

Night Job Part 3

Contains tentacles, non-consent, and breast/belly/butt expansion

A director observed her bustling porno set from a chair behind several cameras. The heat rising from her flushed cheeks was enough to make her sleepy.

“All right! I want all men--HIC!--off the set! I know you--HIC! HIC!--want to stick around for the action, but tough titties! No re-entry until that red light goes off!”

Every man in the warehouse put an end to what they were doing. Their disappointed grumbles ran among them like a sexually-frustrated breeze as they filed out the back door. In the end, an all-female crew was left to continue filming *Tentacle Love*, a Japanese-inspired pornographic film. It was being heralded as a raging lesbian fuckfest filled to the brim with girls and eager tentacles slithering across and inside their bodies. It was also the first of its kind, featuring state-of-the-art animatronics designed to make any tentacle connoisseur’s dreams come true.

The film’s two main characters, a maiden and a samurai, watched their director guide various stagehands. Lea, playing the maiden as well as the more buxom of the two, crossed her arms in frustration. “Is Kate drunk off her ass again?”

“I think so...” her partner, Mari, muttered while fixing part of her costume. Samurai armor was cumbersome but provided a lot of interesting opportunities for teasing and stripping. “*Damn thing.*” A strap was cinched tight around her bust to keep a chest plate in place. “I can practically smell her breath from here. As long as we get paid I don’t really care, though.”

Lea frowned. It was several hours into shooting for the day and her yukata had yet to be removed. She wasn’t hired for her acting prowess but rather the blessed assets beneath the silk robe-like garment. “If this were an actual movie I would be nervous about its quality with a director like Kate.” Lea snorted and adjusted her cleavage. “It’s a good thing directing porn doesn’t take a lot of brain cells; all you gotta do is point the camera at the good bits.”

“I think there is a little more to it than that, but I agree, we’re not going for any academy awards with a script like this. It reads like it was written in one night with a bottle of vodka.” Mari’s attention fell to her deteriorating armor once again. “God I hate this costume! I can’t wait until it finally comes off.” Mari gave up on fixing her armor when Kate’s gaze shot in their direction.

“Lea! Mari! You both ready to go? You all lubed up?? Ready to get violated and--HIC!--whatnot?”

“Been ready!” Mari assured.

“Been ready all day, you drunk,” Lea added under her breath.

Kate was too busy to notice. “Where’s my tentacle operator?? *May!* You--HIC!--ready to go or what?! I would like to get home before midnight tonight if that’s fine with you!”

A girl came scrambling from a back hallway. “Sorry, sorry! I was in the bathroom!”

The catering table was almost knocked over in her haste to make it backstage. Scrambling over what she could, the tentacle operator scurried to her control panel behind the set: an impressive recreation of a traditional Japanese tea house. Lea and Mari were eager to finally defile it.

CRASH!!

“M-Mmnngh!”

The crew turned their attention behind the set when a loud clattering rang out, as well as what sounded like muffled cries for help from May.

“Everything good back there, May?” Kate yelled impatiently.

There was a rash of scrapes and jostles before the noises settled down. A hand peeked into view to signal her preparedness moments later without a word.

“Whatever... *HIC!!*” Kate sat back in her chair while Lea and Mari assumed their marks. *“ACTION!!”*

Lea assumed her character. Taking a tray from a nearby table, she brought an empty tea set towards the waiting samurai. “I don’t know how I can *possibly* thank you enough for your help, samurai... I’m afraid I have no money.”

Bending forward provided an ample opportunity for her cleavage to topple through the front of her yukata.

“Lea, really let them fall out,” the director instructed.

She did as she was told and accentuated her chest to the point they would expose themselves if she breathed too deeply. The view would serve as the focal point for the camera for the next few seconds.

“Perfect,” Kate accepted

Mari let her eyes linger on the fleshy chasm. Expertly-acted lust filled her cheeks with color. “I’m sure we could find some other method of payment.”

The maiden followed Mari’s gaze before discovering her exposure. “O-Oh dear! My yukata just hasn’t been fitting properly at all lately...! I fear my breasts may have grown... They have been so cumbersome lately...” Lea grabbed the front of the robe and acted sheepish while trying to conceal her breasts.

“Mmmm, I don’t mind a little scenery with my tea.” Mari sipped from an empty cup and peered over the rim at her partner. “In fact, why don’t you loosen it a little more and--”

Kate tapped her foot anxiously. *“Aaaaand cue the tenta--”*

CRASH!!!

The shoji making up the back wall of the set burst apart in a rain of paper and wood. Through the gaping holes came slithering tentacles dripping in lube. Trails of shiny residue were left in their wake.

Lea stumbled back in feigned surprise with enough clumsiness to fall on her butt. She made sure to spread her legs so as to give the camera a healthy view up her yukata. *“Eeeek!!”*

The maiden screamed when the tentacles raced across the room. Their speed and movement were so lifelike she had to reassure herself they were just animatronics.

“Young maiden!” Mari yelled. She jumped to her feet to avoid a tentacle slithering towards her.

There was no hope written into the script for Lea. Within moments, her arms and legs were bound together by several writhing appendages and she was lifted into the air. *“A-Aaahhh!!”* She struggled and put on a show of wobbling breasts. Goop oozed from the tentacles and down her wrists and ankles. There was a certain lifelike warmth to them she found unnerving. Their skin was remarkably realistic for being made of rubber.

“H-Help me!! Help me please!!” Lea begged as her thighs grinding together. A tentacle rose to meet her at eye level and her legs were spread by two others. *“Oh they’re so slippery!! Please, samurai!! They’re going up my yukata!! Do something before they--MMPPHH!!”*

The tentacles assaulted her body with unexpected force. One entered her mouth, causing her cheeks to puff out, while two others wrapped along the length of her legs before diving into the depths of her clothes. *“NNGH!!”* Lea’s eyes watered and she grunted in shock when they entered her body. This hadn’t been in the script.

GUUUSH

GUUUSH

A strange pumping sound came from the tentacles. They vibrated and oozed, squirming against Lea’s body. *“N-Nngh!! MMMM!!”* She whimpered loudly when unexpected pressure flared in her belly. She looked down in confusion and rising fear. As big as her breasts were, they looked bigger. Her nipples stood like fingers against the silk. A sensation of bloat spread across her abdomen with heavy tingling.

“Excellent, Lea! I love the emotion!” Kate urged.

GUUUUSH

“M-MMM!!” Lea looked between the camera and Mari for help. Her curves felt full and heavy as if she were retaining gallons of water. Her breasts stretched at her shoulders. Around her waist and hips, the yukata found itself shifting with tightening fabric. It felt like a snake constricting her belly. It fluttered up her calves as it rose, lifted by her butt.

Mari took no notice of Lea’s swelling. Filming continued and she lept into action.

“Don’t worry, maiden!” the samurai declared, *“My katana has yet to encounter a foe it could not defeat!”*

She drew a plastic katana and raced across the room, dodging tentacles at every turn.

“Take this, monster!”

GLOOP

The fake blade stuck against the tentacle as if it were covered in glue. *“Huh...?”* Mari asked, breaking character.

“M-Mmm!! MMMMM!!!” Lea squirmed in the air above her. The pressure inside her body was intensifying. Mari glanced up to see a round shape distending from her usually slender

waist and her mammaries ready to bust from her robe. A loud gurgle of thick fluid made her skin crawl. Lea was well endowed, but the hourglass figure with a pregnant stomach hovering in the air was beyond unnatural.

“Lea? What the hell is happening to yo--*WHOA!!*!”

Slimy bonds wound their way around Mari’s ankles. In a move that sent the room spinning, she was suspended upside down with a tentacle forcing its way into her mouth. “*MMMNNNGH!!*” She stared with wide eyes at the thick behemoth quivering between her lips. Several others began exploring her body and found their way under her armor.

Easy with those things, May! Jesus you’re being rough!!, Mari grimaced. She started wishing she’d worn something under the armor. There had been no warning given about the operator’s liberal exploration with the animatronic.

GUUUUSH

“*M-MMMMM!!*!”

Lea whimpered and Mari’s eyes bulged when fluid entered her body. It flowed down her throat to settle in her belly in a growing ocean. Mari’s abdomen jutted outward instantly like a watermelon. Moving her legs felt strange as if her butt and thighs were gaining mass.

Just as concerning, if not more, was Lea. Several beach ball-sized curves were settling on her figure to give her a ballooning shape. The yukata didn’t look like it could take much more. Her eyes watered from her stretching skin and pleaded for anyone to realize something was very wrong. Whatever was rushing into her various holes was very real and it was filling her to the brim.

Kate leaned over to an assistant, whose eyes were transfixed on the scene. “Did we get different tentacles? I don’t remember--*HIC!!*--them being so real!”

“N-No, ma-am...” the assistant stammered. Her eyes were fixed on the actress’ transformation bodies. She hadn’t fully read the script, but she was certain this wasn’t in it.

Kate chuckled and watched the women’s bodies jiggle like playthings. “May must be a master at controlling those things, then. I could swear I’m watching two women get attacked by real tentacles!”

“*MMMNNNGH!!!*” The actresses moaned for help. Their bodies were swelling fuller by the minute. Neither understood how the situation didn’t appear more dire.

SHRRRRRIIP!!!

SLOOOOSH!!

Massive tits fell free of Lea’s shredding yukata to extend beyond her hips. Supporting them like a fleshy shelf was a belly intent on keeping pace. A belly button jutted from its round surface and pointed toward the floor. Across her body tears and rips opened in the fabric to release bulging flesh. Every struggling motion sent her ass heaving up and down like an anchor. It had grown large enough to pin her thighs against the back of her stomach.

Kate beamed. “This is--*HIC! HIIC!!*--*This is gold!! We might have to work in more bondage scenes! I’m not one for inflation, but this is fuckin’ hot!*”

“*Nngh!! M-Mmmm!!*” Mari tried to signal to the crew while a tentacle slithered across her pussy. Her armor was getting tighter by the minute and Lea looked ready to burst. Mari couldn’t be sure of her own size, but as her skin fought against the costume, she knew she wasn’t far behind Lea. Her mind raced, unable to find an escape from the fleshy pumps.

*Somebody fucking help us!!! THIS ISN’T NORMAL!! SOMETHING IS WRONG!!
CCRREEEAAAK*

Mari winced when her armor strained at the joints. Flesh bulged from the hard edges at every turn. It felt ready to explode like a grenade.

“*Mmmmm! Mmmmmpphhh!!*” Lea tried to struggle but her weight was becoming too much. As a bloated stomach ten feet across reached lower and her breasts obscured her body, the crew stared in wonder.

“Did we change the script?” one of the writers asked. “I don’t remember anything like this.”

“Where did the inflatable props come from?? The tentacles were supposed to fuck them, not fill them up! Cheryl, I thought you had it under control!”

“I-I did! The tentacle rig we bought wasn’t made to do any of--”

“*N-Nnnnghh!! NNNNGGGHH!!*”

Mari groaned loudly. Her uniform couldn’t take any more. Any tighter and it would begin cutting into her skin. As big as she felt, she couldn’t comprehend being as large as Lea. The poor maiden was suspended in the air like a liquid-filled blimp. She sloshed and gurgled as a massive storage tank for whatever was gushing into their bodies.

SNAP!!!

“*MMNGH!!!*”

Mari’s armor broke open similar to a pressurized can. Heaving tits erupted from her front and fell into her face. Watching two curious tentacles circle toward her nipples made her shiver. One tentacle was more than enough to push her to her limits; she didn’t dare take on three.

No!! No, please no!!, she gulped, helpless to the gushing appendage in her mouth, *No I can’t take any more!!*

SLORRP SLORRP

The tentacles attached to her nipples like mouths. Fear gripped her when they churned with the force of firehoses. Bulges of heavy goo began traveling through them in unregulated bulges. The result had an immediate effect on her bust and caused her skin to stretch and soar outward. She might as well have sat on a spraying fire hydrant.

“*MMMNNNGHHH!!!!*”

The crew was speechless. The events were far beyond explainable. They watched in horror as the tentacles pumped the women full of a mystery substance. By far the largest of the two, Lea’s belly came to rest on the ground. Her curves pushed into Mari and they collided like two jiggling mountains. Set pieces scraped across the floor and walls threatened to come down.

Dear God, what's happening?!?! MY BODY IS BLOWING UP!!, Mari screamed. She tried biting down on the tentacle but it was swollen too firm with pressure. Her hands shook trying to break themselves free but the bonds held strong. Taut skin rubbed against her face as her tits took the full force of the two serpents. How her skin continued to contain such welling pressure was beyond her. Her belly alone had blown large enough to act as a bed. Her butt could fill the cargo space of any car. If she continued at this rate, she was going to need a flatbed in order to get home. Lea might need something bigger.

"MMPH!! MMMPHH!!" Muffled whimpers came from between Lea's knockers. There was nothing recognizably human about her figure; she had become a pile of tits, ass, and belly reaching towards the ceiling.

"S-S-Something is wrong!!" one of the crew yelled.

Mari cried out in angry fear. It had taken them far too long to find their wits.

"Wait this really isn't part of the shoot?!" someone else gawked.

"Mmmpphhh!!!!" Mari flailed in whatever way she could for attention. The set wasn't going to be big enough. Her breasts squeaked against Lea's and their bellies fought for space like raging bulls. The combination of her breasts and butt colliding acted as her own personal cave.

"SOMEBODY HELP THEM!!"

Panic was quick to take over. Many had no idea where to start. The actresses heaved and jiggled with intimidating size. The thought of touching one of them felt akin to poking a time bomb. One girl, a boom operator, dropped her equipment and ran into the fray.

"Are you all right?? Hang on!!" she called out, unsure of where to touch Mari. Every inch felt too intimate and carried with it the mystery of exactly what part of her body it belonged to.

"MMNGHH!! MMMMPPHH!!"

"Take it off her nipple!!" Kate yelled from her chair with an odd sense of calm. She couldn't be sure she wasn't hallucinating. It wouldn't be the first time.

The girl nodded. *"O-O-Ok! Just...let me try!!"*

She grabbed the tentacle and recoiled at its texture. It squirmed in her hands when she pulled. Suction caused Mari's areola to stretch into a cone as the tentacle was pulled away from her mammoth breast.

POP!!

SLOOOOSH!!

"Aahhh!!"

The tentacle came loose to reveal a nipple engorged larger than a plate. Thick pink fluid gushed from the flailing appendage to frighten the girl into dropping it, where it immediately latched once more and resumed filling the actress.

"MMMNGH!!" Mari complained, feeling the pressure rising.

"S-Sorry! Let me try aga--AAHHH!!!"

The boom girl shrieked when a warm mass slid up her skirt and thighs. It entered her in the blink of an eye and she fell backward in shock with a tentacle winding from between her legs. Her underwear was askew across her crotch where it had found entrance.

GUUUURRRGLE

Fluid rushed between her legs. Eyes wide, she stared in horror as her belly bloated outward. Her hands flew to hold its sides in an effort to keep herself from blowing up like a balloon. There was no stopping the fluid; it filled her shirt to the point of stretching before her entire belly escaping from the bottom.

BWOOMPH!!

Color drained from the girl's face. Within seconds, her belly had expanded larger than an exercise ball. The jiggling mass spread her legs and her hands sank into its vibrating side.

“W-WHAT’S HAPPENING TO ME?!?! MAKE IT STOP!! I-IT’S...IT’S FILLING ME UP!!! I CAN FEEL...NNNNNGH!!!!...FEEL IT STRETCHING MY STOMACH!!”

Chaos consumed the set. As Lea, Mari, and the boom operator reached higher and cast shadows over the spectators, many began taking steps away. They couldn't explain what was happening but based on the labored moans and stretching skin of the tentacle's victims, they didn't want to have any part of it.

CRREEEAAAAA--CRASH!!

The set toppled over when its contents proved to be too large. Debris flew everywhere to create a cloud of dust. When it settled, a dark figure could be seen lurking in the background. It stood tall and near the back of the room with writhing masses slithering from under a trenchcoat. They scattered in all directions, many finding their way into the girls on the set. Others had found their way into the tentacle operator. Presumably their first victim, May sat helplessly-inflated to the point of eclipsing Lea. A body struggling to stretch filled an entire portion of the building. She gurgled loudly as if warning all the other women in the room of the tentacles.

“Everyone get out!!! GET OUT NOW!!” Kate yelled. She jumped from her chair to flee the nightmarish scene only to find two tentacles waiting at her feet. They lunged up her shirt to find her breasts. Her bra wasn't nearly enough to protect her nipples from their wrath. *“S-Shit!”* Her hands were a flurry to try and extricate herself from their slippery forms but it proved useless as they found their way into her cups. *“I’m not nearly drunk enough for something like this!”* she complained, stumbling back while cradling her chest.

Skin bulged around her cups into a healthy pair of melons before her size truly exploded. Kate saw her shirt balloon and stretch to contain her breasts until buttons sprang across the floor. Gallons poured into her every second. Within a minute her legs would be unable to support her busty weight. As she watched her tits outgrow her arms, she feared what felt like a third tentacle slithering its way down the back of her pants.

Screams echoed across the walls. Every able-bodied person ran as a mob towards the exits. Their hearts sank simultaneously.

“THE EXITS ARE BLOCKED!!!”

Tentacles slithered across the walls and ceiling. They covered the doors and windows. Like snakes striking from the shadows, woman after woman found herself falling victim. Clothes burst apart like fireworks with bras and panties following soon after. It wasn't long before the floor was a mass of bloated curves filling the area from wall to wall. The air churned with pumping fluid. Stranded bodies slipped and creaked against one another. It would only be a matter of time until the ceiling became a limiting factor. Lea and May alone commanded almost half of the space. If every woman followed the same fate, there surely wouldn't be enough room.

Meanwhile outside, men stood around waiting for the all-clear to return. They listened to intensifying screams and sloshing fluid, many of their mouths dry with wild imaginations.

“Should we go back in...?” one of them asked.

“You heard Kate; we stay out here until the red light goes off. You don't want to get her angry. Not when she's had as many drinks as she has. She'll fire you in an instant.”

They stared at the recording beacon hoping it would shut off.

“Sure does sound like a lot is going on in there... Weren't only two actresses? Sounds like we're missing an entire orgy!”

“What do you expect? It's *tentacle* porn. That kind of stuff is so crazy they're probably losing their mind.”