

# Huperion 2

**Huperions, Volume 2**

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HUPERION 2

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I woke up when the Ship's Ai got my attention.

"There is an emergency in the lavatory. There is an emergency in the lavatory."

"What do you want?" Some bounty hunter had picked me up Europa. The effects of her stun weapon were giving me a splitting headache. The loud snap of a magseal unlocking echoed in my cell.

"I want to speak to the captain. I have an issue with the way they brought me in. "

"The captain is in the lavatory. There is an emergency in the lavatory." The AI said.

"I heard you. Orphelia, Silence alarm." I tried the default AI name command, and there was no response.

"Orthello, Silence Alarm." still nothing. The captain must have given his ship a custom name. I couldn't silence the alarms, and that meant my headache was sticking around.

"Fine, I am going to the lavatory. Which way is it?"

The floor lit up with running lights, highlighting the path I was to take.

Other bounty hunters messed with me before, so I wasn't sure the door would be open. One guy had sat with his head on the button, relocking my cell each time I tried the door. I guess there isn't much to do in space, and assholes have to amuse themselves in any way they can.

The ship was dark and only lit from below. I tried to grab an emergency weapon from a storage rack, but the cheap ass didn't have any. Not that it would have done me any good anyway, I never used a gun. Pulling out a weapon always pushed things over the edge of polite chats, and into, well, gunfights.

I preferred talking to fighting. I was going to blast past these bogus charges of fraud, forgery, and fornication. I mean, that last one wasn't a crime, but it was the reason I was being brought back. Don't steal someone's money and sleep with their wife. The offended party wants to catch you then.

I walked into the lavatory.

I couldn't see anything correctly in the room, but there was one bright, focused light in the room. A woman was standing in the shower, being pushed out into the lavatory by something I couldn't see. She was completely naked and very bottom-heavy. Her ass was too big to fit in the captain's chair, so this must have been the assistant. I would have noticed if the bounty hunter that brought me in had bounties like that in her pants.

"Thank god you are here. Jack Undersafe, I need you to fuck me."

I turned around and walked out of the room.

"He left, ma'am." the AI said.

"HE WHAT? Get back here, Jack."

Bounty hunters wouldn't fool me a fifth time. 'I need you to fuck me.' is a hell of a setup, but not the most subtle. I expected something better.

"We require you to return to the lavatory, Mr. Undersafe."

"It's pretty convincing when you get the AI to try and trick me as well. They usually have to be forward and honest; most of them annoyingly so."

"This is an emergency, Mr. Undersafe. The ship's integrity is at risk. With the ship in hyperspace travel at the moment, the best action currently is to fornicate with the captain of this vessel."

What the actual fuck was going on here? Ship AI was never supposed to lie about emergency purposes, and I had never heard one used crude, while polite language. I was out; this situation was too weird for my taste.

"I am going back to my cell. You have good luck with that trap. I don't want to go in there and have the captain jump out from behind the toilet and shout 'Gotcha! Now you have nanites in your system.'"

The snap of the maglock echoed down the hallway. Clicks throughout the ship sounded, signaling the lockdown of the rest of the craft. I guess I was going back to the bathroom instead.

The ass was still in the room, but now the rest of the lights were on. They must have tried to focus my vision before, but there was no need. Even with the lights, I only saw the bulbous figure before me.

"Get over here and fuck me already!"

"Why?"

"Why? Because if you don't, the ship is going to be in trouble. When the ship is in hyperspace and trouble, everyone dies."

"Yeah, but why is the ship in trouble?" The shower must have still been running because I heard water splashing down the drain. She must have been transporting orb containers and tried to wash them off. "Turn that shower off, and let's talk."

"I never turned on the shower, asshat."

I looked closer at the orbs, matching the skin tone of the naked woman before me. What I had thought were oddly colored orb containers, were six massive breasts. The prisoners of the breasts slipped, and before she recovered, I saw a white liquid shoot to the top of the shower.

"What happened?"

"Transmat accident." The woman looked back at me, pleadingly. "I tried to transmat with some cargo, and something went wrong. I am going to keep growing and leaking until you fuck me, so let's do this already!"

"I've heard of this happening." Memories raced through my brain. I negotiated an agreement between drug dealers and some scientists for a new thing they thought would be all the rage but never made any money. Every single planetary government came down hard on the enterprise.

No one wanted genetically modified food on their planet; being genetically modified people was a huge no.

"You did this on purpose," I said.

"No, I just..."

"What, did you want a bigger ass or chest? Did you start this trip a male?"

"It's not like that! I just wanted to be able to give myself a boost."

"What did you try and mix?"

"Huperion DNA." She said, giving up the pretense. "I figured we were close enough, genetically, it was going to work."

She was panting now.

"I think you got more than that. You got a lot more." I didn't know much about gene splicing, but I figured you would need a species with six breasts to get that mutation.

"Yeah, I did. What are you going to do about it," The women said defensively.

"Well, you know I don't have to fuck you. Getting you off works pretty well too. I don't even know your name. Do you ever have experience with Huperions?"

"My name is Marie, and I don't have any experience with Huperions." She said.

"Well, their special reaction isn't a mating ritual; it is more of a cry for attention." I walked over to her and grabbed her ass. She moaned. "They subconsciously want something, their body tweaks in little ways to motivate the individual. If they get what they want, the changes go away."

"How do you know this?"

"I had a couple of encounters on my travels."

"So we can solve this without intercourse?" she sounded disappointed.

"Yeah, I think so, but I think there is a bigger problem as well."

"What is that?"



"I will stay on this ship until you send me away. I think I need to stick around for a while to help you out, at least."

She sighed and relaxed.

"Yeah, you feel better now?"

"I do feel better. What did you do?"

"I agreed to stay, and you got what you wanted. That calmed you down enough to think clearly, at least."

"I didn't want you to stay here! I need to turn in your bounty for the reward."

"You were crying out to be sexed. I think that might be a sign of something." She blushed when I said that.

"You just hearing what you want to hear."

"Probably, but do you feel better now?"

"No! I still have these milkers on my chest."

"Going to take a while for those to go away, but I think you have it under control." I knew what I was doing, but I had my reasons. I didn't mess around with people that couldn't reason correctly. She might have been calling out for it, but I always like to leave a good impression. I let go of her ass and left a firm impression.

"I'm going back to my cell," I said.

"You can't think of anything that will help me out?"

"I can think of several things to help, but I don't want to be a placeholder. Fooling around is no fun when it is mindless."

She thought for a minute.

"So, can we still do it? As long as I want it to be you?"

"Yeah, I don't like being a piece of meat. I will be your partner for tonight, though."

"I think it is a little late for a nice night out, however." She said.

"Yeah, we can just skip to the good stuff." I walked over to her and pressed my crotch into her asscrack. She was short enough to place my bulge in the small of her back. I leaned over her and whispered, "What do you want me to do to you?"

She shivered at my words.

"I, I, I don't know."

"Okay, blushing flower. It looks like you want the busty surprise."

"What is that?" She asked.

"It starts like this," I kneeled and ran my hand along her inner thigh. Wetness ran down her legs, and I assumed that she made the mess earlier. Now I checked to see if she was ready. I ran my fingers around her lower lips, feeling the lubrication there. I turned her on with the delay to sex, teasing her to arousal.

"Are you ready to continue?" She tried to see what I was up to behind her, but I had kneeled for better access. I licked her with flirting glances and light circles that never pierced the depths. I liked to delay and tease as long as possible, and I couldn't help it.

Her hands found my head and pressed my face into her crotch. She wanted me more, and she wanted me to become one with her. I dove my tongue into her folds deeply. She screamed as I penetrated her with my tongue and sucked her with my lips. I could tell she wasn't going to last long like this, and the whole event must have aroused her. The growth was fueling the desire for me, and the desire fueling the growth. Each is causing her to be more excited and turned to go. Sex was so much fun with willing and enthusiastic partners.

She came when I dipped my finger into her folds. I gave a small wiggle, and she claimed the first orgasm of the night. But I didn't stop. My finger could feel a nerve bundle point, and I massaged her g-spot, not letting her stop coming on my hand.

There was a flomp as she yelped and slipped out of the shower. She had passed enough milk with her orgasmic letdown, and she unstuck herself from the shower. We both lost our balance, and I ended up beneath her, tucked in between cleavage.

"Are you still alive down there?" She asked. I felt her weight pressing me into the floor, but there was significantly less than there ought to be. She must be shrinking just like I planned.

"Yeah, there is plenty of air down here, so I think you aren't going to suffocate me." I wiggled my shoulders to pop my head out from under her cleavage. "Are you ready for the surprise?"

"I thought we just did the surprise?"

"We just did the prep for the surprise. You were already pretty wet and ready to go, but I have my pre-sex rituals as well." I crawled out from her still massive chest. Resting on her tits, she was still a few feet off the ground.

I walked around behind her and tried to palm her ass.

"Why am I still so sensitive back there?"

"It is probably something that got mixed into your samples. Do you want to find out later what is all going on inside you? I know some people."

"Will it help?" I massaged her ass cheek in a circle and raised my hand. The waves echoed across her body, sending jiggles through her tits. Marie gasped.

"Of course, it will help!" I leaned back down and whispered. "Was that Okay, If you don't want me to spank you again, just say."

She was pressing her face into her chest and nodding.

"Is that a 'yes, I want to be spanked again,' or is it 'yes, I don't want to be spanked again.'"

"I want to be spanked again." She mumbled into her chest.

"I am sorry, what was that?" I asked.

"Spank me." She said hesitantly.

"Still couldn't hear you." Raising my hand.

"Oh, just fucking spank me," Marie shouted.

I dropped my hand down and slapped her ass from below. She shook forward and back, her body coming to rest on her tits. While she was recovering, I dropped my pants to the ground. I grabbed what I could of her hips and lifted. She pressed into her tits like there was a bed beneath her. I had to use both hands to hold her hips, but I was hard enough to enter her slowly.

I thrust in time to her moans, slow and heavy. Marie reached back to grab my hand, and I sped up slightly. She stuck her head into her cleavage and screamed. But I wasn't done yet.

She was more sensitive than other women, and I was going to turn things up again. I wrapped my arm around her hips, and most of her weight was on her tits, so I didn't have to carry much. I was able to find her clit quickly.

The rhythm went two swirls and then thrust. I couldn't do more without causing an accident. It took a lot of concentration to maintain, but I had done it before. I felt her pussy tense down on my dick, with a small orgasm. I knew that it would escalate to more if I didn't stop.

I didn't stop.

She gushed all over my crotch, and her juices ran down my legs. Her arms lay at her sides, surrounded by shrinking breasts. She was shrinking all over, the size of the person that had brought me in.

"I have never cum like that before," she said.

"Well, you haven't had excellent lovers before then. I think I could probably give you a few more."

"I didn't feel you finish," she said nervously.

I was quiet for a bit.

"I assume you have had bad experiences with sex before this?"

"I wouldn't call my experience bad, just rare."

"I want to be clear with you. I have had bad experiences with sex before. Everyone has their issues, but I have more than most."

"Issues? I didn't see any issues."

I tapped the side of my head.

"All of my issues are up here. I get so focused on my partner, and I give up my rhythm for them."

"Your rhythm?"

"Have you had solo experiences?"

"I haven't had an encounter for a few years now batteries didn't accompany." She said despondently.

She had shrunk back down to a manageable size. Marie still had six large breasts, but I bet she could walk with them now. I laid down next to her, and we both looked up at the ceiling.

"My first relationship messed me up pretty good. I never felt appreciated or wanted, and I just wanted to please her. I was never good enough, so I had to put her ahead of my own needs each time we had sex. We were kids, but we both had no idea what we were doing."

"That sounds awful," Marie had rolled over to look at my face. It was a good view, each set of tits pressed into form cleavage. "Abusive almost."

"It was. We never had a real relationship, just an involuntary bondage kink." I said. "It has turned me into an excellent lover by way of stamina, at least—no premature ejaculation for me. Hell, it's incredible if I finish when someone goes down on me."

Marie pushed herself up on her chest.

"I am going to take a shower. You get to come with." She said matter of factly.

I shrugged, tight showers were nothing new to me.

What was new to me was a boob job with three sets of tits. Maria's boobs were quite big still, about the size of small melons, and her bottom pair was pressing into my erection. When the water turned on, she grabbed some soap from her dispenser. She rubbed my back and lathered my body. Her hands forgotten; She scrubbed the sweat from my body with hers.

She turned me around.

"I've always wanted to try this but never had the chance. Or equipment." She grasped my dick and started to jerk me off inside her top cleavage. But when she let go of my dick to press her high set together and massage with her tits, I lost my mind, and my knees buckled.

She was going a little slow and not pressing hard enough for me. I pulled Marie closer and tried to suggest to speed up with my hands, unable to speak. There is a difference between feeling outstanding and making someone come. She listened and put me into the second category. I

stood straight and shot in-between her second and first pair of tits. Marie could not look away as she kept rubbing my dick into her chest, fascinated with her body and my cum. I lost my balance and fell back onto the plasteel of the shower.

She wiped a little of my cum from her chest and looked at it, amazed. She washed it off her hands.

"I thought you said it would be incredible if you came."

"I did." She was surprised by my kiss and returned it with force.

"Okay, we legitimately need to clean up, and then talk about what we do next."

"Yeah, I am sorry about the mess."

"Don't apologize. I won't have you feel sorry for me making you feel good. It was good for us both, don't belittle a beautiful moment by apologizing." Marie said.

"Well, I am sorry about that then. I told you I have issues."

"As long as you admit it."

"I am working on it." I walked over to my pants and pulled them on.

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I WATCHED AS JACK UNDERSAFE pulled his pants up. I had noticed his ass before when I had detained him.

I didn't know what to do. Jack was wanted on several systems, and bounty hunters were out to get him. But I had never had an experience like that. The sex was good, but he dropped hard personal truths to her. That could not have been easy.

He waggled his pants over his hips, and he had to bounce a little to get that juicy ass into hiding again. I only noticed because I was staring at his butt instead of cleaning up, but I watched as he swelled in front of me. His pants were pretty reinforced, but when he bent down to show off to me, picking up his shirt, the back split open. His ass had grown a few inches. Jack was transforming.

Shit.



