

Sarah's Space Sim

by [purplish](#) [\[email\]](#)

Sarah goes on a fantastical trek through the stars.

(For adult eyes only: breast/lip/nipple/pussy/tongue expansion, lactation, mind control, reality alteration, science! All characters are 18+)

“You know brain-sims are illegal, right Iris?”

“Brain-sims aren't illegal, Sarah! They're just... not well regulated, is all. But c'mon, this is your birthday present!”

Sarah accepted the silver disc from her girlfriend's outstretched hand. She held it close, peering at the light refracting into rainbows on its surface.

“Are you sure it's safe?”

Iris beamed widely, barely able to contain her excitement.

“You know I spend my days studying them in the university's lab, so I think I'd know if they were unsafe! Look babe, I made this sim just for you. I promise you'll enjoy it,” she said, giving Sarah a peck on the cheek.

Sarah leaned back on the couch, staring up at the nano-diode ceiling in their apartment. It was simulating a star field, giving the illusion of motion as stars whizzed by to the edges of the ceiling.

“All right, Iris. I'm game, but I've never run a sim before. Any advice for me?”

Iris brightened and took the disc back again. She loaded it into the holo-player in front of the couch, clasping her hands giddily.

“Just try to have fun! And remember, the ship is counting on you!”

Sarah wasn't sure what to make of that, but she didn't have a chance to ask. Darkness crept in around the edges of her vision, and she blinked rapidly only to find herself elsewhere...

...with a pounding headache. Her eyelids opened and immediately closed again. She was in a bright room and the light was blinding. She blinked, rubbing her head, and as her eyes adjusted

she realized she was lying down on a thin purple carpet. She groaned and sat up, rubbing her eyes, and glanced about. Her headache quickly faded.

She was in a small circular room, large enough for only a few people. The walls were forged from a dark metallic-looking material and were covered with soft-looking gray pads. There was a handrail at about waist height. Sarah was thankful for it, grasping it and pulling herself upright.

There was no obvious exit, as each of the padded walls resembled the others. Her eyes fell upon a small dark panel, which was presently blinking a single word in cyan-colored text: BRIDGE.

One of the padded walls slid away, revealing an exit into a much larger room. She gingerly stepped forward, still using the handrail for support, and couldn't believe her eyes.

The walls were covered with computer panels, monitors, and arrays of switches and buttons. Nearly a dozen stations around the room were all occupied. As she scanned the room in amazement, she noticed more than one unusual thing about the crew.

The dozen or so crew on the bridge were all young women about her age, each and every one of them astonishingly beautiful. There were blondes, brunettes, and even a red-head with her hair in a long ponytail. They all wore the same peculiar uniform, consisting of sturdy-looking dark boots with high heels and simple black pants. They wore nothing at all above their hips except for large pauldrons over their shoulders, leaving their torsos and breasts completely bare.

And such incredible breasts they were! Sarah marveled at the sight of so much jiggly, nude flesh, and in so much abundance: all of the girls had truly enormous chests with big, thick, delicious-looking nipples. Even the smallest among them, a girl sitting at a workstation on the far side of the room, had proudly exposed her own huge spheres, each larger than her own head.

The largest among them was just a few feet away, typing intently at a computer interface. She was a gorgeous blonde, sitting with her gigantic nude breasts completely filling her lap. They rose nearly to her chin level, filling all of the room between her chair and the computer panel, but she hardly seemed to notice any burden. She remained focused on the monitor in front of her.

It was the most erotic sight Sarah had ever seen, and she took a long moment to appreciate it. A dozen young women, each of them impossibly beautiful and freely exposing their huge, sexy breasts. Iris certainly knew just what she liked.

She felt a cool breeze against her skin and looked down at herself with a growing sense of incredulity. She was wearing a uniform much like the other girls: comfortable black heeled boots, simple dark pants, and nothing at all above her hips except for the pauldrons over her shoulders.

Her modest chest, each mound barely more than a handful, was completely exposed. She realized she had by far the smallest bosom among the beautiful crew, and despite the erotic allure of her surroundings, she started to feel self-conscious and sensed herself blushing.

The blonde girl sitting nearby with her titanic breasts in her lap stopped typing. She rested both of her arms atop her enormous nude chest and smiled.

“Captain on the bridge!” she called.

The bustle in the room went silent. All of the semi-nude young women turned and Sarah felt their eyes on her. She froze.

“Captain?” the blonde asked, her expression turning to concern. “Captain, are you alright?”

Sarah blinked slowly. The girl was about her age and had a long blonde ponytail that fell to her hips, pronounced cheekbones, and a sharp jawline. She was extremely pretty, even with her gorgeous features tinged with concern, and her tremendous nude breasts were by far the largest Sarah had ever seen.

She noticed a small circular pin on the girl’s left shoulder-pad. Looking down and to her left, she counted four circular pins on her own shoulder-pad. The computers, the uniforms... was she on some kind of ship?

A growing realization started to build within her. There was something uncannily familiar about this place. She cleared her throat.

“As you were, everyone,” she said sternly, overcompensating for her uncertainty.

The blonde girl blushed and looked away, quickly resuming her typing. The other girls turned back to their stations, although Sarah saw them all continuing to steal lewd glances at her.

“We’ve arrived in orbit ahead of schedule, captain,” said a voice behind her.

Sarah spun around to see the girl with the red ponytail standing nearby, smiling at her. The girl’s enormous nude breasts rivaled those of the blonde sitting nearby, and she bore them proudly, seeming not to notice any undue burden even as they lazily slapped together around her hips, completely obscuring her navel from view. Sarah noted three circular pins on the girl’s left shoulder-pad.

The girl took two large steps forward, hefted her huge bosom with both arms, then took a third step ahead before Sarah could react, wrapping her enormous chest around Sarah’s torso

and, lowering her arms, capturing Sarah inside her cleavage as her huge perky bosom came to rest. She leaned in, giving Sarah a quick peck on the cheek, and leaned towards Sarah's ear.

“Maybe you'd enjoy a more... private briefing, captain,” she whispered sultrily.

Sarah shivered from the hot breath on her ear, and the warm flesh around her entire torso felt wonderful. But she still had questions. How did she get onto this ship, and why was its crew addressing her as their captain?

She felt a warm, wet sensation. The hugely busty redhead had begun licking around her ear, making her shiver. This was all just too much, and she needed a moment to herself.

She pushed ahead, extracting herself from the fleshy prison, and glared around. There were no obvious exits, but a rectangular indentation in the wall nearby had a distinct coloring. Another distant revelation clicked in her mind, and she stepped over to it. A door whooshed open and she ran inside, grateful to see it again whoosh closed behind her.

It was a small office with an ordinary desk and chair, but the floor-to-ceiling glass wall was anything but: it revealed the dark void of space, replete with innumerable stars. But that wasn't what gave Sarah the most pause.

An alien planet loomed in the center of her view. It was covered with swirls of blues and greens and ample cloud cover, but she could tell right away that it wasn't Earth.

She was in a spaceship, far from home. She felt her anxiety building as she gazed through the window. She took a large step back towards the door, but her leg caught the edge of the couch. She fell backwards and rolled onto the floor.

“Oof!” she groaned.

“Are you all right, captain?” said Iris' voice.

Sarah jumped to her feet and whirled around, but no one was there.

“I'm fine. Iris, is that you? Where are you?”

“I'm glad you are well, captain. This is IRIS, the ship's autonomous Interactive Responsive Intelligent System,” said her roommate's disembodied voice.

Suddenly everything came rushing back to Sarah. She wasn't actually in space, nor was she in any danger.

“Oh! Iris, this is your brain-sim!” she exclaimed, glancing around. “I’m impressed; it’s so realistic!”

“The ship’s database contains no information about brain-sim,” said the computer flatly, in Iris’ voice.

Sarah raised an eyebrow, then shrugged.

“Right, I guess it wouldn’t. Okay, Iris, please display my service record.”

A dossier appeared on one of the wall panels. It featured Sarah’s picture and vital statistics, along with a number of more intimate details about her.

“Sexual orientation, breast size, fetishes and fantasies? Iris sure didn’t leave anything out,” she said in wonderment. That gave her an idea.

“Iris, show me the service records for the entire crew.”

A great volume of data appeared, and she was astonished to discover a total of three hundred members of her crew. There was a full complement of engineering, medical, research, and command staff, plus her advisory group of the most senior officers from each division.

Her grin broadened as she scrolled through the data. Every member of the crew was female and attracted to other women. Their images showed a varied array of young faces, each girl more beautiful than the last. Their fantasies were numerous, and she was thrilled to see they all shared the fetishes she had confided in Iris, especially breast and nipple growth.

She sat in the chair behind the desk. Her anxiety faded and was soon replaced by a comforting sense of power and control. This was her private fantasy, and she had a crew of three hundred sexy nymphs ready to obey her every command.

“Iris, what is this ship?”

“This is the USS Lactiferous, flagship of the Clitoral League of Interstellar Travelers. Captain Sarah Smith in command,” said Iris’ detached voice.

Sarah rolled her eyes at this. Iris was too much sometimes.

“And what is the ship’s mission?”

“To seek out sexy bodies and to boldly screw them silly, captain,” came the computerized reply.

She laughed; Iris certainly wasn't subtle. She returned to the wall panels, excited to explore her fantasy, and pulled up the profiles of her most senior staff. She confirmed that her first officer, Commander Ashley, was the beautiful redhead whose breasts she had encountered on the bridge. Her eyes widened at the number next to the commander's bust measurement.

"One hundred standard units? What even is a standard unit?"

"The galactic standard unit is the unified measurement of breast size, adopted by treaty in 2275 at the Concordat of Brassiere, meant to put to rest once and for all the—"

"That's enough, Iris," Sarah said distractedly. She'd already moved on to the fetishes listed on Ashley's profile, but she didn't recognize some of the terms she was reading.

"Level 5 toe protocol?"

She was expecting another dry description in Iris' computerized voice, but instead she heard only what sounded like a door chime. After a moment, it sounded again.

"Ah... enter?" she said hesitantly.

The door slid open and Commander Ashley strolled into the room. She paused just inside the door, which whooshed closed behind her. She stood upright, bringing both arms up to heft both of her enormous nude breasts from underneath, bouncing them together around her hips.

She stared straight ahead at attention. She was every bit as gorgeous as the blonde with the ponytail, although her beauty was similarly tinged with concern.

"Permission to speak freely, captain?" she asked, her expression stern.

Sarah blinked, then remembered herself.

"Of course, commander."

Ashley relaxed, but kept both of her arms underneath her enormous bosom. She spoke rapidly, now and then raising one or both of her breasts for added emphasis.

"Captain, I'm concerned about your behavior on the bridge. It doesn't set a positive example for the crew."

Sarah stepped back, taking in her first officer's impossible figure. The redhead's body was toned and subtly muscular. Her breasts were colossal, their grand undersides slapping together around her hips with her slightest movements. Her nipples were incredibly thick and long, pointing

lewdly several inches into the air, and Sarah couldn't imagine how she hadn't noticed them before now.

"What's your concern, Ashley?"

"The crew just saw you fleeing from a subordinate's embrace, captain. They need to see us together, not apart! You know I've been trying to institute more discipline around here, and that means you need to do your part to kiss, fondle, and fully service me and every other girl on this ship."

"You need me to do what?" Sarah blurted, staring wide-eyed at her.

"I need your touch on my breasts and nipples. I need your fingers deep inside me. Every one of those girls out there wants you to do the same! Make all of us yours, and show the crew how to service their captain," Ashley urged, her voice dropping into a sultry whisper.

Sarah's fingers curled into a fist. It was a dangerously sexy mission, and she was ready to accept it.

"You're damned right, Ash. Those girls need me," she said, her eyes narrowing, but something was bothering her. She glanced down at the small mounds on her bare chest.

"Say, I've been wondering something. Why are the crew's breasts so large?"

Ashley blinked at her.

"Because you ordered it, captain. Every girl on the Lactiferous has completed Dr. Masher's treatment. Well... everyone except for you, that is," said Ashley. She again grasped both of her huge bare breasts, hefting them upwards and forward for emphasis.

"Right," said Sarah, rubbing her head. "And the uniforms? Aren't they a bit... revealing?"

"CLIT standard issue. All crew are expected to expose their breasts at all times. Captain, are you feeling alright?" Ashley replied, her voice again tinged with concern. "Why don't you suck on my nipples for a while? That always seems to make you feel better."

"I... thanks Ash. I just have a headache, is all."

Ashley squinted, then continued her briefing.

"Our mission is first contact with the colony below, a responsibility that falls to you, ma'am. But we've only just arrived in orbit, and you're in no condition to lead this mission. You should visit

the medical bay, where Dr. Masher will explain more. We can wait to make contact until you're back."

Sarah straightened up. It was time to fully embody her role. Iris and Ashley were right: the ship and its crew were counting on her. She strolled past Ashley, through the doorway back onto the bridge.

"With me, commander," she intoned, and Ashley followed.

The moment they stepped onto the bridge, Sarah turned around and pinned Ashley against the wall.

"Present your breasts, Ashley," she purred, and the commander did just that, hefting her naked chest with both arms and grinning widely as she awaited her captain's orders.

Sarah gestured, and Ashley spread her huge chest wide to allow Sarah to step inside it once again. Sarah felt the delightful warmth of Ashley's flesh pressing in around her nude torso from all sides. Their lips met, and they lost themselves in each other.

One by one, the bridge crew began to notice the steamy make-out session in a corner of the room. Some of them bit their lips while trying to focus on their workstations, while a few of the younger girls were unable to focus and brought one or both hands to their exposed bosoms, squeezing their own breasts and nipples as they whimpered with arousal.

Sarah extended her tongue and was pleased to see Ashley quickly slurp it between her lips and begin sucking on it. The captain reached backwards through Ashley's cavernous cleavage, her arms emerging to grasp the commander's thick nipples in both hands. She squeezed them tightly.

Ashley gasped around Sarah's tongue. She melted into her captain's arms and struggled for a moment to remain standing. Sarah felt the great weight of Ashley's breasts lurching her to the side, and she grinned as she momentarily released Ashley's thick teats in favor of helping her first officer stand upright once more.

Ashley released Sarah's tongue and placed a series of quick wet pecks on Sarah's lips.

"I'm sorry, captain, but you caught me by surprise! I promise I'll be more prepared next time," she whispered.

Sarah stepped backwards, extracting herself from between Ashley's huge breasts.

“See to it that you are, commander,” she grinned, and turned around.

The entire bridge crew gasped and immediately turned back to their workstations. Sarah pretended not to notice, chuckling to herself.

She strolled across the bridge towards the lift where she had first entered. She had planned to visit the medical bay, but she realized that she didn't know the way.

She turned to the young girl sitting nearby who had first greeted her.

“You there, Ensign Blonde.”

The girl looked up at her, smiling. She again stopped typing and moved both of her arms to rest atop her lap-filling bosom.

“Captain?” she asked in a sweet, almost sing-song voice.

Sarah smirked at her; this nymph was clearly turned on and wanted some attention from her commanding officer.

“State your name and breast size.”

“Ensign Charlotte Chestwell, ma'am. My breast size is one hundred thirty standard units.”

Sarah's eyes widened. This girl was bustier than Commander Ashley, and by no small margin either. Here was an opportunity to solve one problem and indulge herself at the same time.

“Impressive. You will escort me to the medical bay, ensign,” Sarah said, and held out her hand.

Charlotte's expression brightened and she quickly rose to her feet despite the enormous size of her bosom. It was a movement that she had clearly practiced, Sarah thought, no doubt part of the crew's efforts to please its captain.

Sarah put one arm over Charlotte's shoulder and held her close, enjoying the warm flesh of Charlotte's huge left breast pressing into her bare skin across most of her torso.

“You have the bridge, commander,” she said over her shoulder. A moment later, she and the ensign disappeared into the lift.

Inside the lift, the ensign spoke aloud their destination and was immediately pushed against the wall by her captain. Sarah leered at Charlotte's enormous nude breasts, which hung below her hips, obscuring her entire torso and even her groin from view. She was by far the bustiest girl

Sarah had ever seen, and Sarah resolved at that moment to fully embrace this fantasy.

“Ensign, tell me about yourself and your fetishes while I suck on your big nipples,” Sarah ordered. She dropped to her knees and quickly slurped one of the blonde’s thick teats into her mouth.

“I grew up on a farm in Iowa, but I, *ooh*, had always wanted to see the stars, *mmm*,” she moaned, loving her captain’s intimate attention to her sensitive teats.

“So I made sure to join CLIT on my eighteenth birthday! I’m just out of basic training, with a focus on linguistics, and I’m so thrilled to be posted on the Lactiferous at just twenty years old!”

She paused, letting out a guttural moan of delight as Sarah switched to sucking on her other big nipple. She knew her captain was counting on her, and she did her best to follow her orders despite the increasingly powerful sensations coming from her big chest.

“There are so many pretty girls around here! I just want to kiss them and suck on their sexy nipples just like you’re sucking on mine, captain!” she purred.

“I love huge sexy breasts, my own and other girls’, so I was happy to join Dr. Masher’s growth trials! I was her first volunteer, you know,” she said with pride, biting her lip and blushing as she felt her captain’s wet tongue circling her areolae.

“But if I could ask just one thing, *mmm*, please, captain,” she said earnestly, so much so that Sarah paused and straightened up to peer at the ensign’s beautiful visage.

“The whole crew is talking about Dr. Masher’s lactation serum. The truth is, the only thing I’d love more than having even bigger breasts would be having milk to share with you and the other girls, captain!” she whispered.

Sarah smiled at the beautiful blonde, her pale hair matted with sweat from their shared exertions. She was gorgeous and Sarah couldn’t resist, again leaning forward to press their lips together.

They shared another long kiss, with Sarah taking the opportunity to suck gently on Charlotte’s long tongue. Neither of them noticed the lift had stopped moving or its doors sliding open, until a soft chime sounded announcing their arrival.

Sarah stepped back, releasing the blonde’s tongue. She threw her arm back over the ensign’s slender shoulders and settled in on the younger girl’s other side this time, pressing herself firmly against the huge warm mass of Charlotte’s right breast. They strolled together out of the lift

and down a corridor.

It was a busy thoroughfare, and they kept encountering a series of stunningly beautiful crew members. All of the girls were wearing their simple boots and black pants while remaining topless, proudly showing off their bare breasts, which varied in size from huge all the way up to enormous. Sarah noted with interest that none of the crew seemed to have a chest quite as expansive as Charlotte's, though.

The girls stared openly at Sarah as she passed by, and Sarah could tell they were clearly lusting for her. Some of them glanced briefly at Charlotte and a tinge of envy seemed to cross their beautiful faces, as if they were wondering who this gorgeous blonde might be, and why she was so lucky to have her captain's arm over her shoulders.

A number of the crew were walking in pairs or groups of three, happily holding hands with each other. They all made a point to stop in their tracks and perform a customary salute as their captain strolled past, placing their arms underneath their breasts and lifting them in offering.

Sarah and Charlotte turned a corner to encounter a particularly stunning brunette, leaning against the wall and glancing down at a datapad that she had placed atop one of her enormous nude breasts, which Sarah was pleased to see were nearly as large as Charlotte's. The brunette had extra large, puffy lips, which looked quite kissable and nearly irresistible in Sarah's view.

They strolled right up to her and paused. She looked up, gasping audibly and placing one hand over her mouth when she saw her captain standing in front of her. She immediately lowered her arms, grasping both of her ponderous nude breasts, hefting them upwards and presenting them to Sarah.

"Captain!" she said reflexively, standing at attention.

Sarah took note of the two circular rank insignia on the brunette's shoulder-pad.

"Your name, lieutenant?"

The brunette swallowed.

"Lieutenant Samantha Stackwell, ma'am."

Sarah glanced down at the girl's chest, mentally judging it against Charlotte's slightly larger spheres.

"I'd say your breast size is... oh, about one hundred twenty units. Is that right?"

The lieutenant brightened in response.

“The captain is very perceptive, but she honors me too much. My breasts are only one hundred eighteen standard units, ma’am, but Dr. Masher assures me that I’m still growing!”

Sarah smiled at her, again focusing on the brunette beauty’s puffy lips.

“I’m sure you are. Come and kiss your captain,” she said, leaning in closer and pulling Charlotte along for the ride.

Samantha beamed and eagerly put her big lips to use, kissing and slurping them along her captain’s eager mouth. She made sure to suck the captain’s tongue into her mouth, sliding her puffy lips all over and around the hot flesh.

A minute later Sarah leaned back, panting heavily as she broke their embrace. These girls under her command were quite skilled indeed, and she figured she’d need to work on her stamina to keep up with them. She turned to the blonde ensign in her arms.

“Charlotte, take over. Let me see you kiss her,” she whispered.

Charlotte and Samantha both smiled widely. They immediately leaned together, sucking and slurping each others’ lips and tongues just inches away from their captain. They were clearly giving it their all, doing their very best to impress their captain and demonstrate their training in all the skills expected of a CLIT crew member.

Sarah removed her arm from Charlotte’s shoulder and gently pushed, rotating herself and the other two girls until their sizable bosoms pressed tightly together with her squeezed in the middle. She was surrounded on all sides by abundantly warm, voluminous breast flesh.

The two girls were still giving it their all, following their captain’s orders and eagerly kissing. They made gentle slurping and sucking sounds as they enjoyed their proximity to each other and to their commanding officer.

Sarah couldn’t resist any longer and leaned her own head in, joining them in a torrid three-way embrace. She enjoyed their intimate attention on her lips and tongue, and raised her arms, grasping as much as she could of the abundant breast flesh pressing in on her.

She felt herself heating up, her pussy positively drooling. A sudden pang of decorum snapped her out of it; it probably wouldn’t do for the captain to be so easily reduced to a squirming, writhing climax from such brief attention from her crew. Besides, she thought, there’d be plenty of time for that later.

She gave one last suck on Samantha's big, puffy bottom lip, and gently pushed the other two girls apart. She again extracted herself from within the oversized cleavage of one of her crew, turning to beam towards Samantha.

"Keep up the good work, lieutenant," she encouraged, and put her arm back over Charlotte's shoulder. Samantha sighed dreamily, leaning against the wall, as her captain and the beautiful blonde ensign strolled away.

Sarah and Charlotte arrived at last outside the medical bay's doors, finding the entrance blocked by two half-nude girls lying on the floor. One of them, a pretty brunette with a long brown ponytail, was lying on her back and suckling gently on the other girl's nipples. The other, a girl with beautiful tan skin and long dark hair, was lying face-down atop her, pressing her thick teats into the other girl's face as she sucked and slurped on the other girl's nipples.

Charlotte grinned broadly, enjoying the sight of her fellow crew members sucking vigorously on each other. She leaned towards her captain, giving her a quick peck on the cheek and whispering sultrily in her ear.

"It always gets me so hot seeing the crew following your orders, captain," she gushed.

"I'd expect nothing less from this crew," Sarah replied, looking down at the girls licking each other's teats. "You two, on your feet!"

The two girls gasped upon hearing their captain's voice, immediately disentangling themselves and jumping to their feet as quickly as they could. They stood at attention in standard position, using their arms to grasp and heft their huge nude breasts.

Sarah peered more closely. Both girls had unusually long nipples, easily longer than her middle finger. All four teats were flushed red, achingly erect, and dripping wet with saliva from the recent attention lavished upon them. They looked positively delicious, and Sarah unconsciously licked her lips.

"Names and breast sizes, girls!" she intoned.

The girl with the long ponytail spoke first.

"Ensign Jessie Jumboteats, member of Nipple Squadron, ma'am! My breasts are fifty standard units!" she said smartly.

"Ensign Nina Nips, member of Nipple Squadron! My breasts are sixty-five standard units, ma'am!" said the girl with the beautiful tan skin.

Sarah rolled her eyes, making a note to have a word with Iris later about some of these crew names. She removed her arm from Charlotte's shoulder, then leaned in to kiss her beautiful blonde escort.

Charlotte eagerly returned her affections, whimpering with delight as she enjoyed her captain's intimate embrace. Sarah left a long trail of kisses along Charlotte's cheek and collarbone, ending her embrace with a quick double-squeeze of the ensign's long nipples with both of her grasping hands.

"Thank you for the escort, ensign. You're dismissed," she said, giving Charlotte one last kiss on the cheek. Charlotte blushed, grinning to herself, and sauntered away.

Sarah turned back towards the two young girls, still standing at attention between her and the medical bay's door. She resolved to find out more about Nipple Squadron, but for now, that wouldn't stop her from enjoying them.

She reached out with both hands, wrapping her fingers around Jessie's thick left nipple and Nina's turgid right teat. Their stupendous nipples seemed to harden further in her grasp, stretching impossibly long until their tips had thrust beyond her curled fingers. She slid her hands forward, sliding down their thick forms, until she was gently squeezing around their sturdy bases.

"Very impressive, girls," she praised. They blushed, biting their lips, enjoying their captain's fingers on their throbbing teats.

"Kiss your captain."

Their eyes widened, but their hesitation soon passed. They pressed themselves together on either side of Sarah, trapping her between two pairs of enormous nude breasts.

Jessie was the first to reach Sarah's lips, her eyes closed with delight as she kissed her captain. Nina was nowhere to be seen, though, and a curious Sarah soon cast her eyes in the ensign's direction.

Nina was hefting her big left breast with both arms until her long, thick nipple pointed upwards. She wordlessly placed her lips against her own thick teat, then leaned forward until her combined lips and nipple were barely an inch away from Sarah and Jessie's kissing mouths.

Sarah was enjoying Jessie's mouth sliding over her own. She leaned them both forward, redirecting the other girl until all three of them joined together in kissing, sucking, and licking Nina's upthrust nipple and each others' lips around it.

Nina seemed to have practiced this position, as she quickly extended her tongue and began licking along the surface of her long teat from base to thick tip, then dropping back down to repeat the gesture. Jessie had opened her mouth wide and was licking with her tongue too, trying gamely to cover Nina's nipple with as much of her own saliva as possible.

Sarah was pleased that her subordinates had left most of Nina's nipple for her, which she realized was no doubt ingrained in their training. She happily slurped the tip of Nina's long teat into her mouth, then sucked in several more inches until her mouth was nearly filled with the girl's thick fleshy nub.

She pressed her tongue upwards, squeezing Nina's nipple between it and the roof of her mouth, and sucked hard. The girl's impressive teat was hot and hard and felt simply wonderful in her mouth. She sucked on it happily, partnering with the two girls beneath her, who now and then licked across her mouth and lips as they slurped on the remaining length of Nina's exposed nipple.

Nina's excitement was steadily building. The attention from her crewmate was one thing, but never had she imagined sharing such intimacy with her captain! Her pleasure crested, and she felt herself nearing the edge.

Sarah could sense Nina quivering in her grasp, and soon knew the younger girl's predicament. She gave an especially hard suck on the ensign's huge nipple.

"Oh captain! My captain!" Nina wailed, succumbing to her pleasure and collapsing against a bulkhead. Her huge nipple was pulled backwards until it emerged from Sarah's mouth with a pop.

Sarah glanced down at Nina, seeing her laying in a daze.

"That was some quick thinking with your nipple, ensign, and exactly what I expect of the officers under my command. Tell me, who is your commanding officer?"

"You formed Nipple Squadron only recently, ma'am," said Nina, gasping and panting heavily. "We don't yet have a—"

"Noted," interrupted Sarah. "I grant you a field promotion, effective immediately. Congratulations, Lieutenant Nips, and be sure to... er, redouble your nipple studies with the rest of the squadron," she intoned, making her best guess about the purpose of Nina's detachment.

Nina gasped, beaming widely. She staggered upright again, her huge breasts bouncing wildly as she nearly vibrated with excitement.

"Yes ma'am! Thank you ma'am!"

She made eye contact with Jessie and they both snapped to attention.

“Nipple Squadron! Oorah!” they called, nearly bursting with pride.

Jessie turned and immediately started planting congratulatory smooches all over Nina. They embraced, pressing their tongues together and throwing their arms over each other’s shoulders, and kissed at length.

Sarah walked past them into the medical bay. She continued into Dr. Masher’s office, seeing through the glass that the doctor was seated at her desk.

Upon entering the office, she could see that Dr. Masher’s desk was of unusual construction, featuring two large semicircular indentations on its far side. Each of the doctor’s enormous breasts was at least three feet in diameter, both spheres resting heavily in the large grooves on her side of the desk.

They were topped with colossal nipples, each thicker than two of Sarah’s fingers together. They were presently flaccid, dangling heavily down and resting along the front of the doctor’s grand breasts. Her bosom was astonishingly huge, by far the largest that Sarah had seen among the crew.

The doctor was incredibly beautiful, as Sarah had come to expect of every girl aboard the Lactiferous. She had long, thick red curls, and pale, flawless skin that was currently flushed bright red.

“Oooooooh, captain,” she cooed, biting her lip.

Sarah grinned, relishing in the overpowering attraction effect she had on her crew. But there was something else — the doctor was almost quivering, her great bosom shaking with its owner’s continued movements. Sarah arched an eyebrow.

The doctor released her own lip. Her mouth opened wide and she was nearly whimpering with pleasure, but she was still trying to project competence.

“We need to discuss... ooh, first contact with the colony below. I’m certain that if the colonists see you in your, *mmm*, present condition, the mission would be jeopardized,” she managed.

Sarah stared at her. The doctor was sweating and gasping, now extending both hands to squeeze and rub the great expanse of her nude bosom. Her long, flaccid nipples began stiffening, stretching ever longer and starting to point away from her chest.

“Are you quite alright, doctor?” Sarah asked.

Dr. Masher didn't seem to have heard her, for she continued rubbing her enormous bosom and moaning until her huge nipples achieved their full erections. Each colossal teat was more than a foot long, thrusting gloriously ahead and waving lazily in the air ahead of her titanic bosom.

The red-haired doctor suddenly frowned and stopped rubbing herself. She scooted her chair nearly six feet backwards, pulling her titanic bosom from her desk into her lap. During a brief moment when the doctor's long, slender legs were exposed, Sarah could see that the doctor was nude from the hips down.

“Well done, Nurse Cathedral. Your tongue work is improving, but that's enough for now,” said the doctor, gazing through her long cleavage down towards the space under her desk.

“Yes, doctor!” exclaimed a girlish voice.

A beautiful Asian nurse scrambled out from underneath the desk, then hurried out of the room. As she ran by, Sarah noticed the nurse's face and big nude breasts were covered in a great volume of sticky, translucent liquid. Sarah couldn't help but grin to herself, then turned back towards the doctor.

“Apologies, captain. It was my daily study session with Nurse Cathedral,” said the beautiful doctor, grinning and brushing her red curls behind her ears.

“I'm glad to see you helping these girls improve their skills, Dr. Masher,” said Sarah appreciatively.

“Please, captain. It makes me so hot when you call me Mallory,” whispered the redhead, who had returned to gently kneading her bosom with both hands.

Sarah cast her eyes over the doctor's colossal breasts.

“Before you continue, Mallory, I have to ask: what is your breast size?”

The doctor stopped massaging herself.

“Two hundred standard units, as you well know, given how often you like to measure me! I'm the biggest girl on the ship, and that is precisely the problem,” the doctor said.

Sarah cast a newly appreciative eye over the doctor's grand bosom. Each colossal breast was crowned with an enormous pink areola and a truly immense nipple, which was now a throbbingly erect column of flesh more than a foot long. Sarah idly wondered whether the doctor

was a member of Nipple Squadron.

“It’s the colonists, captain,” continued Mallory. “They just won’t respect you looking... well, as *small* as you do.”

Sarah pondered at the gorgeous redhead. She had long fantasized about having larger breasts, and she couldn’t believe she might be able to live out this experience firsthand. She pondered becoming as large as Charlotte, or even the doctor, and felt herself getting even more turned on at the idea.

“So hit me with your breast growth treatment, doctor. It worked wonderfully for the rest of the crew.”

Mallory frowned, reaching forward and sternly squeezing the base of her thick right nipple to express her displeasure.

“It has indeed, but it also took these girls the better part of a week to show results. We don’t have that kind of time, ma’am.”

“That brings me to another problem,” the doctor continued. “The crew has not reached my growth projections, captain. Their breasts are simply not large enough. But the treatment is still active in them, and if we can recreate the ideal conditions for growth, they should all achieve the results we’ve intended.”

Sarah nodded, her determination building. She wouldn’t let anything come between her and having the crew with the biggest, sexiest breasts in the whole fleet.

“What are those ideal conditions?”

“They need constant sexual stimulation, especially to the breasts and nipples, but anywhere will do. These girls just aren’t horny enough, captain.”

Sarah blinked at her.

“What would you have me do, doctor?”

“I’m a doctor, not an anthropologist, ma’am. But if I were you, I’d activate the ship’s Pussy Protocol,” said Mallory, arching one of her thin red eyebrows.

Sarah pondered, then looked upwards.

“Iris, describe the Pussy Protocol.”

“When activated, the protocol directs the crew to remove their CLIT-issued pants and all undergarments. Crew will then resume their duties, while being encouraged to direct their fingers to their pussies, or those of their fellow crew-members, at any time as needed,” said Iris’ robotic monotone.

“It’s just plain good sense, captain,” said Mallory. “And it can be extended with additional protocols in times of dire need, which is where we now find ourselves. We need these girls’ breasts to get bigger, and fast, if we’re going to make the best first contact with the colonists.”

Sarah kicked off her boots, then started removing her pants. It was the right thing to do, after all, and she was going to lead by example. She stepped out of her pants, then slid her panties off and tossed them to the side. She stepped back into her black heeled boots, standing proudly before the doctor, fully nude except for her boots and her shoulder-pads.

She again addressed the computer.

“Iris, can you broadcast me to the entire ship?”

“Now broadcasting,” said Iris’ monotone. A brief whistle sounded throughout the ship.

“Now hear this: this is the captain speaking,” said Sarah, putting on her most authoritative tone.

“I am activating the ship’s Pussy Protocol. All crew are to remove their pants and all undergarments. When not otherwise occupied, you are all to use at least one hand to attend to your breasts, nipples, or your pretty pussies and those of your fellow crew. Smith out.”

Sarah smirked, pleased with herself for improvising a modification to a standard behavioral protocol on the spot. It should help kickstart the crew’s breast growth, she thought.

She strolled around the doctor’s desk and leaned her nude bottom against the grand expanse of Mallory’s right breast. She spread her legs, exposing her bare, dripping pussy, and smiled sweetly. One of her hands unconsciously slid down and started rubbing her wet folds, as if following her orders all on its own.

“Now doctor,” she continued, “How about your treatment for me?”

Mallory beamed back. Her captain was always so straightforward, one of the many traits the crew admired about her.

“I was hoping you’d ask. I’ve been collaborating with Lt. Commander Labia in engineering,

and she has something for your eyes only.”

Sarah closed her slender legs, prompting a disappointed whimper from the beautiful doctor, and rose to her feet. She moved towards the doorway.

“Thanks, Mallory,” she smiled.

“Anything for you, captain,” came the doctor’s dreamy reply.

Sarah paused in the doorway.

“One more thing, doctor. What’s this I hear about a lactation serum?”

The doctor flashed her beautiful smile.

“You’ll be the first to know when it’s ready, captain.”

Sarah nodded and walked towards the outer doors of the medical bay. A moment later, she heard the doctor’s voice calling behind her.

“Nurse Cathedral! Get your hot little pussy in here. You need to finish your studies!”

The nearly-nude nurse gasped and rushed past Sarah into the doctor’s office. Sarah grinned and exited the medical bay, emerging into a corridor.

The two members of Nipple Squadron had vanished. She stood at a loss, realizing that she didn’t know the way to engineering.

A number of beautiful girls wandered past, all of them proudly bouncing and jiggling their huge breasts. They had obeyed their captain’s commands and undressed, strolling through the ship almost completely naked except for their boots and shoulder-pads. Many of them were gently tugging or squeezing their own nipples as they walked.

Each girl upon passing her captain eagerly saluted, using both arms to heft her big breasts upwards, and spreading her legs to expose her bare pussy to her superior officer. Some girls also used their fingers to spread their pussies wide, showing how gushingly wet they were for her.

Others reached their hands over towards a nearby girl’s nude pussy and gently stroked it, demonstrating their teamwork and dedication to ship morale. They all glared lasciviously at their captain, completely under her spell and openly lusting for her, hoping beyond hope that she’d choose to have her way with them.

A tall beauty with beautiful dark skin, upon passing her captain, collapsed suddenly to her

knees. She had long straight dark hair and a relatively modest pair of breasts among the crew, each of her melons merely twice the size of her head, slapping together around her navel. On her knees, she was roughly squeezing her own left nipple with one hand, while her other hand had thrust between her legs. A rhythmic, wet squelching sound reached Sarah's ears.

"Captain Sarah, I can't help myself around you!" the girl wailed, openly pleasuring herself. She spread her knees wide and gave her own pussy a loud, wet slap, then plunged two fingers inside herself.

"Ooh, ooh, oh captain!" she moaned, nearly at the peak of her climax.

"On your feet, girl!" Sarah intoned.

The girl leapt to her feet, whimpering and nearly in tears. She was clearly overwhelmed with lust as she beheld the splendor of her captain's beauty. But somehow her body, as if on its own, had found the momentary strength to obey her superior's command.

Sarah glared at the girl's single rank insignia.

"Pull yourself together! Name and breast size, ensign!" she snapped.

The girl was still eagerly thrusting her fingers into her gushing pussy. Her mouth hung open.

"S... S... Sarah..." she babbled.

Sarah knew her powerful attraction effect had driven this girl almost mad with lust. As captain, she had to care for every member of her crew, and this one was clearly in need of her attention. She stepped forward, wedging her slender torso between the girl's sizable breasts, and stuck her tongue into the girl's mouth.

The girl seemed surprised for a moment, then blinked rapidly and seemed to realize the great honor that had been bestowed upon her. She quickly wrapped her lips around Sarah's tongue and began submissively sucking on it. After a few moments, she smiled around Sarah's tongue and seemed to have calmed down.

Sarah pulled back, slipping her tongue out of the girl's mouth.

"Now then, ensign. Name and breast size!"

"Ensign Annie Areola, ma'am. My breast size is seventy-five standard units," she said, still clearly overwhelmed by being in such close proximity to the object of her lust. She spread her legs, showing off her pretty pussy by using both hands to spread her labia wide.

Sarah noted the younger girl's well-practiced motions and her beautiful puffy pussy.

"Very good, ensign. You will escort me to main engineering," she said, extending her arm.

They locked arms and proceeded down the corridor, although it was slow going, as Annie kept using both hands to rub at her own dripping pussy. She was barely able to hold a conversation as she navigated them, instead directing most of her attention towards rubbing her wet, puffy labia.

Sarah might have minded, but she was distracted with her own thoughts. Of course it was wonderful seeing all these girls tugging on their nipples and rubbing their pussies as they passed her in the corridors, but she had the distinct sense that the crew needed more encouragement to meet the doctor's goals. As she idly stroked one of Annie's long, flaccid nipples in her fingers, feeling it stretching harder and longer in her grasp, she had a sudden idea.

"One moment, ensign," she said, pulling the younger girl over to the nearest wall panel.

"Iris, ship broadcast."

A brief whistle sounded throughout the ship.

"Now hear this: this is the captain speaking," she intoned. "All crew member nipples are to be fully erect at all times. No exceptions. Smith out."

Annie's nipples immediately extended to their full lengths, throbbingly erect in Sarah's grasp. Sarah enjoyed running her fingers up and down their more than four inch lengths. She soon felt a tense sensation on her own chest, and looked down to confirm her own small nubs had followed her orders, becoming fully erect.

She shifted her weight, pushing one of her hard teats into the great warmth of Annie's right breast. She marveled at the total command that Iris had given her of the ship and its crew.

"Lead on, ensign," she said, giving Annie's huge nipple a quick squeeze.

They soon arrived inside main engineering, although it took Sarah a moment to notice, as she had been preoccupied with sucking on Annie's tongue and squeezing both of the girl's fully erect, long teats.

"You are a fine kisser, ensign, and I do enjoy your long nipples," Sarah smiled, pulling away from the dark-haired girl.

Annie flushed red at the compliment.

“Th... thank you, ma’am! I have been training my nipples hard in hopes of making Nipple Squadron!”

Sarah nodded. This nymph had some impressively long teats, but Lt. Nips had her beat by a sizable margin. Still, she’d keep this girl in mind as a future candidate.

“Keep up the nipple training, ensign. You’re dismissed,” Sarah said.

Annie used both hands to push up on her big right breast. Her nipple towered upwards, and she quickly slurped its entire length into her hungry mouth. She grinned around her own thick teat, sucking hard on herself, and turned to stroll away.

Sarah emerged into main engineering. It was a cavernous space, the centerpiece of which was the ship’s energy core. There was a constant low hum, a sound that Sarah found somewhat reassuring, as if it were the steady heartbeat of the ship itself.

Lt. Commander Lily Labia, the ship’s chief engineer, was standing nearby. She was tall, toned, and subtly muscular, but still gorgeously feminine. Sarah cast her eyes over Lily’s nearly-nude body, admiring her rock solid abdomen and the gorgeous nude boulders on her chest, each of which were topped by throbbingly erect nipples. The engineer’s long teats were quite impressive, stretching nearly six inches into the air ahead of her and bouncing gently with her movements.

Lily had gorgeous dark skin and shoulder-length dark hair, with thick, arching eyebrows. Her powerful features were alluring and the girl was extremely beautiful, as Sarah had come to expect from her crew. Sarah noted with interest that Lily had an unusually large set of long, puffy labia, which were dripping with wetness as they hung more than two inches below her bare pussy, between her firm thighs.

A frown was covering the chief engineer’s beautiful visage. She hadn’t noticed her captain’s arrival, and was instead gazing down at a very pretty girl sitting in a chair next to her.

The seated girl had medium-length straight blonde hair, which was matted and soaking wet as it stuck to her pretty cheeks and slender neck and shoulders. She was panting heavily, with beads of sweat rolling down her flawless tanned skin. She gazed downwards, between her relatively modest head-sized breasts with fully erect two-inch nipples, at her own pussy. She was presently using both hands to spread herself wide before the chief engineer.

The girl’s pussy was obviously wet, but it looked raw, as if she had been pleasuring herself for an extended time.

“That just won’t do, lassie,” sighed Lily. She looked up, gasping as she noticed her guest. The frown on her face was instantly gone, replaced by an exuberant smile.

“Captain Sarah! Welcome to engineering!”

Sarah smiled back at the towering nearly-nude beauty.

“My pleasure, commander. What have we here?” she asked. She gestured at the seated girl, who was now rubbing her bare pussy with renewed enthusiasm, her mouth wide as she stared openly at Sarah.

“It’s been my personal project, cap’n,” said the brunette engineer. “A new fuel source for the ship, from the many fluids produced by its crew! I’m sure it can work, but just look at poor Ensign Ella here. She cannot take much more of this!”

Sarah gazed between Ella’s spread legs, seeing a modest amount of the girl’s own arousal on her inner thighs. She looked between Lily’s legs, again admiring the tall girl’s extra large and puffy pussy lips, as well as the much larger volume of wetness that seemed to cover most of the chief engineer’s toned inner thighs.

She reached down, running her fingers along her own bare pussy. She felt like she’d been increasingly turned on ever since arriving on board, but she was disappointed to discover only a modest Ella-sized amount of wetness between her own thighs.

“I think I see what you mean, commander. Allow me,” she said, turning to a nearby wall panel.

“Iris, ship broadcast.”

A whistle echoed throughout the ship.

“Now hear this: this is the captain speaking,” said Sarah, grinning with anticipation. “All crew member pussies are ordered to leak, drip, and squirt much more at all times, especially when aroused and during climax. No exceptions. Smith out.”

Lily gasped with delight as her pussy immediately gushed, her liquids soaking her thighs, calves and running down to pool inside her boots. Sitting next to her, Ella gave a joyful whoop as her own pussy squirted her voluminous arousal in a great arc across the floor in front of her.

“Brilliant, cap’n!” exclaimed Lily, flushing red from the incredible pleasure she was feeling. She turned slightly, and her pussy gushed another large arc of arousal that soaked through Ella’s

blonde curls.

Sarah enjoyed feeling her thighs and calves quickly become covered with her own warm, sticky arousal. It felt simply wonderful, and she was glad to have solved a particularly challenging engineering problem just by tweaking the parameters of their simulation.

Lily nodded down at Ella, who seemed to be trying to cover as much of the carpet between her legs as possible with her spurting arousal.

“Well done, lassie. The cap’n’s given you a gushingly wet pussy. You’re dismissed, but I’ll be callin’ on you soon, so keep that pussy wet for me!”

“Yes ma’am!” said Ella, giving her gushing pussy a wet-sounding slap. She giggled and shivered from the sensation, then rose to her feet and returned to her station.

An almost continuous stream of wetness was emerging from between Lily’s thick labia, rolling down her thighs to drip onto the carpet or pour into her boots. She spread her legs, following proper protocol by using both hands to tug on her long labia, her dripping arousal running down her fingers.

“As you know, cap’n, we risk a diplomatic incident if we should make contact with the colony while your breasts are so small. And we don’t have time for you to complete the doctor’s treatment, either,” Lily said.

“But I’ve been working with Dr. Masher on somethin’ special for you,” she continued, a sudden gush of her arousal splashing the carpet below as if in emphasis.

She gestured at a nearby table and held out her arm. Sarah gladly accepted the taller girl’s powerful arm in hers, and shamelessly used her other hand to reach out, feeling the chief engineer’s firm abdomen and cupping the nearer of her large breasts. Both girls released fresh deluges of arousal from their pussies, applying a fresh layer of wetness to their bare legs.

On the table was a small oval-shaped band of dark metal. Sarah squinted at it.

“It’s a... bracelet?”

Lily pulled her powerful arm away, then used both hands to squeeze her thick, erect nipples to express her displeasure.

“This absolute marvel of engineering is Dr. Masher’s growth treatment miniaturized, plus a few added bonuses too. It took much of the ship’s power, and many long hours of engineering, so

we could only make one. But aye, cap'n, 'tis a bracelet."

Sarah's eyes widened as she stared at it.

"How does it work?"

"'Tis very simple, cap'n. You just slip it on and make a tight fist towards your target, who should immediately experience significant breast growth. And if you like, cap'n, you can use the holo-interface to choose one or more additional types of growth for her."

Sarah's grin broadened.

"But 'tis not without side effects, cap'n," said the engineer. "The girl will receive a concentrated dose of growth, and despite our best efforts, we cannot seem to prevent her from becoming uncontrollably horny. Alas, 'tis still our best option. You need to use this to grow as many breasts as possible, cap'n."

"Incredible. Well done, Lily," marveled Sarah. She couldn't resist any longer and gently cupped her hand over the tall girl's bare pussy in a gesture of thanks. She slid her probing fingers along Lily's beautiful puffy labia, her digits soon becoming soaked in the girl's effusive wetness. She felt Lily quivering in her grasp, the engineer's powerful but slender legs quaking from her touch.

"Oooh, yes! Please touch me anywhere you like, cap'n," whispered Lily.

Sarah opened her other palm and pushed her arm through the metal bracelet. It quickly self-adjusted, tightening around her wrist until it was gently squeezing her skin. It was warm to the touch and there was something reassuring about it, heightening her general sense of power and control.

With her other hand, she pulled gently on one of Lily's thick labia, stretching it taut before gently releasing it. She pondered, looking down at the bracelet on her wrist, and activated the holo-interface. She found the item she wanted, balled her hand to a fist, and for lack of a better idea, she pointed her fist in Lily's general direction.

Lily's eyes went wide. She gasped and fell to her knees as a sudden wave of pleasure overcame her. She felt a pleasurable warmth throughout her body, but there were three hotspots, each a pinpoint of acute pleasure: one in each of her big breasts and another in her molten core. She had always loved her extremely long labia, and in this moment it was as if she could sense every square millimeter of their extensive surface area.

Sarah grinned, knowing she could catch Lily on a knife's edge of pleasure.

“Commander, report your breast size!” she said quickly.

Lily's eyes went wide and she struggled through her orgasmic delight to answer.

“Seventy... standard units, *mma'am!*” she gasped.

Lily felt a powerful surge of pleasure, and they both saw her breasts rapidly swell larger on her chest, seeming to double in size in mere moments. A great volume of hot liquid splashed onto Sarah, who realized that Lily's pussy was continuing to follow her orders as well.

Lily was already feeling immense pleasure as her breasts swelled larger, and the added sensation from her center carried her over the edge. Great jets of arcing liquid emerged from her pussy, and her labia swelled steadily larger with each spurt, spreading wide and flowering, until Lily sensed from her kneeling position that her pussy lips were resting and spreading upon the carpet below.

She gasped with delight and spread her legs wide, using both of her arms to pull her breasts apart and gazing between them. Her pussy had grown immense, her beautiful and perfectly hairless outer labia lips now swollen finger-thick and gushingly wet as they extended most of the way down to her knees.

“Cap'n, it's beautiful! My big pussy is so beautiful!” she cried. Her thick labia lips rumbled for a moment, then gushed a great wave of arousal that washed over Sarah's feet and splashed against a wall.

Sarah thought she was improving at estimating standard units, but she still wanted to be sure.

“Iris, report Lily's current breast size.”

“Lt. Commander Labia's current breast size is one hundred and forty units,” came Iris' monotone in reply.

“Excellent! Doubled, just as I'd guessed, and your labia growth is exemplary too. This bracelet is quite impressive, Lily,” Sarah said, impressed.

“You're much bigger now, but the doctor still has you beat, and I expect more of my senior officers,” she intoned.

She curled her hand into a fist and pointed it again at the kneeling brunette.

Lily's breasts again doubled in size almost immediately, shooting out far beyond her knees onto the floor in front of her and rising nearly to her eye level. After a moment, the expansive folds of her huge labia came into view, still gushingly wet as they grew larger and spread below her titanic chest.

She wobbled a bit and kicked her legs out ahead of her, resting her bare bottom on the carpet. Sarah grinned as she saw the girl's enormous spread labia fill the entire space between her open legs, stretching all the way down until they slipped and slid wetly together near Lily's slender ankles.

Lily was nearly vibrating, unable to do much of anything other than focus on her own pleasure.

"C... Cap'n! My pussy! It's so good!" she wailed. Another, even larger wave of gushing arousal shot out from her huge pussy and splattered across a large section of carpet. She collapsed backwards, overwhelmed with pleasure, and fell unconscious on the floor with a large smile on her face.

Sarah stepped back from the quivering chief engineer and looked up.

"Iris, report the chief's breast size."

"Lt. Commander Labia's breast size is two hundred and eighty standard units," came the reply.

Sarah nodded. This confirmed the size-doubling power of her bracelet, which would be no doubt useful for herself as well. She peered around the room.

A few other workstations were crewed, although the girls nearby were trying and mostly failing to carry on with their work, instead opting to pull on their erect nipples or rub their gushing pussies as they watched their captain together with the chief engineer.

Her eyes settled on a young blonde standing nearby. The beauty had both arms wrapped underneath her more modest head-sized breasts, tugging on both of her fully erect two-inch nipples. She was bending forward, demonstrating her flexibility and quick thinking by angling her pussy to squirt and soak the undersides of her breasts, covering her arms and nipples in her own dripping essence.

"You there, step closer," Sarah smiled at the girl, who brightened immensely as she approached her captain. Sarah made a few adjustments on her bracelet and smiled as the girl

arrived at her side. She noted a single circular pin on the blonde's shoulder.

“Name and breast size, ensign.”

“Ensign Kelly Knockers, ma'am! My breasts are fifty standard units, captain,” she gushed, becoming increasingly turned on as she stood so close to her captain. Her blonde hair fell straight down her back, and much like the chief engineer, she was tall, toned, and subtly muscular. Sarah admired Kelly's firm abdomen and grinned as she saw Kelly's pussy spurt a thick spray of her arousal all over her own long, slender legs.

“Let's see if you can live up to that name, ensign,” said Sarah, making some additional adjustments on her bracelet. She pointed her fist at the younger girl.

Kelly fell to her knees as her orgasm instantly overtook her. She relished the immensely pleasurable sensation of feeling her breasts quickly doubled in size, but there was something else too. Two new, but somehow familiar sensations on her lower abdomen had sprouted as small nubs, the flesh rushing in behind them and filling in until she had four beautiful equally huge breasts, in two rows of two across the front of her torso.

Her growth wasn't finished, though. All four of her teats had already been fully erect, as her captain had ordered, each of them stretching two full inches ahead of her. After another moment, her nipples began stretching longer, beyond even Lt. Nips' legendary pair, until she bore four beautifully thick and permanently erect foot-long nipples.

She reeled back, nearly overwhelmed with pleasure, and she was grateful for being on her knees, for she knew she'd surely have lost her balance otherwise. She lowered her eyes, beaming with excitement as she beheld the splendor of her huge newly-grown breasts and nipples, plus their new identical twins beneath. She eagerly rotated her hands between all four of her towering nipples, squeezing each of them in turn before quickly moving on.

“Captain Sarah, your generosity knows no bounds! Thank you for my new breasts and nipples. I love them!” she gushed. Her pussy, as if in vigorous agreement, again sprayed her arousal across her own legs and the bottoms of her lower breasts, soaking them in a thick coating of her juices.

Sarah smiled down at her.

“I know you'll use your new nipples to serve the ship well, ensign. But I have a new assignment for you. You are Lt. Commander Labia's new chief labial assistant,” she said, nodding at the chief engineer dozing on the floor nearby.

Lily's throbbing, widely spread labia were continuing to ooze a steady stream of her arousal all over her legs and the nearby carpet even as she slept. Her towering breasts reached far into the air above her, each of her throbbing nipples fully erect and nearly as long as Kelly's.

"When she awakes," Sarah began, "She'll need your help with her huge pussy and her new breasts. See to it that you are constantly playing with her huge labia, so that she'll be able to perform her duties."

Kelly saluted, grasping her newly-grown lower pair of breasts and angling their long, erect nipples towards Sarah.

"Yes ma'am! It's an honor to assist the commander with her big, sexy pussy!"

"Indeed. And ensign?"

The quad-nippled blonde smiled expectantly at her captain. Sarah reached out, gently squeezing the girl's lower left nipple.

"With your new assets, I'm pleased to welcome you as the newest member of Nipple Squadron. Congratulations, Kelly."

Kelly beamed brighter than the sun, flushing with pride.

"It's such an honor, captain! I won't let you down!"

"I know you won't, Kelly. Now come and kiss your captain."

Kelly threw her arms over Sarah's shoulders and sandwiched her captain between her dual rows of breasts. Sarah giggled, enjoying the peculiar sensation, and their lips soon met. Sarah enjoyed a long moment of intimate attention on her mouth and tongue from the beautiful four-nippled young blonde.

She reached her arms down and to her sides, again grasping Kelly's two lower nipples in her hands. They kissed tenderly, and Kelly thrilled at the sensation of their four combined hands on all of her nipples at once. Her knees quivered, and her dripping pussy soaked both of their bare legs with her effusive arousal.

Sarah smiled and gave Kelly one last kiss on her pretty lips before stepping backwards, extracting herself from the ensign's four huge breasts. Kelly saluted again, this time gripping her lower two nipples, pointing their enormous foot-long shapes towards Sarah. She turned away and knelt by Lily's side, gently stroking the grand fleshy walls of the dozing chief engineer's towering

breasts.

Sarah exited engineering, emerging into the corridor beyond. It was crucial for the mission that she grew larger breasts than anyone else on the ship, a responsibility she was thrilled to undertake. She closed her fist, her resolve strengthening, and pumped her fist forward in the air.

At that moment, a stunning nearly-nude Asian girl with long straight dark hair, huge Charlotte-sized beach ball breasts, and thick, fully erect three-inch nipples was strutting by, directly into the path of Sarah's fist. Sarah pulled her punch, but she already knew that the bracelet didn't require direct contact, and she wasn't surprised to see the brunette nymph collapse to her knees as she was overcome with pleasure.

The girl's massive pillowy breasts fell into her lap as they quickly swelled larger. Even before her growth started, her pointy nipples had been poking beyond her knees, and within only a few seconds her huge breasts had doubled in size, swelling upwards and outwards on her legs until her finely-chiseled chin began to disappear into her newly colossal cleavage.

"Oh, captain! You're making my huge breasts feel so good!" she moaned.

Her growth wasn't finished, though, and Sarah realized suddenly that the bracelet retained its settings between uses. The kneeling nymph's huge breasts were instantly shoved upwards, nearly swallowing her head in her own cleavage as two new, equally colossal breasts appeared on her torso below her original pair. All four of her breasts were each twice as large as her original already-huge chest had been.

After another moment, the girl's nipples all began stretching longer and swelling thicker. Soon all four of her nipples stretched more than a foot long, each of them every inch as hot and thick as Kelly's four teats had been.

The Asian nymph had launched into a continuous series of orgasms, plainly overwhelmed by her captain's attention as much as by her new quad-breasted chest. She had managed to wrap her legs around her newly grown lower-left breast, pulling it close and earnestly humping her gushing pussy against it. She was thrilled at the feel of her own warm flesh on her skin.

She was grateful too for her captain, who had bestowed her pussy with the newfound ability to gush such huge volumes of her arousal. Her spurting pussy had soon covered her legs and her lower left breast in her sticky squirt, which gave rise to a rapid squelching sound as she wantonly rubbed her leaky pussy all around her new breast.

"My breasts! I love my four huge nipples! Ooooooh, thank you captain!" she wailed.

Sarah grinned down at her.

“On your feet!” she said, not really expecting the girl to be able to get up with her four breasts having grown so large. She was astonished when the beautiful nymph quickly recovered and stood, her four enormously round breasts with their permanently erect nipples bouncing gently against each other. Looking more closely, Sarah thought this girl’s huge nipples looked even longer than Ensign Knockers’ foot-long teats.

Sarah was impressed anew at Lily and Mallory’s invention, for the girl’s huge lower breasts were incredibly perky, bouncing gently below her knees and thrusting her lower nipples forward at about knee height, and she seemed to have little trouble standing. She was panting heavily and clearly still lusting for her captain, for she had brought both hands to her wet center and slipped two fingers into her gushing pussy. Sarah noted two circular pins on her shoulder-pad.

“Name and breast size, lieutenant.”

“Lieutenant Mona Megabust, ma’am,” said the gorgeous young woman. “My breasts were one hundred standard units.”

Sarah nodded and glanced at a nearby wall panel.

“Iris, am I correct that Mona’s current breast size is two hundred units?”

“Each pair of Lt. Megabust’s breasts are two hundred units, captain,” came Iris’ stuffy reply.

“Of course. Thank you, Iris,” Sarah said. Technically correct was the best kind of correct. She turned back to the gorgeous girl with the four colossal breasts. Besides her head and feet, the entire rest of Mona’s front was obscured behind her titanic double bosom, which extended far out to her sides as well.

“Mona, you’re going to carry me to my quarters,” Sarah ordered. “I will ride between your big sexy breasts.”

Mona brightened and curtsied, lowering her double bosom to the ground to allow her captain to climb within.

Sarah pushed ahead between Mona’s massive mammaries, then turned around, grinning as she felt her entire body from her shoulders down enveloped within Mona’s firm, warm breast flesh. She lifted her legs, relaxing as her entire body weight was supported within Mona’s two rows of enormous breasts.

She enjoyed a brief stroll through the ship's corridors. They passed many beautiful girls en route to the captain's quarters, most of whom had stopped to admire Mona's four enormous breasts, but almost all had failed to notice their captain concealed within her breasty conveyance. Instead, they merely returned to pleasuring themselves by tugging on their long, erect nipples or sliding their hands all over their gushing pussies.

A select few girls, though, were perceptive enough to make eye contact with Sarah from her position between Mona's enormous upper breasts. They immediately fell to their knees, spreading their legs wide as their gushing pussies involuntarily soaked the undersides of their huge breasts. The mere sight of their captain was enough to inspire spontaneous climax in more than a few of the ship's nymphs, which Sarah planned to expand to more of the crew over time with additional protocols taking effect.

At last Mona had jiggled her four titanic breasts in front of the door to the captain's quarters. Sarah lowered her legs, extracting herself and stepping around to the blushing girl's side. She leaned in close, expressing her thanks by kissing Mona fiercely. They slid their lips together and licked each other's tongues, and Mona felt herself climax almost immediately from the immense honor of being attended to by her captain.

Sarah felt the beautiful Asian girl quivering in her arms.

"Well done, Mona. Keep those orgasms coming, and I'm sure your breasts will keep growing. Make me proud, lieutenant!" she said, giving Mona an encouraging swat on her firm, bare bottom.

Mona giggled. She curtsied, using her arms to wave all four of her fully erect nipples towards her captain.

"Thank you, captain! I'm so glad my breasts could serve you," she beamed, then turned and jiggled away. She was almost immediately leapt upon by two tall red-haired girls, who promptly busied themselves on sucking Mona's long upper nipples into their hungry mouths.

Sarah smiled and stepped inside her quarters. It was an extravagant space, with an extra large bed and plenty of couches for lounging, as well as a sunken pillow pit that looked invitingly comfortable.

She was suddenly aware of the quiet. She realized it was the first time she'd been alone since arriving on board, but she took comfort in knowing that Iris was sure to be watching over her. And speaking of her roommate, she realized she had a very sexy task ahead of herself.

"Iris, calculate the number of bracelet growth cycles necessary for my breasts to become the

largest on the ship, assuming they double in size each time.”

Iris’ metallic voice came back almost immediately.

“Five growth cycles, captain. Warning! The pleasure level from that many growth cycles would exceed safety parameters.”

It wouldn’t be easy, Sarah thought, that’s for sure. This was the kind of trial that even the best of humanity would shrink from. But she wasn’t just anyone. She was Sarah Smith, captain of the USS Lactiferous, and its crew of three hundred huge-breasted nymphomaniac girls was counting on her. She would never let them down, unless maybe she were lowering them into that pillow pit.

She activated the holo-interface on the bracelet, restoring its default parameters. Her fingers clenched into a fist with resolve. She took a deep breath, steeling herself...

The door chime sounded, shattering her concentration. She blinked.

“Come in,” she called.

The door slid open and two enormous breasts entered the room, sliding in sideways one at a time. Sarah immediately recognized that they were attached to the ship’s incredibly beautiful counselor, Lt. Commander Dina Doubleteats. Dina finished wriggling her titanic chest through the doorway and smiled. The doors slid closed behind her.

Sarah heard a familiar rhythmic squelching sound coming from behind Dina’s gloriously huge breasts. It was always reassuring to see her crew taking her orders seriously by constantly attending to their dripping pussies. She noted a long trail of wetness on the carpet leading from Dina back to the doorway, confirming her suspicion.

Dina had pearly white skin and thick, dark hair, which she had presently arranged in a tight ponytail that fell to her taut, bare bottom. She had rouged her cheeks and her lips bore a ruby red coloring that added to her sultry allure. Like the rest of Sarah’s crew, Dina was stunningly beautiful and seemed overwhelmed with lust by being in the presence of her captain.

“It’s good to see you, captain,” she whispered sultrily. She gently slapped her wet pussy, adding emphasis to her greeting by spurting several large jets of her arousal all over her legs and the carpet nearby.

“Counselor! You’re a welcome sight,” Sarah said with a smile.

“I know the task you’re about to undertake,” replied the gorgeous brunette nymph. “And I’m here to tell you that you don’t have to do it alone.”

She pulled her hands away from her pussy, her fingers dripping, and did her best to heft and present her huge breasts.

“As the ship’s counselor, I am an expert in nipple therapy. Please, allow my teats to be a comfort to you during this trial,” she offered.

Sarah gazed more closely at the counselor’s teats. They were permanently erect and thicker than two of her fingers together, just as she had ordered and come to expect from every member of her crew. Dina’s nipples thrust far ahead of her big chest, each of them a mouth-watering eight inches long.

“Before we get started, counselor, report your breast size,” Sarah ordered.

Dina smiled widely.

“You should know, as familiar as you are with them! My big, sexy breasts total one hundred and eighty standard units, captain,” she said, flushing with pride. She shifted her weight and the great shelf of her breasts lurched to the side, revealing that both of her hands had returned to her dripping pussy.

Dina whimpered as her drenched pussy gushed anew, splattering her arousal all over her legs and even more of the carpeted floor. She bit her lip, looking sultrily at Sarah.

Sarah grinned, watching the stunningly beautiful counselor openly lusting for her.

“Tell me more about nipple therapy, counselor,” she teased, although she was genuinely curious as well.

Dina hadn’t seemed to notice the captain’s gentle teasing. She stood upright, occasionally giving her pussy a gentle wet slap as she eagerly explained her skills and expertise.

“I’m so proud of my big, thick, eight-inch long nipples, captain,” said the sultry brunette. She was clearly familiar with using her teats to seduce her clients, but she only desired to please her captain.

“And they are here for you to stroke, lick, and suck. I love how you’ve made them so hard all day! I love playing with my big, hard nipples, and I know you will too. May they bring comfort to your mouth, pussy, or anywhere else you like, ma’am.”

Sarah was somewhat anxious, and had to admit that she was glad for the beautiful counselor's support.

“Very well, Dina. Get those nipples over here.”

The raven-haired girl smiled, settling in next to her captain. She stood nearby, her nipples poking lewdly at Sarah's face and cheeks as Sarah sat in a desk chair.

Sarah grimaced.

“Get ready, counselor. Here we go!”

Sarah activated the bracelet and directed its energy towards herself. It fired once, twice, thrice — here the pleasure she was feeling was so intense that she nearly passed out — but she somehow managed to invoke the bracelet's power a fourth and fifth time.

She felt white-hot at her core, as if she were burning with the fury of a million suns. It was nearly overwhelming, and with her lips wrapped around the counselor's thick, hard nipple, she rapidly sucked and licked as hard as she could to hopefully distract herself.

She could have floated away on a cloud and lived an eternity of bliss. But something about Dina's thick nipple in her mouth served to ground her, anchoring her to her seat as well as to her body, and drew the excess horniness away from her.

Dina felt her other teat, the one not presently inside her captain's needy mouth, gently rubbing along a large, fleshy shape. She realized that her captain's treatment had finally run its course.

“Open your eyes, captain. Look how beautiful you've become!”

Sarah gently released the counselor's thick nipple, sliding it out of her wet mouth. She beheld a vast arc of creamy flesh that extended down to the floor, and it was another moment before she realized it was *her* flesh. At last, her deepest fantasy had been made real: she had a truly staggering, enormously big and sexy pair of breasts that any girl would've been proud to own. A wide grin spread over her face.

“Computer, nano-mirrors!” she called.

An array of floating reflective surfaces sprang into being around her. The counselor took a step back out of respect, allowing the captain to revel in her own body from all angles.

Sarah twisted and turned in her seat, but she realized she was coming up against the

technological limits of Dr. Masher's treatment. As colossal as her breasts were, she felt that she was only just barely unable to exert the strength needed to lift them above the floor.

She angled herself to the side and shoved her right breast out of the way, confirming that her bosom wasn't the only part of her body to be enhanced.

A nearby floating mirror gave her a superb angle to admire her own wet, puffy pussy. It had always been completely hairless, but it now seemed puffier, tighter, and more alluring than ever before. It was perhaps the most beautiful pussy she'd ever seen, and not for nothing, given the significant competition in that area from her beautiful crew.

She was both impressed and satisfied with herself. She couldn't see over the vast curves of her bosom, but she could still feel her nipples had grown huge and massively long, their new shapes waving lazily in the area before her.

"Iris, report my current breast size and nipple length."

"The captain's breasts total three hundred standard units, and her nipples are fully erect at two feet long each," came the automated reply.

The counselor seemed quite impressed by this.

"Captain, you're... stunning! Your breasts are so huge! I can't get enough of your sexy nipples!" she gasped, clearly overwhelmed. A sizable gush of arousal from her pussy splattered all over the side of Sarah's enormous left breast.

Sarah luxuriated in the warm, wet sensation. She had just been pondering how to resume her duties when the door chime rang.

"Enter!" she called.

The door slid open and a long, pointy nipple, followed by a very large breast – although smaller than her own – seemed to hover, floating gently into the room. It was immediately followed by a muscular, powerful-looking but still feminine leg and a huge, writhing mass of wet pussy lips.

The fleshy lips wriggled and writhed for a moment. A pretty blonde head thrust out between them, its owner giggling and smiling as she rolled forward head over heels. The blonde girl had four huge breasts in two rows, all of them topped with thick, fully-erect foot-long nipples.

Sarah smiled at the familiar sight.

"Ah, Lt. Commander Labia! And Ensign Knockers too. Welcome!"

The chief engineer, with the ensign's assistance, finally made her way fully inside the captain's quarters. The door slid shut behind them. Lily noticed the captain watching the peculiar floating motion of her breasts and offered an explanation.

"Anti-gravity breast pads, captain. We figured you might like to be outfitted with your own pair."

"Good thinking, Lily," Sarah nodded.

The chief engineer set about her task, gently fitting each of Sarah's titanic breasts with their own anti-gravity pad, and demonstrated how to use the motion controls to activate them. Ensign Knockers, for her part, was animatedly doing her best to grab, tug, and slide Lily's huge, hanging labia around so that Lily wouldn't step on them herself.

She met only mixed success, though, accidentally slipping and falling over due to the prolific liquids her hot pussy kept spraying, not to mention Lily's own squirting, which seemed to exude continuously from the incredibly thick and heavy labia that extended down to her ankles.

At long last, Sarah had been fully outfitted. She tested the motion controls on her anti-gravity pads and was pleased to see her grand, spherical breasts moving and jiggling up and down just as she desired.

"Remarkable. Thank you, girls! Come, let us kiss," she ordered.

All four of them giggled and did their best to press their lips together, despite the enormity of the ten total breasts between the four of them, plus the stubbornly sexy and effusively wet mass of Lily's huge pussy.

Sarah enjoyed a minute of intimate attention from Lily, the tall and subtly muscular engineer with the massive pussy, and from Dina, the alluringly beautiful raven-haired counselor. Even Kelly wasn't left out, the younger blonde doing her very best to share her lips and tongue with her superior officers. She was thrilled and honored to realize that tongue had been slurped into her captain's mouth, who sucked on it gently but firmly in a gesture of grateful thanks.

Sarah gently pushed them away and stepped forward confidently.

"All right, girls. It's time to make first contact."

She felt lighter than air, as if she could walk, dance, or even run despite the colossal spheres of flesh that dominated her entire front. She took a step towards the outer doors to her quarters, then paused, frowning. She heard the chief engineer over her shoulder.

“Fear not, captain. Our engineers are already at work widening all of the ship’s doors. Please, allow me,” said Lily, noticing her captain’s predicament. She floated her own huge bosom over to a nearby wall panel and pushed a button. They both watched as the doorway quickly doubled in width.

Sarah smiled. Her chief engineer was resourceful indeed and never failed to impress.

“Counselor, you’re with me,” she called over her shoulder, and stepped through the new double-wide doors.

Sarah and the counselor strolled down the ship’s corridor, arm in arm. It was a tight fit inside the lift, though, with their two titanic bosoms taking up the vast majority of the space. They were each squeezed against opposite walls in the small circular room, and upon their arrival on the bridge, the door swung open and the counselor was launched backwards, laughing as she fell backwards, landing on her taut, firm bottom.

Charlotte, from her position near the lift’s doorway, then saw a pair of colossal breasts float into the room with the captain walking slowly behind them.

“Captain on the bridge!” called the young blonde.

Sarah maneuvered herself to the center of the room, noticing for the first time that the bridge didn’t have a captain’s chair, nor any other obvious place for her to sit. Casting her eyes about, she noticed an angled table with two huge indentations, which she recognized as being very similar to the peculiar desk that had been in Dr. Masher’s office. She moved towards it, smiling as her enormous nude bosom settled into the table’s generous semi-circular grooves.

She looked about one last time. The dozen members of her bridge crew were all staring openly at her while they squeezed and tugged on their own big nipples. Some of the girls were lewdly sliding their fingers in and out of their gushing pussies, contributing to large and growing wet spots on the carpet in front of their workstations.

Commander Ashley was standing by Sarah’s side, smiling her beautiful freckled smile. Sarah leaned over and caressed Ashley’s cheek, then gently stroked her first officer’s long red ponytail.

She turned to her other side, seeing Counselor Dina settle in next to her. She grinned, leaning towards the sultry brunette, and shared a brief kiss with her. They slid their tongues together for a moment, then she straightened up, feeling energized.

“Hailing frequencies, Ensign Chestwell,” she called over her shoulder.

Charlotte began fiddling with the controls at her computer terminal.

“Sappho Colony? Come in, Sappho Colony,” she spoke into her headset, then looked back towards Sarah.

“I have them, captain.”

“On screen,” said Sarah, steeling herself.

An incredible vision appeared on the ship’s view screen.

A tall woman with long, luscious dark curls was standing upon a platform. She had flawless olive skin, her arms and legs long, slender, and alluringly feminine. Her cheeks were delicate and her jawline pronounced, while her lips were unusually large and extra puffy. She was beaming a thousand-megawatt smile and stood completely nude, openly displaying her beautiful large breasts and her firm figure.

She was an exceptional, almost impossible beauty, and Sarah found her even more glamorous than any of the three hundred supermodel-tier huge-breasted nymphomaniacs aboard the Lactiferous.

Three nude olive-skinned girls were kneeling at her sides. Two of them were each lifting one of the tall girl’s breasts and gently stroking her long, thick nipples. The third was kneeling with her back to the screen, and it was obvious from her head motions that she was eagerly tonguing the tall girl’s bare pussy.

After a moment of tense silence, the woman spoke, her voice smooth and sultry.

“Greetings, unidentified vessel. This is Sappho Colony. We are six hundred young female models, all dedicated to the sexual arts of nudity and worship of the breast and nipple. I am their leader, Princess Selene.”

She cast her eyes about as she spoke, observing every girl on the bridge crew, but not lingering on any of them.

“Greetings, Princess Selene,” said Sarah. “I am Captain Sarah Smith of the CLIT vessel USS Lactiferous.”

The moment Sarah started speaking, the princess’ eyes went wide and her mouth fell open. The gorgeous nude beauty blinked, seeming to be at a complete loss. She urgently shooed away the three girls who had been attending to her. She recovered after a moment, standing upright,

although her flawless skin was flushed red with obvious arousal.

“I am proud to shake my breasts in warm greeting to you, captain,” she said. She shimmied her shoulders, making her big, jiggly breasts bounce and sway. She was stunning and she knew it.

Sarah blinked, unsure how to react. She glanced over at Counselor Dina, who looked back at her and gave a nonverbal shrug.

After pondering for a moment, Sarah activated the motion controls on her anti-gravity breast pads. Her titanic bosom shifted and shimmied as it gently separated to her sides, exposing her wet center to the view screen.

“I am proud to spread my pussy in warm greeting to you, princess,” she said, smiling as she tugged on her puffy labia with both hands. Her pussy spurted a great arc of her arousal, which splashed all over the captain’s table and doused her slender legs.

Princess Selene seemed taken aback. Her eyes widened further, and her knees pulled in and started rubbing together. She quivered uncertainly on her feet.

“I... I...” she started, but the gorgeous raven-haired princess ultimately seemed at a loss for words.

Sarah grinned to herself, realizing that her overpowering attraction effect was not limited to members of her crew. That sexy space princess was clearly infatuated with her.

“I would be honored to host you aboard the Lactiferous for a private reception, princess,” she offered.

Princess Selene seemed to recover, standing fully upright once more.

“I look forward to it, captain. I will depart shortly,” she said, flashing her alluring smile. “Sappho Colony out.”

The view screen went dark. Sarah exhaled and gripped the sides of the captain’s table.

“That went well,” she said, turning towards her red-haired first officer.

“Say, Ashley, did you get a read on her breast size?”

The commander nodded, her long red ponytail tracing a large arc. She reached forward with her arms, gently grasping both of her erect nipples and squeezing them in a show of pride.

“I figured you’d ask, captain. Her chest was quite large, but not by the standards of this

crew. I'd wager that sexy princess had a breast size of... oh, about seventy-five standard units. Not bad at all."

Sarah looked over her other shoulder.

"Counselor, your impressions?"

"She was quite taken by you, captain," said the counselor in her sultry low voice.

"That naked nymph obviously loved your huge breasts and your extra-long nipples, but I think she was particularly impressed by your squirting pussy. After you spoke and she first laid eyes on you, we detected a fifty percent increase in her nipple length and turgidity."

"And that's not all, captain," called Charlotte from across the room. "Also starting at that moment, we observed a four hundred percent increase in her vaginal lubrication."

"Four hundred percent?" Sarah questioned, admittedly impressed. "Confirm that reading, ensign."

"Confirmed, captain. Her pretty pussy was so wet for you, although nowhere near as wet as the pussies of the girls on your crew. Thanks to your squirting protocol, that is."

As if sensing she'd pleased her captain, Charlotte's bare pussy released a large gush of her arousal that splattered across the undersides of her huge breasts, then dripped down to contribute to the growing wet spot around her workstation.

Sarah nodded, satisfied.

"We're going to have a special guest here shortly, and I want the crew ready for her. Ensign Chestwell, ship broadcast please."

Charlotte nodded and pressed some keys at her station. A brief whistle sounded throughout the ship.

"Now hear this: this is the captain speaking," said Sarah. "All crew members will orgasm upon my command. And all orgasms in the presence of a superior officer will be twice as intense and have five... no, ten times more liquid volume. Smith out."

Sarah turned towards the stunning freckled redhead by her side.

"Commander?"

Ashley stepped in close next to her captain. Sarah grinned and leaned over, eagerly tonguing

her beautiful first officer, who flushed with pride from the honor of being kissed by her captain. After a moment, Sarah pulled back.

“Commander, I need you to assemble the four most prolific squirters on the ship. I want the best of the best, the wettest of the wettest, and I want those girls in the main shuttle bay in five minutes to greet our guest. See to it personally, Ashley.”

Ashley saluted smartly, reaching up and squeezing her own thick left nipple.

“Right away, captain!” she grinned, and turned away.

“Oh, and Ash?”

The first officer stopped in her tracks and spun around.

“Yes, ma’am?”

“Cum for me.”

The commander fell to her knees, overwhelmed by the rapid onset of her climax. She moaned loudly in a crescendoing wail, her legs quivering and shaking as her pussy unleashed a massive torrent of sticky arousal. Her sizable bosom jiggled, heaved, and swayed. Her gushing liquids sprayed out of her nude pussy across the floor, soaking a large majority of the carpet near the center of the bridge.

“Ooh... thank you... captain,” she said, panting and wheezing. She staggered to her feet, then stepped into a lift to carry out her orders.

Sarah stood and hovered her enormous breasts towards another lift. In the midst of a turn, she accidentally slapped one of her two-foot long erect nipples upside the face of a very pretty blonde who was seated nearly-nude at an engineering station.

“Oops! My apologies, ensign,” Sarah chuckled, turning away and looking over her shoulder to see the single circular pin on the young blonde’s shoulder-pads.

The girl didn’t seem to mind, though. She was following the motion of Sarah’s long nipples as they swung away from her and seemed to want to express her gratitude.

“Thank you for honoring me with your nipple, captain!” she gushed, her pussy emphasizing her point by releasing a spray of sticky liquids over her legs.

Sarah regarded the young blonde more closely. She had the cutest set of freckles, much like

Commander Ashley, and her arms were toned and subtly muscular like many of the engineering staff, although her tight, firm body remained alluringly feminine.

“Name and breast size, ensign!”

The girl quickly raised her eyes from Sarah’s long nipples up to her face.

“Ensign Tina Topless! My breasts are fifty standard units, captain!”

The gorgeous young engineer had one of the smaller sets of breasts on her crew, Sarah realized, although this was easily remedied. She curled her fingers into a fist and gestured towards the girl.

Tina was immediately overcome by a powerful orgasm. She fell off her chair, collapsing to the ground as her sizable breasts doubled in size in merely a few seconds. They tilted backwards, covering her mouth and muffling her moans. A long, powerful arc of translucent liquid spurted from her pussy, continuously soaking her surroundings and a number of other girls nearby, who grinned and licked their fingers, scooping up and swallowing the sticky liquids on their nude bodies.

Sarah smiled, continuing up a short flight of stairs before pausing at the lift.

“Ensign Chestwell, you’re with me,” she called over her shoulder.

Charlotte leapt to her feet and wrapped both arms around her huge breasts, hugging them closely as she hurried to her captain’s side. She chose her route carefully, doing her best to avoid any of the large wet splotches that covered most of the carpet, as well as the great jets of liquid arcing from Ensign Topless’ gushing pussy.

Sarah squeezed her titanic breasts into the lift, taking care to ensure her long nipples had cleared the doors. She motioned to Charlotte, who clambered into the small circular room after her. The ensign stepped over the captain’s huge teats and stood on the floor, but rested most of her weight on the side wall of the captain’s right breast.

“You will escort me to the main shuttle bay, ensign,” she ordered.

Charlotte navigated them to their destination, eagerly assisting the captain in extracting her sizable breasts from the lift, then leading her by the hand down a short corridor.

They emerged into the ship’s shuttle bay. It was a cavernous room, with an adaptive force field on one wall that opened to the starry void beyond.

“Thank you, ensign. Dismissed.”

Charlotte smiled and turned away. On her way out, she passed Commander Ashley, who strolled into the room with three beautiful nearly-nude girls in tow. Ashley led them straight past Sarah, who noticed each of them stealing glances at her colossal breasts as they strolled past. They assembled into a line, standing at attention, each girl hefting her nude breasts and presenting herself for inspection.

“Well done, commander,” said Sarah. “Tell me, which of these girls is the most prolific squirter with the wettest pussy?”

Ashley beamed with pride.

“That would be me, ma’am,” the red-head whispered sultrily.

Sarah smiled back at her, then turned to face the other three girls standing at attention. She hovered her sizable bosom forward until she stood facing them.

“Names and breast sizes!” she ordered. One after another, they answered her.

“Ensign Tiffany Teats, ma’am! My breasts are eighty standard units!” said the first girl, a pretty brunette with bangs and big, jiggly melons that she eagerly squeezed with both arms. Sarah noted with approval the girl’s fully erect, four inch long nipples.

“Ensign Sally Squirtswell, captain! My breasts are ninety-five standard units!” said the next girl, a gorgeous Black girl with long, straight, dark hair and perfectly flawless skin. Her big, rubbery bosom jiggled enticingly from her expert manipulations, and Sarah was pleased to see the girl’s thick, long, throbbingly erect five-inch nipples bobbing gently in the air.

Sarah nodded, turning her attention to the third girl, an unusually tall girl with powerful-looking but feminine arms, who was presently using her musculature to wiggle the enormous expanse of her jiggly breasts.

“Lieutenant Lara Longteats, ma’am! My one hundred and ten standard unit breasts and my eight inch long, permanently erect nipples are at your service!” she embellished, earning a smirk from her captain.

Sarah cast her eyes over the assembled girls, marveling at their ultra-busty figures and their throbbingly erect nipples, each girl sporting longer and thicker teats than the last.

“Very good, girls. I hereby name you Squirt Squadron!” she announced.

“Squirt Squadron! Oorah!” they all called back in unison.

Sarah sensed motion over her shoulder and spun around as quickly as her anti-gravity breast pads would allow. A pink-colored ship entered the shuttle bay, passing through the adaptive force field with a crackle. It rotated slowly and extended its landing gear as it lowered towards the floor.

The ship was only about ten meters in height, and its oval shape seemed to be forged from a bright pink metal. It settled vertically and came to rest on the shuttle bay floor.

Two long, round, pink protrusions ran up and down its entire curved length, bending in the middle around an oval-shaped door. The door was slightly recessed, with its left and right edges featuring slightly smaller round pink protrusions. Towards the top of the oval ship, a large pink metallic hood was wrapped around a pink crystal that lay dark and dormant.

Sarah raised and lowered her eyes as a realization took hold. The princess' ship was the very model of a huge, anatomically-correct pink metal vagina. The giant pussy remained silent, showing no obvious signs of life.

She looked over her shoulder at the assembled nymphs behind her. They seemed rather impressed, but their training took priority and they remained standing at attention, using both arms to proudly thrust their breasts forward.

“All right, Squirt Squadron!” she called. “I need you to squirt all over that giant pussy. On the floor, girls, and spread your legs!”

Commander Ashley and the other three girls dropped to the floor, resting their firm bottoms on the cool shuttle bay floor. They eagerly spread their legs, revealing their gushing pussies.

Ashley had clearly recruited the very wettest girls. Even before any of them had climaxed, huge gushing waves of their combined arousal were continuously spurting forth from their pussies, splattering the undersides of their huge breasts, soaking their legs, and washing across the shuttle bay floor.

Sarah noticed that Ashley and Lara had leaned further back than the other two girls, on account of their much larger ponderous breasts having obscured the splash zone between their legs. She was pleased to see that the members of Squirt Squadron had such natural talent and adaptability.

A wave of warm liquid washed over Sarah's feet, covering her boots in several inches of combined squirt. These girls truly were the wettest of the wettest, and she hoped they'd be

putting on a show that would impress the princess.

“Squirt Squadron, cum for me!” she ordered.

Four thick jets of liquid erupted from between the legs of the girls sitting nearby, issuing forth at ten times greater volume due to the captain’s presence. All four girls squirted nearly continuously, spurting hundreds of gallons of liquid across the floor, arcing with more than enough pressure to impact across the entire surface of the giant metal pussy. The princess’ shuttle was utterly soaked in the combined efforts of the members of Sarah’s crew.

Sarah noticed after a moment that one of the jets of squirt had veered off course. She turned and looked down. Lt. Longteats had lost her grip on the floor nearby, and the pressure from her still-squirting pussy had sent the tall engineer into a spin. Her gushing pussy blast its liquids across Ashley next to her, covering the commander’s entire body in sticky liquids in mere moments. She continued spinning, picking up speed as her squirting arced around the room, splashing the other two girls as well as every nearby surface.

Sarah laughed, exalting at the feeling of her huge breasts being doused in the lieutenant’s effusive arousal. After several long minutes, all four of the gushing pussies of Squirt Squadron had calmed, the streams of sticky liquids slowing until they reached their normal levels of almost continuous dripping and occasional spurting.

The pink crystal in the hooded peak of the princess’ vessel suddenly turned on. It shone with pink light, illuminating the nearly three inches of liquids that had accumulated across the entire floor of the water-tight shuttle bay. A gentle pink light reflected across the rippling surface, casting a pink glow onto the dark metallic walls.

The recessed door at the center of the giant pussy slowly parted. An astonishing vision appeared.

Princess Selene emerged from within the giant pink pussy. She was followed a moment later by two very pretty olive-skinned girls, both of them just as nude as their princess. All three dark beauties stepped down, their bare feet sloshing through several inches of warm squirt on the floor as they waded over to Sarah.

The princess paused a few feet away from the outer slopes of Sarah’s enormous left breast, respectfully centering herself just in front of the captain’s two-foot long erect nipple.

“Captain Smith, a pleasure to meet you,” said the dark-haired beauty. She gestured to the gorgeous nymphs behind her, both of whom were demurely averting their eyes and staring down

at the squirt-covered floor.

“These sexy sluts are my breast-maidens, Naomi and Neera.”

The two olive-skinned girls flushed with pride from their princess’ compliment.

The princess slogged her bare feet around the side of Sarah’s enormous chest, her every step splashing warm squirt onto Sarah’s calves and breasts. She paused just a few inches away from Sarah’s face, fluttering her eyelashes and pursing her big, puffy lips.

From this short distance, Sarah could see that the princess’ lips were unusually thick and rubbery. They looked incredibly inviting. She imagined she could suck on them for hours, especially if they were even bigger...

She blinked when she realized she could make that fantasy real. But the princess also had an incredibly erotic jasmine scent that she found incredibly distracting. Both girls took a long moment just to stare in mutual admiration of each other’s astonishing beauty.

Sarah eventually realized she had to make good on her promise.

“Princess Selene, won’t you accompany me to my private quarters?” she said, her voice only a whisper. She extended her hand, and thrilled with excitement as the beautiful princess took it in hers.

“It would be my pleasure, captain,” said the princess, beaming her incredible smile. She cast a brief glance over her shoulder.

“Breast-maidens, remain here with the pussy,” she commanded.

“Yes, Princess Selene,” they replied in unison, then turned on their heels, splashing through several inches of warm squirt as they slogged back to their shuttle. The giant pink pussy parted wide and they stepped inside, disappearing from view as the pussy closed once more.

Sarah grasped the princess’ hand tightly in her own. She turned to face her crew.

“Squirt Squadron, exemplary work. Dismissed!”

All four members of Squirt Squadron rose to their feet, beaming at each other in shared celebration of a job well done. Tiffany and Sally were soon kissing each other, with Lara soon leaning in to join them in a three-way embrace. They eagerly licked their shared arousal from each others’ mouths and cheeks, giggling with delight as they slogged their feet forward to the shuttle bay doors.

As the doors opened, Sarah and Princess Selene felt a gentle pressure on their feet as the accumulated thousands of gallons of squirt flowed out of the shuttle bay, splashing into the corridor beyond.

Sarah cast her eyes over the shapely profile of her first officer from the rear. Ashley's long, red ponytail was completely soaked through, sticking to her back in a haphazard mess all the way down to her cute, taut bottom. Her huge, jiggly breasts bounced enticingly, clearly visible on either side of her torso even from the rear.

"Number one!" called Sarah. The red-haired girl stopped, splashing a wave of squirt as she turned around to face her captain. She smiled expectantly.

Sarah made a fist with her left hand and pointed it towards Ashley.

Ashley collapsed to the floor with a great splash. The splash endured, though, as the red-haired girl's pussy began squirting an enormous jet of liquid over her legs and the floor below. Her breasts doubled in size in mere moments. They were glorious, nearly perfect spheres, their front edges extending far beyond her knees with her legs outstretched.

She struggled up, coming to kneel behind them and began rubbing them with both arms, gasping with delight. Her nipples swelled, quickly thickening and shooting far forwards to an astonishing new length. They were flushed red and throbbing, standing perfectly erect as they thrust far ahead of the commander's enormous bosom.

At long last, Ashley's panting had calmed, and the thunderous gushing jets from her pussy reduced to a moderate stream. She stood upright, testing her new breasts and proudly showing off her colossal nipples.

"Iris," said Sarah, "report the commander's breast size and nipple length."

The computer's answer came as quickly and reliably as ever in her roommate's disembodied voice.

"Commander Ashley's breasts are two hundred standard units. Her nipples are three feet in length, captain."

Sarah heard a gasp from nearby. She turned to see Princess Selene with one hand over her open mouth. She was flushed red and blinking rapidly.

"By the teats of Themyscira!" the princess exclaimed. "Did you grow that slut's breasts, captain?"

Sarah chuckled.

“That slut is my first officer, princess. And yes, I certainly did grow her breasts. After all, it’s important for crew morale to reward good behavior.”

She turned back towards her first officer. The red-haired girl was reaching forward, grinning as she grasped the thick bases of her towering newly-grown nipples.

“You’re dismissed, Ash,” said Sarah. “Get that cute little pussy of yours out of here.”

“Thank you for this gift, captain!” Ashley gushed. “I’ll be seeing Lt. Commander Labia for some anti-gravity breast pads.”

She smiled and turned smartly on her heel. Her pussy was still idly squirting and gushing, soaking her legs and demonstrating her continuous arousal. She sloshed her boots through the squirt-covered floor and out of the shuttle bay.

Princess Selene leaned in close to Sarah’s side. She extended her tongue and licked slowly along Sarah’s ear. Sarah squirmed and grinned to herself.

“I would very much like to grow my breasts, captain,” the nude princess whispered.

Sarah’s grin widened, but she remained silent.

“And that’s not all, captain,” purred the princess. “I would very much like to kiss you, too.”

Sarah looked at the gorgeous dark-haired nymph. They again passed a long moment, lost in admiration of each other.

“Come, my princess,” said Sarah, taking the lead. Their feet sloshed through the remaining squirt in the shuttle bay. They emerged into a corridor, and Sarah was pleased with herself for being able to navigate back to the captain’s quarters by herself. If anything, the bigger challenge was her inexperience with her anti-gravity breast movement, plus the princess’ distracting beauty.

Sarah hovered her titanic breasts through the double-wide doors to the captain’s quarters. She turned around and stood near the center of the living room, facing the doorway and beckoning towards the princess.

Princess Selene stepped forward and the wide doors quietly whooshed closed behind her. Her long slender legs were quivering again, and her gorgeous face seemed to be flushed red, just as Sarah remembered her on screen during their first meeting.

“Captain, I must admit that I find you quite... overwhelming,” said the princess, gently biting her puffy lower lip. She clasped her hands together beneath her huge, nude breasts.

Sarah beamed at her.

“Let’s make your dreams come true, princess,” she said.

“But first, we need a starting point. Iris, measure the princess’ breast size.”

“Princess Selene’s breasts are seventy-seven standard units,” replied Iris’ metallic voice.

Sarah was impressed; Ashley really did have quite the eye for breasts. But there was something more she was wondering about the princess, and she knew just where to look.

“Iris, perform a level three scan of the princess’ nipples.”

“Princess Selene’s nipples are currently three inches long at forty-eight percent turgidity. Estimated length of full nipple erection is six point two inches,” reported the computer.

The princess marveled at this, her eyes wide.

“Your breast and nipple technology is most impressive, captain,” she admitted.

Sarah smirked at this. It was time to take control. She activated the motion controls on her breast pads, and her enormous bosom gently parted. She stood proudly, revealing her nudity to the princess.

“Look at my pussy, princess,” she said in a low voice. She hadn’t needed to, though, as the raven-haired princess had been fixated on Sarah’s wet pussy from the moment it appeared between her enormous breasts.

A gush of liquid spurted from Sarah’s pussy and ran down her left leg. Princess Selene stared, unblinking, and slowly licked her lips.

“Get on your knees, princess, and crawl. Crawl to my pussy.”

The princess dropped to her knees, never once breaking eye contact with Sarah’s dripping wet pussy. She put her palms to the floor and slowly crawled forward. Her long, sensitive nipples dragged along the carpet as she crawled. As she drew nearer, Sarah was confident that the princess’ long teats had extended to the full six inches that Iris had estimated.

The princess was very close now. She could feel the heat from between Sarah’s thighs all over her face. She stared wide-eyed, openly admiring Sarah’s beautiful hairless pussy and her

puffy labia lips.

The princess clearly couldn't restrain herself, and leaned forward, inching towards the object of her desire. Sarah's perfect pussy loomed ever closer, and she was about to taste sweet victory when the sound of a loud, wet slap made her recoil.

Sarah smirked, raising her hand and relishing the tingling sensations from slapping her own pussy.

"Not yet, princess. You haven't earned it. On your feet, girl."

The princess stood up in front of Sarah. She closed the remaining distance between them, stepping forward until her huge naked breasts pressed firmly against Sarah's torso and the inner walls of the captain's far larger bosom.

The gorgeous raven-haired princess was panting heavily. She was clearly overwhelmed, quivering with urgent need.

"Please, captain! Have your way with me! I would trade all the stars in the galaxy for you to ravish me!" she cried.

She pursed her big puffy lips for emphasis, rubbing them wetly together. She was almost drooling with desire.

Sarah raised her wrist, looking down at her bracelet's holo-interface. She made a few adjustments, then returned her gaze to the princess.

"You sexy space slut, you just love your big lips, don't you? I do too, and I want you to grow for me," she purred.

Her fingers curled into a fist. She pointed it at the princess.

Princess Selene immediately started moaning and wobbled as if she might fall over. Sarah twisted her fingers and her enormous breasts slammed together, trapping the princess in the vast fleshy valley between them.

The princess' sizable breasts swelled rapidly larger, soon doubling in size and forcing her nearly a foot backwards in Sarah's cleavage. Fortunately, she and her newly-grown bosom remained firmly supported on all sides.

"Ooh, captain, you grew my breasts! My huge breasts feel so good! And... What's this? My... my... wips?"

The princess' puffy lips had started swelling larger, swelling up, out, and down from her mouth. After only a moment, Sarah realized that she could no longer see the princess' nostrils behind her huge upper lip, and she saw the princess' lower lip puffing out below the taut line of the princess' chin.

With another orgasmic burst of growth, the princess' huge lips swelled even larger, each more than doubling in size. Her huge, sexy lips were far wider than her own head, and crept further upwards until Sarah was sure the princess' vision was largely obscured by the great puffy expanse of her huge upper lip.

“Captain! My wips! I wuv them!” the princess exclaimed. She used both hands to eagerly rub and squeeze her massive new lips. Even with both hands and all of her delicate fingers, her monstrous lips had far too much sexy surface area for her to cover by herself, but that didn't stop her from enthusiastically trying.

“I want to suck on your huge lips, princess,” Sarah purred. “But first things first. Stick out your tongue.”

The princess' huge lips parted and her tongue appeared between them. It continued issuing forth, and the princess' eyes grew wide as she realized she could keep extending it. Soon there was nearly a foot of hot pink tongue sticking out between the princess' enormous puffy lips.

Suddenly the long tongue straightened and surged forward, quickly inserting itself between Sarah's lips, its excess length coiling up inside Sarah's mouth.

Sarah sucked hard on the hot, fleshy mass in her mouth. She reached up, joining the princess in rubbing and sliding her hands all over the enormous royal lips. She squeezed them gently in her fingers, admiring their puffy firmness and how more than half of the princess' stunningly beautiful visage was obscured behind them.

The princess seemed to sense Sarah's admiration and pressed her lips tightly together around her still-extended tongue. The royal lips rubbed and slid together as they pushed farther forwards, impossibly huge and increasingly sparkling with dewey reflections from the princess' saliva.

Sarah pulled her closer, squeezing their huge breasts together until the princess' melons, with little room left to expand, surged upwards. Both of their heads were soon trapped in a pillowy tunnel formed from the princess' newly-grown breasts.

Princess Selene turned her head left and right and rubbed her massive lips against the

sensitive inner walls of her breasts. She giggled and purred, then continued leaning closer to Sarah.

Sarah at last planted her own lips upon the vast, slippery surface of the princess' upper lip. She was still holding a sizable length of the princess' tongue in her mouth, though, and she gamely slid her lips all around the princess' far larger and puffier lip, dragging the princess' tongue behind her and spreading a fresh coating of the princess' saliva.

Sarah enjoyed many long minutes of sucking on the princess' upper lip, sliding her lips over and around it while sucking on the length of the princess' tongue that was still in her mouth.

Their shared reverie was shattered by the electronic beep of a comm unit.

“Labia to Smith,” came the chief engineer's voice.

Sarah blinked and stopped sucking. She leaned back, the princess' long tongue sliding out from between her lips. She reached behind the princess' hugely swollen upper lip to gently stroke her delicate cheek.

“Go ahead, Lily,” she said.

“Cap'n, we have a problem. You'd best get down to engineering.”

“On my way. Smith out.”

Sarah leaned forward, pushing the princess' huge lips aside, and gave her a quick kiss on the forehead.

“Apologies, princess, but we'll have to continue this later.”

The dark-haired princess whimpered, clearly still overwhelmed with arousal.

Sarah smirked and twisted her fingers. Her enormous breasts again shifted to her sides. The princess, her support removed, quickly dropped to the floor. Sarah stepped over her guest. Just inside the doorway, she rotated her titanic bosom back around again, looking over her shoulder.

Princess Selene remained nearly prone on the carpet. She looked up towards Sarah and pursed her huge, swollen lips together beseechingly. She gazed longingly between Sarah's legs.

“Look at you,” Sarah smirked. “You really are my pussy-slut, aren't you, princess?”

The princess nodded vigorously. Her massive puffy lips jiggled and bounced together, loudly slapping against her beautiful face.

“Say it, princess,” Sarah intoned. “Say that you’re my pussy-slut.”

The princess’ eyes were wide and pleading.

“It’s twue! I am your pussy-swut, captain!” she cried, smacking her puffy lips together.

“You’re damned right. Now don’t you move that pretty little pussy, princess. I’ll be back for you.”

She turned and hovered her breasts through the double-wide doors, leaving Princess Selene a whimpering, quivering mess on the floor.

Sarah strolled leisurely, but with purpose, allowing her titanic chest to spread across nearly the full width of the ship’s corridors. She passed by a large number of beautiful crew members, each and every one of whom immediately pressed their backs into the nearest corridor wall when they saw their captain approaching.

Every girl lifted her sizable breasts and pushed them forward, for not only was it proper protocol to salute her superior officer, but it also bestowed upon her the delirious sensation of feeling her hot, hard nipples gently drag against the captain’s titanic bosom as it hovered past. Sarah left a trail of dazed, whimpering girls in her wake, every one of them thankful beyond words for the briefest moment of contact their nipples had shared with their beautiful captain.

She arrived in main engineering without incident, somewhat pleased with herself for finally being able to navigate without assistance.

Lt. Commander Lily Labia was standing nearby, looking stone-faced. Her enormous, thick pussy lips dangled between her legs, rubbing together around her ankles. Dr. Masher was standing next to her, both girls’ enormous breasts bobbing gently in the air upon their anti-gravity pads.

The doctor was doing her best to comfort the tall engineer by kneeling down and gently tugging on Lily’s labia, now and then leaning over to plant a series of gentle kisses all over the extensive surface area of Lily’s pussy lips. Lily shuddered and her huge labia kept spurting liquids all over the floor, showing her obvious arousal, but even this intimate attention didn’t seem to pierce her gloom.

Both of them raised their eyes as their captain approached.

“What is it, Lily?” Sarah asked.

“’Tis a dire situation, captain. When we made the growth bracelet, we diverted a lot of energy from the engines. This has weakened containment in the ship’s core more than we expected.”

She paused, dramatically turning away for emphasis, dragging her thick, drooling labia behind her.

“Captain,” she continued, “I’m afraid every girl on board has received significant levels of tittyon exposure.”

Sarah wasn’t entirely sure what to make of this.

“That doesn’t sound good. Mallory?”

Dr. Masher met Sarah’s eyes. She too looked pained.

“Captain, any girl who receives that many tittyon particles, she... she...” the doctor trailed off.

“Pull yourself together, Mallory!”

Sarah felt her heart ache for the beautiful red-haired doctor. She hovered her breasts closer, planting a steamy kiss on the doctor’s lips and slipping her tongue into the redhead’s mouth to help her regain her composure. Mallory straightened up, casting Sarah a thankful and relieved look as they separated.

The doctor bounced her sizable bosom over to a nearby wall panel and pulled up a graph.

“Captain, this line shows the crew’s average breast size, plotted over time.”

A single line appeared on the chart, angling upwards with a number of spikes that Sarah imagined were related to her use of the bracelet. On the right side of the chart, though, the line flattened out and became horizontal.

“This is a future growth projection, captain. As you can see, this level of tittyons will neutralize any further attempts at breast growth. I’m afraid none of these girls will be able to grow their sexy breasts ever again!” she wailed.

She calmed down after a moment and rubbed her eyes, sighing. She gestured and a second line appeared on the chart. It continued upward indefinitely without ever flattening out.

“And that shows my original projections for the crew’s breast growth, captain.”

Sarah nodded as the seriousness of their situation set in. She hovered her bosom over to the

wall panel, pointing her finger at the second of the two projected curves.

“The line must be drawn here!” she urged. “This far, no further!”

“We couldn’t agree more, captain,” sighed the gorgeous doctor. “But how? Tittyon particles are not well-understood. The only thing we know about them is that they bind strongly to lactose.”

“I’m sorry, doctor,” Sarah blinked. “Did you say lactose?”

“That’s right, captain, and not just any lactose. Only the breast milk of young human females will do. But drinking milk won’t be enough to neutralize a girl’s tittyons. Unless, that is, she were producing milk herself...” the doctor pondered, trailing off again.

“Intriguing, doctor. What about your lactation serum?”

A broad smile dawned on the doctor’s pretty features.

“By the milk of Magnesia, you’re right! The lactation serum!” she exclaimed, but her joy was short-lived.

“It could work, but I had to take some shortcuts. There was only time to code a single person’s genetic markers. It must be you who receives the treatment, captain, and there may be some... side effects,” the doctor said, frowning.

“For one, it should cause immediate, prolific lactation,” she continued. “And each and every girl you breastfeed should quickly begin producing her own milk, as well as any girl she breastfeeds, and so on.”

Sarah nodded.

“That doesn’t seem so bad, doctor. I’ve always wanted to have huge, milky breasts!”

Mallory sighed and did her own dramatic turn, rotating her colossal nude bosom away.

“That’s not all, captain. I’m afraid that your breast milk will have an overpowering aphrodisiac effect. It will be irresistible, and any girl who sees or smells your milk will become uncontrollably horny. And if she should get a taste of it...” she shuddered, shaking her head before continuing.

“That effect will only apply to your milk, not any other girl’s. But it’s the only way, captain. You will have to breastfeed every girl on this ship, or at least enough of them to start the lactation effect spreading. Every girl must gorge herself on milk so as to begin producing her own hot milk. That should neutralize her tittyon particles, allowing her breasts to grow larger once more.”

A plan was falling into place. Sarah sensed a renewed spirit of determination from the sexy red-haired doctor, and even Lily was smiling again, rubbing and tugging excitedly at the extensive folds of her labia. The large wet spot on the carpet below the chief engineer surged larger.

Sarah activated the comms on a nearby wall panel.

“Smith to Ashley.”

The first officer’s voice crackled in reply.

“Ashley here, captain. Go ahead.”

“Ash, assemble the senior staff in the conference room,” Sarah said. “I’ll meet them there.”

Sarah strolled through the corridors with the chief engineer and the doctor in tow. A number of girls fell to their knees, unable to do much more than stroke and slap their gushing pussies, when they saw their captain’s colossal bosom headed in their direction. Mallory knelt down next to each of them, checking their vitals and giving each girl a steamy wet kiss before returning to her feet and following the captain.

The senior staff had assembled, sitting around a long table in the ship’s conference room. Sarah stood at the head of the table, surveying her officers.

“As you know, we face a dire challenge,” she began. “We need every girl aboard to start producing large amounts of milk within her huge, sexy breasts, and we have no time to lose.”

She turned to her red-haired chief medical officer.

“Doctor, is the lactation treatment ready?”

“Very nearly, captain,” said Mallory. “But we will need a significant amount of energy to finish synthesizing it, and we cannot risk diverting anything more from the ship’s core.”

Sarah looked towards her chief engineer.

“Lily, how is your pussy power project coming?”

The tall brunette engineer sat back in her chair, looking pleased with herself. She spread her legs wide, revealing her big, thick pussy lips dangling down over the edge of her chair and rubbing together around her calves.

“Aye cap’n, ’tis ready. Thank you for blessing me with these huge labia! I’m always so juicy and wet, just perfect for pussy power! We should have enough energy in no time.”

“Very good, Lily. See to it that you work closely with the doctor,” Sarah ordered.

Lily and Mallory leaned their heads together, quickly losing themselves in a deep, wet kiss. Sarah saw motion under the table and realized the doctor was once again unable to restrain herself around the chief engineer’s big, thick labia.

While they were eagerly tonguing each other, Sarah turned towards Dina.

“Counselor, how is crew morale?”

“Spirits are high, captain,” said the sultry brunette. “But there has been some talk amongst the crew...”

“About?”

“They just can’t wait to start milking. I think you’ll have no shortage of huge-breasted milky girls, captain.”

“Splendid, counselor,” said Sarah. She turned towards her first officer, then lifted her right leg and plopped her standard-issue black heeled boot onto the table. The boot leather looked soggy and there was an audible sloshing from within, no doubt the sound of the captain’s collected arousal.

“Ash, these boots just won’t do. I am ordering a change to the uniform code. See to it that every girl is fitted with stilettos, with a minimum heel height of four inches. Have the color of the girls’ heels correspond to their command function, and make sure their heels are treated to resist liquids.”

Ashley nodded smartly.

“Right away, captain,” she said.

“You will start with me, commander. Go and fetch my highest heels. You’re all dismissed.”

The senior staff stood and jiggled their huge breasts as they filed out of the room. Sarah was alone, but only for a minute. She soon sensed a presence beside her: it was her beautiful first officer, smiling her freckled smile as she dangled a pair of red stilettos in one of her hands.

“Thank you, commander,” said Sarah, giving Ashley a gentle kiss on her cheek. The red-haired girl blushed.

Sarah sat at the head of the conference table, spreading her colossal bosom on both sides

of her chair. She kicked her boots up onto the table and motioned towards Ashley.

The first officer wordlessly dropped to her knees and crawled on top of the table, sliding her huge bosom out of the way so as to allow her to get up close to the captain's boots. She gingerly reached out with both hands, gently pulling until she had removed both boots and tossed them to the side.

Sarah's slender feet and toes were soaking wet, dripping with the significant volumes of her arousal that had been sloshing around in her boot. She curled and pointed her toes, enjoying the cool air on her wet skin.

She noticed that the commander had become awfully quiet. She looked over, seeing that Ashley's mouth had fallen open. The red-haired girl was staring openly at Sarah's delicate toes.

"Something on your mind, commander?" Sarah asked.

Ashley was flushing a bright shade of red and seemed to be having some trouble restraining herself.

"Please, captain," she said, almost begging. "Please allow me to suck your sexy toes!"

Sarah grinned and gestured. Ashley immediately slurped Sarah's big toe into her mouth and started sucking hard. She enjoyed several long minutes of Ashley's eager attention to each of her toes, as well as Ashley's enthusiastic long licks along the bottoms of her soles. Before long, the effusive dripping squirt covering her feet was soon replaced by a thick coating of Ashley's saliva.

"You love your captain's sexy feet, don't you Ashley?" Sarah teased.

"Mmmhmm!" was the best Ashley could moan, as she was enthusiastically sucking on all five of the toes on Sarah's left foot, taking all of them in her mouth at once.

Ashley did her best to cover every inch of her captain's feet with layer upon layer of her saliva. She couldn't get enough of sucking on Sarah's toes and rubbing them all over her pretty freckled visage. Sarah sat back, enjoying the intimate attention from the gorgeous redhead.

Ashley sighed happily, at last pulling Sarah's left foot out of her mouth with one last loud slurp. She placed both red stilettos on the table and dutifully strapped them to the captain's slender, sexy feet.

Sarah stood in her heels, half expecting to have a great deal of trouble managing her ponderously huge bosom, but she was thrilled to find that her anti-gravity breast pads made it

easy to find her balance.

Ashley turned, still sitting atop the conference table, and stared in open admiration of her gorgeous captain. She cleared her throat.

“Captain, the first girls to receive your milk should have the proper training. Fortunately, there are some girls aboard who have been preparing their own nipples for a situation like this.”

Sarah nodded at her first officer.

“I was thinking the same thing, Ash. This calls for the expertise of Nipple Squadron!” she exclaimed, and glanced towards a nearby wall panel.

“Iris, display the members of Nipple Squadron.”

A tabular list appeared. Iris had helpfully included not only breast sizes, but also each girl’s total number of nipples:

Ensign Jessie Jumboteats, breasts 50 units, 2 nipples (each 4 inches)

Lt. Nina Nips, breasts 65 units, 2 nipples (each 5 inches)

Ensign Kelly Knockers, breasts 100 units (each pair), 4 nipples (each 12 inches)

There was a fourth name listed, but marked as a candidate:

Lt. Mona Megabust, breasts 200 units (each pair), 4 nipples (each 14 inches)

Ashley was standing close by, looking over Sarah’s shoulder.

“Captain, I recommend adding Lt. Megabust to Nipple Squadron. She’s got it where it counts, and we could use all four of her nipples.”

“I couldn’t agree more, Ash. See to it,” said Sarah. She leaned in close to kiss the pretty redhead’s lips.

Ashley grinned but hesitated, her lips barely an inch from the captain’s.

“Are you sure you want to kiss me, captain? After all, you heard Princess Selene call me a slut.”

“Maybe so,” replied Sarah, “But you’re *my* slut, Ash. And so is she. That slutty princess will do anything for my pussy.”

“Any girl would, captain,” sighed Ashley, staring dreamily at Sarah. They embraced, sliding their lips together and eagerly taking turns sucking each other’s tongues. Ashley clearly understood protocol, allowing her captain to go first. She eagerly accepted Sarah’s tongue into her mouth and sucked gently on it.

The comm panel sounded softly.

“Masher to Smith,” came the doctor’s voice.

“Smith here. Go ahead, Mallory,” replied Sarah, breaking her embrace with Ashley.

“Captain, the lactation serum is ready.”

“Excellent, doctor. Bring it to the conference room. Smith out,” said Sarah, turning back to her first officer. “Ash, have Nipple Squadron assemble here.”

The first officer nodded, her long red ponytail swishing. She turned away and hovered her breasts out of the room.

Minutes later, the four members of Nipple Squadron filed into the room and stood along one wall. Sarah was pleased to see each of them wearing tall red stilettos, their beautiful bare toes glistening and sparkling with the arousal continuously flowing from their gushing pussies.

“Nipple Squadron, at attention!” Sarah called. All four girls stood upright, thrusting their arms down and doing their best to heft and present their huge breasts. Jessie and Nina performed admirably with their relatively smaller chests, while Kelly and Mona both seemed to have trouble wrestling with their two rows of breasts. Each quad-breasted girl mostly managed only to put on a jiggy show as her two rows of breasts bounced and slapped together.

Mallory entered the room trailed by Nurse Cathedral, both of them wearing very high cyan-colored stilettos and showing off how wet their toes were with their own arousal. Mallory sat in a nearby chair, then spread her legs wide and used both arms to separate her breasts. She looked between her own legs expectantly. The nurse quickly dropped to her knees, crawled over and began eagerly lapping and licking at the beautiful red-haired doctor’s pussy.

Nurse Cathedral was immediately treated to an arcing blast of the doctor’s arousal that sprayed across her face and completely soaked through her long dark hair. The doctor shuddered and sighed, at once seeming more at ease.

“I hope you don’t mind, captain,” said the doctor. “But any time I’m administering a new treatment, the nurse here helps keep me calm under pressure.”

Sarah smiled at her.

“Not at all, doctor, and excellent work nurse! You are clearly a talented pussy licker,” she praised.

The Asian nurse popped her head up from between the doctor’s slender thighs. Her pretty features were soaking wet from the doctor’s prolific squirting.

“Thank you, captain! I pride myself on my pussy skills,” she beamed, then dropped back between the doctor’s legs. She continued eagerly tonguing Mallory’s gushing pussy.

Mallory rotated her chair to address the four members of Nipple Squadron, who were still standing at attention. The nurse crawled along, valiantly keeping her mouth in contact with the doctor’s pussy at all times.

“Prepare yourselves, girls,” said the doctor. “The arousal effect from the captain’s breast milk will be overpowering.”

Sarah looked towards a nearby wall panel.

“Iris, display a running count of the number of lactating girls on the ship.”

A large display appeared on the panel:

Lactating Girls: 0

Sarah nodded towards the doctor.

“It’s time, Mallory. Let’s make some milk!”

The treatment was administered and a tense hush followed. Everyone seemed to be holding their breaths, and all eyes were on the captain.

“You know,” said Sarah, “I don’t feel any different...”

A pleasurable warmth then started building within her chest. It spread rapidly, and she soon exalted in reaching a new, higher plateau of pleasure. Her breasts felt simply amazing, but there was a delicious new undercurrent of power and control that further enhanced the feeling.

A single small white droplet appeared at each of the captain’s two-foot long nipples. A collective gasp sounded from the other assembled girls.

Sarah felt her nipples start leaking, dripping, and soon spraying her hot milk. Mallory and the

four members of Nipple Squadron immediately fell to their knees, uncontrollably rubbing, slapping, and fingering their gushing pussies, all of which had immediately started spurting their arousal as sudden orgasms overtook them.

The doctor fell off her chair and landed in a squirming, jiggly pile of shaking breast flesh on the floor. Nurse Cathedral poked her head up again, looking confused. The instant she glimpsed Sarah's spraying milk, she too collapsed to the floor, having launched into an immensely powerful climax.

On the wall panel nearby, the display had updated:

Lactating Girls: 1

Sarah glanced towards the two quad-nippled girls.

"Lt. Megabust! Ensign Knockers! You're first. Front and center, girls!" she called, but there was no answer. The six other girls in the room were all moaning and writhing uncontrollably on the floor, plainly driven to impossible heights of pleasure from the mere sight of Sarah's breast milk.

Sarah chuckled and activated her breast pads, hovering over towards the two four-breasted girls. She stood nearby, eagerly dousing them with her spraying milk, which quickly covered their eight combined breasts and nipples as well as their moaning faces. They eagerly gulped and swallowed her spraying milk between gasps for air.

A moment later, both girls felt their nipples leaking their own milk and launched into another series of uncontrollable orgasms. Sarah grinned as all eight of their combined nipples began spraying milk, which quickly soaked across the walls, floor, and everyone nearby. Sarah directed her breast pads to shake side to side, allowing her milk to continue spraying indiscriminately across all of the other girls in the room.

The wall display had updated:

Lactating Girls: 3

After another few seconds, she heard a moan coming from behind the table. Nurse Cathedral suddenly rocketed into view, sliding across the floor as she was propelled by a powerful stream of squirt that had originated from where Dr. Masher had been sitting.

The nurse slammed into the side of Lt. Megabust's lower left breast, her impact cushioned by the quad-breasted girl's pillowy flesh. The nurse was promptly doused from head to toe in the combined breast milk arcing from several other girls' nipples.

Sarah glanced at the wall display.

Lactating Girls: 7

“Mallory!” Sarah called over the crescendoing moans from the members of Nipple Squadron.

“See to it that every girl on this crew is breastfed her fill of hot milk until her own breasts start milking. Then, make sure she shares her milk with any other girls nearby who have yet to start milking,” she ordered.

No one had moved, though, and Sarah realized that all six of the girls on the floor were still overwhelmed by the sight, smell, and especially the taste of her breast milk. She sighed. Sometimes a captain needs to give her crew some space to carry out their duties, after all.

“Very well,” Sarah said to no one in particular. “Captain’s prerogative.”

She stepped away, hovering her breasts into the corridor.

Unending waves of beautiful girls, nude but for their clicking stilettos and shoulder-pads, parted before her. Every girl quickly fell to the floor, writhing in ecstasy. They were powerless before her, all of them instantly submitting to their own powerful orgasms upon the mere sight of the captain’s milky bosom.

Sarah strolled leisurely, her two-foot long nipples spraying her milk in a continuous flow. She jiggled her breasts, using both her anti-gravity pads and her grasping hands to shake her nipples vigorously, completely dousing the hallways and any nearby girls with her seemingly endless hot milk.

She left behind her a trail of milky mammary magnificence. Gallons of squirt were arcing in all directions, with every girl’s orgasm gushing ten times more liquid volume as ordered by her captain. The milky walls, floor, and ceiling were soon washed clean by the powerful jets of arousal that gushed from every girl’s pussy.

She saw the entire ship in her mind’s eye. She could feel every inch of the corridors, which seemed to bend around her, and she had intimate knowledge of every girl aboard. It was an intoxicating sense of power, further fueling her arousal.

She squeezed her titanic milky bosom into a lift, then a moment later emerged onto the bridge. Charlotte was faithfully sitting nearby as ever, looking up and smiling.

“Captain on the... aaaaahhhh!” she shrieked, collapsing into a thunderous climax upon

seeing Sarah's breast milk. All dozen girls on the bridge were soon similarly rendered into squirting, screaming, milky bodies writhing together on the floor.

Sarah looked towards Charlotte's computer display.

Lactating Girls: 45

The count was rapidly ticking up now. More than one girl per second was starting to produce milk, and Sarah knew it wouldn't be long before every one of the huge-breasted supermodel nymphomaniacs aboard the Lactiferous was spraying her own sweet breast milk.

Lactating Girls: 180

Sarah idly wondered how well the ship's drainage systems were keeping up.

Lactating Girls: 300

"Masher to Smith," said a voice on the comms.

"Go ahead, Mallory," Sarah replied.

"It's done! Every girl aboard the Lactiferous has a big, beautiful pair of milky breasts!"

"Not every girl, doctor," replied Sarah, grinning to herself. She stepped back into the lift.

The double-wide doors of the captain's quarters whooshed open, and an enormous pair of breasts hovered in. Behind them was Sarah, who entered the room backwards, looking over her shoulder to see a familiar sight.

Princess Selene was lying on the floor just where Sarah had left her, her huge nude breasts splayed out before her. She was eagerly rubbing her enormous puffy lips along the carpet. Her foot-long tongue was extended, and she seemed to be doing her best to lick across the wet part of the floor where Sarah had been standing earlier.

Sarah chuckled at her.

"You really are a pussy-slut, princess. Look at you! You can't get enough of my squirt."

The princess gasped and quickly sat upright, launching her huge breasts into a jiggly sway. Her massive, swollen lips slapped her in the face once, then again as she shifted her weight.

"Captain Sawah! Your pussy-swut pwincess needs you!" she begged.

"I bet you do. You're going to wrap your huge slutty lips around my nipples, princess, and

suck until you can't swallow any more milk.”

She rotated her bosom around, exposing her extra long, milky nipples to her guest. The princess fell back to the floor, the sight of Sarah's milk instantly launching her into a shatteringly powerful orgasm.

Some time later, a sweaty and unkempt-looking Sarah staggered out of the captain's quarters, laughing to herself as she leaned her weight against a bulkhead. She tapped on a nearby wall panel.

“Iris, ship broadcast,” she ordered, and a brief whistle sounded throughout the ship.

“Now hear this: this is the captain speaking. All crew nipples will drip, leak, and spray milk at all times. No exceptions. Smith out.”

She felt her own long teats enthusiastically following her orders, increasing their milky spray until great swaths of the corridor were completely covered in her milk from even her slightest movements.

A short while later she emerged onto the bridge, where the entire bridge crew took one look at her and immediately fell to the floor, each girl launching into another powerful climax. Sarah was pleased to see, in addition to the several dozen arcing jets of pussy squirt that were flying everywhere, a great number of opaque white streams of gushing breast milk.

She looked around, smiling in contentment as she was repeatedly doused from all sides in hot breast milk and squirt. She rubbed her eyes, wiping the liquids from her face, and looked down to see Commander Ashley on the floor nearby. The pretty redhead was squirming with uncontrollable pleasure.

Sarah knelt, spreading her titanic bosom to her sides, and gently caressed her first officer's beautiful face. The redhead was loyal, steadfast, and true, and Sarah felt pride welling up inside her.

“You're going to have a command of your own some day, Ash. And I know you'll do CLIT proud.”

“Aaaand leave... the Lactiferous? Not likely!” Ashley managed, blushing and laughing through her ongoing climax.

Sarah smiled, squeezing her fingers into a fist. She pointed it at Ashley.

The red-haired girl was rocketed backwards across the floor by the thunderous force of her sudden squirting orgasm. Her titanic bosom instantly doubled in size as her prolific lactation kept up, sending great sheets of white liquid from her nipples all over the ship's front view screen.

Sarah laughed and addressed the ship's computer once again.

"Iris, ship broadcast," she called, speaking loudly to be heard over the constant gasping, moaning, and splashing noises on the bridge. A brief whistle sounded throughout the ship.

"Now hear this: this is the captain speaking. We've been through a lot, but I never doubted this crew. You have the wettest pussies and the biggest, milkiest breasts in the fleet, and I couldn't be prouder to serve with each and every one of you gorgeous girls. It has been my great honor to be your captain."

She turned to the view screen. The planet below, home to Sappho Colony, was intermittently visible on the screen between blasts of breast milk that kept covering it up.

"You have all served with distinction, so I am granting shore leave to the entire crew! There are six hundred sexy nymphs down on that planet, girls, and they are all eager to suck your nipples and drink your milk. I want all of those slutty Sappho girls breastfed by this crew and producing their own milk before 0600 hours tomorrow."

"But first, I have new orders for each and every one of you girls. Cum for me."

The wailing and moaning increased in Sarah's ears as the bridge crew found ever higher peaks of pleasure. All across the ship, the automated environmental system activated, draining away the crew's thousands of gallons of newly-produced squirt and breast milk and funneling it directly into Lt. Commander Lily Labia's pussy power project, where it was turned into safe, reliable fuel for the ship's core.

Sarah beheld the view screen one last time. Between the gushing sprays of milk and squirt, she could see large blocky letters had appeared:

MISSION SUCCESS

I LOVE YOU SARAH

Darkness crept in around her vision. The soaking wet view screen faded away, and the familiar nano-diode ceiling in the living room of her apartment came into view. It was still silently simulating a star field.

She looked to her side and saw Iris sitting nearby, a goofy grin on her face.

“I love you too, Iris,” Sarah whispered. They leaned towards each other and kissed, slowly and tenderly.

Iris sighed happily and collapsed back into the couch. They enjoyed each other’s company in silence, looking up and watching the simulated stars whizzing by.

“You know,” Iris cooed, turning towards Sarah. “I’ve been thinking about your next mission...”

The End