

"ur killing me here"

"i cant believe u sent me a pic like thatt while Im working"

"u better cool it ur driving me crazy here"

"if u dont stop u will reget it, i mean it"

"Im serious toby ur making me so HUNGRY"

"girl if u keep this up i wont be held responsible"

Toby pocketed her PAD, snickering wickedly to herself as she walked around the ship's kitchen. Pages and pages of messages like these, each subsequent entry getting increasingly more desperate. She knew it was a bad idea to tease Harvey so relentlessly (boy, could that man sulk), but as far as she was concerned he was getting off easy--if that brute thought he could ruin her date with Duke and get off scot-free, he had another thing coming.

"What is this? Day 4?" Toby mused to herself, immediately pulling her PAD back out and going back through the messages screen. She scrolled up to the first of many volleys fired, a pic of herself sprawled out naked amongst a tray of assorted fruits, with the sentence *"Take a good look at what you're missing out on."*

"Oooh, day 5. Better than I thought. I think I'll jerk him around for another couple of days, and then maybe, *maybe* I'll--"

Ding!

Toby's head tilted down towards her screen before her brain even registered that she got a new message--surprise surprise, it was from Harvey. She rolled her eyes and then scanned the screen. All it said was "i warned u"

"Harvey Harvey Harvey," Toby giggled, shaking her head as she repocketed the PAD, "You're so easy. All I need to do is send you a pic of me lounging on the couch and in five minutes--"

Toby did not get to finish, because a loud boom erupted from the other end of the ship, causing the entire craft to shake. The woman just barely managed to grab the countertop before falling to the floor, but that didn't stop her from falling into the open fridge.

"What the hell was that? Are we under attack? Computer, are we under attack?!" Toby's panicked voice echoed out from the fridge as various cartons and containers continued to fall under her scrambling self.

"No," the ship answered simply, to the point of sounding cheeky.

"We're not?" Toby's head popped out, and after a bit more shifting the rest of her followed suit.

"Are there any system failures?"

"No."

"Seriously?" Now that she was calming down, Toby realized she was covered in Kalka Cream, hence the newly emerging frown. It disappeared when another loud boom rocked the ship, however.

"No attacks, no failures, really computer?!"

"No."

"...Is there any damage to the ship whatsoever?"

"No."

"What the heck?" Toby was already at the sink, trying to wash the sweet-smelling cream off of her body. Racking her brain for a moment, she tilted her head up and asked:

"Computer, who's on the ship right now?"

"Toby and Captain Harvey are the two life forms on this ship."

Toby did her best to swallow her annoyance over Harvey changing his ship title against her wishes, *again*, and instead focus on the much better reason to be upset: that big oaf was tearing up their ship!

"Harvey," Toby shouted into the room, knowing the computer would pick up and transmit every angry syllable, "Are you drunk or something? If you've broken anything important I'm gonna destabilize you!"

She stood there angrily tapping her foot, expecting a reply. What kind, she wasn't sure; maybe it would be something intoxicated, or perhaps mopey (surely this was the Harvey sulk right on schedule)? She didn't really care, truth be told; no matter what she was about to hear, she was sure it was going to be disappointing. What she got instead was something perplexing... silence.

"Helloooooooo, Harvey? Are you not even going to own up to the mess you're making? Harvey? ...Harvey?" Her anger was already losing its edge, dulled by silence that continued to radiate from the ship's speakers. Harvey didn't have a single snarky comment or whiny appeal at the ready? She opened her mouth again, but failed to speak when she realized that there was a noise coming out of the speakers: heavy, hot breathing.

"Harvey?" All traces of indignation were gone, replaced by an apprehensive tone and a subtle biting of her lower lip. The countertop squeaked under her grip as the breathing on the speakers got louder.

"Toooby..." The voice she heard was barely more than a feral growl, but it was unmistakably him, unmistakably Harvey.

"Toooooooby..."

"H-Harvey, w-w-what's up?" Frozen against the countertop, Toby could only gulp; the breathing was so loud it sounded as if he was right on top of her. There was a scent in the air as well, one that tickled a primordial part of her brain and made her knees shake. What to compare it to she couldn't say, but it felt like warmth spreading to every extremity, embarrassingly enjoyable despite the circumstances. How long she stood there listening to each heaving breath, who could say--it felt like minutes, maybe hours, before a tremendous slam against the kitchen door made her jump.

"Computer, lock doors!"

There was a single slam against the kitchen doors, but they held fast. Unfortunately, Toby had only enough time for a single sigh of relief, because in seconds purple goo was squelching through the crack in the middle of the doors. As soon as enough of him made it through, the goo instantly solidified into several titanic fingers, and the doors buckled under the strength of his terrible grip. For several seconds they tried to resist, whining in pain as the hands pried them apart, until they could fight no more and popped open; the sudden rush of hot air from the adjacent room slammed into her with all the force of a tidal wave. His smell, or maybe it was more accurate to call it his *desire*, was so strong that despite herself her cheeks were red as tomatoes. The pleasant warmth pervading her body intensified, even as fear did the same. Harvey's mouth, now bigger than her entire body, pushed past the broken doors.

"Toooooooooooby..."

"H-Harvey?"

"I'm ssssooooo... **Hungry.**"

His teeth snapped and his tongue shot out several meters longer than usual, slamming into Toby's front and covering her in spit, sandwiching her against the countertop. This was enough to finally break her out of her trance, her scream echoing across the confines of the ship.

"Harvey, control yourself!"

"Rrrrrrrffff... **No.**"

His tongue pulled away, but only because his hand somehow managed to squeeze past the gigantic mouth filling the entirety of the door frame and shot towards her like a rocket. She barely managed to fall to the floor in time, scrambling behind the kitchen island as fast as her fearful limbs could carry, while the room rapidly filled with more and more of the unstoppable predator. Mouths, hands, tentacles, and plenty of other appendages without proper names filled the room like liquid, grasping and chomping madly for a taste. Every door was impassible in nothing more than a few seconds, and voracious growls vibrated through the floor, the ceiling, her hands, her head, everything. It seemed like he didn't know where she was hiding just yet, but she knew she didn't have long.

"Just a tassste Toooooooby..." A mouth dripped off the nearby countertop onto the floor beside her, and the woman had to stifle a scream. It made no difference, though; an eyelid opened in the pile of purple, and the crazed, strobing eye within instantly found her.

"Look good enough to eeeeat..." the mouth on the floor said, licking his lips lasciviously. Toby gulped as loudly as she would have gasped, and jumped to her feet.

The door was covered. Windows, also covered. Nowhere to hide either, not that it'd do much good. In a matter of seconds Harvey wasn't going to fill the room, he was going to *be* the room. A flash of inspiration came at exactly the right time, and the tails that purred at her ankles missed her by a millimeter at most--she curled up and sprung directly at the vent above the oven, sliming her way through the thin grating and out of the danger zone. She was back to solid in a second, and did not bother to look behind her; Harvey's dissatisfied roar was already echoing down the ventilation shafts. She crawled as fast as she could.

"So he's obviously so worked up he'll blow in the next few minutes whether I'm here or not," Toby mumbled breathlessly to herself, "So all I need to do is get to the pods, and..."

She stopped, realizing she could hear herself perfectly, and that the din that filled this space a second ago was already over. Even more alarming was that despite being surrounded by ventilation shafts jutting in every direction, not a peep was coming from any of them. There was only silence, save for her panting. Silence, save for the pounding in her ears as her eyes scanned the darkness. Silence, save for the low creaking sound that seemed to come from every direction at once. Silence, until Harvey finally made his move, so fast it didn't matter how loud he was; the many wyrm-like heads he now sported all converged on her position at once, mouths agape and tongues lashing wildly.

"You look good enough to eat babe..." A scaly head with eyes like a cat cackled as it licked up her leg. She kicked him away, only to have another head chomp onto that very same foot, while a third pushed up under her arm, nibbling at her chin.

"Give the captain some sugar~"

"No!"

She shoved the sleazy head away, but before another could take its place, she saw it: the one shaft free of this scaled menace. Putting all she could into her next shove, she slammed the Harvey head obstructing her path into another and dove down the shaft, only seconds before her entire upper half ended up in another Harvey mouth.

"Toooby," one of the heads moaned in anguish, a second piping up immediately after, "Jussst a taste!"

"Harvey, calm yourself!" Toby screeched, scrambling down the shaft.

"But I want you sssooooo bad," the head with the pointiest snout whined, but mostly spat, as it followed her down the tube. She didn't dare slow down to see how close he was, but she could feel him breathing down her soles, nipping at her ass, snorting across her back, he was almost on top of her, he was so much faster in here! She could feel his jaws opening wide, and she closed her eyes, whimpering as her shoulders tensed...

"I need you, you drive me crazy!" A second head suddenly shoved out from behind the first, snapping wildly at Toby's feet and missing, while also causing the first to become wedged against the wall beside him. Toby, daring a look, could not help but smile at the screeching, but more importantly, *stuck*, jaws.

"I told you to control yourself Harvey," Toby said as smugly as she could, despite her entire body shaking, "I'll see you when you've gotten a hold of yourself!"

She turned around and started crawling back down the shaft, expecting Harvey's heads to continue their cursing and cajoling--instead, there was silence once more, save for the sound of her hands and knees on the metal tubing. Toby, as incorrigible as she was curious, turned her head back to see the reason for the sudden calm.

Neither wrymy Harvey was struggling anymore... Or doing anything else for that matter. All they did was breathe; slow, deep breaths, nostrils flaring wide with each exhalation. Realizing that this was probably another trap, Toby started crawling back down the vent as quickly as she could, but of course by then it was too late. She didn't see the cloud of smoke that billowed from Harvey's many nostrils until it overtook her, and the entire ventilation shaft filled in seconds.

"Harvey, what," Toby sputtered, coughing through the shimmering fog as she continued to crawl, "What is... are you..."

It was the same smell that she smelt before, with the notable distinction of being much, much more concentrated. What that meant she couldn't describe with words, but she could definitely feel it--an animalistic tang, steeped in such *desire*. It felt like it was pushing against every movement of every muscle like a heavy blanket, or warm belly. It was exhausting, and Toby's body began to slow down. Her limbs felt so thick, she could barely move them; her body got so warm, almost too warm, but not quite; little chills of pleasure that started between her legs ran their way up her spine, and it made her limbs shake. The slight seed of arousal that she had been suppressing with fear suddenly blossomed, and the temptation it brought was overpowering.

"Toooby, let me taste you girl," Harvey hissed behind her, his voice low, slow. Somehow, she could feel the vibrations that flicked off the tip of his tongue--they slid across her body like so many possessive hands, grabbing and squeezing and rubbing all over. The smoke from his snout felt like it was doing the same, but in her brain. It was rubbing all the fear away, and the thoughts of self-preservation that prompted it were smoothed away as well. Every

sensation, no matter how fleeting or imagined, was turned up to eleven, and it was making it so hard to continue crawling away (though crawl she did, slowly). His hunger beat in her head like a drum, drowning out the final cries of the terrified voice in her head urging her to go on.

"Toby, I jussst want a lick, a love bite." The voice was so much closer, or maybe she was just imagining he was, or maybe it was already around her, maybe it was covering her body completely in words that taste like honey in her ears. A brief moment of lucidity gripped her as she lost her balance, the consequence of a hand instinctively going between her legs mid-crawl. Even so, it only took a few seconds before her eyelids began to droop once more.

"Maybe I could, just for a second, and he'd, you know," Toby mumbled foolishly, the blush on her face getting stronger. A wobbly-mouthed smile crawled across her face, completely inappropriate for the danger she was in. Everything just felt so warm, so good. Every centimeter of her body tingled with the pleasure that currently gripped it, and anticipation of the pleasure to come. Her last intelligent thoughts were choked by the pheromone cloud that wrapped around every centimeter of her body, making it softer; it cupped her chin like a playful, pleading tail, and it slid between her legs just as slowly as she liked it. She was so turned on too, she had been for awhile, yes, she finally realized that. How could she run from such a hot beast so hungry for her? Her wobbly crawling slowed to a halt, and she turned around, her gaze swimming amongst Harvey's sultry smoke. A pair of glowing yellow eyes greeted her through the fog, and a slaverling, pointy-toothed snout followed.

"Mmmm, I knew you'd see it my way," Harvey hissed, another wave of pheromones from his snout breaking over Toby's melting form, "No one wanted you as bad as I do girl..." His huge forked tongue slid out with as much serpentine grace as he, and slid right under Toby scooping her up. His hot breath continuously poured over her, and it felt like she was a treat melting under the gaze of a horny sun--with each passing second more and more of her once-solid shape melted and mixed with his own, and it felt so good.

"No one appreciatesss your flavor like I do..."

Her lower half was in his mouth, not that she remembered when it got there. As his large tongue held her, many more slobbering muscles lapped between her toes, along her ankles, up her thighs, and between her legs. Every touch was electric, and if so much of her strength hadn't already been sucked away by Harvey she'd be squealing and squirming from the stimulation. Said stimulation vibrated every cell with intoxicating heat, and each throb of Harvey's body loosened the solidity of her own even more--it would not be long before there was no "Toby" to fight back, let alone have such a thought in the first place. The last brain cell capable of seeing her danger through the fog tried to shock her into alertness, but her jumbled up nerves misinterpreted the signal, and she moaned weakly from the premature orgasm that shook her body. Unsatisfying, but there was more to come.

"Mmmmm, yeah Toby, jusst like that. Aaaaaall miiiiiiiine." Soon her stomach was in his mouth, her hands and arms and chest too. So fast, but she was glad. Her sleepy head was impatient; impatient to be truly immersed in this ego-destroying pleasure, and never wake up from it. She'd be pushing herself down his throat if she could, but instead she just smiled and tried wiggling the fingers she still thought she had. Before long she couldn't keep her eyes open anymore, but it didn't much matter; all there was to see at this point was Harvey's open mouth anyway. The huge mouth closed, and there was nothing but darkness. Darkness she was slipping deeper and deeper and deeper into, darkness where no light could ever reach. She

could feel it closing around her, it felt so right, felt so delicious, she couldn't wait, she needed it now, she-

"And his booty goes BUMP and my pulse goes UP cuz I feel so hot when I see that DUMP."

Toby's eyes (or what was left of them) popped open, and the space around her began to stir. In the darkness, there was light--light from her PAD, which apparently had gotten swept up in Harvey's mass, and was now receiving a call from Duke. His adorable dork face stared back at her, urging her to wake up, to go on, to save herself, and though the fog tried to cling to her brain as hard as it could, consciousness returned in a flash.

"Harrrrveeeeey!" she slurred through half-formed lips, the one appendage she had left sharpening into a spike. With all the strength she had left she pierced the PAD, and the moment she did, the world around her began to writhe. The electricity from the PAD, to say nothing of its many unsafe chemicals, dissipated into the space that surrounded her, and in no time all she could hear was Harvey bellowing in rage. There was contracting, shifting, shoving, pushing, expelling, and suddenly she and the shattered remains of the PAD were thrown back into the ventilation shaft. There was no time to shake off the fatigue from Harvey's hypnosis, or take stock of the situation; she crawled away in the one direction that the beast was not, leaving the buckling metal tube and the monster that tantrumed inside of it behind. The second she saw light through the grating she melted through, and hit the floor with an unceremonious splash.

"Where-" she whispered as she reformed, head whipping around as soon as she had a neck, "Ah!" Through an unbelievable stroke of luck, she ended up in the hallway right before the room with the escape pods--there it was, in fact, not even thirty meters away. She wasted no time, and began to sprint as fast as her legs could carry her towards the doors. At the halfway point, the ship shook under her feet.

"Toby!" Harvey's scream made every surface vibrate, and Toby stumbled. Metal paneling behind her screeched as Harvey's bulk burst into the hallway, a pile of grasping claws and bared fangs shooting in her direction. She didn't even look, she just heard the telltale sound of Harvey's viscous form and ran, avoiding the first tentacle by only a hair's breadth.

"You're not getting away!" The beast of a man howled in fury, and while the Toby of ten minutes ago might not have resisted the impulse to turn back and yell "Yes I am!" the Toby of now simply ran. She ran and ran until the doors were only a few steps away, and when she did finally speak, her voice was a breathless screech.

"Computer open doors!"

The doors flew open, the pods almost within reach. As soon as she was close enough, she dove, and before she was past the threshold she screamed again.

"Computer close doors!"

If she was even a second slower she'd have one less foot's worth of mass, but she made it through just in time, tumbling into the pod bay. She didn't get to her feet, but instead lunged towards the nearest available pod, and slammed the hatch. She reached the eject button right as Harvey ripped open the doors to the pod bay, and her last sight from the ship was a wall of Harveys, grasping, pleading, clawing in her direction. The thrusters put hundreds of meters between her and the ship in a matter of seconds, but she could still swear she heard his faint cry of frustration.

"Holy... shit!" She collapsed into one of the pod's two seats, her whole body shaking. Each breath was a sputter, and in that moment it felt like she might never calm down.

"Fuck Harvey... fuck," she shook her head, and let out another tremendous breath as she tried to lower her shoulders, "You've been bad before, but never this bad."

"What was I supposed to do," said a soft, sulky voice, "You never teased me that bad either." Toby's eyelids popped open, and she had to stifle a scream. There he was, right across from her in the other seat: Harvey, looking smug and licking his lips.

"H-how, how did you-" Toby sputtered, but Harvey was already out of his seat, his finger to her lips.

"You were carrying plenty of me on you after I spit you out, didn't you notice? You were a lot bigger than normal. Good look for you, by the way." She couldn't believe it, but then again the last few minutes were nothing but a blur, and here he was, so-

"Wait a minute," Toby said as the gears in her head began to turn, "If there was that little of you on me, then you can't actually be that big." She reached up and jabbed his gut with her finger, and as expected, it yielded as easily as a balloon. As amusement began to shine in Toby's eyes, something similar to embarrassment clouded Harvey's.

"You couldn't eat me right now if you wanted to!"

"Well, no, I can't eat you up like I wanted," he grunted, crossing his arms and looking away, "And I'm still starving."

"Well get used to it big boy, because there's nothing you can do about it," Toby laughed.

"No, there's one thing I can do about it."

Toby's giggling came to a sudden halt, and she sat up in her chair.

"Oh yeah? What?"

"This," Harvey said with a smirk, undoing his "pants." What flopped out was the biggest, hardest, throbbingest dick Toby had ever seen in her life. It didn't yield to her touch like the rest of Harvey did, meaning this is obviously where he was putting most of his mass. As her hands dragged over it, memories of heat, of mind-blanking pleasure, and of that unsatisfying cum from earlier filled her head. The window on the inside of the cabin began to obscure from steam.

"Pleeeeeease, Toby? Just a taste?"

"Mmmmmf," was all she said, as her cheeks got red hot.

"Pleeeeeease," he moaned even more pathetically, dragging his huge dong across her lap. There was a pounding in her ears, and it was making her hips sway; sway to the music only they could hear, as the air in the pod became choked with a thickening fog. A big drop of pre dabbled on her lips, and the space between her legs flushed as much as her face.

"I'll do aaaaanyth-Ahh, oh damn, oh fuck, that's good... Oh Toby, what're you-no Toby, no, please-!"

"No response from the ship, or from Toby," Duke said, idly hitting the power button on his PAD and watching the screen flicker on and off, "What's going on up there?"

The man finished his coffee, and turned his PAD on for real this time. With no new messages popping up in the 2 seconds the screen was off, he decided to distract himself with the news. Nothing too interesting today... New trade agreement reached by Barzath and the

Ring Collective, drought on Nilosit was likely to affect supplies of Kalka Cream for the next couple of months...

"Oh, woah, what?"

A special report popped up on screen--apparently an escape pod crashed outside the city, the very city he was in, no more than an hour ago. Stranger still, the pod was completely empty by the time anyone got to it, save for a strange translucent goo that seemed to cover everything.

"Local authorities are urging anyone who may have information about the pod to come forward, to make sure no one has been hurt... Hmmm," Duke scratched his chin, his eyes narrowing as he continued to stare at the screen, "It couldn't be... Oh!"

Duke's PAD began to shake, the screen reading "UNKNOWN CALLER." Raising his brow, he lifted it to his ear.

"Duke?"

"Toby! There you are! Or, wherever you are, I mean."

"Uh, yeah. Semi-related: could you come pick me up?"

"Oh, uh, sure," Duke said enthusiastically, despite his confusion, "By the way, is Harvey there with you? He said he needed to talk to you." Silence for a few seconds. When she spoke again, Duke could swear he heard a smile.

"No, it's just me."