

Glowing Space Drink

By Victor Waite

19-05-26

A Patreon Vignette for Lore

Fendyn belongs to Lore

*Fendyn arrives on an apparently abandoned transport vessel and starts doing what he does best. While searching for cargo worth gathering, he stumbles across a container of strange, glowing drinks. Can he resist sampling his find?
Probably not~*

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and contains a Male Dragonfly, Sci-fi Antics, Strange Drinks, Hyper Ass Cock Balls and Breast Growth, Wardrobe Malfunctions, Lactation, Autofellatio, Immobility, Implied Sustained Growth

Sparks leapt from the shorting control panel, lancing the darkened cargo hold with bright flashes of light. Faint thumps from beyond a metal door offered a persistent bass line to the light-show, carrying the rhythm of Fendyn's frustration. The muffled beat stopped after a few fist-destroying minutes, only to be followed by the shrill tears of a blaster. Electric bolts leapt from the door's controls with each round, coaxing out puffs of smoke until the mechanism sputtered out. A light tone sounded with the lock's failure, and the airlock snapped open. The four-armed dragonfly stepped through the gate with a confident stride, twirling his ray around a finger before holstering it with a flourish. A smirk crossed his face as he stepped into expansive warehouse, though it faded when no signs of light greeted him. His pace slowed with distraction as he typed out a command on his wrist computer, summoning a map of the ship. A blip appeared where he stood, though several scan lines revealed no others. Either the crew was beyond the reach of his sensors, or he was alone on the expansive transport vessel. With a shrug, he continued onward and into the maze of boxes and containers. In either case, he was free to peruse and scavenge as he pleased.

Confident in his solitude, Fendyn tapped a panel on his form-fitting suit, revealed a set of speakers, and filled the room with music as he stepped into the labyrinth. His hips carried the beat while he scanned labels and shipping chips, browsing through vast quantities of goods at a glance. Most were simply not worth taking, too common for the effort of carrying them back, though a few cases of uncommon metals caught his attention. The dragonfly dialed his blaster to its lowest setting and shot the containers of interest, denoting them with a light scorch mark for his return trip. Pulses of light cut through the shadows with each discovery, migrating through the room until he found something particularly curious. A simple wooden crate hid among the space-age composite cubes, faintly pulsing with a neon glow. An entice scent seeped into his helmet and swirled around his head as he squatted to investigate, and it easily convinced him to pull it free. The weight of the crate surprised him and nearly tore it from his grip, but he recovered and spared himself an embarrassing fumble. The dragonfly's sense of mystery deepened as he looked over the collection of glass containers, brimming with something reminiscent of radioactive kool-aid. He lifted one away and brought it to eye-level. The jar easily filled both his hands and demanded his dexterity as he spun it about, and despite its volume, he found a slot for a spout in its lid. The drink's sweet scent hit him again when he retracted his visor, making it all the bio-luminescent beverage all the more alluring. Fendyn tore the straw from its side and slammed it through the lid, then quenched his curious thirst.

The dragonfly's cheeks caved in with the force of his slurp and filled with the neon fluid. His mouth took on its glow as it tingled his taste buds with a tantalizing tang, striking him with an unexpected blow of flavors. He found the combination to his liking however, and it spurred him to chug it as fast as he could. His gulps and swallows bounced between the shelves as he emptied the jar, and his belly lit with its contents. Fendyn's luminescence escaped his attention until a distant tingling suffused his form, building in his core and radiating through the rest of him. Faint, exploratory pulses shot into his limbs, but quickly faded as they diverted and converged on his rear. The dragonfly had just enough time to look over his shoulder and watch his ass expand, straining his suit until it soon ripped.

Purple fabric fluttered to the floor as cool air met his exposed cheeks, bringing a faint blush to his face and masking the sensations of sustained growth. His balance wavered with his shifting center of mass when he spun around, attempting to get a better view of his swelling asset, though only managed to hip-check the shelf. Boxes rattled and bottles clattered with the impact, and the rebounding wall of miscellany caught him off guard and knocked him to the floor. His ass bore the brunt of his landing, and his reflexes spared him from an avalanche of cargo, though a new source of sensations stole his attention away from the moment.

A pressure in the front of his suit sparked his lust and grabbed his focus, and a hefty set of cock and balls spilled from his ripping suit. The dragonfly's colossal sac thumped the ground and spread under its own weight, sending a shiver up his spine as he soaked in the chill of the floor. His breath caught in his throat as his cock inched over the curve of his sac and brushed the metal tiles as well, jolting him with an arousal that snowballed with the bliss of growth. Slow, lazy pulses rippled down his length as his lust stirred, feeding of the tingles of growth percolating through his core. Thoughts of scavenging and salvaging faded from his thoughts as his spire stiffened and flopped up to his chest, plopping between his pecs and gliding over the remnants of his suit. A burst of pre spattered against his chin with the impact, and a throb of lust coaxed out several more volleys. A groan resonated in his chest when he wrapped his hands around his needy length, eliminating any intent of ignoring his need or moving on. The shelves rattled with his desire as he leaned back and embraced his lust, too lost in fantasies to realize his continuing growth. Fendyn's spurting cock pushed away from his chest as a pair of mounds swelled forth, reducing the last of his suit to little more than tatters. The dragonfly squirmed and groaned under the rapturous assault on his senses, digging his nails through the space-age scraps to free himself faster. Fendyn's bust wobbled completely free with a burst of milk, then flopped down and around his shaft. The instinct to tit-fuck himself came naturally, as did the desire to wrap his lips around his tip once it throbbed into reach.

The dragonfly fell into a haze of carnal bliss, a cycle of indulgent pleasure that readily fed into itself. His milk and cum took on a faint familiar glow with each each orgasm, intensifying until it matched the fluid in the remaining jars. Fendyn's fluids further converged with the drink as it produced similar effects, endowing and re-endowing his figure with every greedy gulp. His ass grew into a comfortable seat as his balls spread his thighs, which doubled as a convenient shelf for his colossal breasts. His cock grew as well, widening to accommodate his virility and lengthening to the back of his mouth, where it pumped his productivity almost directly into his belly.

A small light on his suit flashed as his enhanced and altered figure tripped his preservation sensor, and a rescue request echoed deep into the void of space. Someone would check on him eventually, but maybe not before he filled the cargo hold.