

Don't Fuck the Milker

BY TROGDOR297

The young officer sat in the admiral's waiting area, eagerly anticipating his audience. He couldn't believe that this day had finally come. He'd been busting his ass for over a year in the outer rim outpost that he was currently stationed at, all leading up to this moment. Countless applications had been denied, but at last his latest one had been accepted.

"Sergeant Logan? He's ready for you now" The polite secretary said to him. Sam Logan stood, brushed off his uniform, took a deep breath and then strode into the office.

He walked into the center of the admiral's office, pausing in the middle of the room, standing at attention with his arm raised in a salute. The admiral, a portly gray haired man with a thick moustache, waved him in with a smile. "Come in, Sam, please take a seat". Sam quickly stepped forward, sitting in one of the chairs in front of the desk.

The admiral steepled his fingers in front of him, resting his elbows on the armrests of his plush leather chair. "Do you know why you're here Sam?" He asked earnestly.

Sam sat up in his chair. "Because my expedition application has been authorized?" He said hopefully.

The admiral nodded. "Indeed, it has. We've identified a system, several parsecs outside the outer rim, that has the potential to contain life. And so, we want you to lead a small crew to go check it out. Do you have a potential team ready?"

Sam nodded. He knew just the five people he wanted to join him on this. "Good" The admiral continued. "Beyond the standard five-person crew that an expedition like this entails, you're going to have an additional crew member." He slid a folder across the table to Sam. He grabbed it and flipped it open. Inside was a dossier on a young woman. Her age put her at only 20 years old. Most of the file was either blank or redacted. Sam looked back up at the admiral. "What's her position, sir? I don't see anything listed here. Is she a botanist, or perhaps a xenobiologist?"

The admiral shook his head. "Negative, sergeant. She's in charge of provisions."

"Provisions?!" Sam blurted out. "I'm sorry, sir, but it was my understanding that provisions on expeditions were handled by nano-production modules?" Sam had only used one once, but the devices were miraculous. Just type in whatever food you wanted, and the nanobots produced it in front of your eyes.

The admiral sighed. "Usually, yes, but the department's going through some budget cuts, and so we're looking towards alternate methods of procedure."

Sam sat back, feeling a little disappointed. Expeditions usually lasted several months, and he'd been looking forward to all that time with the module. "So, what...she's like, a chef? How's she

going to fit 8 months worth of food on a corvette class ship?" The crafts were not exactly cramped, but they certainly didn't have the storage capacity for such large amounts of food.

"No, my boy...she's what's called 'A Milker'" The admiral said, putting air quotes around the term.

"A what?" Sam said nonplussed.

The admiral waved his hand dismissively. "There's a proper technical term for them, but everyone just calls them Milkers. They're genetically enhanced females, whose lactation capabilities have been improved exponentially."

Sam couldn't hide the look of shock on his face. "What are you saying sir? That we're going to be drinking her milk?!"

The admiral laughed. "That's what everyone thinks when they hear about them, but no, it's nothing so crass. She pumps her milk into a synthesizer, which then produces nutritional shakes for your crew to subsist off of. I've heard they just taste like normal protein shakes, not super fulfilling, but it'll keep you alive"

Sam leaned back in his seat, still surprised about what he'd heard. Then again, being a part of explore-corp. was getting to experience the wild and unknown, and he certainly was going to do that.

The rest of the meeting played out more like Sam had expected, the Admiral filling him on various details about their destination. After the admiral had covered all that he felt was necessary, Sam rose to leave and saluted the admiral once more. He was halfway back to the door when the admiral called after him.

"Oh and Sam...take my word of advice, for the good of you, and the crew...Don't Fuck the Milker." The admiral said frankly.

Sam was stupefied at the Admirals brazenness. "Uh...ok...I mean, yes sir!"

The admiral nodded. "Good, now off you go. I look forward to your report when you return"

Sam smiled. "This sergeant won't let you down, sir!"

The admiral corrected him. "You run a ship now, son. You're a Captain"

Sam nodded politely to the secretary as he left the office, but then broke into a sprint as he rushed to tell his friends about the great news. He found them gathered around a table in the cafeteria, his five closest companions who'd endured the boring hell of the outpost along with him for the past year.

Closest to him, was his first mate Santiago Martinez. They'd been best friends since they'd been roommates in the academy. He turned and greeted Sam with a smile. "What's the good word, Logan?"

"Indeed, what news from the admiral?" Asked the overly serious pale young man, sitting beside him, his bald head shining in the bright cafeteria lights. Olaf Karlsson, their navigator. There wasn't a plot of space that he couldn't chart a path through.

"Shut up, and be patient" "Yeah Shut up!" Chimed the pair of women who sat across from them. Anne and Chelsea Morris, identical twins, except for their hair. Anne kept hers cut short and dyed green, while Chelsea had kept hers long and natural, now tied back in a long braid. Together they handled weapons and defence.

Sam stood in front of the table surveying them, then looking to the end of the table. There sat their mechanic and engineer, Omar Phillips, a burly man of African descent, with dreads that ran to his shoulders. "Not curious, Omar?" Sam asked.

He shrugged with a smile. "I know you're dying to tell us, so there's no need for me to ask"

Sam laughed. "Fair point...Well no need to keep you all in suspense. We're fucking going!"

The table erupted in cheers, with high fives and fist bumps being shared all around.

"Thank god we can finally get out of this dump" Santiago said, nudging Olaf in the ribs, so he could slide over to make room for Sam. Sam graciously took the newly vacated spot on the bench, sitting between his two pals. Sam nodded his agreement as he settled. "Yeah...this year's been a struggle, but now our hard work is being rewarded!"

"So, who's coming?" Asked Ann. "Just us?" Chelsea followed shortly after.

"Pretty much" Sam said. "Us and one more person, a provisions expert" He decided not to go into the details of the Milker before he had to. He still felt the whole thing was weird, and wanted to avoid any discussion if at all possible.

"When do we leave?" Omar's deep voice asked from the end of the table.

"Tomorrow" Sam said, draping his arms over the shoulders of his two friends. "We get out of this shithole tomorrow, so go pack your stuff. Orders are to be in the landing bay at 0800 hours for departure, so ya'll best be ready"

"Aye-aye, sergeant!" Santiago said giving him a mock salute.

"That's captain now, thank you!" Sam corrected him with a wagging finger. The whole table ooo-ed in fake reverence.

Sam smiled contentedly as his friends resumed their previous conversation. He couldn't ask for a better crew to explore the wild unknowns with.

The next morning at 0715 Captain Sam Logan stepped into the landing bay and breathed in the air. The smell of sunlight engines, jet fuel, all of it. He was glad to be back amongst starships, it was where he belonged.

He checked his data-pad. His crew would be taking the cruiser in bay 19. He began to walk down the rows of ships, eyes peeled for the hangar with his number on it.

At last, he came to #19, and walked into what he expected to be a deserted hangar. He was hoping to have a bit of time to inspect the ship alone, and so he'd come down 45 minutes early. He loved his crew, but they weren't exactly early birds, and so he knew he'd have plenty of time.

But he wasn't alone when he entered the hangar. There standing alone was a young girl. She was petite, with long blond hair that she had put into braids that were piled in coils around her head. She wore just a plain grey flight-suit, the standard issue for expedition members. She stood beside a large boxy machine, that had a pair of hoses that were looped around hooks on the back.

He walked up to her, unsure of who she was, and what she was doing here. "...Can...I help you?" He asked, as he approached. He had clearly startled as she did a little jump, when he spoke. She turned to him, and quickly stood at attention, her arm flying to her forehead in an overly formal salute.

"Captain, Sir! Ensign Rebecca Walsh reporting for duty sir!" Her face stared ahead with total seriousness. It was difficult for Sam not to laugh.

"Are you sure you're in the right place, Rebecca?" He asked, trying to keep his voice serious.

"Sir, yes sir! I was told to report to Hangar 19 for the expedition sir!" She sounded off without hesitation.

"And your position?" He asked.

"Genetically enhanced synthetic provisions specialist, sir!" She was almost shouting now.

Ahh...she's the milker. He thought. He looked her up and down. She was not what he'd expected. He'd expected someone with a lot more...milk producing facilities, so to speak. Her flight suit hung loose on her, as far as he could tell she was mostly flat.

"Alright then, you are in the right place" He said with a smile. "Welcome aboard Rebecca." She nodded, lip trembling as she maintained her focus. He gestured to the large machine she stood beside. "Is this..."

"My synthesizer, sir!" Sam flinched at her outburst once again. He admired her dedication to the service and its protocols, but if she was going to hang with his crew she was going to need to learn how to lighten up.

"Alright, well get it on board. You're the first one here, so pick a cabin, they're pretty much all free." He said casually, his hand waving towards the ship.

She gave him a small smile. "Thank you, sir." And with that she said no more, as she pushed the cart holding her synthesizer up the gangway on to the ship, and then disappeared inside.

Sam watched her go. "Well...she seems nice at least. Alright, lets see what we're working with here." Before his crew had arrived, he'd done a full check on the ship, and made sure everything was working as required. He'd stopped in to make sure Ensign Rebecca was making herself comfortable before he exited the ship to wait for this crew.

By 0810 they'd all arrived, and gotten their gear on board. Within the hour they were airborne, and another hour after that they'd broken free from the planet's gravity well. There was no stopping them now, they were going on an expedition in space.

From his captain's quarters, Sam had video feeds that displayed every cabin on the ship. He idly flipped through them to ensure that his crew was settling in nicely. Santiago had taken the cabin next to his, and was taking a nap in his bunk. Olaf was in the cabin across the way, and was busy studying charts on the table he'd set up. Anne and Chelsea had decided to share a cabin, even though there was enough for everyone to have their own. They were currently in the midst of disassembling and reassembling all the weapons that they'd found in the onboard armoury. Omar wasn't in his cabin, no doubt down in the engine room, ensuring that their systems were all working as required. The next cabin he flipped to was empty, the one that was meant for either Anne or Chelsea. And at last he flipped to Rebecca's cabin.

He immediately blushed as her camera switched on. She was sitting in the middle of her room topless! Well, not quite topless. She'd unzipped her flight suit and tied it around her waist, exposing her upper half. However, her chest was still covered; two black hoses stuck out from her, attached to what he assumed were her nipples. "Guess that's how she fuels the synthesizer" He muttered to himself. He hadn't really thought about the logistics of it, but with midday meal coming up in a few hours, she was ensuring that their food would be ready for them. He flipped off the screen, realizing he should give her some privacy when she's working. She didn't need her Captain ogling her, even over camera.

Those short few hours later he strode into the mess room to see his crew eagerly awaiting their food. "Hey there captain!" Santiago said cheerily, patting the seat beside him. Sam took it, resting his elbows on the table. Santiago continued. "So, I remember you said the food is some kind of synthetic product?"

Sam shifted in his seat "Um...yes...something like that" He had no intention on filling in the crew on those details just yet.

With a whoosh, the door on the other side of the room opened, and in walked ensign Rebecca, carrying a tray with seven canisters on it. She walked around the table, reading the labels on each, before handing them to their assigned person. After everyone had received one, she addressed the table. "I hope you enjoy...this is my first posting, so I'm still new, but I followed my training so everything should be fine" She said nervously.

They each unscrewed the cap off the top of their canister, and drank. The slurry inside was thick like a milkshake. Sam couldn't quite place the flavour, other than that it was delicious. Sounds of satisfied drinking could be heard around the table; it was clear his crew found it equally delicious.

Ann set hers down, and turned to Rebecca. "This is amazing!" "Yes, amazing!" Chelsea chimed in right after. Olaf set his down as well. "I concur, exceptional"

At the end of the table Omar was studying the canister. "So...how do you make it?"

Rebecca smiled, feeling relieved that they had all enjoyed their nutritional shakes. "The synthesizer has all of your DNA on file, it adjusts the flavour profile and nutrient load to match what best suits you!"

He nodded, accepting the explanation. Then Omar looked up at her. "And what do you do, exactly?"

"I..." She started, but Sam quickly interrupted. "She keeps the machine topped up and running smoothly" He said with an easy smile. He turned to face her and gave her a look.

"Uh...that's right!" She said nodding. "If that will be all, Captain?" She asked, standing at attention.

Sam stood. "Actually a word, if you don't mind, Ensign?"

Her nervous expression returned to her face. "Sir?"

"Nothing serious, just walk with me" He said, gesturing away from the table.

Once they were out of ear-shot he turned to face her. "Thank you for going along with my lie. I just wanted the crew to get to know you a little better before they learned that ... they're ... drinking your milk" He said awkwardly.

Rebecca's face looked confused. "Sir, it's not my milk, it's a synthesized nutritional shake!"

Sam shrugged. "A nutritional shake...that is made from your milk. Listen I'm fine with it, we're in space, this is what we have to do to survive, just some people may think it's...odd, and so I didn't want you to become a social pariah on your first day."

She smiled gently. "Oh...well, thank you Captain." A wince of pain crossed her face. "May I go, sir?" A look of discomfort settling in.

"Sure. You're dismissed, Ensign" He said, unsure of the sudden change in her demeanour. She quickly ran off towards her quarters, leaving the captain standing alone in the hall. He shrugged and returned to his crew enjoying their shakes.

Later that day they once again reconvened from their duties, to partake in their evening meal. Once again Ensign Walsh came out and served them each their nutritional shakes. This time however her look of discomfort was obvious on her face, and a few drops of sweat could be seen on her forehead. After she handed them all out, she immediately turned to Sam. "May I be dismissed, Captain Logan?" She asked hastily. He nodded, and she quickly about-faced and almost ran from the mess hall.

"What's her deal?" Asked Santiago, as he drank from his shake. Sam stood, and made to follow her. "I don't know, but I'm going to find out"

He calmly walked down the halls of the ship, to where he knew Ensign Walsh's quarters were. He approached the door and knocked. "Ensign, is everything ok?"

"Yes, Captain! I'm...I'm fine!" Her muffled voice came through the door.

She didn't sound fine. "Are you sure, Rebecca? You're a member of my crew, and your well-being is my responsibility"

"Yes! Go away!" She yelled. Sam turned to leave, but then heard a painful moan echo through the door. "Rebecca, I'm coming in" he stated firmly. When he heard no reply, he entered her cabin.

She was nowhere in sight when he entered the room, but another painful whimper from the bathroom gave her away. He stepped forward, but stopped himself at the threshold. If she was in the bathroom, what if she was indecent? He called out "Ensign Walsh, do you need help?"

Another painful moan, and then her voice replied weakly. "...Yes, Captain" Bracing himself for whatever he was about to encounter, Sam walked into the bathroom.

Whatever he'd been expecting, it wasn't this.

Rebecca was sitting on the floor of her shower, her flight suit undone down to around her waist leaving her entire torso exposed. It was immediately apparent, that she was indeed genetically enhanced. Her small breasts were traced with deep blue veins across the surface, necessary to account for the increased blood flow to her enhanced milk ducts. The other immediately noticeable difference was her nipples. Compared to an average woman of her size, her nipples were quite large. They each sat sticking straight out and slightly up from her chest, like a pair of thimbles.

Sam stepped into the shower and crouched beside her, resting a hand on her shoulder. He did his best to avoid looking at her exposed chest. "Ensign Walsh, how can I help"

She looked at him, tears in her eyes. "Captain...it's my milk. It's...it's backed up. And..." She sniffled. "I'm not strong enough to get it out"

Sam looked down at her exposed breasts, and then back to her. "What can I do" He asked gently. She looked away feeling embarrassed. "Captain...I...I need you to milk me. The pressure is unbearable, it hurts so much!" Another tear rolled down her cheek.

Sam felt incredibly uncomfortable with this situation, but one of his crew needed his help, and so in this moment his comfort didn't matter. He sat down beside her, and reached across, taking a nipple into each hand. He didn't want to hurt her, so he gently began tugging and massaging each of them, but his efforts were fruitless.

Another sob from the pained woman beside him. "You have to pull harder, Captain. The genetic enhancements reduce the stimulation on my tissue, so the suction of the synthesizer won't hurt. It's ok, you won't hurt me" She said looking at him.

He began to pull at them harder, but found it difficult to get any sort of leverage, with him having to reach across her front. She noticed his difficulty, and got up. "Here. Try now." She'd shifted over, and sat down between his legs, leaning up against his chest.

Now he was able to easily reach forward and wrap his whole hand around her breasts with his thumb and forefinger clamped tightly around her nipples. He began to tug and pull on her breasts, moving the nipple back and forth, squeezing hard, until finally he felt her breasts tense in his hands, and jets of milk sprayed from each stiff teat. She let out an audible sigh of relief, resting her head back on his shoulders. "Keep going" She whispered. Sam obediently continued to milk her teats, tugging forcefully on each nipple in a slow steady rhythm. For a minute this went on, each massage and squeeze causing more milk to spurt forth. Rebecca just sat with her eyes closed, still resting her head on his shoulder, taking in slow deep breaths, her relief palpable.

After a few minutes Sam noticed that each tug was starting to produce less and less milk, until finally she had run dry. He let go of her then. For a few seconds she continued to just rest against him, breathing contentedly. From where she sat, he could smell her hair, he couldn't quite place the smell, but it was intoxicating.

Then Rebecca sat up with a start, realising where she was, and who she was with. She ran from the room, covering her self with her hands. Sam slowly stood up, looking down at himself. The legs of his flight suit were drenched with milk, and near his hips he could see the imprint of a throbbing erection pressing out the front of his garment. He centered himself, doing some deep breathing, willing his erection away. This was highly inappropriate, and he couldn't let himself be seen like this. Even if it had been one of the more erotic experiences of his life.

After 30 seconds, his erection subsided, and he walked out of the bathroom. Rebecca stood at attention, her flight suit now zipped up, the front of it, just like his, soaked with her milk.

"At ease, Rebecca" He said as he stepped in front of her. "Take a seat" he gestured to her bed. She stepped back and sat on the edge, her face anxious. Sam grabbed a chair on the opposite wall and sat. "So...care to explain what that was about?" He asked.

She looked at her knees, her face blushing with embarrassment. "I'm sorry captain, it's...I shouldn't have come on this expedition"

He pried. "What do you mean? Why not?"

She wouldn't look at him. "It's too small a crew sir. Our personnel are typically assigned to crews with a minimum of 15 people. Any smaller and...the crew's consumption can't keep up with our production, and then you get backups...like today"

Sam shook his head. "If you knew this, why did you sign up for this expedition?"

She put her head in her hands. "I'm sorry, sir, I shouldn't have, but...I was just eager to do my part! To be a part of the corp.! To see new worlds. I thought I'd be able to handle it...but I guess not. I...I understand if you want to head back."

Sam sighed. "We're not going back, Ensign. If we go back, then they'll have to sort out new provisions, and that could take days, or even weeks. In that time, we'll get reassigned, and I'll lose this commission. No, we're staying the course."

"But...but then what about me?" She asked, tears still in her eyes.

Sam crossed his arms. "I'm still figuring that out. Until I do, are you...comfortable with the way that we handled it today?"

She blushed, but nodded her head. "Yes, Captain. That will be acceptable."

"Alright, good" Sam stood and headed for the door. He turned before leaving. "I know I don't have to say this, but...keep this between us, Ensign?"

She nodded aggressively, wiping tears from her eyes. Sam gave her a soft smile with a nod, and then left. He returned to the mess hall to have his meal that he'd left behind.

As the week went on the Captain continued his plan to administer his assistance to Ensign Walsh as required on a daily basis.

The first day he'd ordered a small bench to be delivered to her cabins. Omar gave him a questioning look, but didn't pry any further. That evening after dinner when he arrived at her cabin to provide his services, the bench was there waiting.

"What's this for?" Rebecca asked, as he walked over and picked it up from where Omar had dropped it off. He carried it into the shower and set it in the middle of the enclosed space. He pointed to it. "Take a seat" She did so, straddling the bench. He then sat straddling the bench behind her. There was no need for them to sit on the shower floor, he'd decided, that part of this could at least be improved upon.

He reached forward and held his hands out at the ready. "Go ahead, Ensign" He said, closing his eyes. He wanted to keep this as professional as possible; he was doing his duty, assisting one of his crew with her medical condition. As he kept his eyes shut, he heard her flight suit unzip, and be pulled down. She took his hands, and placed them around her breasts. "I'm ready, Captain" She said steadily.

Just like before he began to tug and squeeze on her long stiff nipples. He had a better sense of the force required for her to produce milk, and within a few seconds he heard the sound of rhythmic jets of liquid hitting the tile below. She sighed, and leaned back into him, resting upon his upper body. The captain kept his eyes closed, focused on the task at hand. Once again he could smell her hair from where she was making contact with him. *Why does she smell so good?!* He thought, feeling himself lose focus.

He quickened his pace, hoping to end this ordeal sooner. His plan to end the encounter feeling as little aroused as possible was ruined immediately, as his new speed brought her to quick shallow breaths, and then soon after, as quiet as a whisper, a moan of pleasure. The sounds of her subdued enjoyment, made his cock stiffen in his flight suit.

At last, the sound of milk subsided. Sam slid back off the bench, eager to make a hasty exit. Ensign Walsh, who'd been leaning against him fell back on to the bench, letting out a

startled cry as she flopped backwards. "Sorry!" Sam yelled, as he ran from the room. He immediately booked it back to his quarters, where he furiously jerked himself off in the shower. Thoughts of her quiet moans as he milked her, filled his head as he came.

Afterwards he showered himself off and went to lay down in his bunk. "Fuck me..." He thought. He had to come up with a better solution to this conundrum soon, it would be absolute torture if he'd have to do that every day for the rest of the expedition.

He spent the rest of the next day dreading what he knew would be coming that evening, but as Captain he had a duty to this ship, and that often implied uncomfortable situations. As he entered her chambers, once again she waited, her face slightly pink from embarrassment. Sam pointed to the bathroom "Alright, let's get this over with" He said. He'd given up on total professionalism, and just wanted to get through it as quickly as possible.

Once again they both sat on the bench in the shower, him closing his eyes as she undid her flight suit. He heard her slide back on the bench. *Oh god, what is she doing* he thought, as he felt her butt press up against his crotch. She leaned back against him, her whole torso in contact with his. "I hope you don't mind, Captain, how we sat yesterday left me with a terrible backache. This way gives me better support." She said innocently.

"Not a problem, Ensign" He lied. This was a big problem. Her ass was rubbing right against him. He could feel the warmth of her skin pressing against his flight suit. The top of her head was right beneath his chin, each of his breaths flooding his nostrils with her aroma. He took a deep breath to steady himself. He just needed to focus.

Once more he firmly grabbed her teats and began to squeeze and pull. Within seconds the milk once again began to spray. Sam gritted his teeth, and tried to put his mind elsewhere, to focus on something other than the petite blonde before him, whose breathing became more ragged with each passing second. A larger than average jet of milk was accompanied by another whispered moan. The captain could feel sweat on his brow as he tried to maintain focus. But with each breath of her intoxicating scent, he could feel that focus being eroded. As she gave out another soft moan of pleasure, he felt his cock begin to harden once more. She was pressing right against him, there was no way she wouldn't feel it.

Another soft moan. "Mmmm...Oh!" She said suddenly startled. His fully erect shaft had pressed into her backside. She could feel the entire length of his shaft digging into one ass cheek. The captain said nothing, as he continued to milk her.

Just pretend like nothing happened. Be professional. He thought as at last her milk ran out once more. This time he gently pushed her forward, before he rose from the bench. "That will be all, Ensign" He said brusquely as he turned to leave. But her eyes, full of curious wonder, weren't on his face. They were staring at his waist, where his flight suit tented out from his throbbing erection. He could've sworn as he quickly turned and walked from the room, that he'd seen her lick her lips. One desperate masturbation session later and he laid in bed his face in his hands. He was well and truly fucked, and it was only Day 3.

The next day he sat in the cockpit with Santiago, doing their daily check of their heading.

"Hey, you okay there, Logan?" Santiago asked.

"Hmm? Yeah, I'm fine, why?" He replied absent-mindedly.

Santiago pointed at the console in front of him. "Because I've asked you four times for the current solar heading, and you've said nothing. What's going on with you man!"

Sam smiled weakly. "Sorry, sorry. We're at 179.2 degrees. I'm fine, just...got a lot on my mind..."

Santiago nudged him in the ribs. "Is it Ensign Walsh?"

Sam sat up with a start. "What! What are you talking about?"

Santiago leaned back in his chair. "You don't gotta pretend man, everyone's noticed that you've been going to her chambers every night after dinner. Just wish you would've told me, you know, being your best friend and all"

Sam sighed. "That's...that's nothing, I've been helping her with a medical condition."

Santiago nodded. "Ah I see, a medical condition. You mean like Hungry Pussy Syndrome? Or Captain Cock-itis?"

Sam pushed his first mate hard, almost knocking him off his chair. "Shut the fuck up dude, I'm serious. It's just a medical thing"

Santiago waved his hands in mock surrender. "If you say so, bud, but it's fine you know. You wouldn't be the first couple on board this ship."

Sam turned to his friend. "Wait, what? Who!"

Santiago laughed. "Oh man, you really have had your head in the sand for awhile. Omar and Anne for one, and Olaf and Chelsea for the other! How have you not noticed!"

Sam laughed. He'd had no idea that his friends had been hooking up with each other. But sure enough in the mess hall that night, he could see that his friends were indeed sitting paired up with their respective partners. He'd been too distracted by Ensign Walsh to notice.

His talk with his best friend had given him a welcome distraction from what was weighing on his mind, but soon enough, he found himself back in front of Ensign Walsh's door in the evening. He sighed, "Here we go"

She was already waiting for him in the bathroom, flight suit undone down to her waist. She looked over her shoulder as he entered. "Please hurry, Captain. It's quite bad today" She turned back forward, facing away from him, waiting for him to approach.

He slowly walked forward into the shower. Over her shoulder he could see her nipples sticking out from her chest. A single white drop hung from each of them. *Fuck me...* he thought as he eased himself onto the bench behind her. Immediately she scooted back, pressing her body snugly against his. "I'm ready *Captain*." At this last word her voice turned breathy. Sam shook his head, pretending he hadn't heard it. He reached forward and began to milk her.

Immediately the milk shot out from her like twin geysers. She wasn't kidding, it was quite bad today. Her breathing immediately became heavy and laboured, as each nipple sprayed milk with force across the shower. Within a handful of seconds Sam felt his cock begin to harden. *Come on man, keep it together.* He thought as he continued to squeeze each teat in rhythm with her breathing.

She started to moan once more, but today she was no longer trying to hide it. Her moans were loud and fervent, implying a deep sexual satisfaction with the experience. At one point Sam even thought he heard her say "*Oh Captain...*" but he wasn't sure. He was too focused on his cock which was desperately trying to free itself from his flight suit. Without question he knew the woman spraying milk in front of him could feel its length pressing into her.

After two minutes of spraying, her milk was done, and she turned her head, resting it against his chest. Her aroma was driving him crazy, and he didn't understand why. As she leaned into him, his cock pressed further forward, threatening to break the seam on his zipper.

He gently eased her off him and stood. He quickly made his way to the door. "Goodnight Ensign Walsh" was all he said as he stepped out of the bathroom. But as he opened the door leading back to the hall he heard her voice. "Captain, wait..."

He froze. He should leave, he knew he should leave. He was the captain; he shouldn't be fraternising with his crew like this. But then again, he shouldn't be groping his ensign every night, and he was already doing that, albeit at her request. He urged his body to step forward, but it refused him. His body wanted him to turn around, and so he did. She was standing in the door to the bathroom, flight suit still undone around her waist, one hand leaning on the threshold. A single drop of milk rested at the tip of one teat. He noticed that after milking the dark blue veins that had been so prominent before were far more subdued. As he stood frozen in the door watching her, she approached.

"Yes, Ensign Walsh?" He managed to get out.

"Captain...do you...find me attractive?" She asked shyly standing in front of him. Her eyes were on his, which he appreciated, because below his cock was extremely visible against his grey flightsuit.

"What? I mean...sure..yes?" He stammered. The truth was he found her absolutely beautiful, but to admit that would be a terrible breach of protocol.

"Then why are you leaving?" She asked, face and voice full of innocence. From any other woman, that question would've been a tease, a challenge, a sultry invitation, but for some reason Sam knew that Rebecca Walsh meant it completely sincerely.

"Be...Because I'm your Captain, Rebecca." He said regaining his composure somewhat.

"Oh" She said. "Ok... It's just... I was just taught that when a man finds a woman attractive, he usually wants to make love to her." She said with a shrug.

Sam gulped. "Well...sometimes it's a little more complicated than that." He said trying to sound like he believed what he was saying.

She nodded understandingly, but then asked. "Captain, I would like to make love to you, do you want to make love to me?"

Sam's jaw dropped at her naive brazenness. He didn't have the words to answer her.

"Well, do you?" She asked once more, resting her hands on her hips.

The admiral's warning rang through his head. *Don't Fuck the Milker*. But what did the admiral know...when was the last time he was actually on a ship, or exposed to a woman of such sensuality.

Sam nodded his head. "Yes...yes, I would like to"

She smiled. "Well it doesn't seem very complicated to me" She reached out and took his hand and led him back into the room. "Come and make love to me Captain"

Sam waited until the door behind him had closed, before he stepped forward and lifted her, holding her up in front of him. She wrapped her legs around his waist, as they began to passionately kiss. He held her close to him, putting his lips on every inch of skin he could reach. She had smelled intoxicating, but it was nothing compared to her taste. Having had his fill of kissing her neck and face, he buried his face in her chest, as she held him tight.

He explored every inch of her chest, including taking a nipple into his mouth. He knew how roughly he could treat these, and so immediately bit down hard. "Oh Yessss" She moaned as he sunk his teeth into her pink flesh. A few small drops of milk squirted into his mouth, he grunted with pleasure as he savoured the sweet nectar.

As he did this, with one hand she pulled down the zipper of his flight-suit, right down to the bottom. As she did this his cock sprang forward, finally free. "Oh my..." She said hungrily. "I've...I've never seen a penis before. I think I like it" She said, looking at him with a smile. He paused his worship of her nipples to give her a deep kiss. "I think it likes you too" He said. "Would you like to say hello?" With a big smile, she gave him an enthusiastic nod. He set her down and she reached forward with one hand.

"Hello" She said shyly, as she lightly wrapped her fingers around his shaft. "I think you and I will be very good friends" She said, as she began to stroke up and down. "Shall I give you a kiss?" She asked. Sam just moaned as her small hands worked their way along his tender flesh. He knew he didn't have the biggest cock, but to this girl it was the greatest thing she'd ever seen.

She leaned over and pressed her lips to the tip of his cock, causing it to bounce up. A rattling breath escaped him as he shuddered at the touch of her mouth. She was so much smaller than him, that she only had to bend over a little at the waist to reach the tip of his cock with her mouth. She looked up at him and smiled. "Oh yes, he definitely likes me!"

He leaned down and gave her another kiss, and then began to lead her to the bed. As they walked, she shook off the bottom half of her flight suit, leaving her fully nude. He laid down and then pulled her on top of him. "Wait..." She said tentatively, lying on top of him, his hard cock resting between her thighs. "Before we do this, I just need to say. You can't...finish inside

me. Inside my vagina.” He chuckled, but her face was serious, and so he restrained himself. “Ok, why not?” He asked.

She looked away. “I...don’t actually know. But it was drilled into us during training to never let a man finish inside you, the consequences would be dire. So that’s my rule, ok?”

He nodded. He’d already broken so many rules in the past 5 minutes, that it seemed strange to draw the line here, but she seemed very adamant about this condition and so he would tow the line.

“Ok good” She said with a smile, before giving him a kiss. Below he could see her raise her hips, and felt a hand on his shaft, guiding it. Then he felt the sweetest sensation, a warm wetness on the tip of his cock, that slowly enveloped it until he felt his entire shaft inside. “Mmm...Oh god...” She panted. “I never...I never thought it would feel this good.”

He smiled at her. “This isn’t even the best part” He said as he grabbed her hips and began to thrust into her.

“Ohhhhhhhhhh” Was all the sound she could make as he pumped his dick into her virgin pussy. *Goddamn she feels so good.* Her scent filled his nostrils once more, as she rested her head on his chest while he pounded away into her. The odor filled him with desire, and he increased the intensity of his thrusts.

He grabbed her shoulders and lifted her up, so she was straddling him. With each hand he grabbed onto her breasts and began to aggressively knead them, squeezing hard. She moaned with pleasure as he did this, as she started to bounce on his cock. As her moans filled his ears, he felt his release coming soon. “Quick, get off, I’m going to come!” He said. She got off of him and then pounced upon his dick, taking him into her mouth. She wrapped her lips around the head of his cock, and ran her tongue along the underside of the glans. This pushed him over the edge, and he came hard, roaring with pleasure as he shot his load down her throat.

For a few minutes they both laid in bed panting, her sprawled out on top of his chest. “Oh captain...” She whispered. “I understand what the big deal about it was now...that was incredible” He leaned forward, and kissed her on top of her head and took another deep breath of her aroma. “Please” He implored. “Call me Sam”

“Ok, Captain. I mean...Sam” She said not moving from his chest.

“Hey, by the way” He asked. “Why do you smell so good?”

She raised her head and smiled at him. “You think I smell good!”

He nodded. “Yeah, you smell incredible, like, the greatest thing I’ve ever smelled”

She blushed with joy. “It means we’re...like...compatible. The genetic enhancements we receive also affect our body’s hormone levels, to the point that we actually release pheromones. They’re supposed to only smell good to people who we’re genetically compatible with.”

Sam nodded "Huh! Neat! Pheromones!"

She nodded excitedly. "Oh that makes me so happy that you like my pheromones, Captain. Sorry, Sam!"

He nodded. "I definitely do." he checked his chronometer. "Oh shit, is it really that late? Fuck, I'm supposed to have some reports done by tomorrow morning!"

Rebecca gave him a kiss, then got off of him, heading towards the bathroom. "Ok, Goodnight Captain. I'll see you tomorrow" She gave him a wave as she entered the bathroom, and he heard the sound of the shower turn off.

"Sigh...it's Sam" He said as he pushed himself from the bed. He walked over to her sink, quickly washed his junk off and then zipped his flight suit back up. Then he walked over and opened the door.

Outside in the hall standing around the door was his crew. As he closed the door behind him, they broke out into mock applause.

"Absolutely Stellar performance Captain!" Said Santiago as he stepped forward and wrapped his arm around his friend. Sam resisted the urge to punch him in the gut. "Very funny you lot, I suppose I have you to thank for this?"

Santiago gave a mock bow as they began to walk down the hall. "But of course. After our talk today I decided to check for myself if you were just giving her 'medical assistance' and when I arrived, I heard the sound of something very non-medical occurring inside."

"And them?" Sam said gesturing to the crew at rest of the crew behind him.

"Ah! They didn't believe me when I went to tell them, and so I brought them back, and lucky me you were still going. You dog!"

Sam rolled his eyes. "You're all assholes"

Santiago waved his friend off. "Ah come on, man. We're all just happy for you. It's been a long time since you've been with someone, don't think we hadn't noticed. We're just happy that you've got someone who makes you happy"

Sam looked around at his friends all laughing and joking. He was glad to have them, and he supposed it would be easier if he didn't have to keep it a secret.

"Of course," Santiago continued on "You've cursed me now. The only single guy left on the ship. Oh, what a tragedy for poor Santiago Martinez!"

"Just wait until we get to the expedition system" Chimed Omar from behind. "Maybe there we'll find someone who will love you" The entire crew cracked up, while santiago flipped Omar off.

The next morning Sam and his crew sat about the mess hall table, waiting for their food to arrive. "She's late" Olaf huffed. "Why is she late"

"Probably because she can't walk right" Santiago said. Sam promptly reached across the table and repeatedly cuffed him across the back of the head. "Ow! Ok! Ok! I'm sorry...sheesh"

Behind them the door whooshed open, and in hurried Rebecca with her tray of shake canisters. "Sorry!" She said as she rushed across the room. "Sorry, I'm late! The synthesizer was being weird this morning, but I've got everyone's shakes ready!" She hurried about the table handing them out. "Ms. Morris, Ms. Morris, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Karlson, Captain" She paused as she handed Sam his canister. The whole table was silently watching her with baited breath.

"What...what is it?" She asked. "What did I do?"

"They know" Sam said, giving her an apologetic smile. She looked at him still confused. "...about us" He continued. Immediately her face went red. "Oh goodness..." She said embarrassed.

"Aww, don't feel embarrassed, Rebecca" "Yeah there's nothing to be embarrassed about" Said Anne and Chelsea.

"Well maybe about being matched up with this bozo" Santiago said, this time reflexively ducking away from his friend's angry swipe.

"It's true, everyone on this ship is hooking up, except for loser over there" Omar said with a warm smile. Another bird flipped from the spaniard.

"Come sit with us" Omar continued. Rebecca nodded with a smile. "Thank you" She said as she squeezed into the seat next to Sam. He gave her a kiss on the back of her head, as she leaned into him with a smile, as the conversation resumed about its previous topic, who was better at shooting, Olaf or Omar.

After breakfast the crew resumed their duties, Sam included. For some reason today he felt more energized, full of vigor. He reached a new personal best for chin ups in his workout that morning, and in his 10 minute run he'd barely broken a sweat. "I don't know what's going on, but I am killing it today!"

Lunch had the crew once again reconvene, Rebecca included now, having being fully accepted as part of the crew now. Sam was glad to see her, he'd missed her throughout the morning, and he knew he'd miss her that afternoon.

With a number of reports to fill out he found his afternoon passed quickly, and soon he found himself leaving the mess hall, hand in hand with Ensign Walsh.

As soon as they entered her room, she leapt into his arms, planting a deep kiss on him. He caught her immediately and pulled her in close, returning her kiss with equal passion. "Mmm, I missed you today" He said. She leaned back, hanging off his shoulders. She gave him a wide grin "You did, Captain?"

He nodded. "Oh yes, I missed you terribly"

She leaned in for another kiss, and he pulled her in tight. As he did she winced in pain and let out a soft hiss. He looked down, and remembered himself. "Oh of course, we have to milk you!" He set off for the bathroom, carrying her aloft. She pouted at him as they went. "I know we have to, but I wish we could make love right away"

He cocked his hand at her. "Oh really, is someone addicted? Well maybe we can figure something out..." He said with a devilish grin. She giggled with excitement, as she saw his cock begin to harden in his pants.

He set her down in the shower, as they both helped each other remove their flight suits. There they stood in the shower both naked, Sam's cock stiffly pointing towards Rebecca. She reached out and gave it a gentle pat. "So, what's your plan, Captain?" She said eagerly.

"This" He said as he reached forward and grabbed her. She shrieked with delight as he flipped her around, putting her back to him. With some effort, he looped her legs over the crooks of his elbows, and then supported her upper body with his hands around her breasts. She was fully suspended aloft in his arms, her pussy hovering just above his waiting cock. Carefully he lowered her until the top of his cock met her slick entrance. "Already wet for me?" He whispered in her ear. She nodded with a moan. "I've been wet all day, Captain..." He kissed her on the back of her head, taking in a whiff of her pheromone laced scent, before her lowering her fully onto his shaft. She moaned from deep within her chest, as he held her there, impaled on his shaft. Then with his hands he grabbed onto her nipples and squeezed hard, the instantaneous spray of milk his reward.

"Oh God...Oh god...oh god" She repeated under her breath as he began to thrust into her, holding her aloft and squeezing the milk from her tits. As Sam squeezed harder, encouraging more milk to spray forth, he realised something. *Are these...bigger? They definitely feel bigger.* He turned in place in the shower, until he could see the bathroom mirror across the way.

It was quite a sight that beheld him. Rebecca held aloft, her head lolled back resting on his shoulders, as he continued to pound into her. Her breasts were definitely bigger. When he had first seen her topless in the shower, and every time since then, her actual breast flesh had been fairly modest. But now the breasts he held were more than that, they were a decent handful! Her nipples had swollen slightly as well; he hadn't noticed because proportionally against her tits they were the same relative size, but as he squeezed them tight between his fingers, he could tell they were bigger.

He was bigger too, now that he thought about it. His muscle tone showed more definition, all over his body. His powerful arms holding her aloft, his abs actually visible as he thrust into her. And then his cock. He'd always had a modest 5" and been content with that, but the cock that thrust into Rebecca now had to be at least 6" long.

His wonderment was interrupted, as Rebecca's milk finally ran out. She tapped him on the arm. "Put ...put me down please" He obediently removed his cock from her pussy, and set her down. For a moment she just sat on the bench that had been left in the shower. "My goodness Captain...that was...intense!"

He laid a hand on her shoulder. "You ok?" He asked gently.

She looked up at him with a big smile. "Yes, I am. Thank you, Captain, now it's my turn to please you" She said as she grabbed hold of his cock, and pulled him towards her. From her seat she leaned forward and wrapped her lips around the head of his cock, then started to bob up and down along the shaft. "Ahhhh" He moaned as she gave him head. She pulled away, and looked up at him. "How...how am I doing?" She asked sweetly.

He caught his breath, and smiled at her. "Perfect, just keep doing that" He said leaning against the shower wall over her. She nodded, and resumed sliding his cock in and out of her mouth. Within a minute, he felt his balls clench, and with a grunt he thrust into her mouth, shooting his warm jizz down her throat. She gagged slightly as his cock unexpectedly filled her airway, but she managed not to choke, and as he pulled out, she gave him a big smile. "Mmm, thank you, Captain" She said, wiping her mouth, and then reaching over to turn on the shower.

As they each washed off in the shower, he pointed at her breasts. "Are they...supposed to do that?"

"Do what?" She asked looking down at her breasts.

"They grew." He reached out and cupped them. "They're definitely bigger than when you first came on board"

She reached down and placed her hands on them. "You're right! I hadn't noticed...I don't know why, this was never mentioned in our training...It's...It's not a problem is it?" She looked at him vulnerably.

He leaned down and kissed her forehead. "Not at all. I'm a fan of big tits" Even through the pouring water of the shower, he could detect her intoxicating pheromones. He shuddered as he pulled away.

"Oh, well that's good!" She said bouncing up and down, feeling her new breasts move, looking up at him with a big smile. "Well, if you like big tits, then I hope they get bigger!"

He exited the shower and towelled off, looking back towards her. "Now wouldn't that be something!"

After drying he returned to her cabin, and laid down in her bed. Each cabin was outfitted with a queen bed, and since everyone already knew, why not stay the night. Before she'd exited the shower, he'd already fallen asleep.

The next morning, he woke to find himself alone in the bed. He sat up, feeling panicked for a moment, before he heard her voice humming from the bathroom. He flopped back down on the pillow. He didn't know why he'd felt so distressed, they were safe aboard the ship, there was nowhere she could where she'd be in danger. He wiped the sleep from his eyes. It'd been less than a week and he was seriously falling for this girl. "Good Morning" He called out.

"Oh, Good morning, Captain!" Her voice sang from the bathroom. "I've got a surprise for you!"

"A surprise?" He said confused.

She walked in to the room, brushing out her hair. He'd never seen her hair down before; it'd always been in the crown of braids that she coiled around her head. But now they were all undone, and her hair fell about her like a golden waterfall, waves of shiny locks that reached her waist. But that wasn't what drew his attention.

She had grown even larger overnight. Though hidden by her long hair cascading down her front, it was obvious her breasts were much larger with how much the hair had to slope forward to cover them. And then through her hair, poked her nipples, like two pink corks of flesh.

"I grew bigger, captain!" She said with glee, as she continued to run her brush through her long hair. He nodded silently as he stared, mind racing with desire. He felt himself harden below the sheets.

"Oh! I think you've grown bigger too captain" She said with a giggle, as she pointed at him. He looked down at his waist, to where his cock was tenting the sheets. It certainly looked bigger, but he had to be sure. He tore away the sheets. "Oh shit..." He said. There from his crotch sprung an eight-and-a-half-inch long shaft. It stood at attention, quivering in the morning air. It had thickened slightly as well, maintaining a respectable amount of girth.

He looked back at her in shock. Her face had turned to one of concern, as she stared at his cock. "It's...it's so big now. I don't know if it'll fit, captain!" She said worriedly.

He beckoned her to him. "Only one way to find out"

With a weak smile she stepped closer, eyes still on his cock. As she approached, she ran her hands through her hair, pulling it over her shoulders. Her front was fully exposed, and Sam's mouth went dry.

Her breasts were indeed bigger, now the size of grapefruits, sitting round and firm on her small frame. Sam slid out of bed and sat on the edge of the mattress. When she was within reach, he grabbed her waist and pulled her in close. For a moment he just sat and looked at her breasts up close. He marvelled at their perfection, the smooth creamy skin, their round full shape, the hint of veins beneath the surface. Then he looked at her nipples, engorged and pink. On the tip of the right one a drop of milk formed. "Time for breakfast" He said hungrily.

"What do you mean, Capt...Ohhhhh" She moaned as he took her huge nipple into his mouth and sucked hard. Her hands wrapped around his head cradling him as he applied more pressure. "H...Harder" She said between moans, and Sam obliged. He bit down on to the firm pink nub and a spray of milk into his mouth was his reward. He felt his cock twitch, as he continued to suckle her teat, he was desperate for release.

She firmly pushed him off. "That's...whew...that's enough captain. I need to have enough milk for the synthesizer. I have a duty to the crew!" The captain nodded, then with his hands on her waist lifted her up and turned her. She rested her feet on his knees, and braced herself with her arms on his shoulders. With his hands still on her waist, he gently lowered her until he could feel her wetness against the head of his cock. "Captain..." She whispered. "I think you're too big..."

He leaned forward and kissed the back of her neck. Her hair, now loose and flowing around him, filled the air with her incredible aroma. It was almost too much for him to handle, he felt like he was in a trance. "Don't worry, I'll go slow" He said, his voice heavy.

Very slowly he eased her onto his shaft. She shivered and moaned as he began to fill her. "Oh fuck...oh fuck...oh fuck" She cried as deeper he filled her pussy. At last, she was resting on his base, his entire shaft within her cunt. "So big..." She breathed. Sam took his hands off her waist, and brought them up to cup her full breasts. They were more than a handful now, and felt wonderful to squeeze. "You set the pace" He said in her ear.

For a moment there was nothing, she just sat still on his cock, quietly whimpering. But then she began to move. Pushing with her legs and arms she eased herself up and then back down, slowly bouncing on his cock. Sam let go of her breasts, and braced his arms behind him on the bed, as she put more of her weight on his shoulders. With her tits no longer in his clutches, they slapped heavily against her rib cage, with each slow rhythmic bounce.

Her pussy felt so tight on his cock, but she was taking it all, and seemed to be loving it, as her pace quickened and lengthened. Her bounces now brought her almost to the tip of his cock before she slid him all the way back in. Her lips pulled at his flesh with each upward motion. Sam couldn't take it, she was too sexy, her small frame, her round jugs, her golden hair covering them both like a blanket, and her scent, oh god, her scent driving him wild.

"I'm...I'm going to..." He groaned. Without hesitation she pulled herself off of him and sat back on him. He let himself fall back on the bed, her ass resting on his chest, as she leaned forward and wrapped her lips around the head of his cock. He felt his entire body tense, as his release rocked through him, and he shot rope after rope of cum into her mouth, which she gulped down greedily.

She released him out of her mouth and laid down upon him, breasts pressing into his abdomen. She held his shrinking cock in her hands, and gave it a series of gentle kisses. Sam couldn't move, his whole body still reeling from his orgasm. At last, his senses returned to him. "You...you know you don't have to do that every time" He wheezed.

She pushed herself up and turned herself around, laying on his broad chest. "Do what?" She asked innocently.

He leaned his head up and kissed her. "Swallow my cum"

She frowned. "Oh...do you not like it?"

He shook his head violently. "No! That's not it all. I think it's incredible, I was just saying that if you don't want to, you don't have to"

She sighed with relief. "Well, if you like it captain, I'm going to keep doing it."

He wrapped his arms around her and squeezed her tight, eliciting a squeal of delight from her. As he released her, she slid down to lay beside him. "Although...I do wish that you could...you know" She said awkwardly.

"Finish inside you?" He filled in her blanks.

"Yes..." She said blushing. "I don't know why they have that stupid rule! Everytime we've made love, it feels like my body is calling for it, like it needs your seed inside it. It's killing me" She said resting her head on his shoulder.

Sam felt himself go hard again, at her talk of her body needing his seed. In truth he felt the same way. Everything about her was driving his body towards the goal of burying his load deep inside her, but he had no idea why.

As his cock began to rise from the bed, Rebecca reached down and idly began to stroke it's new impressive length. "Why do you think this is happening?" She asked.

He shuddered as her soft hands ran up and down his flesh. "You mean...the growth?" He managed to get out.

She nodded, still calmly stroking away. "Yeah...I mean I like it...I like it a lot!" She said rubbing her other hand across her engorged breasts. "But...I just don't understand why"

He nodded, enjoying the sensation of the gentle handjob she was giving him. "Yeah...I wonder if anyone else is experiencing something?"

OMAR AND ANNE

Omar stood in front of the mirror of his cabin admiring himself. He'd always been a fairly muscular man, and had been proud of it, but something had changed. In the past 24 hours he'd put on a considerable amount of muscle mass, every inch of him bulging with rippling muscles. "Damn, I'm looking good..." He said, as he continued to pose and flex, his skin shining, pulled taut over his mass.

From behind him he heard a wolf-whistle. "Looking good there, big man" The voice behind him said. He turned with a smile. Anne was standing behind him, having just got out of bed. She stood with her hips cocked to the side, hands resting on her waist.

"You're looking pretty good yourself" He shot back. She smirked as she walked past him up to the sink, to wash her face. As she walked past his eyes widened as she stepped past him, and leaned over the counter. Anne had always had a nice body, her waist tapering out to a nice pair of hips, and a cute tight ass. That tight ass was tight no more. Now her bottom rounded out from her waist incredibly, two jiggly masses of flesh. "Damn girl! Where you been hiding that ass!" He said, as he gave it a slap.

"Ow!" She said, turning to face him. "Watch it pal!" She said, jabbing a finger into his chest. He held up his hands in mock apology. She turned back to the mirror and continued to clean herself up. "I've always had a big ass, that's part of what you like about me" She said, rinsing her face with a splash of water. Omar stood back and viewed her figure from behind. "Not this big..." He said as he took it all in. Her ass was indeed huge, a veritable bubble butt that shook with each subtle motion.

As she finished washing up, she leaned forward even more, now resting her elbows on the sink. She looked back over her shoulder. "Care to show me how much you like my big ass?" She said with a wink. Omar grinned, feeling his cock stiffen. He didn't need a second invitation.

He stepped forward, grabbing onto her waist. She spread her legs slightly to accommodate him, and with a smile he slid himself into her. "Mmm, come on and fuck me!" She moaned. He obediently complied, pounding his cock into her pussy. "Deeper!" She demanded. But with a

shock Omar realized he couldn't go deeper. Each thrust brought him colliding into her enormous ass, each cheek quaking violently with the impact. Her ass was too big for him to go any further. "Goddamn, that's a lot of ass" he said as he continued to ram against her round cheeks. Anne on the other hand was getting impatient, not understanding the predicament Omar was in. "What the fuck, Omar, I said deeper!"

Time to put these guns to the test. Omar thought as he reached forward and grabbed her. With a heave he lifted her entire body, his muscles straining with the effort to lift Anne and her newly grown ass. With her in the air, still impaled on his cock, he spun her around so she faced him. He held her tight to his chest, and began to thrust deep into her, her ass no longer an impediment.

"Oh shiitttt" She moaned as he now rammed his full length into her. Over her shoulder Omar could see her enormous butt jiggling up and down with each thrust as he held her aloft. "Oh fuck" He said, feeling his balls tense, and then release as he came into her.

He set her down, and leaned back against the wall, panting. As he did, she looked at herself in the mirror from behind. "Damn...I think you're right, it is bigger!"

OLAF AND CHELSEA

"Curiouser and curiouser" Olaf said as he inspected himself in the mirror.

"What's that honey?" Chelsea called from the other room.

"The strange phenomenon has continued, my dear."

"You mean...?" She questioned.

"Yes...the swelling has continued" He said as he walked back into the room, his body naked. Chelsea gasped as she beheld her boyfriend. He looked the same as he usually did, except for one thing. Below his normal looking cock, his sack hung inflated, like a full water balloon hanging between his thighs.

"It is quite peculiar, indeed" He continued casually. "It would appear you've been affected too"

"Me?" Chelsea asked. "What do you mean?"

"Stand up my dear" He said. She did so, after which her change had become clear. She had left her hair unbraided over night, where it had previously reached her waist, the same length she always kept it at. Now her auburn hair reached all the way to her knees, and had grown thicker and shinier. "My hair!" She cried "It's so long" She ran her hands through it. "Oh...and so soft!"

Olaf nodded. "Yes, there is something indeed strange occurring, which we must get to the bottom of." He grunted and shuddered, letting out a deep breath. "Although I have to admit I find it difficult to focus at the moment. My testes...are rather insistent."

Chelsea smiled. "Well then let me assist you" She took his hand and pulled him to the bed. As she neared, she laid back, her hair flowing in waves around her. She propped her legs on the edge of the bed, and spread her pussy open with her fingers. "Use me" She demanded.

Without hesitation he stepped forward, pulling her legs up and placing them on his shoulders, before sliding his cock into her. He began to thrust steadily, at the pace he knew she liked it. But unlike every other time before, now there was an added bonus. Each thrust brought his enormous sack colliding with her underside, sending tremors through her body. Each impact brought a moan to escape her lips.

"Fuck...that's good" she moaned

Olaf grunted his agreement. With his hands he reached down and took fistfuls of her hair hanging off the end of the bed and pulled. Her head cocked back at the unexpected pressure and she let out a shriek of pain mixed with pleasure. "I knew you'd like that" He stated clinically, as he felt his orgasm build within him. "Almost..." He groaned, and then as she released another moan as he tugged harder on her locks, he came.

Chelsea felt his warm load fill her cunt, but he kept thrusting, his sack still slamming into her. "Oh Jesus!" She said as more and more semen filled her insides. For a minute he continued to thrust, his cock depositing more and more jizz in her with each pump. At last he pulled out. "Ahh...I...I'm satisfied" He said, straightening up. Chelsea sat up and looked down at herself in wonder. Her lower abdomen had a slight pooch to it, rounding out below her belly button. "You filled me so much!" She said with shock, as she stood. Down below she felt his semen begin to slowly ooze out of her.

He stepped back to inspect her. "Indeed, I have. Very interesting..." He said rubbing his chin. "Do...do you like being this full?" He asked, raising an eyebrow.

She rubbed the slight curve of her abdomen, feeling the cum inside her. "I think I do" She said giving him a coy smile. He smiled back. "Very good, my little cumslut, then let us continue. I feel that I still have more to give" With a squeal of joy, she let herself be pushed back on to the bed, as he penetrated her already full womb, and began to fuck her once more.

SAM AND REBECCA

After Rebecca had brought him to orgasm in bed, Sam had left her to prepare their morning meals. His flight suit felt tight, especially against his groin, where his dick sat snug in his briefs. He would assemble the crew at breakfast and investigate to see if they'd noticed any changes.

He entered the mess hall and found Santiago sitting at the table alone. He clapped him on the shoulder in greeting before sitting down across from him. "How we doing this morning, First Mate?" He asked his friend.

Santiago said nothing, a rare first. He looked at Sam. "Captain, something strange is going on, on this ship"

Sam tensed. "What do you mean?"

Santiago continued. "I don't know what or how, but something is affecting me. Changing me"

Sam nodded. "You too, eh? Ok, yes, I do know what you're talking about. I've noticed some...subtle changes, as of this morning, as did Ensign Walsh. I was going to ask the crew about it this morning after breakfast..."

Santiago rubbed his face "Ok...well, I'm glad it's not just me then. For a little while I thought I was going crazy..."

Sam looked at his friend. He didn't look noticeably different, but then again, his changes weren't noticeable at first glance either. "So...what's changed?" He asked tentatively. Santiago pushed himself up from the table and stood. "Whoa..." Sam said as he stared up at his friend. Sam had always been a couple of inches taller than his best friend, but those days were now over. Santiago now towered over the table, standing at least 6' 5", his flight-suit only reaching his forearms and midway down his calves. "Yeah..." He said, sitting back down. "What about you?" He asked the captain. "Uhh..." Sam said, trying to stall, when thankfully the sound of motion came from the entranceway, as the rest of the crew entered the cafeteria.

"Captain!" Olaf called out as he led the group in. "A word, if you may?"

Sam stood to face the gang that approached. "Good morning everyone...have you all been experiencing...some changes?" He tried to ask casually, but similar to Santiago all of them had rather visible changes. Olaf had a large bulge at the crotch of his flight suit, Chelsea's hair was in her normal braid but it extended to her knees, Omar was almost bursting out of his flight suit his muscles stretching the garment to its limits, and Anne was having similar issues, except just at her waistline.

"That is putting it lightly, Captain" Olaf continued. "Something very peculiar is going on aboard this ship, and it is imperative that we discover the source immediately"

Sam nodded in agreement. His navigator was absolutely right. He just had no idea where to start.

Luckily for him Olaf had already formulated a plan. "Since we have all been affected, including Ensign Walsh, I presume" The thought of Rebecca and her fat new tits, filled Sam's mind, and he nodded. Olaf continued. "Since we've all been affected, the changes must've been the result of something that we've all experienced. It could be a chemical leak, or an exposure to some radiation in space. Or something else entirely! We just need to isolate what" He said pounding a fist in his hand. The crew nodded thoughtfully.

Behind them, Rebecca entered with their morning breakfast, her hair back in its crown of braids. She had only been able to do up her flightsuit halfway up her chest, her round breasts making it impossible for the zip to go any further. "Good morning, everyone! Here are your shakes!" She walked amongst them handing them out. "I see everyone else has also been seeing some changes" She said as she finished handing them.

Olaf nodded. "Indeed, and we were just trying to isolate what new factor we could've been exposed to that would've caused this." There was a moment of silence as they all unscrewed their canisters and gulped down their nutritional shakes.

Sam was halfway done with his, when a memory came to his mind. The admiral's warning. *For the good of you and your crew, don't fuck the Milker.*

It hit him like a ton of bricks. It was their food. That's what had changed. The changes had started after he and Rebecca had started their sexual dalliances...and she'd started swallowing his cum. That must've been it, he must've tainted her milk somehow, the chemicals in his cum somehow interacting with her milk production.

He looked around but everyone was returning their empty canisters to Rebecca's tray, it was too late. "Fuck..." He said. Rebecca turned to him. "What's wrong captain?" He shook his head, rubbing his temples with one hand. "We...we did this"

"Excuse me, Captain?" Olaf questioned. "Would you care to elaborate?"

"It's...the food. The nutritional shakes. They're what's doing this." He said exasperated. They all looked at the empty containers.

"Sam, explain." Santiago said, his voice getting tense.

"The shakes...they're...sigh...Rebecca doesn't just maintain the machine; she produces the fuel." He explained awkwardly. With confused looks still on his crew's face, he spelled it out for them. "They're made from her milk" Everyones eyes turned to Rebecca and her new cleavage, pressed tight in her flightsuit. Her faced turned pink with embarrassment. Sam continued. "My hypothesis is that after Rebecca consumed some of my...you know...it tainted her milk production, resulting in these...changes"

The whole crew looked shocked, except for Rebecca, who looked ashamed. "I'm sorry, everyone...I...I didn't know this would happen"

"The fault is not yours, Ensign Walsh" Olaf stated "No one could've known this would happen, correct?"

Sam rubbed the back of his neck with his hand. "Well...the Admiral did warn me not to have sex with her...but I didn't think he was serious"

Everyone stared at him in disbelief. Then Olaf lunged at him in fury. "YOU SON OF A BITCH! HOW COULD YOU BE SO RECKLESS! LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO US. MY BALLSACK IS THE SIZE OF A CANTALOUPE, YOU FUCKING IMBECILE!" He flailed trying to land a single blow against his superior officer, but he was being held back by Omar and his massive arms. "Easy buddy, that'll get you nowhere."

Olaf calmed himself, and brushed Omar's hands away. "I'm fine now, thank you. Well, I think I'll have to agree with your hypothesis, Captain. With the facts presented that seems to be the most likely culprit"

"Thank you, Olaf. But...I think we have to turn back." Sam said with resignation.

Cries of shock and dismay echoed from his crew. Santiago stepped forward and rested his hands on Sam's shoulders. Sam had to tilt his head up to see his first mate's face, a sensation he was not used to. "Sam...are you sure about this?"

He nodded. "We have no choice. We don't know how much of an impact the tainted milk will have on us. The changes we've experience so far, could just be from yesterday mornings shakes, and we've had 3 more additional since then. And we don't know how long the tainting effect will last within her system, she swallowed two...doses...this morning, who knows how long that could be impacting her milk."

"Captain, what's done is done" Santiago implored. "Nobody blames you for what happened"

Olaf yelled angrily from behind. "I blame him!" Chelsea rubbed his chest, and kissed his cheek. "It's ok baby, I love your new sack" He grumbled, but returned to silence.

Santiago continued, waving away Olaf. "Ok, one person blames you. But still, like I said, what's done is done. We're currently four days away from port. We're going to need to eat between now and then, so even if we go back now, we're still going to have to consume the shakes. That's a given at this point, so we might as well continue on with the expedition, no?"

Sam looked around, everyone nodded their agreement. Rebecca stood by his side, holding his hand. He looked at her and she gave him an encouraging smile. Even Olaf nodded his desire to continue on.

He sighed. "Alright, we continue on, and make do with how things are. Agreed?" Everyone nodded their agreement. Sam nodded as well, feeling relief. The expedition had had a bit of a rocky start, but things would get better now.

THREE DAYS LATER.

72 hours later, Sam was laying in his captain's quarters. They were roomier than Rebecca's cabin so he'd had her move in with him. The sound of the shower turning off, signalled her imminent return. She padded into the room, towelling herself off. "Good morning, Sam. How are you this morning?" She asked cheerily. Every time he saw her she took his breath away.

For 48 hours after the crew meeting where they'd agreed to continue on their voyage, everyone had continued to grow, Rebecca included. Her breasts had swollen like a pair of ripe fruit. They now hung down to her navel, each firm and round, but slightly elongated as they hung off of her chest away from her. Her nipples were the size of a roll of quarters, and hung drooping off the end of her tits. He knew that with minimal stimulation they would shoot straight forward, and gush with milk. The dark blue veins that he'd first seen underneath her skin when she'd needed to milk, had become an ever-present feature.

He rose from the bed and walked over to kiss her. "Good morning, darling" He said. He was glad that she was finally comfortable calling him Sam, although in their intimate times she still called him Captain.

As their lips met, he found himself surrounded by her aura of aroma. It'd grown stronger as time had gone on, and as he stood breathing it in, he felt himself begin to grow hard.

"Oooh! Good morning to you too, mister!" She said as his cock rose in between them. It now was just over a foot long when erect, nearly reaching her chin when standing. Luckily it had maintained its girth, which Rebecca had been very thankful for, for if it'd grown much wider she wouldn't have been able to take it.

She leaned forward and gave it a kiss, grasping the upper half of his shaft, before she began to lick around the head, like it was an ice cream cone.

“Ohhhh Fuck” He moaned, as she made out with the head of his cock. She pulled off and then led him towards the bed, dragging him by his dick. “Come, Captain. Your lady needs her loving” She let go of him and laid down on the bed.

From where she was laying he could no longer see her head, all he could see was the underside of her full breasts, resting upon her rib cage. He stepped forward and gently slid the head of his cock into her waiting pussy. He continued to slide in deeper, hearing her moan her satisfaction from across the bed. As he filled her, he could see her nipples slowly go from drooping to standing upright as they tensed with pleasure. He reached forward and grabbed hold of them, each fitting perfectly within his fist. At last, he could slide in no further. Only 2” of his cock remained outside of her, the remaining 10” stuffed within her quivering little cunt. “Fuck baby, how is your pussy always so fucking tight” He said, as he felt her lips gripping his shaft. “It’s...it’s...it’s because she loves you” She gasped in between moans of pleasure. He began to thrust in and out. “Well, I fucking love her too”

As he began to fuck her, he squeezed her two elongated nipples in his hand. She cried with orgasmic pleasure at the combined stimulation, him sliding his enormous meat in and out of her pussy, and his strong hands wrapped around her engorged nipples. It didn’t take long before release shook her body, which triggered her letdown reflex. Milk shot forth from both nipples, spraying out over the bedsheets. “Fuuuck” Sam moaned as he felt the spray of milk over his torso.

After a minute of being drenched with milk, he pulled out, feeling his release coming. Rebecca sat up and wrapped her hands around his shaft and furiously jerked him off, pushing him over the edge. He grunted as he shot thick ropes of jizz, painting her huge jugs with his load.

He collapsed into bed; the sheets now soaked with milk. “We’re going to have to do laundry again” He said, panting. She patted him on the chest as she got out of bed. “You’re going to have to do laundry again, you made this mess, Captain. Besides, thanks to you, I’ve got to take another shower and then prepare breakfast.” He laughed as she exited the bathroom and turned on the shower once more.

He quickly tossed the bedding into the washer, and then set off for the mess hall, still in the nude. At the end of the second day after the decision had been made, a new ship rule had been put into place, effectively making nudity the de facto condition for all crew members. The reality was that other than Sam and Chelsea, no one else fit in their flightsuits any more, and so rather than force people to be unnecessarily uncomfortable, nakedness had been made the law.

He entered the mess hall. To find his crew waiting. Santiago was laying on the bedding he’d set up. His height had extended further, up to 7’ 6”. None of the cabin beds fit him anymore, so he’d hauled some mattresses and bedding down to the mess hall, the only room with space for him.

At the table sat the rest of the crew. “Good morning, everyone. Anyone report any more changes in their physical form?” He asked.

"No, Captain" Olaf answered. "It would appear that all growth has ceased. Thank goodness" He looked down at his overinflated sack, the size of a soccer ball, resting between his thighs. Chelsea sat beside him and kept a hand resting on it at all times, like a mother hen protecting her eggs. Her auburn hair flowed down to the floor, where it pooled there in a wild mass. She'd long given up on braiding it, as the effort would've taken the better part of a day. Her other hand, she kept resting on her stomach, which rounded out into a little pot belly, a condition that she seemed to be perpetually suffering for some reason unknown to Sam.

On the other side of the table sat Ann, who took up most of the bench by herself. Her ass had grown immensely, each cheek now just over a foot wide. As she shifted in her seat, the flesh rippled from the motion.

Omar sat at the end of the table, as usual. He was now massive, his whole body ripped to an incredible degree. His current muscle mass would put a professional bodybuilder to shame.

"Well that is good news" Sam said with relief as he surveyed his crew. "Does anyone have any issues with maintaining their duties on board the ship?" Each of them shook their head. "Excellent, then it would appear that our expedition is back on to the right foot!"

"Good morning Everyone!" Rebecca chimed as she entered the room, carrying the tray of nutritional shakes. As she walked her tits flopped back and forth, releasing little droplets of milk from her once again drooping nipples. Sam felt his mouth go dry as he watched her walk amongst the crew. Even from several feet away he could detect her aroma emanating from her.

"Easy there tiger" He heard Santiago say from his place on the floor beside him. Sam looked back at him, and then down at himself. He hadn't noticed since he'd been distracted by her scent, but he'd started to go hard once more in the cafeteria. He sat down on Santiago's bedding, tucking his cock in between his legs, feeling himself go red. Rebecca walked over and handed him his breakfast shake. "Everything ok, dear?" She asked with a warm smile. This close her smell was overpowering, his cock continued to swell, as her very presence called for it. He took the shake from her. "Yes all good, thanks!" She nodded and continued on, before taking a seat with the others at the table.

"You alright man? Santiago asked sitting up beside him. Sam nodded. "Yeah...just...her smell, it drives me crazy! I just want to take her right here, and..." He put his face in his hands. "Jesus, I've got to get a hold of myself"

His now gigantic friend patted him on the shoulder. "It's alright buddy, there's a lot of craziness going on right now. I mean, did you notice Chelsea?" They both looked over to where she was sitting. As she drank her shake, her hand idly rubbed Olaf's engorged sack underneath the table. Santiago gestured at it. "I mean, I know we're all going clothes free now, but still! We're in public!"

Sam laughed. Thankfully as Rebecca now sat a fair distance away from him, he felt his cock begin to shrink down once more. As they all departed to do their daily tasks aboard the ship Sam thought about him and Rebecca, and began to wonder how the changes had affected the other couples on board.

OMAR AND ANNE

A week had passed since the growth amongst the crew had ceased. Omar entered his cabin to see Anne standing with her back to the mirror, looking at herself over her shoulder.

"Omar..." She said without turning back around. "Do you think I'm fat?" She asked. Her two hands currently rested on her cheeks, lightly jiggling them. "I feel fat"

He sighed. "Baby, you got a three foot wide ass, of course you feel fat"

She turned around angrily "Hey!"

He walked up and gave her a kiss on the forehead. "But that doesn't mean I think you're fat. I think you're the sexiest you've ever been"

She crossed her arms, still pouting. "I don't believe you" She said, clearly still miffed.

"Does this make you believe me?" He said gesturing to his cock that was starting to rise at the sight of her and her gigantic ass. She watched it grow before her eyes "Well...maybe"

He laughed. "And if you were fat, could I do this?" With his two mammoth arms he scooped her up above his head, resting her legs on his shoulders.

She shrieked with glee "Omar! You could probably do that to an elephant at this point! It proves...Mmmmm" She began to moan mid sentence. With his arms wrapped around her two enormous ass cheeks, he'd pulled her pussy right up to his face and began to eat her out. "Oh fuck yeah" She cried, as she braced herself with his head, her legs resting on his shoulders as his tongue dance along her cunt. Her legs squeezed around his neck as she began to see stars. Her whole body shivered, setting her enormous ass jiggling, as she came hard. "Ok...Ok...you've made your point" She said still shivering from the orgasm that had swept through her body. "Now put me down!" She demanded, once again crossing her arms and giving him a pout.

He held her aloft in front of him. "Oh, I don't think so" He said giving her a devilish grin "I'm not done with you, little missy" Then as easily as flipping a pillow, he turned her around in his hands. With her huge ass, she weighed nearly 200 lbs altogether, but to Omar and his incredibly physique it was like tossing around a child.

"Omar! I mean it, put me down!" She yelled. Omar held her in front of him, almost horizontal, her body in line with his erect cock. With one swift motion he rammed her down on to his shaft, her slick pussy filling in an instant. "Do you still want me to put you down?" He teased her. "Fuck...no" She moaned. Omar chuckled, and then proceeded to use her like a human flesh light. With both hands he slid her up and down on his meat. Her arms and legs hung limp as he continued to use her like a fucktoy. Anne could do nothing, and she liked it that way. She liked the helplessness she felt when Omar fucked her like this. How he was in total control, she literally couldn't get away even if she wanted to.

"Ahhh..." He moaned as his release finally came to him. He pulled her down on to his cock, and held her there as he pumped his load into her. When he was finished, he gently lifted her

and set her back down on the ground. As he did, he gave her ass a light slap, setting the entire cheek into an uncontrollable jiggle.

She stepped forward and leaned up to kiss him on the cheek. "Mmm, thank you baby, I feel much better now"

He returned the kiss. "Good, now let's not hear anymore talk about you being fat, or else I'm going to have to teach you another lesson!"

OLAF AND CHELSEA

Two weeks had passed since the crew had stopped growing. Olaf was trying to finish his weekly navigation report, but found it difficult with Chelsea's constant demands.

"My dear, I think you've grown addicted. This obsession is nearing an unhealthy level" He said as he typed in calculations in his data pad.

Chelsea stood beside him. She'd finally decided to braid her hair, in a thick braid, that ran all the way to the floor, trailing behind her like an enormous snake. The other difference in her appearance was her stomach. Her abdomen was distended to the size of a woman who was 6 months pregnant. "I'm not obsessed!" She retorted.

He turned to look at her. He reached over and laid a hand on her stomach and shook it. Inside the sound of cum sloshing around was audible as her belly shook. "This isn't obsessed?" He said.

"Careful!" She said as she cradled her cum filled belly. Ever since their first time having sex after his balls had swollen, she *had* become obsessed with pumping herself full of his cum. Over the past two weeks she'd forced her womb to distend more and more, as she had him cum into her repeatedly on a daily basis. She'd even crafted a plastic diaphragm which she kept in place when they weren't having sex, so as to keep as much Cum inside of her as she could. Olaf had gone along with it, not realising how much she loved it, but also because he needed the release. His swollen balls needed frequent relieving or they caused him great pain.

He grunted as he turned back to his work. They were causing him some serious discomfort now, but he knew that he shouldn't relent to Chelsea's demands. They had grown unhealthy, and he shouldn't be supporting them.

"Come on baby...Come give mommy her Cum. I know you need to, I can tell when your balls are full." She stood behind him whispering in his ear. He shook her off. "I...I have work to do" He said, sounding less sure than he did a minute ago.

She kneeled beside his chair. "Don't you like our little Cumslut? That's all I am you know, just a dumb little cumslut"

He sighed and turned his chair to face her. "Of course I like you my dear, and you aren't just a little Cumslut, you're also a wonderful person, and...ahhhh" He'd made a critical error when he'd turned toward her. He'd exposed his swollen sac to Chelsea, who had begun to massage and kiss it. "Mmm...oh baby, your balls are so big and full of Cum, don't you want to fill your

little Cumslut?” She whispered as she continued to worship the two coconut sized balls within his sack.

Olaf breathed heavily, he needed to maintain composure, he had work to do, but...he also needed release. He looked down at the gorgeous woman massaging his balls, and then his already stiff cock.

“Alright, get on” He said brusquely.

A happy smile split her face. “Really?!”

He nodded. “Yes my little cumslut, get up here and take Daddys Cum”

In an instant she stood, quickly sticking a finger inside her to remove the cum stopper that was just inside. As soon as she did cum started to slowly ooze out of her pussy, but before a large amount could get out, she sat down hard on his waiting cock.

She moaned with delight as she began to bounce herself up and down on his cock. “Oh yes, Daddy, give me all of your Cum!” She hissed with delight.

Olaf didn’t even need to move, Chelsea was using him like a dildo, pleasuring herself with his stiff meat. He didn’t mind, it was hard for him to move now anyways, with his enlarged scrotum.

It didn’t take long for her violent impaling to bring him to release. “Are you ready, Cumslut? Here it comes” She squealed with pleasure as she placed both of her hands on her rotund abdomen, and sat down fully on his shaft. For a minute he groaned as he unloaded ounce after ounce of semen into her already overfilled womb. Chelsea just moaned with pleasure as she rubbed her belly, feeling the flesh tauten ever further as she was filled with more of his cum.

At last he went soft, and she pulled off of him, quickly replacing her stopper before any more cum could escape. “Mmm, thank you daddy” She whispered as she cradled her slightly larger stomach. With this most recent deposit, her belly button had now popped out, a visible nub on her round gut.

He leaned forward and gave her a kiss on her stomach. As he got close, he could hear the sound of the new cum churning within her. He rested a hand on her tight flesh. “You’re welcome my dear. You are a good little Cumslut”

With a big smile, she skipped off to bed, and Olaf returned to his report with a sigh and shake of his head, his balls freshly drained and his focus renewed.

SAM AND REBECCA

It had been four months since growth had ceased amongst the crew. They had finally reached their expedition destination, but after a few days of short-range scanning, and low orbit investigations, they found no signs of life. With heavy hearts they plotted their return voyage. It was sad to return empty handed, but they’d provided a valuable service to the corp. and proven themselves capable expeditioners.

As for the crew themselves, things had mostly stayed the same.

Omar and Anne were still happy as ever, Anne, no longer concerned about being fat, and now very much in love with her curves.

Olaf and Chelsea were good, though still recovering after a minor break in trust. After a month Olaf had staged an intervention with the crew. Chelsea's obsession with his Cum gone too far. When they finally stopped her, and agreed for her to no longer hoard it within her womb, she'd been at the size of a full term triplet pregnancy. It'd taken nearly two hours for them to get all the cum out of her. Now she still assisted him with his frequent needs for relief, but never let him finish inside her.

Santiago was still his same funny self, and was more or less good natured about the entire situation. "Sure there's no one for me on this ship, but chicks love tall guys, right? As soon as we're back home I'll be drowning in women!"

Which left only Sam and Rebecca. Over the four months their relationship had grown deeply intense. They were passionately in love, to an almost primal level. It was to the point that under normal circumstances, Sam could not be in the same room as Rebecca if he intended to function as a normal adult. The frenzy brought on by her very presence, whenever he smelled her aroma, brought him to fits of desire and lust. After the crew had walked in on them spontaneously rutting like two dogs in heat in the middle of the mess hall, for three meals in a row, it was agreed some boundaries had to be put in place.

They no longer slept in the same rooms, and from wake until evening, he would avoid seeing her. She would leave his meals outside his door, to avoid any interaction whatsoever. Then after dinner, when the work day was finished, he would go to her. They'd proceed with her daily milking's and then they would make love for hours on end without ceasing.

And so, it was on the day after they'd begun their return journey home, that he found himself entering her room once more. As soon as he stepped over the threshold, he felt the animal inside him take over, as the entire room was filled with her pheromones. "In here, my love!" She called from the bathroom. He stalked in, his cock already beginning to become erect. She stood in the shower with her back to him. She looked over her shoulder at him, and beckoned him with a single finger.

He rushed forward and grabbed her. She was lifted up by his cock, sitting on the quivering shaft at its base, as his hands gripped her enormous teats and began to furiously squeeze them in rhythm. Soon milk began to spray the walls of the shower. She moaned as she ground her moist pussy along the top of his cock where she sat. His nose was pressed against the back of her skull, each breath taking in her scent, and driving him further and further wild.

"Ohhh, I missed you too, my Captain. Missed you terribly" She whispered in between moans of pleasure as he continued to paint the walls with her milk. She reached forward and gently caressed his cock, eliciting a deep grunt from him.

"Ok that's enough, my love. I'm empty" She said as the flow from her teats sputtered out. With another grunt he set her down back on the tile floor. She took his hand and led him back to her bed. There she got on her knees, her full fat tits hanging from below her, each nipple still

leaking milk. "Come on, give me what I need" She said huskily. Wordlessly he stepped forward and placed his hands on her hips, pressing his tip against her wet cunt. "That's it, Captain, give it to me" She moaned, biting her bottom lip. Without hesitation he thrust into her, filling her up. Standing behind her on the floor while she kneeled in front of him on the bed he pounded into her, his only sounds animalistic grunts of pleasure. She joined him, moaning loud and long, as he filled her pussy repeatedly.

It didn't take long for him to begin to feel the need to release, and he quickened his pace. Within her she felt his cock begin to tense as he neared his orgasm. She scooted forward on the bed, pulling him out of her. She looked back at him. "You know the rules, Captain."

This snapped him out of his reverie. "Rebecca...my love...I...I can't stand this anymore. This is beyond love, and lust, and desire. This is a primal need. I need to come inside you, need to plant my seed deep inside your womb, to breed you. Please, I beg you, you have to let me" He fell to his knees in front of her.

She crawled forward on the bed and kissed his forehead. "Of course I will let you, my Captain. I've wanted it for as long as I can remember, I was just following the rules because of what happened before" She gestured to her engorged tits, and his foot long cock. "But if you want to say fuck the rules, then nothing would make me happier for you to plant your seed in my belly, to breed me. I'm your woman and you are my man, and that is the end of it"

He leaned forward and grabbed her face pulling her to him, and giving her a deep passionate kiss. "Yes..." He whispered, still holding her face to his. "Fuck the rules" Tears of joy rolled down his cheeks. When he let her go, he saw that she was crying as well. She gently laid herself back on the bed, her breasts laying aside her, and reached for him. "Come...I'm ready"

He got on the bed on top of her and slid himself into her. And then they made love; slow powerful thrusts, filling her deeply, and completely. Tears ran down both of their eyes as he felt his climax come. He quickened his pace, letting his primal need to take over. As he felt it coming, he thrust in hard, pushing himself right to his base. She cried out as the tip of his cock punched through her cervix straight into her womb and began to unload his massive load inside her. "Oh god yesssss" She yelled as he held his cock deep inside her, pumping her with his cum. After twenty seconds of this, he collapsed on top of her. She wrapped her arms around him and pulled him in tight to her, as if she would never let him go. For a few minutes they just lay there, tears of joy still running down their cheeks, at the elation of finally truly consummating their relationship.

At last, he pulled out, and lay himself beside her. "Oh god, I love you" He said to her. She wiped tears from her eyes and smiled "I've loved you since that first day you came to me"

He gave her another deep kiss. Then a thought hit him, his lust having cleared some. "Holy shit, I came inside you!"

She nodded "Yes you did, and it felt wonderful"

He looked down past her pendulous breasts at her abdomen. "Did they ever tell you why a man shouldn't come inside you?"

She shook her head “No, and I don’t care.”

He smiled and kissed her once more “Agreed. Just as long as it doesn’t affect your milk like before. But what are the chances of that!”

EPILOGUE

Four Months Later

“Admiral. I’ve received a report that you’re going to want to see” The secretary said as she entered his office.

The admiral turned from the window behind his desk to greet his secretary. “Yes? What’s it about?”

She slid a data-pad across the table to him. “The expedition that returned today”

“Ah yes! That was young Sam Logan’s expedition was it not?” She nodded.

The admiral picked up the data-pad and flipped it on. There on the screen was a report of their expedition findings. He frowned. “This report is a run of the mill expedition report. No findings at the destination system, this is the same as 95% of all the reports that I receive. Why would you think I’d want to see this?”

She shook her head. “Not the expedition report...The report on the crew” She pointed on the screen to a video attachment. He raised his eyebrows at her, but opened it without question.

The video showed footage from one of their security cameras, and from the surroundings in the image he could tell it was one from the landing bay. Off screen he can see an expedition ship land, and then its gangway being lowered down. “What am I looking for exactly?” He said addressing the secretary, getting a little frustrated. “Keep watching, sir” She pointed at the video.

He sighed and looked back at it, in time to see a tall man walk down the metal ramp. A tall naked man. “Public indecency among the crew! What the hell kind of ship is Logan running!” The admiral said angrily. The secretary shook her head “It’s not the nudity, sir”

Confused the admiral looked back at the tall man on the screen, when from off screen several landing bay personnel ran forward to greet him...and they only came up to his waist.

The admiral was shocked “Jesus Christ, that man has to be 12’ tall! Who is that freak?”

“First mate Martinez, sir” The secretary replied.

“Martinez? Wait, I know Martinez, he’s about the same height as me...Oh fuck”

“Sir?”

The admiral slapped a hand over his eyes. “Goddamit. He fucked the Milker”

"I don't understand sir" The secretary said looking confused.

"I fucking warned that idiot, and he ignored me. Goddammit."

"...Sir. I still..."

The admiral paused the video and looked to his secretary. "Milkers have highly sensitive body chemistry, due to their enhancements. This chemistry can be easily thrown out of whack by the introduction of certain elements, namely human semen. The result which is her milk becomes tainted resulting in genetic mutations."

He resumed the video and continued to watch. "Goddamn..." He said as the next pair of crew exited the ship. It looked to be Omar Phillips, if Omar Phillips had turned into the hulk. His entire body was covered with layer after layer of muscle. His biceps were the size of soccer balls. Over his shoulder he was carrying a woman with short dyed hair.

"Who's that he's carrying" The admiral asked. "Anne Morris" The secretary replied.

The admiral watched the video feed. "She seems to be relatively...oh" He stopped midsentence as Omar turned around on the screen, revealing Anne Morris's back side. Her ass was like a pair of yoga balls attached to her waist, with her tiny thighs and calves sticking out from under them.

The admiral groaned as he watched them walk off screen. "Why didn't he listen to me. And why didn't he stop! They must have noticed the changes before they reached this point...why didn't they stop!"

The next crew member was a woman with extremely long hair, trailing on the ground behind her for at least 10 ft, like an enormous wedding veil. Her stomach was incredibly distended, looking like she was full term pregnant with quintuplets. As she walked, she gently cradled it.

The admiral sat up with a start at this. "Is she pregnant?! How is that possible, all female crew are supposed to take regular birth control to prevent this from happening while on expeditions!"

The secretary shook her head "No sir, she isn't pregnant, she was just reported as being 'Very Full'"

The admiral looked at her "Full? Of What?" Then he looked back at the screen. "Oh Jesus, I'm going to be sick" He said, as he watched a man walk down the ramp, dragging an enormous fleshy sack between his legs. It reached all the way to the ground and filled the space between his legs, forcing him to take wide awkward shuffles.

"I still don't understand how it could've gotten this far" Said the Admiral. "They're smart people, as soon as they realized what was causing it, why wouldn't they have stopped. Unless...unless they couldn't stop because...oh god. Secretary, how many?"

"Sir?"

"The Milker. How many babies is she carrying..."

"Sir, how did you know!" The secretary said shocked.

"It's the only way to explain how it got this far, and none of them stopped it. She has to be pregnant"

The admiral continued. "Do you know why Milkers were created?" The secretary shook her head. The admiral went on with his explanation. "It wasn't for food production; it was to solve underpopulation amongst the outposts. Their genetic enhancements turn them into the ultimate breeding specimen. That's why they're able to produce so much milk, because their bodies are geared to feed so many babies. But...in testing, we noticed a dangerous trend. The milkers released a pheromone, undetectable to the majority of people, only noticeable to those who were genetically compatible with them, but it would turn them into animals."

He continued the video. At last, out walked Sam Logan and his queen. They walked arm in arm, Sam's head darting around, eyes wild. In between his legs, his cock drooped down to his ankles.

Rebecca was a being of supreme beauty and femininity. Her breasts billowed out from her chest, widening as they went, until at last they stopped at her knees. Her nipples hung off the ends, each of them a foot long. As she walked, she left twin streams of milk behind her where her nipples constantly leaked. In between her breasts she rested a hand on her stomach, which looked as if she was 9 months with twins. Her golden hair shone as it spilled down her shoulders and onto her mammoth breasts. Her face bore a beatific smile, as she walked with her arm looped around her mate's.

The admiral continued as he watched them on screen. "The issue worsened when they got pregnant. The men got aggressive, cagey, defensive" He pointed to the screen, where two personnel approached the pair of them. When they got close Sam lunged out, swinging at them, his face snarling. "...Like that" The admiral said. "They perceived anyone as a threat to their mate and their off-spring." The entire time Rebecca's face was calm and happy, as if this was all she ever wanted.

The admiral turned off the screen. "So...how many?"

The secretary gulped. "The report from medical says she's carrying 14..."

The admiral sighed. "Why does no one ever listen to me, when I warn them. I fucking told him, and yet he didn't listen and now look at them."

"What shall we do with them, sir?" The secretary asked.

The admiral shrugged. "I don't know, ship them somewhere where they can be alone and happy, I don't want to ever see them again."

The secretary nodded and set about to make the arrangements.

The next day the Admiral drafted an update to the list of regulations for all expedition crew. Which read as such:

REGULATION #523: UNDER PENALTY OF COURT-MARTIAL - DO NOT FUCK THE MILKERS.