

Sugar High



The year is 1983. In the small town of Moon Falls, Colorado, a group of teens finds themselves exploring an abandoned sugar production plant. Its empty blackness welcomed three teens with open arms. Blocking out most of the moon's light, the old factory loomed in every direction with unseen vastness and danger. Their voices echoed around them in the decrepit metal cave with flashlights nowhere near powerful enough to pierce the blackness.

"Why the hell are we out here, Jason...?" Nancy whined. Every flap of a disturbed sleeping pigeon made her jolt with fear and fling her head in a flurry of blonde hair. She inched closer to the only male in their excursion. He wasn't her type, but when they could very well be starring in a real-life horror movie, she wanted to stay as close to him as possible.

He cast his light around the premises. It did little to illuminate more than their path and create frightening shadows from old machinery. "Because it's a Friday night and we have nothing else to do! Exploring an old factory is just what we need for a little excitement."

The third one of their group, Brooke, disagreed. A trip to the movies or the local amusement park would have been far more than enough to satisfy her need for excitement. Stepping over a pile of twisted pipes, she found herself wishing she hadn't worn her good sweater. She'd hoped they were going to go somewhere Jason could admire her outfit.

"But *why* are we here?" Brooke repeated her friend's question. Looking at them, she noticed Nancy all but wrapping her arms around Jason. The side of her ample bust pushed against his arm with soft pressure. Envy bubbled within Brooke; this was the perfect situation to feign fright and steal an extended embrace with her crush. She only wished she had the bravery to do so. Compared to Nancy's figure pushing against his, she feared hers would only feel bony.

"Because I've always wanted to look around in here!" Jason insisted.

"At *night*?"

"It makes it more exciting! Think how boring this would be in the--"

CLANG CLANG!!!

"*Ahh!!!*"

Brooke and Nancy screamed when Jason's foot struck a piece of broken metal. A grating sound echoed back and forth as if in warning not to proceed.

"Sorry," Jason chuckled. "Can't see where I'm going."

"*I wonder why that is!*" Nancy growled, returning to his side and hugging his arm. "*Could it be because we're walking around an abandoned factory AT NIGHT WITH ONLY ONE FLASHLIGHT?!*"

"That's not true!" Jason pointed at Brooke. "She has one too! It's just broken."

"I-It works a little... It just flickers a lot..." Brook pointed her low-power beam ahead. It was next to useless. In actuality, she'd forgone using it in favor of having something to hold against her chest for comfort.

"Anyway, like I was saying," Jason resumed, "Haven't you heard all the legends about old gangsters hiding their money here? My dad told me they were all in cahoots with the factory manager!"

Brooke looked around in the bleak darkness. Considering the multiple floors and sprawling tunnels below ground, there was no doubt in the factory's ability to hide something.

“This place shut down in the late 40s... I doubt there is anything left to find over thirty years later.”

“That’s quitter talk! There are too many stories about this place for it *not* to have a few secrets left. Like how nobody knows *why* it shut down.”

Nancy donned a spooky, ghostly tone. “It’s no coincidence that it just happened to shut down so soon after that meteorite fell! *Wwwwoooooo!!*”

Slow to catch onto her sarcasm, Jason’s mind spun at the mention of Moon Falls’ namesake. “Well it *did* land close to the factory. And the factory *did* close only a few months later after all the workers quit. *They say a few never even clocked out, but they never went home either.*”

“W-What??” Brooke felt a chill run down her spine.

“Jason, shut up. I was joking. If the factory owner really was dealing with gangsters, then he probably got in too deep, couldn’t pay his workers, and the company went out of business.”

Jason wasn’t convinced. “That’s what they *want* you to think. Probably because they still haven’t found all the money hidden in this place! Why do you think they haven’t built something in its place after almost four decades?”

“I... Uh...” Nancy considered the question. “I don’t know. It’s in the middle of nowhere out in the boonies?”

“A likely story.” Jason led them beyond a large machine designed to bag sugar before turning a corner. A flight of stairs extended into a basement. “We’re going down there.”

Nancy stepped back. “You’re joking.”

“I’m not. My dad always said the money was in the basement in the small, hard-to-reach places.” Glancing at Brooke with a teasing smile, he joked, “That’s why we brought Brooke! She’s small enough to fit anywhere!”

“Hey...” Brooke shrunk into herself. Wrapping an arm across her front, she felt reminded of her petite nature. She didn’t think Jason was referring to her breasts specifically, but nonetheless, his comment wasn’t helpful to her self-esteem. The brunette didn’t want them to be bigger, she only wished all the other girls her age weren’t so well-endowed that she became invisible to the men. It was comments like this that made Brooke think Jason was interested in more top-heavy girls, like Nancy.

Jason started down the stairs. “Down we go!”

“Dammit...” Nancy followed, pulled along by her fearful attachment. Brooke followed due to no other choice.

“Anyone want some gummy worms?” Jason offered after digging into his back pocket. “They encourage searching skills!”

Nancy rolled her eyes. “I don’t think that’s true. But yes. Gimme.”

“Brooke?”

“Oh! Uhh, sure!” More out of the thrill of interacting physically with Jason, she took several worms from the bag with no plans of eating them.

The trio delved into the basement. Various hallways led to vast storage rooms and chambers of unknown purpose. Several housed rusted machinery with no clear purpose. Finding

a wall without spray paint was as challenging as it was for the girls to continue deeper. As they pushed on, Brooke found herself realizing how unprepared she had been for such an excursion.

“Guys...?” she whispered.

Jason was busy shining a light into an open duct. “Hmm?”

“I...have to go.”

“We just got here!”

“N-No, like... *I have to pee.*” Brooke was glad they couldn’t see her beet-red face in the darkness. She wouldn’t have requested such a thing if it weren’t a mounting urgency.

“Oh.” Jason grew quiet. “Well... There are a couple empty rooms down that hall.”

“*Jason!*” Nancy snapped.

“What?? It’s private and we’re alone! It would take twenty minutes to get back outside!”

“You can’t expect her to just go off on her own in an *abandoned factory basement and--*”

“I-It’s fine!” Brooke piped. “I have a flashlight! I’ll be quick...”

Nancy stepped forward. “Want me to come with you?”

Brooke knew completing her task would be hard enough on her own in such a setting and shook her head. “No thanks... Just don’t leave me.”

“We’ll be right here.”

Brooke shone her flickering light down a hallway presenting several open doors into blackness. Wishing not to be heard, she chose the furthest one down.

Jason joked, “Hope everything comes out ok! We’ll make sure to avoid that room for the rest of toni--*OW!*” A slap to his arm rendered him silent.

A damp corner was the last place Brooke expected to be doing such a deed. Unbuttoning her jeans, she almost exposed herself until fright gripped her chest.

GLOOORRP

SSSCHHHHMMLP

A sound like squishing Jell-O sent chills down her spine. Now impervious to the urge to relieve herself, Brooke was very aware of another presence in the room.

“*Hello?*” she whispered. She couldn’t imagine a drifter sleeping in such a place. It had to have been an animal.

GLOOORRP

SSSCHHHHMMLP

The sound was becoming more lively. Buttoning her jeans, Brooke approached the corner emitting the noises. A pile of ruined machines blocked a clear view. Peeking around the metallic pile, she found a gaping hole in the concrete wall. Its border extended briefly into the earth before stretching too deep for her flashlight to brighten. Terrors of what might be waiting in such a hole made her hair stand on end.

GLOOORRP

SSSCHHHHMMLP

Movement at her feet stopped Brooke’s heart for several seconds. Jumping back and dropping her flashlight, it rolled across the floor to illuminate what looked to be a small pile of

pink jelly. It reflected the light with neon brightness and jiggled with slow movements. Short nubs extended from its base like thick fingers searching for something.

“What the hell...?” Brooke whispered. Every sci-fi movie she’d seen had prepared her for this. The slime blob appeared low energy and emaciated. Feeling no immediate danger, Brooke approached.

GLOOORRP!

“*Brooke! You need help in there??*” Jason’s voice echoed.

“*Shut up! Leave her alone!*” Nancy scolded.

The mass vibrated and bubbled at her proximity. Feeling as though it were staring at her, Brooke paused with caution. She didn’t dare respond or yell for assistance for fear of startling the slime. Her sweaty hands tightened around the flashlight and gummy worms.

SSSCHHHHMMLP!!!

Suddenly the thing launched forward with a thick tendril, striking Brooke in her gut.

“*AAHHH!!!! HELP ME!!! HELP ME!!!! IT’S GOT ME!!!!*” Her scream pierced the night and shot through the factory basement.

The goo snapped back. An emptiness existed in Brooke’s hand. Looking down, she saw the slime had snatched Jason’s gummy worms from her grasp.

GLOOORRP

SSSCHHHHMMLP

GLOOORRP

SSSCHHHHMMLP

It quivered with energy. Frightened and frozen, Brooke watched its form shake and tighten into a familiar shape. It elongated and grew several extremities. On the end facing her, a bulb grew upwards until it resembled a head. Facial details shaped themselves out of the slime, followed by human curves and smaller extremities. The slime’s surface turned opaque and white like skin. Thick pink hair tumbled to its shoulders with unnatural weight.

Watching the transformation in awe, Brooke stared at what appeared to be a clone of herself with pink hair staring back from the floor. Breathing through new lips, the girl panted with her first breaths. A distinct lack of nipples or sexual organs only made the event more odd.

“*M-More...*” the naked girl squeaked. “*Give me... mo--...*”

Her eyes fluttered and closed before she collapsed onto the concrete.

The sound of her friends’ running footsteps pounded down the hall.

“*Brooke?? What’s wrong?!*” Nancy burst into the room and stopped upon finding the scene.

Jason’s reaction wasn’t much different. Staring at the unconscious girl, he exclaimed, “What the hell...?? Why is there a naked girl in here?!” Shining his light over her form and bright pink hair, he squinted at her face. “And why does she look...like you, Brooke?”

Heat rushed into Brooke’s cheeks as she watched him stare more intently at the girl’s intimate areas. Not wanting him to have a clear idea how her own body, Brooke quickly stepped to cover her.

“Is that really important right now?? She needs help!” Brooke insisted.

Nancy wasn't as mesmerized as Jason. "Well what's wrong with her?? You just found her lying here?"

The truth couldn't be spoken without putting her sanity in jeopardy. Lying, Brooke explained, "I-I just found her like this! She asked for help then passed out before she could say anything else!"

"We should call the cops then! Or get her to a hospital!"

"*No!! No no!!*" Jason was quick to reject the idea.

"Jason, she needs help! Who knows what's wrong with her??"

"But we're not supposed to *be* here! It's private property and we're trespassing! If we tell them where we found her, which they *will* ask, then we'll get in trouble! Possibly fined or arrested!"

Brooke chewed on her lip. A hospital wouldn't be able to do anything for the creature. However much it may look human, only Brooke knew how wrong such an assumption was. Intrigue and curiosity grabbed at her core. She wanted to know more about the strange creature. Perhaps it was due to it transforming into a version of herself. Perhaps it was how helpless it appeared in the cold, rundown factory. Something within herself wouldn't let it go.

"I-I'll take her," Brooke announced.

Nancy was in disbelief. "What?"

"She needs help! Take her to my place, and I'll tell my parents I found her passed out in the bushes while walking home! We'll take her to the cops then. They don't have to know we were here."

Brooke prayed they wouldn't see through her false intentions. Seeing relief in Jason's eyes was reassuring.

"Thank God. Ok, let's do it.

"Wait!" Nancy held him back. "Brooke, are you sure?? This is a *person* we just found in an abandoned factory! *We know nothing about her!*"

Swallowing, Brooke looked down at the transformed pile of slime. "Well it's not like she has any weapons or anything. Just drop us off and I'll take care of it. My parents are at a dinner party anyway, I'll have time to think of something if we need to."

Cautious, Nancy nodded her head. "Alright, fine. Let's get her in the car. And Jason?"

"Yea?"

"How long do we have to wait for you to give her your jacket or something? The girl is *naked*, for God's sake. Do you just plan on staring at her all night?"

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

They arrived at Brooke's house within an hour. Through careful movements and placing of her hands, she managed to conceal the mystery girl's lack of sexual detail. Finding the absence of nipples or genitalia would surely have changed the course of the night. Luckily, Nancy was insistent on Jason averting his gaze when transporting her limp body.

“All the lights are off. Good,” Brooke observed when they pulled up to her house. “That means my older sister is still out. We’ll put her in my room for now.”

Nancy stared at the unconscious girl. “Are you sure about this, Brooke?”

“Totally! I’ll call the cops in an hour after you two have time to show your faces somewhere else for an alibi. Nobody has to know we were at the factory.” It was a weak excuse considering a seemingly unconscious girl was in possible need of medical attention, but her friends accepted.

After several minutes, the pink-haired girl was laid upon Brooke’s bed and the group of friends bid farewell. The brunette was left alone with the strange creature. Looking at her, there was no way to know she used to be a pile of pink ooze rising from a hole in the wall.

“What are you...?” Brooke stared.

The girl showed no signs of breathing, but minute movements told Brooke she was still alive. Heart pounding, she unzipped Jason’s loaned jacket to reveal her bare form.

It still lacked intimate features. Though her breasts closely resembled Brooke’s, they were slightly smaller, smooth, and nippleless. Both thighs met at her pelvis with smooth skin between them. Her appearance reminded Brooke of a naked Barbie doll, only more stylish with her bubblegum hair. Everything was smooth and flawless.

“What the *hell* are you...??” Brooke whispered again, more astounded by the minute. Alien posters betrayed the girl’s rising fascination.

A finger twitched suddenly. Ready to flee her house and call the government, Brooke watched the girl’s eyes crack open. Pink irises stared at her pleadingly.

“S...Sugar...” she rasped.

Brooke felt like she was in a strange B horror movie. Every fiber of her being screamed to never give the strange alien creature what it wanted. Still, she asked, “Sugar? You want sugar??”

The girl nodded weakly in confirmation.

“Ok... Ok, wait one second!”

Unsure of why she was so eager to help the mysterious organism, Brooke found herself returning moments later with a near-empty bag of granulated sugar. Only a dozen spoonfuls waited at the bottom, but the girl grabbed for it ravenously. The pink color of her hair brightened noticeably at the smell of the substance. There was no hesitation when Brooke offered the bag; the girl accepted and ate by the handful.

It was a strange sight to behold, watching a live Barbie eat sugar on her bed. “Who are you? *What* are you?” Brooke finally asked.

The girl looked up with sugar covering her face. Confusion filled her eyes like a child’s. “What do you mean, what?”

“I-I saw you transform into...*this!* You were a blob of... I don’t know! A blob of something!” Hands sweaty, Brooke leaned forward. “Are you an alien?”

“What’s an...alien?”

The situation was becoming more ET-related by the second. “Something not from here,” Brooke explained. She pointed a finger at her ceiling. “Like from...up there.”

The girl chewed through a mouthful of sugar. “I don’t know. Maybe! I remember it being very dark and cold before for a long time.”

A shower of sugar fell from her palm to Brooke’s bedsheet. She licked her hand clean before returning it to the bag.

“I was lucky enough to find this delicious source of energy!” Ecstasy drifted over her face as she licked her lips. “It was *wonderful* until I couldn’t find anymore and I fell into a dormant state. I wasn’t able to look for a new home...”

Brooke was reeling. Various myths about Moon Falls, Colorado suddenly felt very real. “Y-You mean you were feeding off the sugar at the old factory until it shut down??”

She giggled. “I was very sneaky! I only came out at night! Usually... Unless I just couldn’t help it!”

Innocence surrounded the creature like an aura. Brooke realized there had to be more to her story than she was telling, otherwise the factory wouldn’t have shut down unless by coincidence.

“How do you know English?”

“What’s English? Is it sugary?”

“I mean, how do you know how to talk?”

“The sugar makers! They talked all day! It was hard not to learn fro--Oh no...” She dumped the sugar bag upside down to show its emptiness. A frown came over her porcelain face. “It’s all gone...”

“Why do you need sugar?”

“To live! It keeps me active! If I go too long without it, my cells will go into hibernation. Can I have some more??”

Brooke felt like she was talking to a child. Contrary to the girl’s words, she felt the sugar had a larger impact on her being. It seemed as though the more she ate, the more bubbly and excited she became. “Do you have a name? Something other things call you?”

“I’ve never needed to be called anything! What should I be called?”

She’d never been asked to name something with such a high level of consciousness. This was different from naming a dog or gerbil. Looking the girl up and down, Brooke decided, “Cally.”

“Cally!!”

“It’s the pink hair. It makes you look like a Cally! You also look like a Brooke, technically...”

“What’s a Brooke?”

“Me. I’m Brooke. You’re Cally, *I’m* Brooke. Why do you look like me, anyway?”

“I only copied what I saw so you wouldn’t be scared...” Cally frowned and shrank back. “Was that wrong?”

“No! Not at all! It’s just odd. I feel like I’m looking in a mirror...” A glance at Cally’s missing sexual features made her uneasy. “A weird, censored mirror...”

The night's events were starting to weigh on Brooke. By her best guess, an alien from the 1940's meteorite was sitting in her bed getting sugar everywhere. She had no idea if this creature were dangerous or what it could be after. It was becoming too much to take in.

"I think I need a minute, Cally... If I take a shower, can you promise to stay in my room until I--"

THUD!

The garage door slammed downstairs. Brooke's heart jumped into her throat.

"*Brookey! We're home!*" her mother called. "Are you still up? Have you seen your sister yet?"

"*Shit!*" Brooke panicked. Her parents couldn't find Cally. Not yet. Not until she had a better story than a blob transformed into a copy of herself and she wanted to keep it. "*I-I'm up! Just about to shower and head to bed! And no, I haven't seen her!*"

"Who is that??" Cally beamed. "Did they bring more sugar?"

"Cally, listen," Brooke started. "I need you to be quiet while I sneak you into the bathroom with me. Can you do that?"

"Mhm!!" Pink hair fell over her face when she nodded. "Will there be sugar there?"

"Uh... *Maybe*. Come on."

Taking Cally's hand, Brooke hurried her across the upstairs hall and into the bathroom where a locked door shielded them from discovery.

"Remember, Cally; nobody can know you're in here, ok?"

"Ok!"

"Just...sit here for a little bit." Brooke guided the naked slime girl to sit on the toilet.

"Then Cally can have more sugar?"

"We'll see."

Looking at Cally, Brooke wasn't sure she wanted to give her any more sugar. After only the remains of the bag, Cally was already fidgety and restless. Considering her gooey makeup, part of Brooke feared she might find a new meaning to bouncing off the walls.

The shower turned on. A stream of rushing water mesmerized Cally momentarily as Brooke grabbed her shirt. She stopped, feeling inexplicably uncomfortable undressing in front of the slime.

"Uh... Can you turn around, please?"

"Like this??" Cally spun around to face the door.

"Perfect."

Leaving her clothes on the floor, Brooke stepped behind the privacy of her shower curtain. "Remember, Cally! We need to be quiet!"

There came no response. Assuming her to be obeying, Brooke went about washing the factory's dust from her body. Soap coated her body in a slippery layer allowing her hands to glide effortlessly across her skin. In such a state, even her petite B-cups provided a fair amount of bounce and life as she washed.

It came time to scrub. Turning around to grab a loofah, Brooke was faced with Cally's naked form standing behind her.

“*SHIT!*” Brooke cursed louder than she expected. “*Cally! What are you doing in here?!*”

“I came very close!” She was blushing with color, as if containing a growing excitement. Brooke wondered if giving the slime the sugar it desired was such a good idea.

“What are you talking about?? Get out of here!”

“I came very close to mimicking your form!” Cally’s eyes drifted along Brooke’s uncovered body. They noticeably lingered on her nipples and crotch, though hung on several moles and her belly button as well. “I wasn’t able to see the finer details before...”

GLOOOORRRP

Cally’s body bubbled. Like watching a model of herself transform, Brooke ogled Cally’s body as it came to be a complete copy. Her breasts grew a small amount before two pink dots sprouted from their centers. They swelled and elongated until they matched Brooke’s nipples down to every fold and bump. Seeing Cally’s crotch plump and split up the middle to match hers was like watching an invisible sculpture shape clay. When all said and done, Cally stood before Brooke with not a freckle out of place.

Brooke gulped after witnessing the odd transformation. “U-Uh... Wow... That was...”

Cally explored her upgraded body. Poking at a breast, it jiggled firmly. “*Hehe! They’re bouncy! I like your body, Brooke!*”

“Am I really *that* small...?” Brooke whispered. Seeing her breasts on another person was different than in the mirror. In front of her, they didn’t look big enough to fill a palm.

Cally’s attention moved elsewhere. Pushing her hips forward and gazing down, she slid both hands between her thighs. Brooke quickly looked away when she explored without shame. “*Woooooow...*” Cally awed.

“Y-You shouldn’t do that in front of someone,” Brooke blushed, hiding under the water.

“Can I stand under the water with you?”

“Hmm?” Glancing back, Brooke hoped the copies of her intimate parts had been put away.

An expression of longing desire filled Cally’s visage. As if aroused, she ran her hands over herself and squirmed. “Its warmth is very comforting...”

“I...guess...”

Brooke tried to continue her shower as she felt the Cally approach. It was getting more difficult to see Cally as something other than human. Joining her under the rushing water, their bodies touched. Cally showed no effort to keep space between them as her chest met Brooke’s back and her pelvis met her butt.

A hand slid around the side of Brooke’s hips and rubbed her abdomen.

“*Eep!*”

“I’ve wanted to know more about your species’ anatomy for so long...” Cally said in utter curiosity. The tone in her words dripped with an unknown version of lust.

“W-Well,” Brooke squeaked, feeling Cally gently poke her. “Looks to me like you’ve gotten it pretty close already!”

A hand followed Brooke’s spine down to her butt. Prodding a cheek several times and giggling at its motions, Cally brought both hands to squeeze the posterior. Brooke did her best to

ignore the fondling until the slime traveled further between her thighs and started inserting fingers.

Brooke jumped out of her reach and covered herself. *“H-HHEEEEEYYYYY!!! EASY THERE!!!”*

Cally wasn't fazed. Approaching until she pressed Brooke against the shower wall, she cooed, “I'm sorry! Did I do something to startle you?”

“I-It's very sensitive...down there!”

Brooke gulped. Cally's face sat inches from her own. Dripping wet and lacking any knowledge of what she'd just tried to probe, the girl looked almost cute. Temptingly cute.

“I was only curious...” Cally smiled. “I may look similar on the outside, but your insides are a mystery to me...”

“M-Maybe they should remain that way!”

Cally was relentless, like a puppy wanting more treats. Their fronts pressed together to combat the heat of their shower with their own. The amazing softness of Cally's skin was incredible and without blemish.

Placing a hand on Brooke's breast and staring at a nipple as it grew swollen, Cally asked, “Can I explore you??” Her eyes glowed bright pink with sugar-fueled energy. “I promise it will be a pleasurable experience for you. I also want to thank you for the sugar!”

Feeling arousal spark in her core, Brooke wasn't sure she could resist. Being trapped in a shower with a slime girl transformed into a copy of herself wasn't something she'd ever imagined, but it was making her question her sexual preferences at the moment.

A-A-Alright...” Brooke squeaked. “Just...be careful.”

Cally's mouth opened with a joyful gasp. “Turn around!”

At this point, Brooke was certain she was in a dream. The situation was too far-fetched to be real. In the real world, she would never obey such an order from what was surely an alien ooze ball. Slowly she turned her back to Cally and went about her showering business.

Something soft and warm ran over Brooke's hip and stomach. Biting her lip to push down a bubble of strange excitement, she glanced down expecting to see Cally's hands. Instead she found two thick tendrils of pink ooze caressing her like a horny octopus.

“HUH?? *What are you--*”

“Don't be frightened!” Cally soothed. A soft, warm mass pressed into Brooke's back. “I have to use my true form to enter you...”

More dripping tentacles wrapped around Brooke's body. Several caressed her breasts and nipples while others wound up her thighs. They nuzzled against her pussy with gentle precision. *“Y-Your true form to do wha--MMGN!?”*

Upon penetration, Brooke felt a shiver of delight run through her frame. Pressure pushed against her nipples as tentacles massaged and clung. Looking down through the semi-transparent pink mess, she watched the slime continue deeper into her pussy. A warm heaviness spread through her lower abdomen.

“C-Cally...! Cally! *What are you--*”

“I’m exploring!” The girl giggled and produced more tendrils. “*You feel amazing, Brooke!*”

The warmth was spreading. Entering Brooke at an incredible rate, pressure was beginning to form at several spots on her body. Brooke’s hands pressed against her navel when it distended slightly as if bloated. Her skin was taut and heavy, pulsing with every throb of Cally’s delving tentacles.

An unknown heaviness struck her breasts. Panting with rising ecstasy, Brooke gazed at her gentle B-cups as they seemed to come to life. They plumped outward with mass until gaining enough girth to fold over. Her cleavage shone tight and shiny as if oiled.

GLOOOOPP

“*N-Nngh!!*” Brooke whimpered when something bubbled inside of her causing her chest to wobble and belly to tickle.

“*You’re so soft!*” Cally giggled. “*And warm!!*”

SSSTTRRRRTCH

A distinct sound of something filling like a balloon caught Brooke’s attention.

“*Wait!! W...ngh...W-Wait!*” Panicking at her swelling form, Brooke turned around to confront the slime.

Cally stood there, though not as Brooke remembered. Her body was pink and see-through. Like a pile of hair gel molded into a living person, she stood in the shower as a flowing mass. A mess of tentacles extended from her to tangle around Brooke before finding their bodily destinations.

“Don’t worry, Brooke!” Cally shined with uncontrollable excitement. “*You’ll enjoy this!*”

A force pulled Brooke down. Slippery and wet, she had little way to fight the mess of tendrils writhing around her body. Seconds of stumbling left her lying back in the tub. Cally approached on her hands and knees, spreading Brooke’s thighs with ease. A steaming shower head beat upon them from above.

“I have a feeling we’ll *both* enjoy this!” she giggled before losing shape. Cally drooped into a large, gooey mass overflowing Brooke’s stomach and hips. It felt as though a giant bucket of hot jelly had been dumped on her naked body.

Then the squirming started. Cally’s form started to shrink as heat rose within Brooke. Able to see her naked self exposed through the quivering mass, as well as her pussy stretching open by an unseen force, it wasn’t a mystery where the slime was going.

“*A-Ahh!!! Mmmngh!!!*”

Brooke squirmed in the tub. Grabbing the edges, she endured what felt like a living mass of thick syrup pumping into her. Tentacles tightened and pulled at her limbs and chest. Able to see small bulges moving about her belly and navel as Cally explored, Brooke was far more aroused than she cared to admit.

GLOOOOOP

SSSTTRRRRTCH

“*Oh! OOH!!! C-CALLY! What are you...doing?!*”

Something was pouring into her chest. Looking down and arching her back with rapid breaths, Brooke saw her breasts come alive. Their rounded forms pushed outward as soft domes. Jiggling ripples ran across them in every direction.

“My...My chest!! Cally, stop! You’re making...my breasts...MMMMGNH!!! Wait!! I don’t want them to--A-Ahhh!!”

The pleasure was immense. Firecracker tingles shocked her nerves. Feeling herself stretch to accommodate Cally’s slime, Brooke panted and labored. Natural cleavage closed together as her mammarys bloated into full melons. They pressed together before rubbing against the sides of the tub with soft squeaks.

GLOOOOOPP

Not even half of Cally’s mass had entered. Still squirming between Brooke’s spread thighs, the slime pushed further with pure curiosity.

SSSTTTTRRRRRCCCHH

“C-C-C...Cally!” Brooke gasped. Her chest wobbled full and heavy. Seeing her B-cups engorge as large as her head was too much to handle. They felt like monsters trying to suffocate her. Brooke began to fear she may never be able to walk. *“Cally!!! C-CALLY THAT’S ENOUGH!!! I can’t handle it!! Get out!! GET OUT!!”*

Panic gripped her. Unable to handle Cally’s influence, Brooke wrapped her arms around her chest and squeezed. They bulged around her forearms only briefly as Cally resisted before Brooke felt a gooey pressure race from her chest and through her body.

SSSCHHHHMMLP!!

“A-AAHH!!!! OH GOD!!!”

Brooke’s chest retreated back to its original size. From her crotch, a mass of writhing pink was ejected and slid across the tub where Cally assumed a semi-human form. Even in her slimy state, Brooke could see she was fighting something similar to extreme arousal. Her pink color was saturated and warm.

Brooke didn’t stare long. Scrambling and slippery, she clamored out of the tub and onto the bathroom floor. A towel was yanked from the wall and used to cover herself as she stared at the slime girl getting pelted with water.

“Brooke?” Cally asked, her mass swirling. Her form appeared weakened and aroused as if in heat. “What’s...wrong?”

“I-I... I just...” Brooke squeezed her chest. Feeling it back to its normal size was a relief after seeing it blown to such massive proportions. “My breasts were...getting too big! I couldn’t handle it!”

Cally cocked her head. “You don’t like them bigger?”

It was a difficult question to answer. “I’ve thought about it...” Brooke confessed. “They’re so small, sometimes I feel like... I don’t know...” She wrapped the towel tighter.

“You do not like your body?”

“No! I mean, n-not really... I don’t find it very--”

KNOCK

KNOCK

KNOCK

“Brooke? Who are you talking to in there?”

The color drained from Brooke’s face at the sound of her mother’s voice.

“*Shh!*” Brooke hushed silently, not sure why an alien would understand such a gesture.

“Just myself! About ready to pass out for the night.”

“Oh, well...alright...” Confusion tinged her mother’s voice. “Your sister just got home. Make sure to save some hot water for her; she has an early weekend shift tomorrow.”

“W-Will do! Good night! Love you!”

“Love you too, dear...”

The sound of footsteps going down the stairs was her cue to leave. Shutting off the shower, she pulled Cally’s jiggling form from the tub.

“We have to be quiet,” Brooke reminded.

“Ok!”

Several dripping, pulse-pounding moments later, they were back in the safety of Brooke’s bedroom. After Cally’s development of sexual organs, the absence of clothes too much to bear. Her likeness meant they could share the same pajamas, fortunately. Once clothed, Cally swished her arms back and forth playfully feeling the sleeves flap in the air. Meanwhile, Brooke stood in front of a mirror patting her breasts. They waited innocently under her pajama top.

“How did they get so big...?” she whispered. The size she recalled seeing them grow to felt impossible. “A-And why did it feel so good...?”

CREEAK

Her bed groaned as weight fell on the mattress. Looking over, she saw Cally lying down on one side.

“*Mmmm... This is comfy...*”

Brookie frowned. “Looks like I’m sleeping with an alien slime creature tonight...”

Cautious about any further tentacles entering her body, Brooke laid next to Cally. In some ways, she felt like she was in bed with a twin sister she never knew. She attributed this to Cally’s demeanor and appearance. Such things made it easy to forget she wasn’t human.

“*Mmm...*” Cally moaned again, pressing herself into Brooke’s back and wrapping an arm around her. The heat coming off her body was intense as sugar continued fueling her. It was oddly touching when Cally said softly, “I love your body, Brooke... I can’t wait to enter you again.”

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

The next morning brought a rush of panic when Brooke awoke to find another girl sleeping in her bed. It took several moments to remember the previous night’s events. This didn’t change the fact that she was hiding an alien slime creature while her parents ate breakfast directly below her room.

After communicating to Cally how important silence was on her part, Brooke left her to eat breakfast as though everything was normal. Dodging questions of missing sugar for the

morning coffees, Brooke munched on cereal while sorting through the emotions of her group shower with Cally.

Adrenaline and excitement weren't soon to leave after the sight of her breasts expanding like balloons. Cally's sci-fi influence on her body was incredible. Picturing her pink essence entering her body made Brooke strangely excited. Her nipples stood erect against her pajama shirt, something she had to make an effort to hide from her parents across from the table. The sensation of stretching and feeling Cally within her was frightening, though carried an immense level of pleasure. Brooke couldn't help but feel as though she would have enjoyed it more if she'd been prepared for the results. Her foot bounced against the floor from anxiety as if she were hiding a forbidden sex toy in her room.

Fortunately, her parents finished their meals and announced their plans to help at a fundraiser for Brooke's school for the remainder of the day. They were disappointed at her lack of eagerness to help, though eventually bid farewell and asked that she complete several chores around the house in their stead. Brooke was happy to do so.

Relief passed through her lips with a sigh when the family car pulled out of the driveway. Brooke jumped from the table and grabbed a basket of laundry awaiting her attention. The sooner she finished her tasks, the sooner she could handle Cally. Hiding a sugar-consuming alien in her room was only feasible for so long. Her nipples remained hard as she sorted through colors and tossed several articles into the washer.

She froze suddenly upon grasping something soft and padded within the pile of clothes. Already guessing as to its identity, she pulled it out. Seeing her older sister's bra hang in front of her only made her pulse quicken.

Brooke gulped and felt her hands sweat. Compared to the B-cups under her shirt, her sister had won the genetic lottery. The 32F-cup bra tangled in her fingers was proof of that. Since puberty, Brooke had held out hope that she might follow her sister's path in development. This didn't appear to be the case as her breasts stopped their growth long ago. Often her sister joked about stealing all the good genes before Brooke had gotten a chance to use any. She always wondered what it would be like to fill a bra as large as her sister's.

Hot temptations ravaged Brooke's core. Owning such massive breasts sounded like more of a burden than a blessing according to her sister's complaints of back pain. Though it would be nice to experience it for an hour or two.

Abandoning the laundry, Brooke entered her room to find Cally staring at a bird through her window.

"Hey, Cally..." she said softly, afraid someone else might hear her question. The bra sat crumpled tightly in her hands.

The girl's pink hair whipped around. "You brought sugar?? I'm hungry!"

"Do you remember that thing you did last night?"

Cally cocked her head to the side. "Thing?"

Heat rose from Brooke's shirt. Blushing with embarrassment at saying such things aloud, she clarified, "W-When you...went inside of me and...made my chest grow...?"

She thought she heard excitement bubble inside Cally. "I remember!"

The large bra dangled between them when Brooke presented it. “Can you... Uh... M-Make me big enough to fill my sister’s bra?”

“What’s a bra?”

Brooke’s face reddened further. “I-It holds these up.” She placed a hand over a breast and jiggled slightly. “Mine are too small for it...”

The slime’s eyes widened with knowledge. “Your sister is *much* bigger than you.”

“I know.” Brooke felt moisture between her thighs as if her body were preparing itself. “I-I just want to know what it feels like to fill a bra this big... Just for a minute.”

Cally jumped to her feet like a spring and embraced Brooke. “*Cally can help!! I can make Brooke’s breasts very big!!*”

The slime’s excitement was overwhelming. Pushing Brooke to her bed, Cally helped her sit down before standing between her legs and grabbing the elastic of Brooke’s pajama pants. Eager hands took them to her mid-thighs before she stopped Cally.

“W-Wait! I’m not ready!” Brooke objected nervously, fighting to pull her pajamas up as cool air drifted over her exposed pussy. “I have to put the bra on first!”

Cally watched with unblinking eyes as Brooke pulled her shirt overhead. It wasn’t the first time she’d clasped her sister’s bra around her torso out of sheer curiosity, though it was the first time Brooke would be filling its lacey cups. Hands shaking and bust waiting within the large padded domes, she slipped her pajamas to her ankles. It was her first time ever spreading her legs to someone, or something, else.

“*I-I-I’m ready,*” Brooke squeaked.

“*Ok!*”

Cally’s form shimmered and lost opacity until Brooke could see her desk through the girl’s goey form. Cally’s arms writhed as her hands and fingers melded together to turn her limbs into dripping, thick tendrils.

“Ready??” Cally piped.

Brooke nodded and leaned back on her elbows, granting the slime full access. She looked away in embarrassment when Cally’s warm tentacle spread her lips and pushed. The pink essence entered her with ease, bringing with it immediate pressure.

“*M-Mmmngh!!!*”

Brooke pursed her lips when rapid waves of tingles washed through her breasts. Lungs reaching their capacity again and again, she watched her chest with hopeful eyes. It didn’t take long for Cally’s influence to reach them.

SSTTRRRRTCH

“*Ahh!! C-Cally!!*”

The girl’s eyes were wide and wondrous at Brooke’s initial reaction. Rising cleavage came to meet in a soft chasm on Brooke’s front. Pumping herself further, Cally desired more. The tightness and heat within Brooke’s body was tantalizing and invigorating in a way the slime had never known. It caused a bubbly pressure within her pink form.

GLOOOORRRRP

“*Nnngh!!*”

Brooke's arms gave out and she fell back. The mattress creaked, though her attention was on the enhanced movement of her breasts. Already grown by a cup, they wobbled on her frame with weighted motions and rubbed against one another. She wanted desperately to grab them, but was too enthralled seeing the space within her sister's cups slowly dwindle. Already her nipples came within two inches of rubbing against the padding.

"Cally!! *L-Look at me!*" Brooke chirped. "*My breasts almost look...good!!*"

GLLOOOORRRRRP

"*N-Nngh...*" Cally moaned strangely. Eyes fluttering, she leaned into Brooke further. Slime rushed to fill her breasts outward.

Brooke couldn't breathe shallow enough. Watching the outline of her breasts bloat and approach the waiting cotton caverns was thrilling. At the moment when her skin brushed against their insides, her heart skipped a beat.

"*B...Brooke...*"

SSTTRRTCH

"*MMMMMM!!!!!!*"

A satisfying creak of spandex sounded from the bra when her breasts pushed against it. Pressure came from all sides as Brooke's breasts filled it to capacity. Flesh gently bulged over the straps and brims. Heavy on her heaving torso, Brooke ogled at the mounds of flesh sitting in front of her face.

"*M-My sister wakes up to breasts like this every morning!*" she gasped. Unable to resist as she neared orgasm, she finally clamped her hands over them and reveled in their warm fullness. Skin bulged around her fingers. Slime pushed back with heated thickness. "*God! Look at them, Cally!! If Jason saw these, he would lose his--*"

"*Nnngh...*"

The pressure in her chest diminished. Like a puppy losing a new toy, Brooke whimpered when her breasts lost their new size. Cups dwindled before her eyes to leave the bra empty and cold.

"*Why are they getting smaller?? Cally, you can keep going! I wanted to feel them for a little--*"

Brooke looked over her breasts and saw the pink girl swaying back and forth. Woozy and eyes heavy, Cally's tentacles lost strength and slipped from Brooke's crotch, taking with them the enhancements to Brooke's chest.

"*Cally? Cally, what's wrong??*"

BLUBLUBLUB

A gurgling sound like a growling stomach inside a holding tank came from Cally's body.

"*I need...more sugar...*"

SHLLM--THUMP

Exhausted, Cally fell to the floor leaving an aroused Brooke in a bra far too large.

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

A few cups of sugary cereal proved enough to rouse Cally, though Brooke knew such a solution was only temporary. Letting her go hungry wasn't an option Brooke allowed. She had a responsibility to give the slime nourishment so long as she was taking care of her. The chance to experience overfilling her sister's bra once more also played a slight role, though Brooke was less willing to admit this.

After giving Cally enough sugar for her to stay awake and function, Brooke loaded the two of them into her car and raced to the grocery store. Ignoring curious eyes was impossible. To the rest of the world, Brooke and Cally were identical twins with one having dyed her hair bright pink in an act of teenage rebellion. Her pink eyes were another matter Brooke hoped she wouldn't have to explain.

A grocery cart squeaked with a defective wheel as they ventured into the baking aisle. Upon seeing shelves heavy with sugar, Cally could hardly contain her excitement. Brooke feared she might revert to her true form at any moment.

"Alright, how much sugar do you need?" Brooke asked.

"*All of it!!*" Cally cheered.

Frowning, Brooke opened her purse. There certainly wasn't enough money for all of the sugar, much less enough to refill the tank of her gas guzzler in the coming days.

"Well I can't really get *all* of it..."

Cally whined in dismay and held her bubbling stomach. "*Brooooooke!!! I need sugaaaarr!!!*"

"Ok, ok! Just, keep your voice down!! I'll buy what I can!!!"

The slime bounced excitedly in her borrowed shoes as Brooke filled their cart with bag after bag of granulated sugar. Nearing three dozen and watching the cart's frame bend, she suddenly felt like one of the infamous shoppers from her math problems.

"That's all I can afford right now," Brooke announced while trying to catch her breath. A pile of sugar made Cally's eyes bulged. "Is that enough for a while?"

"Mhm!!!"

If slimes could drool, Brooke hoped it was constrained to their mouths.

"Let's get home then. I'll keep a few bags in my room and leave the rest in my car while I figure out what to do with you."

Using much too high of volume, Cally chirped, "Then I can go back inside of you and make your breasts--"

"Brooke??"

Horror gripped Brooke's chest. Turning around, she saw Jason and Nancy standing slack-jawed at the end of the aisle. A cart full of materials for the school fundraiser sat in front of them. They stared at the pink-haired girl they had found unconscious in a factory.

Panicking, Brooke tried to hide the cart full of sugar behind her and waved. "H-Hey, guys!"

They approached, much to her fear.

"That's a shitload of sugar..." Jason whispered.

Nancy was filled with worry and addressed Cally. “I’m glad to see you’re awake! Are you feeling alright? We weren’t sure what happened to you!”

Sweat beaded Brooke’s neck when Cally started to answer. “I was very hungry and couldn’t stay awake! But after some sugar and a fun shower with Broo--”

“A shower with some Brooklyn Chocolate! Fixes everything!” Brooke interrupted. “The police are looking for her family, but she can’t remember anything and didn’t have any ID. My parents didn’t feel good leaving her at the station, so she’s staying with us until they find a lead. Her name is Cally...”

“I’m Cally!”

Brooke sighed and felt like she was wrangling a toddler. “Cally, this is Nancy and Jason...”

Staring hard between them, Nancy was at a loss. “God, she looks *just like* you. If it wasn’t for the pink--”

At the mention of her friend’s name, Cally’s eyes brightened. “Jason?? You’re the one who enjoys the very large bre--”

“*Breadsticks!!!*” Fielding Cally’s unfiltered words was becoming a fulltime job.

Her friends exchanged nervous glances before Nancy returned to the matter at hand.

“You didn’t think about calling us?? We were worried sick!”

Jason nodded. “Not to mention curious... We found a naked girl in an abandoned factory. I was dying to know more! You didn’t tell them where we were, did you??”

“Oh calm down. Nobody will care that we were at the factory.” Peeking around Brooke, Nancy eyed the cart full of sugar. “That’s...uh...a lot of sugar you have there, Brooke... Is it for the school fundraiser?”

Unable to believe her luck, Brooke nodded. “*Yes!! Yes, it is!!* My mom is making a TON of cookies.”

Cally noticed Jason staring at Brooke’s chest. A simple tank top hugged her bust to reveal the outline of her bra. Playful from her meal of sugary cereal, Cally transformed one of her arms into a tentacle behind Brooke’s back.

“I’ll see you two there tonight! It should be--*AHH!!*”

A thick tube of warmth crept down the back of Brooke’s jeans. She felt it writhing in her underwear between her cheeks before finding its way between her thighs. Quickly she clamped her legs together but could already feel Cally slipping inside of her.

“*EEP!!*”

Nancy raised a suspicious eyebrow. “Brooke...? Are you alright...? You seem distressed.”

Distressed wasn’t the word Brooke would have used. She didn’t need to look down to know her breasts were already plumping outwards. Cally’s tentacle squeezed and pulsed between her legs like a slimy hose. In such a shirt, it didn’t take a lot for the fabric to begin stretching.

“I-I’m fine!!” Brooke promised while trying not to draw attention to her bust. “Just tired after a night of helping someone who gets a little *too excited!!*” She’d hoped Cally would pick up on the emphasis of her words, but there was no effect.

GLLOOOORRRP

STTRRRRTCH

Nancy looked around. “Did you hear something? Like a...thick gurgle?”

Brooke’s bra pushed outward as she surpassed C-cups. Much to Jason’s amazement, he stood watching his friend’s mammaries seemingly grow before his eyes. Cally giggled with amusement and glee, thinking herself helpful.

“*Must be the pipes in the ceiling!*” Brooke panicked. Her bra was tight. Too tight for comfort. Feeling it lift away from her torso was too exhilarating for such a public place. “They’re probably *too big*, or something!”

“What? How can a pipe...be too big?” Nancy stood confused as she took notice of her friend’s development. “Brooke, are you *sure* you’re fine?”

SSTTRRRRTCH!!

“A-Ahh!!! Cally!!!”

The slime giggled and applied more pressure. A distinct outline of Brooke’s swollen D-cups squished by her tiny bra pushed against her tank top for all to see. Jason’s eyes ogled with delight as the excessive cleavage heaving from Brooke’s gasping frame.

SNAP!!!!

A sound of a rubber band splitting in half shot through the aisle. Feeling her bra snap around her skin, Brooke’s face turned red. She quickly grabbed two bags of sugar from the shelf and hugged them in front of her breasts. Even so, they pushed them flat and against her collarbones for her friends to see.

“L-Lot to do today!!” Brooke said in a high-pitched voice. Backing up, she pinched Cally’s arm between the cart and her butt. “*Time to go, Cally!*”

“Ok!”

Cally removed herself and the excess size from Brooke’s form. Neither of her friends could explain the sudden disappearance of her ample breasts as they vanished behind the bags of sugar. Not wanting to explain, Brooke turned tail and hurried to the check-out counter.

Nancy and Jason stood stupefied.

“Did she seem ok to you...? Something was odd about her.”

Jason answered with a grin, “I noticed a *couple* things.”

Nancy rolled her eyes. “Pervert.”

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

“I’m sorry, Brooke...”

“*You can’t do that to me, Cally! Not when there are other people around!*”

Sad and hurt, Cally sat on the edge of Brooke’s bed with a half-empty bag of sugar in her lap. “I thought Jason liked big breasts...”

“He does. *But he can’t see mine grow! Nobody can know you’re a slime girl, or an alien, or whatever you are!*”

“I’m sorry, Brooke...”

Sighing, Brooke rubbed her forehead. “I can’t believe I blew out of my bra in the grocery store... Promise you’ll only go inside of me when we’re alone, ok?”

“Cally promises!” The slime grinned and ate a handful of sugar.

There were too many possibilities to stay mad. Still recovering from her bra-filling arousal, Brooke stared at Cally.

She was nearly through her second bag. From the looks of things, her body absorbed the white crystals like a sponge to water. Every bit made her churn with energy. As she continued to consume, Brooke felt as though she were watching a spring wind tighter and tighter. The energy pouring off Cally was somewhere between lust and whimsy. She didn’t seem able to control herself on some level as if the sugar put her in a playful, drunken state.

“Cally, what else can you do to me?” Brooke finally asked.

“Many things!!” she exclaimed. “The inner workings of your body are *astounding!* Both your breasts and abdomen are capable of stretching *far* beyond their current sizes!”

Brooke placed a hand on her stomach and chest. Given her ability to become pregnant and lactate, Cally’s claim wasn’t very surprising. Her fingers pressed gently into her breasts with a pang of temptation.

“Far beyond my current size, huh...”

Brooke’s mouth was dry. Trembling with excitement, she looked at the girl munching through sugar. “C-Cally, could you go inside me again?”

“Do you want to fill the bra??”

“I mean...go inside me...a-all the way. Like in the shower. I’m curious about what my body can do... I want you to make me as big as you can.”

Cally’s eyes sparkled like pink suns. “*I would love to! Oh it’s SO WARM in there, Brooke!! It just makes me want to MELT! Filling you up makes me feel so happy! I can’t explain it! Like I just want to BURST!!*”

Jumping from the bed and dumping the remainder of her sugar on the floor, Cally hugged Brooke and pulled playfully at her clothes. “Can we right now??”

Brooke couldn’t express her sexual excitement fast enough. She nodded, much to Cally’s delight. The slime immediately pulled her pants down, taking Brooke to the floor with them. Before she could prepare herself, Cally leaned over her as a semi-transparent pink girl nestled between her thighs. The scent of sugar was heavy on her being and pink goo dripped onto Brooke’s naked abdomen.

GLOOO-SHHLMMMP!!

“*Ahh!*”

Brooke gasped in surprise when Cally collapsed into a jiggling pile on top of her pelvis like a horny jellyfish. Tentacles spread with sugar-fueled excitement to enter Brooke’s body and caress her clothed chest.

“*C-Cally, wait! Slow down!*” Brooke squirmed, feeling thick mass pump into her body. “*Let me get the rest of my clothes off firs--MMNGH!!!!*”

GLLLOOOORRRRP

Heavy bloating assaulted Brooke's body. Across her torso, she could feel Cally's slime pressing against her torso. Gentle bulges and bumps traveled in various directions.

"Nnngh!! O-Oooh God!! Cally!" Brooke gasped. Several balloons felt as though they were trying to inflate inside her body. *"T-This feels...This feels INCREDIBLE!!"*

GLOOORRRRRP

SSSTTRRRRTCH

The pressure equalized. Like a switch flipping, Brooke's body accepted the whole of Cally's intentions. Brooke leaned back to watch with widening eyes as her breasts and stomach rose upward.

It was most noticeable in her belly. Doming outward as a whole, her entire abdomen from sternum to groin bloated into a tight, pale mound. It gurgled with Cally's movements and tickled the back of her belly button with rising heat.

"My stomach!" Brooke gasped. Placing her hands against its side, she could feel her skin stretching. It was arousingly tight against her fingertips. She'd never pictured pregnancy as exciting, but as her belly rose to the size of a beach ball and her shirt pulled into her expanding waistline, she felt a jolt of unexplainable excitement within her. *"I look nine months pregnant!!"*

SSTTRRRRRRTTCH

"M-Mmmm!!! Mmmmm!!!"

The top of her stomach was blocked from view when her breasts joined the fray. Brooke's nipples shot outward at a sudden burst of pressure. Several cups of additional sizes pushed against her tiny bra, forcing it to stretch and tighten. Spandex cut into Brooke's back and shoulders as her chest struggled to find space.

"Cally, wait!! My bra!!"

GLLLOOOOOOOP

The only response came in the form of bubbling ooze gushing deeper between her legs. Gallons flowed into Brooke as her breaths came quick and short.

"Nnnghhh!!! N-NNGH!! Cally!!"

Brook panted. She didn't dare try to unclasp her bra. The slightest motion was enough to send her swelling torso wobbling in several directions. Nothing beyond her bust and belly was visible to the reclining girl. As if watching herself bloat into a fleshy mountain range, she could only endure the sexual storm brewing within.

SSSTTRRRRRRTCH!!!

"Ahh!! Ooohh you're making me so tight!! I can feel you...moving around!!" Brooke rubbed her stomach and slid a hand between her breasts. Her skin was taut and slippery with sweat. A belly heaving with gallons of slime pushed her chest upward and into her face. Deep valleys curved in several directions from aching bra straps. If Brooke listened close enough, she could hear thick fluid churning within her cleavage.

SSHHLLMMMMPP!!!

"MMMMM!!!! S-So big!! I'M SO BIG!!!"

SNAP!!!!

SLOOSH SLOOSH SLOOOSH

An explosion of spandex and wires rippled across Brooke's body at the release of her engorged breasts. Nipples the size of teacups sprang free to tent the remainder of her shirt. Feeling the edges of her stomach pushing against her thighs, she was forced to spread her legs wider to accommodate its massive girth. She desperately wanted to touch herself but her arms stood no chance of reaching the promised land. Perhaps it was for the better, as Brooke feared a single touch of her clit might ignite the time bomb that was her rounding body.

GLLLLLOOOOOOOOOOOP!!!

"A-Ahh!! AHHH!!! I don't know how much more I can take!!!"

Fireworks began popping in the back of Brooke's head. The pleasure of Cally's essence filling her every curve was too much to process. Her arms trembled before collapsing under her sloshing, slime-filled weight.

BWOOOMSHH!

"MNNNGH!!!"

Orbs of flesh sloshed on top of Brooke. Holding the sides of her stomach to steady its rocking weight, she felt her belly button spring outward with pressure.

"Cally... Cally!! I'm gonna... I feel like I'm going to come!! I-I've NEVER felt anything like this!!"

She wasn't sure why she felt like warning the slime girl of her approaching orgasm. Being inside of her, she could feel each and every one of Cally's movements. Likewise, Cally felt as aroused as Brooke. Holding the slime within her body, Brooke could feel her vibrating and flowing with increasing vigor. Several pounds of sugary energy combined with heated human arousal were combining and about to come to a head.

Cally's entire form was nearly within Brooke. What remained sat between her thighs, continually pumping itself into her pussy.

"A-A little more!!!" Brooke begged. *"I'm so CLOSE!!!"*

The surface of her tits and stomach echoed when she thumped their outsides. A dull pink color stained the front of her shirt where her nipples puffed and trembled. Cally was apparently so stuffed, she was beginning to leak. Such enthralling sensations caused Brooke to whimper. The beach ball Jell-O mounds in her arms were alive with another being. They squished her cheeks and face together in their cleavage. Brooke felt levels of intimacy she'd never thought imaginable.

GLLLOOOOOORRRRRPP!!!!

"M-MMNGH!! CALLY!! I feel it!!! I-I feel...like I'm going to... God!!! I'M SO FULL!!! I-I'M INFLATED!!! I'M A BLOATED, SLIMY MESS!!!"

Cally burned hotter by the second. Feeling various masses punch against her skin, Brooke felt as though the slime girl were looking for an exit. It reminded her of some creature stuck underwater and searching for air. As the final bit of Cally slid into Brooke with a slippery squish, the girl reared her head and cried in pure ecstasy.

"Aahhhhh I'm stretchiiiiing!!!! MY BODY IS SO TIGHT!!!"

BWOOMPH!!!

Brooke's pussy puffed outward to thrice its size in a single plump motion. Taking the remaining slime that her belly could not handle, it jiggled and throbbed between Brooke's thighs like a dripping fruit of sex.

"I-I'm ready!!! I'M READY!!!" Brooke squirmed and squeezed her chest. Everything tingled and sang with pleasure. *"I feel like I'm about to BURST, Cally!!! I can't stretch anymore!!!"*

GLLOORRRRRP!!!!

"A-Aahhh!!! OOOHHHH GOD!!!"

Brooke's body started to tremble. Stuffed to the brim, her stomach loomed over her breasts like a titan of skin. Only able to see it while looking up through the cleavage of two watermelon udders, Brooke's eyes widened in climaxing pleasure. Her arms rushed to her sides and squeezed what she could of her bust and belly.

"I-I'm gonna...!! I'M ABOUT TO COME!!!"

Brooke's brow poured sweat as she readied a scream. Based on Cally's frantic, confused motions within her, Brooke felt the alien was experiencing something new as well. Neither could sustain this massively over-engorged state for another second.

GLLLLOOOOORRRRRRP!!!

SSSTTRRRRRRTCH!!!!

"AAHHH!!!!!! CAAAALLYYYYY!!!"

Cally expanded within her and push against every inch of her skin. Brooke arched her back and felt her body tense in orgasm.

"I'M COMING!!! I'M COMING!!!!!"

Her crotch swelled with heat and lust.

SPLOOOOSH!!!

Orgasmic juices sprayed from Brooke's pressurized form to coat her thighs. This was soon followed by heavy vibrations running through her being. She felt as though a thick mass of bubbly soda had just been shaken within her mammaries and belly.

GUUUURRRRRRGLE!!!

"Ahh!!! AAHHHHH OOOHHHH MY GOOOOOD!!!"

BLOOOOSH!!!!

A flood of slime erupted from Brooke's throbbing pussy. Like a dam breaking, her torso contracted to push Cally back into the open. She came out in waves, covering Brooke's legs and carpet with her essence.

"Too hot!! IT'S TOO HOT IN THERE, BROOKE!!!" a disembodied voice bubbled. *"I couldn't take it!! I-I can't control myself!"*

As her body returned to normal, Brooke sat up and felt sweat run down her face. Cally sat in a puddle spreading across her floor. Her form writhed and bubbled in a way visually similar to how Brooke's orgasm felt.

"I-I think... I think you just experienced my orgasm..."

At her side, Brooke noticed Cally's puddle inching toward a pile of spilt sugar. A quick swipe pushed the majority of the sugar away. Whatever the substance did to Cally, Brooke

needed a break. It turned the slime into a ravenous agent of sexual curiosity. It didn't seem as though Cally had any control over this aspect of her biology.

Cally tried to reform but couldn't stay in a solid shape. *"I can't...move!!"*

"That should wear off..." Brooke hoped. She could barely breathe as her own orgasm began to subside. Brooke inspected herself. It was hard to believe she'd just blown into some kind of human slime balloon. Residual arousal tugged at her core. Possibilities rushed through her head.

"We really did a number on my room, Cally," Brooke sighed. The floor was littered with objects from her shelves. She figured she must not have noticed Cally's tentacles flailing in her efforts to enter her body. "Wait here! I want to try that again with my old one-piece swimsuit! It shou--"

"B...Brooke..."

A weak voice came from the center of the Cally puddle. Looking over, Brooke saw a weak humanoid shape gathering together. It took far longer than usual for her to form, and upon completion, Cally lay on her side. Her rich pink hue was diminished to a dull rose.

"Cally??" Brooke asked with concern. *ET* was too fresh in her mind for her to ignore the obvious signs of a distressed alien lifeform. *"Cally, are you alright?? What's wrong?? Do you need sugar??"*

The slime's response came slow. "I think I pushed myself...too far... I've been away from the rest of my body for too long... I need to merge..."

Brooke stared, stunned at this information. "Rest of your body...? You mean there's *more* of you??"

She nodded and gooey pink hair fell into her face. "Cally is only a small piece of herself! I don't usually stay away this long... I only ventured out because I smelled Brooke's sugar..."

Gloorrrp

Cally nearly fell back into a puddle before she fought to control herself.

"Being separated for so long...and experiencing your release inside of you was too much... Cally needs to go back to the factory."

"Go back?? But we were just starting to have fun! I can get you more sugar! Will that help??"

Surprisingly, Cally shook her head. *"I don't need sugar right now..."*

After the slime sought sugar so feverishly, this rejection was all Brooke needed to hear for reality to set in. Watching Cally struggle to rise before giving out and falling back to the floor in a gooey splash, Brooke agreed with dismay, "Alright, let's get you back to the factory."

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

Dusk was enveloping Moon Falls, Colorado as Jason and Nancy walked down the street. Bags of supplies would soon be loaded into their car for the ongoing school fundraiser. Neither could say their minds were focused on the task at hand, however.

“I can’t stop thinking about Brooke,” Nancy admitted. “She’s been acting so weird since the factory.”

“Well she is taking care of a naked girl we found in the basement.”

“Why do you have to specify that she was naked? It’s creepy that you keep bringing it up.”

“Because I think it’s an important detail!”

“But we all *know* she was naked! We were *there!* You don’t have to keep reminding me.”

Jason shrugged. “I’m just saying it adds a certain level of mystery. *Why* was she naked? Why was Brooke so protective of her from the start? Why was she so willing to handle everything? Why was she buying so much damn sugar??”

“Why is she going the opposite direction of the fundraiser?”

“Exactly! Why is she--wait, what?”

Nancy pointed to Brooke’s car speeding down the road. Sitting next to her was a familiar pink-haired girl. From the looks of it, she was unconscious and leaning on Brooke. Stacks of sugar bought from the store filled the back of the car to cause visible compression of the back tires.

“Wait, that is Brooke!” Jason stared.

“Where is she going??”

They watched as her car turned a corner towards the highway.

“Isn’t that the way out of town? Like towards the old sugar factory?”

Nancy didn’t like the feeling in the pit of her stomach. “Something doesn’t feel right...”

“Should we follow her?”

“What about the fundraiser?”

Jason rushed toward his car and threw the bags into the back seat. “Screw the fundraiser! I want to know what’s going with the naked girl and the factory!”

“For the last time, it doesn’t matter that she was--ugh, never mind! Just catch up to her!” Giving in, Nancy joined Jason as his car came to life, soon speeding off to catch their friend.

At the factory, Brooke’s car squealed to a stop inside the decrepit building. She could feel another presence in the air upon stepping out of her car. It roused Cally as well, bringing a small bit of life back to the lethargic slime girl.

GLOORRRRP

GLOORRRRP

GLLLOORRRRP

The sounds of thick, viscous oozing came from every direction upon detecting Cally. In the dim light, Brooke could only make out shadows of shifting masses rising from various cracks, holes, and machines. They gathered in the center of the factory to form a giant mound of quivering pink ooze.

“It feels good to be home...” Cally whispered weakly, extending her arms out to the mass. She announced, “*I brought...sugar!*”

Tentacles stretched to meet her. Pink jiggling walls spread around the sides of the factory. Fearful of the hulking mound, Brooke released Cally and stepped back toward her car. A large tendril wrapped around Cally's midsection.

SSHHLMMPP!

"Ahh!"

She sighed in relief and released her human form. Splashing into a pink blob, Cally was quickly absorbed from Brooke's view. Within seconds it was as if she'd never existed. However, the creeping pink walls inching closer were very real. Fearing entrapment, Brooke ran for her car.

"Brooke! Wait!"

A voice called out through heavy drips and gurgles. Pausing and trying to calm her racing heart, Brooke turned around.

"It's me!"

A lumbering hulk of a girl sat in the factory. Made entirely of pink slime, her massive body dripped and flowed. Her head neared the ceiling despite her legs bending against the walls. Brooke had to crane her neck to meet Cally's eyes as they hung several stories above her. Though transparent, general features of her sex could be distinguished between her slimy flows.

"I told you, I'm part of a larger mass! But it's still Cally!" she giggled. Slime coated the walls and floor wherever she touched before inching back to its source.

Brooke was speechless. It was the exact same organism with whom she'd shared her bed and shower, only far bigger. She slowly came to realize Cally's slimy form had been distributed throughout the factory for decades, like a vast system of roots. She was surrounded by an ooze capable of hive mind interaction.

"C-Cally... I don't know... What to say..."

GLLOOORRRRRP

Cally's titanic form quivered. Shining eyes sparkled with delight. *"Can I have the rest of the sugar now?? It sounds delicious!!"*

Several tentacles sped through the air and broke through Brooke's car. Glass shattered and metal bent as they sought the sugary treasure weighing it down.

This brought fear to Brooke's chest. Over the past twenty-four hours, she'd seen how far a little sugar could go with Cally. It clouded her judgment and turned her into a curious force she couldn't control. Watching the tentacles retrieve several bags at a time was worrisome considering her newly developed craving for human sexual release.

"Cally, maybe you shouldn't have anymore! That's a lot of--"

CRASH!!

The sound of Brooke's car splitting open shot through the factory. A massive tendril engulfed the dozens of remaining sugar bags before dissolving their contents into its pink form and spitting out the bags.

GLLLOOOOORRRRRRP

"Mmmmm!!! It's SOOOO GOOD!!!" Cally squealed. *"I haven't had so much sugar in years!!"*

Her giant form quaked with rising energy. Cally stared at Brooke with the same curious eyes of lust she'd done so many times before. Only now, Brooke felt more like a toy.

"I'm feeling much better now, Brooke!" Cally giggled. Deep red tinged the gooey pink of her cheeks. Slime slithered across the floor to approach Brooke. *"Cally can go inside of you again if Brooke wants! Just like before!"* She shivered with ripples and bubbles. *"I want to feel myself melt again..."*

Brooke took a cautious step backward. Her car was in pieces. She would have to run back to town. *"That sounds nice, Cally, but maybe that's not such a good ide--Ahh!!!"*

Warm, slimy tendrils met with her skin. Looking down, Brooke saw several tentacles slithering up her pant legs. They reached her pelvis in seconds and wound their way into her underwear. Several others twisted around her abdomen before pulling her shirt askew and diving into her bra.

"C-Cally!! Stop!!!" Brooke insisted, swatting away the tentacles. There were too many and their sugar-fueled determination was too great.

"I want to explore you again! And make you big!! Don't you remember how good it felt??" Cally moaned. Her excitement ripped Brooke's clothes from her body and bound the girl where she stood. *"I couldn't help but MELT when you came!"*

"N-No! Cally, no!! I can't!! C-Cally!! Ahhh!!!" Brooke panicked when her feet left the ground. Covering in slimy masses poking and prodding her exposed body as Cally's giant figure loomed over her, Brooke remembered very well what happened when Cally entered her body in her room. She didn't dare imagine what was about to take place.

GLOOORRRRP!

SHHHLMMMP!!!

"A-Ahhh!!! MMNGH!!!"

Two tendrils latched onto Brooke's nipples. She could see pink ooze churning through them as they pushed against her breasts.

"Cally...! Cally, please! You're not thinking straight!!!"

"Let me thank you for the sugar, Brooke!"

A thick tendril wiggled against Brooke's crotch. As its intense warmth made her wet with anticipation, she felt it slide into her body. A whimper of helpless arousal passed through Brooke's lips as the pressure began. Resisting such a monumental source of pleasure was impossible.

Soon, car tires screeched to a stop outside the factory. Getting out, Jason and Nancy were greeted by a symphony of sexual cries flying from the pitch-black factory.

"Aaahhhhuugh!!! MMNNGH!!!! C-CALLYYYYY!!!"

Looking at each other, they knew they had to hurry.

"Get the flashlights!" Nancy demanded.

Together they rushed into the ruins. Unseen in the darkness was the source of the moans.

"Brooke...?" Nancy called out.

"MMNNGH!!!"

GLLLOOORRRRRRRRP

Jason jumped at what sounded like a wet rag sliding across the floor and whipped his flashlight in several directions. *“What the hell was that?!”*

“I don’t know! We have to find her! Brooke! Where are you?!”

“M-MMNGH!!!! Aaahhhhhh I can’t take much moooore!!! MY TITS!!!!”

“Did she just say...her tits?” Jason whispered as they reached the center of the factory. Nancy didn’t respond. Instead, she stood in place staring upward. “J-Jason... Jason, look.”

Following her gaze, Jason turned his flashlight toward the ceiling.

“What the hell is that...?”

Together their beams illuminated the giant figure of a pink, dripping girl squeezing herself into the factory. Slime dripped from the walls and floor where her hands and legs squirmed for grip. Mouth open, she appeared to be gasping in strange, unknown pleasure. In front of her hung a bubbling mass of webbed tentacles. They suspended a naked Brooke in the air like an ornament. Her thighs quivered around a thick pink mass entering her groin. Jiggling in front of her were her breasts. They rested upon strands of goo like a spiderweb with heavy skin bulging for space. Pulsating tendrils latched onto Brooke’s massive nipples to simultaneously pump and stimulate. With each breast over five feet across, they dominated her body. Brooke’s gasping, pleased visage could be seen crying out from between their jiggling hulks.



“Cally!! Cally I’m getting too big!!! I-I can’t...mmmmmm!!! Oh God this feels good!!!!”

The titanic slime girl swooned as if in a trance. Her body churned with foreign, uncontrollable mounting pleasure. *“A-Ahhh!! Brooke!!!”*

“Brooke, what the fuck is going on?!” Nancy screamed from below.

Jason stared up at the wholly exposed view of his friend. Nothing was left to the imagination from where they stood. *“Brooke!! Can you hear us?!”*

Not caring for a second about her lack of modesty, Brooke clenched her hands against the roiled pleasure within her body. A massive release was building with enough power to make the orgasm in her room look pitiful. If things took a similar turn, Cally would face a similar fate as well.

“S-She’s lost control!!” Brooke screamed from between her engorging breasts. Slime bubbled in her ears and dripped onto her face. *“Too much sugar!! I don’t think she’s thinking straight!!”*

SSSTTRRRRRRTCH!!!

“MMMMNGH!!! BROOOOOKE!! Y-You’re getting too hot again!!!”

Her friends backed up when Brooke’s chest swelled far larger. Engulfing her body, they hung overhead like bombs.

“Did her boobs just get bigger?!” Nancy gaped.

“M-Mmmngh!!! Aauugh!! CALLY, YOU HAVVE TO STOP!!!” Brooke clenched her legs to halt an orgasm. The moment she fell over her internal cliff was the moment Cally would lose control. *“N-Nancy!!”* Brooke screamed over the sound of gushing slime. *“You need to get out of here!!! You don’t want to be here when I come!!!”*

Nancy stared in confusion. *“But you’re fine with Jason being here?!”*

“You don’t understand!!! When I come, Cally is going to--MMNGH!!!”

SSSTTRRRRRRTCH!!!!

GLOOORRRRRP!!!

Cally’s body squirmed. One of her hands slipped from its hold to crash down as she began losing the ability to control herself against Brooke’s ecstasy. *“So hot... S-So hot!!!”*

“Nancy you need to run!! You don’t want to be here when she--”

GUUUURRRRRGLE

Brooke’s friends backed away once more. Though strangers to the otherworldly situation, they knew the heavy bubbling within the slime girl’s body couldn’t be good. Her form rippled and heaved as if readying an explosion. Heat poured from her in decimating waves of sex. Overhead, they could hear Brooke groaning from between her breasts. They bloated full and round, dripping slime to match the gushing pressure within her pussy.

“Aaahhhhhh I can’t hold it back much longer!!!” Brooke warned. *“I-I’m going to come!! I’M GONNA COME!!!”*

“What did she just say??” Jason asked in disbelief.

“Brooke, we can’t leave you like this!! You look like you’re about to--”

“Aaahhhhhh!!!! Oh my God!!! OH MY GOD!!! MY TITS!!! I-I CAN’T HOLD IT!!!”

The looming slime girl gasped and vibrated. *“Cally is too hot!!!!!!”*

SWWEEEEELLLLLL!!!

Brooke cried out as her breasts expanded to twice their size and nearly met with the floor below. Thousands of gallons of slime pushed from within to bring her to the brink of extreme, mind-shattering pleasure. *“I’M GOING TO... I’M GONNA COME!!! I’M GONNA COOOOOOOME!!!!”*

RRRMMMBLLLLL

“MMMNGH!!!!”

Cally’s tentacles bulged and expanded with pressure. The heat of her body spiked, bringing her form into a thin, watery state.

“AHUUUGH!!!! NANCY!! YOU NEED TO RUN!!! GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE--”
SPLOOOOSH!!!!

Light and sound ignited within Brooke’s mind as she endured the most thigh-clenching orgasm of her life. Pressure and slime pushed her body to the brink until her sensitivity skyrocketed into unheard of realms. Unable to hold back her release any longer, Brooke came and felt Cally’s essence react within and around her.

“Too hot!! CALLY IS TOO HOT!!! Brooke, I’m melting!!! It feels so good to MELT!!” Cally yelled from above. The factory shook and crumbled against her unique orgasm. Screaming to the night sky, she felt herself overheat and arched her back. *“Cally feels like she’s going to--”*

SHHPLLOOOOSH!!!

A storm of pink slime erupted within the factory. Not an inch was left dry, including the bystanders watching Brooke’s situation from below. Melting into a wave of goo, Cally’s form carried Brooke to the floor where she lay on her back as her breasts receded. A torrent of slime escaped from her pussy to join the mess.

Jason was the first to act. Running to Brooke, he took her slick body in her arms. Nancy stood over them, looking on in fear.

“Brooke?? Brooke!! Are you alright?!” Jason yelled.

“N-Nngh...” Her eyes slowly opened. Her body sang with energy. Her breasts felt like they’d just returned from being blown into heaving blimps. *“Guys...?”*

“We’re here, Brooke,” Nancy assured. *“You’re safe now.”*

Seeing Nancy covered head to toe in Cally’s slime, Brooke quickly sobered from her release. *“Oh no...”* Brooke whispered before trying to sit up. *“Nancy!! You need to--”*

“Whoa! Easy!” Jason kept Brooke from lunging upward in a panic. *“You need to relax! Let me get the blanket from my car and we’ll take you to the--”*

GLLOORRRRRP

The three friends looked around in horror when the walls and floor started to move. Every drop of slime came to life, allowing gravity to pull their melted forms to the floor toward various drains. Pink ooze cleaned itself from the walls in waves to flow into the pipes at an unnatural rate.

Brooke’s eyes were wide with fear. *“C-Cally, no... You need to stay here!”* she pleaded.

“We should get out of here,” Nancy declared, wiping her face dry. *“Someone might have--MMNGH!!!”*

A sharp cry of shock and pleasure cut her off mid-sentence. Falling to her knees, Jason and Brooke watched as Nancy's hands flew to cup her crotch and clutch her breasts. They could see the slime on her body gathering under her clothes.

"B-B-Brooke!! What is this stuff?!" Nancy's eyes fluttered as she fought the strange sensation. *"It feels like it's...like it's going into my--A-Ahh!!!"*

GLORRRPPP

Nancy shivered and tensed her body against a growing pressure. Her hand pressed into her navel at a writhing mass. Already her ample bust was growing larger.

PING!!!

Horror came over Nancy's face when the front button of her jeans exploded off. Her navel bulged outward against her tightening panties.

"W-What's...What's happening to me?! Brooke!! WHAT THE HELL IS THIS STUFF?! Nnngh!! God my boobs feel...so swollen!! Is my stomach getting bigger?! B-Brooke!! Answer me!!!"

GLLORRRRRP

The last of Cally's essence vanished with a gurgle, leaving the trio alone. Jason and Brooke gulped as Nancy's curves began growing faster and she fell back onto the floor, clutching her expanding curves. Her bra wouldn't last much longer, nor would her modesty as Cally worked her magic.

"G-Guys!! Help!! I-It's not stopping!!!"

"D-Did that thing just escape into the drain...?" Jason asked, not wanting to know the answer as Nancy's bust rose into her exasperated face.

Guilty of releasing Cally, Brooke answered with a worrisome follow-up question. "You mean into the town's water supply...?"