The Curse of the Mysterious Asteroid

Part IV

By

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**Previously:** While investigating a mysterious asteroid, Princess Cassiopeia and her ever loyal chauffer, Fiora Tailwind were captured by the sinister Baron Cyberface.

We now rejoin our heroes, trapped with no hope of escape and surrounded on all sides by Cyberface’s personal army of all-female bodyguards…

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Princess Cassiopeia and Fiora, escorted by a cadre of Cyberface’s comely bodyguards, were descending a seemingly endless flight of stairs, lit only by the baleful light of the hovering glowspheres that drifted above the party.

“Where are you taking us, Cyberface?” demanded Cassiopeia, struggling against the iron grip of her captors. Her struggles were rewarded by a rough jab with the butt of a rifle to her shoulder blades, delivered by a snickering blonde girl that the princess recognized as one of the two she’d stumbled upon making out in the supply closet during her earlier attempt to evade capture.

“That’s *Baron* Cyberface to you, although I prefer ‘Baron Ashinbar,” Cyberface croaked through the vox-modulators embedded in his larynx. Somehow, the fearsome grimace permanently etched on his faceplate seemed more upset than usual.

“Cyberface suits you better, I think,” Cassiopeia smirked.

“Of course ‘Cyberface’ suits me better. It has ever since *you* sliced off my real one,” he growled. Tiny servos whirred audibly as he narrowed his steel eyelids into glowing red slits. “Believe me; you’ll pay dearly for that…”

“Maybe antagonizing his baronship isn’t the best course of action right now, your majesty,” Fiora hissed in the princess’s ear.

Cassiopeia shrugged. She was sure whatever twisted fate Cyberface had in store for them, a little teasing wouldn’t affect the outcome either way. It did, however, brighten her mood and, when you’re facing certain doom at the hands of a murderous psychopath, it pays to savor the little pleasures in life.

The group emerged from the narrow stairwell into a long, well lit corridor of bare concrete that extended about fifty meters into the rock. Set into the wall on one side of the passage was a heavy door of reinforced ultra-steel.

Cyberface called the platoon to halt in front of the door and stepped aside as a petit redhead in camouflage fatigues swiped her keycard in the lock. The heavy door swung open with a hydraulic “whoosh” and the captives were tossed inside without ceremony.

Cassiopeia leapt to her feet immediately and made a dash for the door, but it was too late; the bolts slid into place mere milliseconds before the princess reached the exit and she slammed painfully into the unyielding ultra-steel.

“Ahhhh, shit!” growled Cassiopeia, rubbing her injured shoulder, which had already begun to break out in mottled black and blue.

Fiora joined the princess at the door and the pair examined their surroundings.

Their prison was a cube of steel, twenty feet on a side and completely featureless except for the door in front of them and a glowing, hemispherical protrusion set in the exact center of the ceiling. The mysterious dome gave Cassiopeia a bad feeling in her gut, and she was sure it was something a good deal more sinister than a simple light fixture.

The pair jumped at the sudden sound of a lock clinking open and turned to see a small porthole had appeared in the door, Cyberface’s permanent scowl leering through at them from the other side.

Cassiopeia took a jab at him, only to discover the porthole was blocked by a window of glass nearly two inches thick. Her knuckles cracked painfully against the transparent barrier, sending the princess into a hailstorm of cursing. She retreated from the porthole to nurse her throbbing knuckles and shoulder.

Fiora dashed up to the porthole.

“What are you going to do to us, you cyber-bully?” she demanded.

“You haven’t figured out yet? I’ve been doing it for the past thirty seconds,” Cyberface’s muffled voice growled through the glass.

“Doing what?”

Cyberface only answered her with cackling laughter that faded as he withdrew from the opening, back up the hall and out of sight.

Fiora stepped back from the door and turned to Cassiopeia.

“What did he mean ‘I’ve been doing it for the past thirty seconds?’” she asked.

“Just what he said,” answered the princess. “It started when the door closed. Look at your chest.”

Fiora looked down.

“What? I don’t see-” Fiora’s eyes suddenly went as wide as dinner plates. “Oh my God!”

Fiora’s normally modest breasts had filled out significantly. Where once she would have been a thirty two B, her chest had expanded well into the C-cup range.

Fiora looked back at Cassiopeia, who pointed up at the bulbous protrusion on the ceiling. The ominous dome filled the air with an electric hum.

“Breastonic radiation; normally it’s impossible to generate in this quantity, but Cyberface must have figured out a new technique,” explained Cassiopeia. “The room is saturated with it. A few minutes exposure will bump your breasts up a cup size, maybe two. Stay in here long enough, though…”

“…And we’ll be crushed under the weight of our own boobs,” finished Fiora. “Ooh, that’s diabolical.”

Cassiopeia nodded gravely.

“Judging by your rate of growth, I’d estimate we have between ten and twelve hours before we’re crushed to death… if we don’t get smothered first.”

“‘*My* rate of growth?’ Aren’t you growing?” asked Fiora.

Cassiopeia looked down at her own, already ample cleavage.

“My quantanium breastplate is protecting me from the bulk of the radiation, I’m still growing, but at a drastically reduced rate. If I were to take this off, we’d be dead twice as fast.”

Even still, Cassiopeia’s large breasts seemed unusually buoyant, pressing lightly against the gleaming silver of her breastplate.

“The bigger we get, the more radiation we can absorb. So, the longer we stay, the faster we’ll grow,” said Cassiopeia.

“Well let’s get the hell out of here, then!” exclaimed Fiora.

The two immediately went to work exploring every inch of their cell for potential weak points. There were none. There were no access plates or maintenance covers on this side of the door, and all the lock mechanisms were safely behind two solid inches of ultra-steel. The walls had no joins or rivets, and blended seamlessly at the corners to form a perfect seal.

“I think I’ve found the air vents,” said Cassiopeia, standing on her tiptoes and craning her neck to get a better look at a grill that ran around the top edge of the room. “But they’re too narrow to fit through.”

“It was nice of Cyberface to provide us with fresh air, at least,” grumbled Fiora. “That way we won’t die from carbon dioxide poisoning before we suffocate on our gigantic, bloated boobs.”

“I suspect this was a testing area before he converted it into an execution chamber. I wonder how many women Cyberface subjected to his perverted whims in here before turning it against us.”

“None of the women out there, that’s for sure,” said Fiora. “Did you see their chests? I was bigger than any of them, and I’m not exactly... well… *you*.”

She gestured toward the princess’s ample assets, which had begun to spill over the top of her breastplate.

“That is strange…” Cassiopeia rubbed her chin.

“I haven’t seen so many flat chested girls since middle school,” Fiora continued.

“I suspect we’ll envy them before too long,” Cassiopeia looked over at Fiora’s chest. Her bosom had doubled in size, now straining heavily against the fabric of her chauffer’s uniform.

“I already do. My bra is pinching something awful…” Fiora groaned, trying to adjust her underwear through her clothes.

“Well then take it off,” Cassiopeia scoffed. “I think a breach of decorum can be forgiven under the circumstances.”

“Thank you, ma’am,” Fiora began to reach around to undo her bra when she was interrupted by a sudden loud “POP!”

“What was that?” asked Cassiopeia.

“I think my bra’s decorum just breached all by itself…” Fiora blushed.

Cassiopeia shook her head.

“Never mind. Here, let’s try this. Come over here and get up on my shoulders while I can still lift you. You’re gaining a pound a minute over there.”

“Coming ma’am,” Fiora pulled her busted brassiere out of her sleeve and cast it aside before scurrying over to the princess and climbing on her back.

“Hurrrng!” Cassiopeia grunted, hoisting herself back into a standing position with considerable effort. “I don’t think I believe you’ve gained *this* much since getting locked in here.”

“You’re one to talk, ma’am…” Fiora grumbled.

“What was that?”

“Nothing, your highness…”

“Urnghhh,” Cassiopeia grunted, trying to keep steady underneath the ever-increasing weight of her chauffer. “Can you reach the dome?”

“No,” Fiora called down. “Hold steady, I’m going to try standing on your shoulders…”

“Easy for you to say,” Cassiopeia widened her stance as Fiora adjusted herself, accidentally planting a boot in the princess’s cleavage before finding solid purchase on her shoulders.

“Can you reach it?”

“No, we’re still about nine feet short.”

“Damn.”

“Hold steady, though. I can see it better from this close, maybe there’s a weak poi-oi-oi-aaaAAA!”

“Shit!” Cassiopeia exclaimed.

Fiora’s jacket tore open, sending buttons clattering across the room and allowing her bare, burgeoning boobs to spring free and expand unhindered. Unused to the unfamiliar weight on her chest, Fiora overbalanced, teetering on Cassiopeia’s shoulders for a few vertiginous seconds before the colossal weight of her massive melons proved too much and she toppled face first off the princess’s shoulders, landing with a muffled “whump!”

“Damn,” Cassiopeia rubbed her bruised buttocks. “Are you alright, Fiora?”

“I think so, thank God I landed on something soft…”

Cassiopeia’s eyes went wide when she saw what her chauffer had landed on.

“Holy shit, Fiora! Your boobs!”

Fiora sat up, though with significant effort.

“What!? Oh no!” she cried.

When she’d first mounted the princess, Fiora’s breasts had been roughly the size of cantaloupes. Now they were the size of beach balls! Her erect nipples stood out from the massive globes like small mountains, swelling visibly larger every second.

“I’ve got built-in airbags!” groaned Fiora “How did they get so big so fast?”

“Getting closer to the dome must have given you a concentrated dose of breastonic particles. We shouldn’t try that again…”

“Thanks for the warning.”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t think of it until now…”

Cassiopeia got up and began to pace.

“There’s got to be a way out of here. We’ve been in worse situations. I’ve just got to think!”

Fiora heaved herself to her feet, straining with the effort of lifting her increasingly heavy tits.

“How did we escape that dungeon on Altair Four?” asked Fiora.

“We distracted the guard by making out and then stealing his keys when he got closer to watch,” answered Cassiopeia. “But I don’t think that will work this time, our guard is a woman…”

Cassiopeia pressed her cheek to the door to get a better angle looking through to the outside.

“I wouldn’t be too sure. What if our guard is that blonde from the supply closet?” Fiora suggested.

Cassiopeia pressed her cheek harder up against the porthole.

“It’s hard to tell. It might be worth a shot, though…”

She suddenly felt the warmth and weight of Fiora’s beach-ball sized boobs on her back.

“Where would you like me to start, your highness?” asked Fiora, sliding forward and cupping Cassiopeia’s curvaceous posterior with her delicate hands.

A shudder of pleasure whispered through the princess’s body and she arched her back, luxuriating in the sensation of her servant’s colossal breasts against her bare shoulders.

“I think it might take more than making out to get this girl’s attention,” purred Cassiopeia. “She’s on the other side of two inches of reinforced glass, we’ll have to make a lot of noise. Do you think you can manage that?”

“We can try…” Fiora stepped back and lowered herself to the ground, spreading her legs and laying back so that her immense boobs slid to either side of her body, almost falling back to cover her face.

“Ooh, this floor is cold,” Fiora shivered, her nipples hard as rocks.

Cassiopeia joined her on the ground, unzipping Fiora’s jodhpurs and sliding them slowly down past her knees to reveal a pair of neat, white panties. “Fiora Tailwind” was stenciled neatly across the elastic band at the top, while a small, dark patch of wetness had begun to form at the crotch.

“You know, I’ve always appreciated your loyalty,” cooed the princess. “It must be very difficult, sacrificing your body like this.”

“It’s a pleasure to be of service, ma’am…”

“Well, let’s see if I can’t return the favor for once,” Cassiopeia whispered. She leaned in and planted a tender kiss on the tiny bump where Fiora’s swollen clit rubbed against the soft cotton of her panties. The princess inhaled deeply, savoring the musky sweet aroma of Fiora’s pussy before taking hold of her panties and sliding them off, drawing out the motion with aching slowness.

She was clean shaven, her vulva as smooth as silk and gleaming with perspiration. Cassiopeia kissed the bare skin, tasting the sweat and honey on her lips.

“Please, your majesty, time is of the essence,” moaned Fiora.

“Hush!” Cassiopeia slid up Fiora’s chest, kissing her on her belly button, her stomach and between her gargantuan breasts.

“This is an art. It can’t be rushed,” she said, planting a tender kiss on Fiora’s lips. Down below, the princess’s skillful fingers teased Fiora’s clit, darting over it like wind. Fiora melted under her master’s delicate touch and began to moan softly with the rising pleasure.

With her other hand, Cassiopeia stroked Fiora’s erect nipples. They were big enough for her to grasp with her entire hand, and so sensitive that every stroke sent shudders of pleasure through Fiora’s body.

The princess worked Fiora into a frenzy, swirling her fingers around the slippery nub of Fiora’s clit and teasing her labia with long, slow strokes.

“Oh, Cassie!” Fiora gripped the princess by her waist and pulled her close, kissing her full on the lips as Cassiopeia plunged her fingers into Fiora’s hungry snatch.

It didn’t take the princess’s sensitive fingertips long to find Fiora’s G-spot. She felt a wave of pleasure radiate out from her crotch like the heat from a fire, building into an inferno.

Cassiopeia was sweating, now, rubbing her crotch on Fiora’s thigh as she struggled to caress and kiss every inch of her chauffer’s massive tits. They grew larger and heavier every minute, expanding like balloons, soaking up the radiation like sponges.

“Ohhhhh….” Fiora moaned. The heat was building. Every inch of her titanic tits was alive with electric lust as Cassiopeia stroked and licked her pleasure button.

“Princess… Princess… I’m… oh Goooohd! Ahhhhaaaaaahhhhhh!” she cried, a spasm of pleasure shot through her body, sending her colossal tits quaking like oversize Jell-O molds.

She fought to sit up, drenched in sweat and panting with post orgasmic ecstasy.

Outside the chamber, the blonde guardswoman cocked her head. She thought she’d heard something like a muffled cry coming from the chamber. Were the prisoners dying already? That’s too bad. The one with the hat was pretty cute, and the thick one was pretty easy on the eyes as well.

The blonde shrugged her shoulders.

*Too bad*, she thought.

Fiora and Cassiopeia lay sweating in each other’s arms for several minutes, watching the porthole alertly for any sign of their guard. No face appeared in the window.

“Damn,” Cassiopeia growled. “I guess I didn’t get you to be loud enough. Now we’ve wasted all that time…”

Fiora’s breasts were truly immense now, each one larger and heavier than the whole rest of her torso. Cassiopeia’s had grown as well, pushing the double E range. Her breastplate was beginning to pinch uncomfortably, and it was becoming difficult to breathe.

“I’m sorry, ma’am,” panted Fiora. “But, if it’s any consolation, I was fairly loud by my standards. Usually my orgasms are more… modest.”

“You’re right,” sighed Cassiopeia. “We’ll have to try again.”

“I don’t know if I can be any louder this time, your majesty,” Fiora propped herself up on her elbows, fighting the titanic weight of her rapidly swelling tits.

“Not you, dummy. Me!” the princess flipped over and lay back. “I’ve always been a bit of a screamer.”

“’A bit?’ Your majesty, we share a wall. I can tell which vibrator you’re using by the pitch of your squeals.”

“Well, let’s see what pitch *you* can get out of me, then, because this might be our last chance.”

Cassiopeia pulled off her shorts and tossed them onto one of Fiora’s breasts. It landed so that one of her nipples poked up through the waistband.

“Ten points,” smirked the princess “Now it’s your turn to score.”

Fiora pulled herself across the floor. Her tits were the size of yoga balls now, and too firm to manipulate easily.

“I don’t know if this is going to work. If I turn over on my stomach, there’s no way I can get anywhere near your… hoho. These beastly things would hold me up like beanbag chairs,” said Fiora.

“Then I guess my ‘hoho’ will just have to come to you. Lie back.”

Fiora did as she was told. Cassiopea pulled off her panties and tossed them aside before straddling Fiora’s head and cramming her face between her thighs.

“Mmrrrf mrrrm!?” Fiora tried to ask through a faceful of royal muff.

“Just shut up and dive in!” laughed Cassiopeia, leaning back into Fiora’s cleavage like a massive, pink recliner. She grabbed a hold of Fiora’s nipples for support and began to stroke them up and down in sympathetic motion to the sensations she felt down below.

Fiora was as skilled with her tongue as she was with the controls of a starship, finding and attacking the princess’s swollen clit with a barrage of short, quick flits, spaced out by long periods of deep sucking.

“Ohhhhh God yes!” yelled Cassiopeia, already feeling the pleasure building up inside.

Fiora forged ahead, sucking her master’s clit into a frenzied ecstasy as royal honey dripped down her chin and across her face.

“Just like that, just like that!” the princess moaned, grinding her pussy on Fiora’s face.

The pleasure was intense. If she’d known Fiora was so skilled in the art of eating pussy, she never would have spent all that money on dildos!

“Make me scream and I’ll double your salary!” moaned Cassiopeia “Fuck! I’ll triple it!”

She bucked like a bronco as a spasm of pleasure shot from her clit like a lightning bolt. Perspiration dripped down her face and pooled in her cleavage, now so tight against her breastplate that she could hardly breathe.

“Aaaaaargh!” she groaned. The straps of her breastplate dug into her sides and she struggled to loosen them. Working with sweat slick fingers, she let out some slack, allowing her to breathe. Her breasts began to grow faster, filling the newly available space.

She felt the singing vibration of orgasm building up inside her loins as Fiora lashed out with her tongue, setting every nerve on fire.

“Oh…ohohhhhooooooooaaaaAAAA!” Cassiopeia screamed as the first wave of climax washed over her. She could feel it lapping at her insides like an ocean, building up into a tidal wave.

Outside the cell, curiosity had finally gotten the better of their guard. Neither Cassiopeia not Fiora noticed, but Blondie now had her nose pressed against the window, breathing fog in twin streams down the glass. She had her pants down around her ankles and her rifle slung back across her shoulders as her fingers worked furiously beneath pink, frilly panties.

*I guess they wanted to go out with a bang*, she thought, licking her lips at the delectable sight.

Fiora’s tits were as big as she was, now. Each one must have weighed a hundred and thirty pounds. They bounced with every spasm of Cassiopeia’s body and quivered with every little shudder.

“This issss… ooohhh ahhh… this is the big one!” yelled Cassiopeia.

Fiora locked her arms around the princess’s legs and held her close, fighting the involuntary motion of her master as she writhed in delight. Her tongue slid across her master’s soaking pussy and teased her throbbing clit, building to the big finale.

“Here it comes!” Cassiopeia screamed. The third wave of orgasm hit her like an earthquake, she could feel it rattle her bones. Blood thundered in her ears and she realized she was laughing so loud, her throat was practically raw.

“YEEEEeeeeeeeeeaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahahahha!” she howled, pitching backward and falling into the canyon between Fiora’s towering tits.

For an eternal minute, Cassiopeia could do nothing but listen to the ringing in her ears and moan quietly to herself. Finally, she pushed her way out from between Fiora’s outrageous knockers and up into a sitting position.

That was when she noticed Blondie.

The guard’s face was flushed, with red marks on her forehead and the bridge of her nose from pressing against the glass. She’d obviously been masturbating. Cassiopeia didn’t need to see anything but the wild look in her eyes to know that. The princess shot the guard a come hither grin and beckoned with her finger.

“Sit tight, Fiora, we’ll be free in no time,” said Cassiopeia through her smile.

But, to her surprise, the guard just shook her head.

Cassiopeia and Fiora couldn’t make out what she said through the glass, but Cassiopeia got the gist.

“I’m not falling for that old trick,” she’d said. “I had my fun out here. Thanks for the show, though!”

The guard disappeared beneath the porthole as she retrieved her trousers. When she popped back up, Cassiopeia flipped her off. Blondie only winked in response and blew her a kiss before moving completely out of sight.

“Did it work, is she letting us out?” asked Fiora.

“No…”

Cassiopeia groaned and extricated herself the rest of the way from Fiora’s cleavage.

The floor was slick with their sweat, and the princess’s boots squeaked on the wet steel as she walked across the room to retrieve her panties.

Fiora propped herself up on one elbow.

“These are starting to get pretty heavy,” she griped. “What do we do now?”

The princess let out a sigh.

“Nothing. I’m out of ideas.”

“So that’s it? I’ll just lie back until my boobs grow big enough to smother me?”

“Here, you’ll have more time if we get you on top of them.”

“Great, I’d much rather be crushed against the ceiling.”

With much grunting and cursing, the pair were able to work together to get Fiora on top of her sofa-sized breasts. They were too heavy for her to stand up, so she folded her arms across the tops and leaned forward into them.

Cassiopeia sat down next to her and rested her head against one of the monstrous melons.

“I’m so sorry, Fiora. This is all my fault. I should have listened to you when you told me this sector of space was too dangerous. I let my pride get in the way of my judgment and now we’ll both pay the price…”

Fiora reached down and stroked the princess’s hair.

“My first day on the job with you, I got shot at, kidnapped and nearly caught in a thermonuclear explosion,” said Fiora “And my life has been in danger a thousand times since then. I could have quit any time in the past three years, but I chose not to. Do you know why?”

“Why?” Cassiopeia sniffed back some very un-royal tears.

“Because being your chauffer has been the biggest adventure of my life, and staying with you was *my* decision.”

Cassiopeia smiled.

“Well, I’m sorry, but it looks like this is our last adventure. I’ve finally gotten us into a situation that even my indestructible quantanium breastplate can’t get me out of…”

“Well, at least the past few hours have been almost enough fun to make up for it, right?”

Cassiopeia didn’t answer. Her eyes were dancing with ideas.

“Holy shit! My breastplate! Of course!” she leaped to her feet and shook Fiora by the shoulders, an action that sent ripples across the surface of her mammoth tits. “I *can* get us out of this!”

“But I thought you said the breastplate would only slow the process?”

“When I’m wearing it, but that’s not my plan. I’m going to *take it off*!”

“What!? We’ll be dead twice as fast, you said!”

“Fiora, this breastplate was forged in the heat of the Big Bang during the first millisecond of time. It’s completely indestructible to any force that can exist at the universe’s current level of entropy and opaque to all forms of radiation, including breastonic particles.”

“So? It’ll barely fit you in another twenty minutes.”

“It doesn’t have to fit me anymore. If I can get it up *there*, I can block the source of the radiation,” Cassiopeia pointed up at the glowing dome in the ceiling that was flooding the room with malicious radiation.

“How are you supposed to reach? There’s no way you can hold me up now!”

“Nope, you’re going to hold *me* up. All we have to do is wait…”

Hours passed and Fiora’s breasts continued to grow, swelling larger and larger until she could stand up with her boobs touching the floor.

“At least I don’t have to carry them anymore,” she said. “These damn things must weigh a ton by now.”

A half hour later, they weighed two tons each, and were growing faster than ever.

“You doing all right up there?” asked Fiora, looking up at the mountainous mammaries towering over her.

“Just a few more feet!” called Cassiopeia.

*I just hope this works*, she thought.

The princess could barely keep her breastplate on any more. She’d undone the straps nearly an hour ago and was now just pressing the precious quantanium to her chest, keeping the radiation out as best she could. Her tits had swelled to the size of basketballs and continued to grow larger every minute.

Every second that Fiora’s breasts grew brought Cassiopeia closer to the ceiling. The glowing dome was just a few feet outside her reach, now. She was close enough to the source of radiation that she could feel it tingling across her skin, and her tits were soaking up every particle they could.

“Whoosh,” Cassiopeia grunted with the effort of standing. Fighting the colossal weight of her own boobs and keeping her balance on Fiora’s was exhausting, and she still hadn’t recovered from her earlier “workout.”

Finally, the evil dome was within arm’s reach. Cassiopea took off her breastplate and lifted it up over her head, using it to block the radiation emissions from the dome.

“I’ve got it!” she called down.

From somewhere in the vast, pink mound of boobs that nearly filled the entire room, she heard Fiora’s voice call up something in an encouraging tone, but it was too muffled to make out.

“It’s not a perfect seal, but it doesn’t have to be,” said Cassiopeia. “All we need is to reflect enough of the radiation back into the emitter that it backs up into the facility. Hopefully that’ll happen before we’re crushed to death…”

Tense minutes passed. The electric tingle in Cassiopeia’s breasts was growing stronger every second, and she was drenched in sweat from the effort of supporting her ever-swelling chest. So close to the dome, they were gaining nearly a foot in diameter every ten seconds; their tops pressed against the ceiling and their bottoms squishing into Fiora’s cleavage.

Finally, the pair’s desperate gambit paid off. In the breastonic excitation room several floors above, warning lights began to flash and alarms wailed as the particle pressure in the massive generators began to build.

The technicians were helpless to contain the sudden buildup of breastonic radiation. In desperation, they summoned the titanic machine’s inventor and sole designer: Dr. Ketrigan Malevola.

“Vat is going on here? What haf you idiots done to my machine?” Dr. Malevola strode into the room, her leather greatcoat open at the front, displaying her impressive cleavage for all to see.

Her narrow, lily white face was twisted into a cruel sneer. She had all the beauty of an ice sculpture. All the inner warmth as well. She towered over the young technicians as she made a beeline for the duty manager. The poor girl stood rooted to the spot while everyone else backed off to a safe distance.

“We didn’t touch anything, doctor!” quivered the small brunette in a lab coat and glasses who had the misfortune of being the senior technician on duty at the time. She was so overwhelmed with fear, she could barely speak. “A-all of a sudden, the machines started going crazy!”

Dr. Malevola slapped the hapless technician hard across the face.

“Machines don’t just ‘go crazy!’” she shouted “They only go crazy from human incompetence!”

She strode across the room to the main control console and peered at the display. What she saw made her go white as a sheet.

“These figures can’t be right!” she exclaimed. “This means…”

The leather-clad dark scientist looked down at her chest. It had already grown from a DD to an E.

All around the room, technicians were realizing what was happening. Cries of panic (and a few of delight) filled the air as every breast in the room was flooded with breastonic particles.

“Shut the magnetons down! Shut them down!” bellowed Dr. Malevola.

“We can’t!” squealed one of the technicians, struggling to unbutton her lab coat before her soccer ball sized tits could burst the fabric. “It’s already backventing, if we shut it down now, it’ll explode!”

“The only way to relieve the pressure is to clear the blockage at the emitter end,” another technician spoke up, staggering beneath the weight of what looked like twin watermelons beneath her shirt.

Back down in the cell, things were looking grim. Cassiopeia was getting squeezed on three sides by the ceiling, Fiora’s ocean of boobs and her own massive tits, which were now easily the size of cars.

“Princess! Princess, can you hear me?” Fiora yelled.

“Yes, Fiora, I hear you.”

“I think somebody’s opening the door. I can hear the locks turning.”

“Good!”

“But once they get in, what will we do? We can’t move or fight like this!”

“We won’t have to,” said Cassiopeia. “They’ll be beaten as soon as they get the door open.”

The corridor outside the breastonic chamber was full of guards, each of them poised and ready to storm the room. Blondie slid her keycard in the lock and disengaged the bolts. The door slid open on hydraulics and…

Suddenly, the force pressing Cassiopeia to the ceiling vanished as Fiora’s breasts began to shrink rapidly to their original size.

“What’s happening!? They’re shrinking!” Fiora cried.

“Of course they are,” said Cassiopeia, sliding down the side of a breast the size of a small elephant. “The door is open.”

“Why would that…”

Fiora suddenly became aware of a calamitous din coming from the hall outside.

“What’s all that screaming?” she asked.

“I suspect that’s the guards, come to stop us from escaping.”

“How do we fight them?” Fiora struggled against the still monumental weight of her breasts.

Cassiopeia didn’t answer, instead buckling on her breastplate and striding over to the open door.

“Halt, prisoner!” a mousy guard with thick glasses appeared at the entrance, leveling her laser rifle at the princess.

Cassiopeia put up her hands.

“Okay now, prisoner. Don’t move, or I’ll shoot…” said the guard.

Cassiopeia didn’t move, but the guard’s chest began to swell up. Surfboard to double E in no time flat.

“Wh-what’s happening?” she cried, her fat tits now bursting at the seams of her uniform. “Aaaaaa!”

The guard’s fatigues exploded, spraying buttons in all directions as her breasts burst out of her top. Within seconds, they were too large for the girl to carry and she collapsed to the ground, her gun completely immobilized beneath her vast cleavage.

Outside in the hall, there were more than a dozen guards suffering the same fate, collapsed on the ground or pinned against the walls, struggling to move beneath their enormous, heaving breasts.

“Fiora, are you small enough to move yet?” asked Cassiopeia. She looked back. Not yet, but they was getting there. Fiora’s tits had gone from colossal to merely titanic, but they were still bigger than she was.

“Princess, why am I shrinking?” asked Fiora.

Cassiopeia smiled at the question.

“Remember how you noticed how all the guards in this place were flat chested?”

“Yeah?”

“Well, I figured out why. I knew there was no way known to science to generate such high levels of breastonic radiation. I figured Cyberface had discovered some new technique, turns out he just cheated.”

“‘Cheated,’ how?” asked Fiora.

“He didn’t generate the particles. He *harvested* them.”

“From who?”

“The guards, of course. They’re all flat-chested because their naturally occuring particles have been drained dry,” explained Cassiopeia. “Which is good news for us.”

“Why’s that?”

“Because every guard in this place is carrying a positive breastonic charge. We’ve been oversaturated, so we’re negatively charged. Any guard that gets near us will absorb the radiation from our bodies.”

Sure enough, as the guards outside in the hall grew larger, Fiora’s tits grew smaller. It wasn’t long before they were back to the size of jumbo beach balls.

“What about your boobs?” asked Fiora, pointing at Cassiopeia’s watermelon sized tits, crammed comically into her undersized breastplate.

“The breastplate is holding all my particles *in* for now. I figure I’d hold onto them in case I needed them…”

“It’s your body…”

“Can you move yet? We need to get out of here.”

“I think so.”

Navigating the narrow passage outside the cell was a tricky exercise. They had to squeeze their way through a gauntlet of gargantuan gazongas that were nearly as large as they were.

“If all these girls are positively charged from having their breastons harvested or whatever, why don’t they just grow until they’re back to their normal size? Why would they keep growing?”

“My guess is they’ve been harvested repeatedly for years. The effect is cumulative. Each of these guards has a breastonic debt of hundreds of pounds worth of boobs.”

“Or more…” observed Fiora, as she squeezed herself around a particularly large pair. The girl trapped beneath them groaned and tried to grab Fiora’s leg, but it was a futile effort.

“Will they be okay?” asked Fiora.

“Eventually. We’ll be long gone by then, though. Come on.”

The pair swiped a keycard from a guard laying helpless beneath a pair of boobs the size of boulders and made their way up the stairs into the main facility.

“No alarms yet, I guess they were all caught by surprise,” said Cassiopeia. “Follow me, I think I remember where they hid our guns.”

The princess led them down a side passageway and Fiora jogged along behind. They hadn’t encountered any guards in a while so Fiora’s boobs had quit shrinking.

“Could we please slow down?” she complained, struggling to keep her beach ball sized chest from bouncing wildly with every step.

“Shh, it’s around this corner, I’m sure. See?” Cassiopeia pointed to a sign stenciled on the wall next to them.

“Armory.”

The princess peeked around the corner, staying as flat as she could against the wall (which wasn’t very flat at all, given the circumstances.)

“There’s a guard,” she said. “Fiora, come a little closer…”

Fiora tiptoed closer to the princess.

Sure enough, no sooner had Fiora approached the passageway than the sentry outside the armory began to grunt with discomfort.

“What’s going on?” she yelped, looking frantically up and down the hall. She tried to adjust her bra, but her chest was growing too fast. In mere moments, she was every bit as big as Fiora had been, while Fiora had finally shrunk down to her normal B-cup self.

“Ohh, tiny boobies, I missed you so much!” cooed Fiora, tweaking her tiny, pert nipples.

“Wait here,” instructed Cassiopeia, disappearing around the corner.

“You there! Halt, wait!” commanded the guard, struggling to unsling her rifle. The strap was too well embedded in her cleavage to be removed, and it was child’s play for the princess to incapacitate her.

Cassiopeia tied the guard up with her own belt and stuffed her mouth with a gag made from shredded fatigues before availing herself of the armory’s bounty.

“Ah, my D-ray gun! Did they hurt you my sweet beauty?” the princess purred into the bulbous ray pistol that was her favorite toy (that didn’t vibrate, anyway).

Fiora stole a camouflage top to hide her modesty, then proceeded to load herself up with every weapon she could carry. She stuffed her pockets with grenades, clipped a pistol and holster to either side of her belt and slung a laser rifle over her shoulder.

“Aren’t you gonna arm up?” asked Fiora.

“Nah, this baby’s all I need,” Cassiopeia grinned, stroking the D-ray. “Besides, I think you’ve got it pretty much covered…”

“Where to, now? Are we gonna bust into Cyberface’s control room and blast him to atoms?”

“Are you crazy? We’re getting back to the ship and getting the hell off this asteroid before this whole place goes on lockdown,” Cassiopeia scoffed.

Too late. No sooner had the word “lockdown” escaped Cassiopeia’s lips than alarms started to blare all over the asteroid.

“Security lockdown, intruder alert,” intoned a calm female voice over the PA system. “Security lockdown, intruder alert.”

“Ohh, I hate the part where they say ‘intruder alert,’” grumbled Fiora. “They’re always talking about us.”

“Change of plans. I guess we are going to the control room after all…”

The pair didn’t encounter many guards on their mad dash to the control room, and those they did encounter were easily overpowered.

“Where is everybody?” asked Fiora, after encountering their third empty hallway.

“All the security forces on watch are stuck down in the dungeon beneath ten thousand pounds of boobs,” laughed Cassiopeia. “Anyone who heard the alarm was probably off shift. They’d go to the armory before trying to apprehend us.”

“Heh. Well, good luck with that,” smiled Fiora.

Before leaving the armory behind, Fiora had taken the initiative of smashing all the weapons she could and melting the armory lock after closing it.

“Knock knock!” bellowed Cassiopeia, standing aside as Fiora blasted open the door to the control room.

They leaped inside… only to find the room empty.

“Wha?”

“It’s a trap!” shouted Cassiopeia, jumping to one side as a transparent dome dropped from the ceiling.

Fiora wasn’t quick enough, and the dome sealed around her, leaving her trapped like a fly under glass.

“Fiora!” Cassiopea pounded on the dome with the butt of her pistol, but the glass wasn’t even scuffed.

The princess suddenly became aware of a slow, clapping sound emanating from behind her. She turned to see Baron Cyberface stepping out from behind a console.

“Bravo, princess, bravo,” he growled. “But, even if you were able to outwit my bodyguards, you’re still no match for me. Behold!”

Cyberface gestured to a nearby console with a flourish of his cape. Dr. Malevola stepped out of the shadows and flashed Cassiopeia a wicked grin before throwing a nearby switch. The air filled with an ominous hum.

“Dr. Malevola, it’s a pleasure seeing you again,” said Cassiopeia “When was the last time we saw each other?”

“I think it was Viraxis Twelve.”

“You were bustier then. Have a little run-in with a breastonic extractor recently?”

Dr. Malevola scowled and pulled her greatcoat closed to hide the tiny mosquito bites on her chest.

“Don’t worry, they went to a good cause,” she hissed.

The humming began to intensify.

“Oh no, not again!” cried Fiora. She pounded on the glass as her tiny breasts began to swell once again to enormous proportions. This time, it was only seconds before they were too heavy for Fiora to carry, tearing through her camouflage top and pressing up against the glass wall of the dome.

“Let her out of there, Cyberface!”

“Only if you comply. Drop your weapon.”

Cassiopeia scowled, but did as she was ordered.

“Very good. Now, both of you are going back in the chamber, and this time, there won’t be any tricks with that breastplate of yours. Take it off.”

Cassiopeia looked down at her melon-sized boobs as they strained against the silvery breastplate.

“Are you *sure* you want me to take it off?” she asked.

“Don’t play games! Take off the breastplate, or your friend dies!” bellowed Cyberface.

Fiora underscored his point with a muffled moan of distress. Her body was almost completely obscured behind her burgeoning bust.

“You’re the baron,” Cassiopeia shrugged, undoing the straps of her armor.

The quantanium breastplate clattered to the floor. What happened next occurred in the space of only a few seconds.

Freed from their cage, Cassiopeia’s tits bounced free and bare, practically glowing with breastonic radiation.

Dr. Malevola went from zero to watermelons in an instant, disrupting her balance and knocking her flat on her face.

Cassiopeia grabbed her D-ray from the floor and did a combat roll behind the nearest console, taking a few potshots in Cyberface’s direction, sending him diving for cover.

With Cyberface out of the way, Cassiopeia made a dash for the breastonic emitter controls, leaping over Dr. Malevola and throwing back the switches to deactivate the emitter.

“Bitch! I will crush you!” screamed malevola, rising to her feet and leveling a laser pistol at the princess.

“No, bitch, I’ll crush *you*!” Cassiopeia hit the “release” button on the console, and the deadly dome slid upwards to free Fiora.

Dr. Malevola only had an instant to register what happened.

“Oh no!” she screamed before her breasts erupted out of her top, ballooning to the size of her body in an instant.

The evil scientist collapsed on the ground, her muffled moans lingering in the air as she struggled beneath the crushing weight.

“As for you,” Cassiopeia whirled on Cyberface, who was trying to make a sneaky escape. “Stay right where you are.”

She raised her D-ray.

The baron turned to face her, a metallic laugh bubbling up from his vox-modulator.

“Why should I? My personal distortion generator makes me immune to death rays, or didn’t you learn that the hard way during our last encounter?”

“Speaking of learning things the hard way, maybe you should learn to read,” Cassiopeia smirked.

“What?”

“This isn’t a death ray…”

Cyberface’s metallic eyes flew wide open as he read the label on the side of Cassiopeia’s gun.

“Dick Ray,” it said. The knob on the side had been switched from “enlarge” to “shrink.”

“No!” screamed Cyberface. “Nooooooooooooooooooooooooo!”

He turned and tried to run, but he was too late, the blast of anti-delta particles caught him right between the legs. He felt an uncomfortable, icy sensation in his cock as the ray drained inches off his once proud dick, leaving him with nothing but a pathetic nub the size of a baby carrot.

“Noooo!” he sobbed, desperately grasping his crotch in his hands, assessing the damage. “My dick! My precious, precious dick!”

“If you hate being called ‘Cyberface’ so much, try ‘Baron Baby-dick’ on for size,” Cassiopeia grinned. “And don’t think you can get out of this with gene therapy or transplants or chemical enhancement, either.”

Cyberface growled incoherently, groveling on the ground like a child.

“This ray gun just blasted you with concentrated anti-delta particles. Anything you try, no matter how big, will eventually shrink back down to *this*,” Cassiopeia held her thumb and forefinger a few centimeters apart, a triumphant sneer splashed across her face. She turned to Fiora.

“Have you disabled the lockdown yet?” she asked.

“Just about now…” Fiora threw a few more switches.

“Lockdown overridden,” announced the PA.

“Let’s go,” said the princess, striding out of the control room. Fiora followed close behind, the tattered remains of her camouflage blouse dangling limply across her bare chest.

The doors to the control room closed behind them, leaving cyberface balled up in a fetal position and Dr. Malevola trapped somewhere behind a gargantuan pair of gazongas.

Later aboard the *Zephyr,* with a few light years safely between them and Cyberface’s asteroid, Princess Cassiopeia and Fiora Tailwind clinked glasses of champaigne.

“So I guess it’s back to business as usual, ma’am?” asked Fiora, taking a sip.

“For the most part. Though I see no reason why you haven’t earned the right to a few ‘perks’ now and then,” said the princess.

“Speaking of ‘perks,’ when can I expect to see my new paycheck, your majesty?”

Cassiopeia nearly choked on her champagne.

“You did promise me triple pay if I could make you scream, ma’am,” observed Fiora.

“Err… yes… well…” Cassiopeia played with her fingertips. “Care to go double or nothing?”

**THE END**

**But**

**Princess Cassiopeia and Fiora Tailwind will return in**

**NIGHT OF THE REVENGE OF THE ONE EYED MONSTER!**