback by the blonde’s attitude, and Carina was especially scared that any or all of what the platinum beauty’s errant statements would take hold of her.

But, as the four let a silence thick enough to stab with the brunette’s salad fork rest between them for a

moment, there was no indication that any changes were happening.

“There, see? Just circumstance between your booby friend there and my roommate. Now, go wait in line for the evening show or something and stop bothering us.”

“Sure, sorry for disturbing you...” Carina bowed her head a little as she and Neome walked away.

“We’ll never make any friends here...if you keep that up,” the brunette softly teased.

“It’s Day One, plenty of time for that...for right now I’ve got a bet to reap the rewards from!” the blonde grinned as she sat down and looked across the table hungrily at the brunette.

“Haha, sure,” the brunette grinned, “Out of curiosity, were any of the things you said something you’d want to happen?”

“Shit no!” the blonde laughed, slapping the table, “I don’t know what the fuck I’d done if any of them happened!”

“You really like taking risks. What would you have wanted to happen?”

“Hmf, well, that’s easy. All I want is bigger tits. And I don’t mean big tits, I mean a pair of fuckers bigger than me! God, I want to feel pinned to the floor by boobs whose only purpose is to keep me helpless and horny. I’d have paid for a pair like that by now if it didn’t mean they’d have to be so big and heavy I couldn’t get around when I need to eat and shit and pay bills. The stupid difference between reality and fantasy.”

“Wow, that’s...that’s a kink,” the brunette smiled as she felt another orgasm working itself into her belly, “I...like...it...mmmm...”

As the orgasming woman closed her eyes she missed the changes that swiftly took hold of her companion. The blonde felt a warmth wash across her skin, and then a tickle. Looking down she saw that the fishnet bodystocking was shifting over her skin.

No. As she looked more closely and brought one arm over her chest to feel the netting atop her other arm, the blonde realized it wasn’t the netting that was moving - she was shifting inside of it! She could see the arm she’d crossed over her body pulling back as it reduced centimeter by centimeter.

The shrinking blonde could really feel what was happening to her now - there was a dull tightness in her

bones as they compacted every so slightly slower than the skin and muscle surrounding them. But it didn't hurt - it felt more like her body was hugging itself. The fishnet - once a tight bodystocking enhancing each one of her curves - was becoming looser and looser around her. Her thong was being pushed out of the tight grip of her full ass.

As the difference in size from her original mass switched from measurements in centimeters to inches to feet, the blonde noticed something hadn't changed - her breasts. As her feet slipped from her heels and her ass rose from the plastic chair, the blonde could see that her tits had remained as full and round and big as the day she'd left surgery. The electrical tape was still crossed over each nipple without any indication of contraction.

As the blonde's body lost more and more mass her breasts became more and more of an anchor. Caught in the body netting the blonde struggled slightly to pull her legs up and stand on the chair, her size now only three feet tall. She could barely shift her chest now, and every so slowly, as her form continued to shrink, the blonde felt her feet lift from the chair as her body contracted closer and closer to her enhanced bust.

Soon, she realized, she'd be nothing but a little body stuck to a pair of enormous breasts - at her scale.

But instead of being hundreds of pounds heavy as she'd been at full size, the blond felt her body shiver in delight as she realized at this size she could be carried around by someone! It made her very wet - but, as her arms and shoulders were pulled close to her titanic tits, the blond realized she couldn't reach her pussy!

As the masturbating brunette came down from her most recent cum she fluttered open her eyes and saw nothing before her.

Then she heard the cutest grunting squeaks.

Looking to the table the brunette saw little legs kicking up from under the loosely hanging fishnet. A pair of tits sat on the table with the body of a woman now the size of a Barbie doll squirming atop them. The brunette watched the little blond run her hands over the expanse of her silicon anchors. Even if her nipples hadn't been taped over, their owner would not have been able to reach them.

“Well, looks like someone did get what they asked for...” the brunette teased as she stood up, one hand still snaking into her robe and between her thighs. It was tricky to undo the fishnetting one-handed, but eventually the blond was free of her bodysuit trappings.

“Yessss...” the blonde moaned, her voice slightly higher pitched. “Take me back to the room...and then I don’t know if I’ll ever want to leave!”

“Sounds like a plan...” the brunette smiled. She scooped her hand under the pair of boobs and lifted up her shrunken flailing roommate. As the brunette made adjustments to better cradle the little woman she could feel on a few fingers the dripping juices from her tiny slit. It was as if she’d gained her own personal lady canteen.

The brunette planned on drinking heavily from it back in the suite.

To be continued...

Join us on the Patreon and help keep stories like this going! <https://www.patreon.com/dSreDUX>