

Stellar Encounter



A Novella
for Adult Readers

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Word Count: 9200

21-11-12

A Commission for GlimmerShine

Ryze and Cath Belongs to GlimmerShine

A spectacular meteor shower turns into something more when one makes it to the ground. Ryze can't help but investigate, and what he discovers changes both his and his friend's life in drastic and blissful ways.

Content Warning: This story is intended for **Adult** readers and the following tags apply: Male, Snake, Intersex, Raven, Modern, Exhibitionism, Insects, Living Hive, Cock Insertion, Cock Growth, Ball Growth, Hyper, Growth, Hyper Cock, Hyper Balls, Wardrobe Malfunction, Pheromones, Oviposition, Nipple Penetration, Oral Sex, Breast Growth

The Meteor Swarm

The grass crunched beneath Ryze as he shifted his weight, relaxing and reclining against the hillside. Cool autumn air brushed passed his scaled hide on a lazy breeze, infusing the cobra with a slight chill. That nudge of cold dissipated as soon as the air stilled however, and his full attention returned to the sky above. Far from the city's center, nearly into the countryside, a few determined stars fought against ambient light to shine high above. A halo of light from over the horizon overpowered their more delicate counterparts, but the most well-known celestial bodies managed to prevail. As gorgeous as they were however, they were not the reason for Ryze's excursion. The tip of his tail idly flicked through the grass while he waited for the main event to begin, and just as he considered returning to his car to fetch his jacket, the first bright streak raced across the sky.

The cobra nestled down into his neck fluff as that opening act rooted him in place, and he made himself comfortable for the rest of the show. The display was slow to start as the falling stars gradually overcame their stage fright, but once it began in earnest, there was nothing quite like it. Thin bands of brilliant light streaked across the sky, some fizzling into motes of bright dust, others bursting with faint, distant pops. Eye-catching lines of white and blue joined the lingering

strands of orange, adding a colorful component to the already impressive show. It gripped the attention of both Ryze and his star-gazing peers, but as the star shower reached its peak, something else tugged at the cobra's attention. Much lower in the sky, a faint glow pushed back the darkness. It contracted to a point and intensified as it crossed over that curvature, but failed to blaze with the brightness of its stellar peers. Still, It captivated Ryze as it fell closer and closer to earth.

A small bite of panic panged in his chest as it grew larger and larger, bringing with it a faint rumble. The cobra strained his ears at the sound, low enough to fall below the gasps and awes of the gathered crowd. Ryze started to wonder if he was the only one who saw it, until it rose and plummeted beneath the park's trees. The ground trembled as if an overloaded car drove by, and a flash of light accompanied its landing. Had the woods at the park's edge not swayed with its impact, Ryze would have remained seated, but the possibility of seeing a true meteor up close tore him from the remaining star shower. He received only small complaints as he stood from the hillside and briefly blocked some views, though they lasted only until he reached the path. Without drawing too much attention, the cobra casually sauntered toward for the edge of the park, hopeful to be the first one to arrive.

Despite his intention, Ryze attracted several eyes. Fortunately, they had no interest in his destination, only wishing to watch him get there. The cobra's gait naturally popped his hips from side to side, a motion accentuated by the skirt around his hips. A deep cut in the sides of the garment allowed its front and back

to flutter with his motions, flashing the colors of his panties with every footfall. Admirers of most preferences took notice, some focusing on his poorly-hidden bulge, others fixated on the curves of his thighs and rear. His form-fitting top revealed much as well, though his modest chest gave his thick hips little competition. Oblivious to the hungry gazes that nearly surrounded him, the cobra pressed on with growing speed and anticipation. He was a blur of blue and white scales by the time he reached the border of the park, and from there, it didn't take him long to reach his destination.

Heat was the first thing to greet him at the forest edge. A product of the meteor's burning path, a welcoming warmth lingered on the air. Ryze easily traced it to its source, the rock's landing site. A deep furrow in the earth wreathed with broken branches showed its landing path, and a hole in the canopy betrayed its entry point. Steam gathered and swilled around the stone as it cooled, and the cloud faintly pulsed with purple light. The strange glow gave the cobra pause, and he began to wonder if the meteor was actually a satellite. That possibility fell flat when he took another step closer. A casual whiff was all it took for the rock's potent scent to weave into his senses, enticing him with an allure unlike anything else. It's sweet smell filtered through his form and filled him with a warmth stronger than the surrounding air, one that radiated from his core. His tongue lulled from his snout, a gesture that only strengthened the aroma, and his arousal smoldered as that heat migrated between his thighs.

Ryze's heart thumped in his chest, and his cock pulsed from its sheath. A pearl of pre soaked into his skirt when his tip flopped free from his panties, lofting

his skirt and eliminating his modesty in an instant. A shiver ran up his spine when the relatively cool night air breezed between his thighs, but the cobra didn't otherwise register his exposure. A distinctly deliberate pulse of light leapt from the fallen rock as it became the center of his sight and thought, spurring him to take another step closer. A throb of his cock coincided with that footfall, further lifting his garment from the path of his legs. The cobra's body gently swayed in something of a trance. Ryze simply wanted to be close to it, for reasons he couldn't articulate. He gave into that urge with a careful step, then another and another.

A low buzz began to fill the air, and the fallen space rock took sway of his ears. Its tone was low, a drone that thrummed in his chest, and it resonated with something deep inside Ryze. Every fiber of his being hummed with its resonance, and his cock was no exception. The cobra's full length swelled forth and shamelessly tented his skirt, which grew more and more saturated with his lust. A small part of him wanted to reach down and sate his desires, though he never acted upon that need. Instead, he took another step closer, one devoid of hesitation. Something deep within him knew that the rock was good, and being close to it was even better. Yet another step maintained that trend and brought him to the lip of the meteor's landing crater. Ryze stopped at the edge and appraised the gentle slope leading down into its center, and while he stood there, he discovered why the rock was good.

The buzzing briefly swelled, not enough to draw his attention, unlike the creature that landed on his calf. A spark of surprise ran up Ryze's nerves, the

subtle bounce of which failed to drive it off. The cobra pushed the edge of his skirt away, allowing him to take in the almost-wasp. Distinctly alien in nature, the hand-sized bug eyed him with as much curiosity as he gave it. The unusual insect was covered in dark chitin, a stark contrast to Ryze's blue and white hide. Its underbelly pulsed with the same light as the meteor, hinting at a deeper connection between the two. The wasp's six legs clung to the cobra's hide easily and painlessly, and its mandibles clicked in consideration. He watched the wasp circle his calf and climb up his leg, until it reached the edge of his skirt. It paused, then turned and faced the cobra's cock and balls.

A beat of apprehension hit in Ryze's chest when it crawled toward his arousal. He lifted his hand to swat it away, until a small flash of light lit its underside. With it came the same calm the meteor instilled, spurring the cobra to wait and watch. The wasp waited for that apparent blessing, then closed what little distance remained to Ryze's cock. The sensation of its delicate touch across his inner thigh sent a shiver up his spine and a throb through his spire. A pearl of lust formed at his exposed tip, catching the glow of the meteor before it stretched toward the ground. The wasp watched and chittered with obvious interest, then crept toward the base of his shaft. Ryze leaned back as the urge to brush the wasp away returned, but fortunately for the curious creature, it vanished the instant it touched his sensitive spire.

The cobra's breath caught in his throat when its front legs wrapped around him, carrying with them the sensation of fine brushes. Every investigative motion teased Ryze with a delicate touch, rekindling his arousal and throbbing

him to his full size. Jets of pre launched from his tip by the time its second pair of legs joined, bringing the wasp's head to the fountain of his tip. A shiver ran up Ryze's spine when it stretched its tongue out and sampled his lust, a flavor that earned a vaguely approving buzz. Its delight kindled an expected warmth in the cobra's chest, which turned to an electric bolt of pleasure when the creature's slick appendage lapped across his slit. His breath caught in his throat when the alien repeated the gesture, drinking deep of his arousal. It didn't take long for the bug to overtake his output, once it did, it pressed its head harder and harder against that narrow opening. An edge of discomfort crept into its ministrations, spurring the wasp to do what came naturally.

The alien bug leaned back from Ryze's tip, then worked its jaws back and forth. A globe of luminescent goo gathered at its jaws, and its purple glow pulsed in time with the light in its abdomen. Blocked by his skirt, the cobra could only make out general shapes against the light, thought that told everything he needed to know. The creature pressed the ooze to his tip, spreading an electric sensation across the peak of his need. The cobra's hips rolled forward on instinct, pressing that fluid into and around his cock. A shudder ran up his spine when its pleasant tingle ran through his inner passage, mixing with his lust in a thick concoction. The wasp pressed its head to his opening and slipped its tongue deeper, touching on nerves Ryze never knew existed. The uniqueness of that sensation turned to pleasure while the alien reached deeper and deeper, stretching the surrounding muscle.

A twinge of discomfort spurred Ryze to sweep his skirt aside, but the wasp

cared little about its exposure. It merely set its grip on his length and rocked its head from side to side, wedging its head farther into his passage. The strength drained from his legs as carnal bliss gradually overtook him, and he leaned against the meteor for support. Its warmth seeped into his back and he sank down onto his rear, and his breath caught in his throat when as he crested the widest point of the wasp's head. The cobra found a brief moment to recover while the wasp worked up another globe of goo, one large enough to back-light his throbbing length. The ground between his thighs glowed with the ooze's potency, strengthening as it drew into a line that strove for his sac. The sensation of fluid flowing in added another layer of pleasure to the experience, which culminated in a deep, pulsing heat that penetrated his core. The wasp lingered there for a moment, allowing its influence to seep into the cobra's form, then pressed onward and deeper.

The tip of Ryze's tail lashed and thrashed the meteor while his tip eclipsed the wasp's head, flooding him with a rush of pleasure. Its neck offered little issue for either of them, nor did its rounded body. The creature's velvety wings folded in and covered the ridges of its chitin, ensuring a silky smooth trip down the cobra's stretched passage. The only resistance the creature found on its journey rose at the root of Ryze's shaft, where the gate to his balls sealed tight around the wasp's tongue. The cobra's back arched when his guest teased that entrance, slathering it with a thick coat of luminescent ooze. A rippling contraction ran up his length with that intimate touch, followed by another and another. Those waves strengthened as they passed, until abruptly, they reversed direction. With its host's cooperation, the wasp glided into his balls with unexpected ease. Stretched

by the widest point of the creature's body, Ryze easily claimed the rest of the wasp. A bulge strained his sac from within as it curled around his virility, and his fingers carved furrows in the dirt as he rode out a dry climax.

When Ryze caught his breath, the sounds of buzzing lingered. When he opened his eyes, he found himself surrounded by a swarm. They droned with the beats of their wings, and the hive circled him with increasing curiosity. One particularly brave wasp broke from the pack and dove between his legs, where it investigated the light that pulsed from his sac. It offered a few curious clicks and buzzes, and once encouraged by its counterpart, found the stretched slit of Ryze's shaft. The cobra's breath caught in his throat when it spread that sensitive entrance, and his hips rolled on reflex when it dove into his depths. The rest of its swarm took note, and they tightened their buzzing circle. Some landed and watched with interest while their companion disappeared, while others gathered in its wake to take the plunge next. Ryze himself cared little for what they did, however. Solely focused on his second passenger, he squeezed his eyes shut and curled his toes while he rode out that bliss.

The sensation of Ryze's second guest reaching his sac was eclipsed by the entrance of the third, and his nerves flooded with rapture as the fourth followed. He threw his head back in heedless pleasure while the strange creatures made a home of him, landing across his figure while they focused on his spire. The sensation of their feathery legs across his exposed scales eclipsed everything else, with the exception of his constantly throbbing cock. The cobra's muscles quickly adapted to their will, and his shaft began to ripple with distinct swallows. His

balls swelled with the growing colony and reached passed the scope of his skirt, pressing his finest scales against soft fabric and then stiff grass. The mixed sensations kept him on the edge of climax, though that moment never came. Ryze's body rebelled at the notion of evicting his friends, and his bliss instead remained at a thigh-trembling smolder. Still, he let loose a constant flow of pre, which slicked his scales and ensured a smooth entry for all.

Time lost meaning for the cobra while he reclined against the rock, lost in an unending, pleasurable trance. He lost count of the swarm shortly into their migration, but he had no need for details such as numbers. Their constant touches and buzzes of approval became his sole desire, one the wasps were more than happy to indulge. Their own fluids mixed with his while his balls swelled more and more, tinting his arousal with their signature glow. The luminescent fluid flowed down the cleft of his sac, where his swelling balls back-lit the rivulet with a light of their own. The cobra grew into a beacon of his own, marking him as the wasps' new home. Ryze faintly realized the pressure on his inner thighs, a result of his growth, but his trance didn't truly fade until the strange creatures left the air. Their omnipresent buzz gradually diminished as more and more of them squished and squeezed through his shaft, until only one remained outside of him.

Ryze blinked through his haze of thought-swallowing bliss, where he spotted the apparent queen of the hive. The wasp was significantly larger than her common counterparts, slightly under twice their size. She sported the same dark chitin and glowing underbelly, and what truly set her apart was the final segment of her body. A fat, heavy tail took the place of a stinger, and vivid

streamer dripped from its soft point. In the back of his mind, Ryze wondered if the queen had something different in store for him, though that question eroded from his mind as a distinct hum resonated from her antenna. A unified thrum answered from his swollen sac, and with her hive accounted for, the queen moved to join them. While her underlings provided a worthy warm-up, the cobra was not totally prepared for the queen's size. A soft squelch sounded through the then-silent clearing when she slipped her head into his tip, and a hiss of breath filtered through Ryze's fangs while she worked herself deeper.

A copious flow of pre painted Ryze's flexing shaft, coating the queen with a layer of lust and lubrication. The steady drip stopped when she wiggled the widest point of her head into his warmth however, blocking it with her size. Still, what lingered on his length slicked her chitin well enough, and she continued with only modest effort. The cobra's hips rolled as she set and reset her grip on his length, pushing his tip passed the narrow of her neck. The channel running the underside of his length bulged grandly when he claimed her midsection, far surpassing his typical anatomy in the process. A sharp, all-consuming pleasure came with that stretch, stealing Ryze's breath in a needy, echoing moan. It rolled through the forest and between the trees, and as he drew in a breath to unleash another, it snagged in his chest. The roots of the queen's velvety wings grazed across the tender edge of of slit, stunning him with another shot of pleasure. Every muscle in his body tensed with that sensation, culminating in a swallow that claimed several inches.

Ryze's toes curled when he reached the queen's widest point, the broad flare

of her bulging tail. His tail tip lashed the meteor with unrestrained bliss while his body worked in tandem with her desires, rippling and clenching in time with her deliberate wiggles. The approach to her crest was slow and methodical, a steady journey that gradually claimed her abdomen ridge by ridge. The cobra lost momentum just before her diameter, but fortunately for the both of them, the wasp knew exactly what to do. A strong contraction rippled down the queen's final segment, inching a rounded swell to its blunt tip. Ryze only distantly registered the soft egg as it squished free, and that release gave her just the leeway she needed. The cobra blissed out as that defining ridge squelched down his length, stretching his muscles to their limit. A mixture of pleasure and discomfort flared across his nerves, and as the mixture tipped toward the former, his back slipped from the rock. His fluttering eyelids framed the night sky, and darkness closed in as the most potent climax of his life tore through his form.

Lunch with Friends

Warm sunlight filtered in through Ryze's window, streaking across his carpet. It climbed across a set of discarded clothes as dawn turned to morning, creeping closer and closer to the slumbering cobra. It climbed the side of his bed, and by late morning, it tickled at the edges of his exposed scales. His tail coiled around his legs as he squished a pillow to his face and turned away, only for a heavy weight at his hips to stagger the motion. The snake returned to that sunlit side with that loss of momentum, and his dreams gradually gave way to an invading reality. A lazy, irritated hiss sounded in his chest when he tried to repeat the motion, only to meet the same result. The tug of that sensitive extra mass sent a jolt along his nerves however, one strong enough to bring him crashing back to the waking world. Ryze let loose a groan of discomfort and rubbed the sleep from his eyes, gathering the nerve to deal with whatever had woken him. His jaw dropped in a languid yawn, and he sat up to twist his legs over the side of his bed.

The cobra's sac followed in the valley between his thighs, bringing with it a weight he couldn't ignore. A mixture of shock and confusion lanced through him at its sight, and once that initial surprise wore off, memories of the night before came rushing back. Ryze cautiously reached down and stroked the surface of

those sensitive scales, and a subtle bulge from within returned the gesture. A spike of panic shot through his chest, but his passengers dulled it quickly. The cobra recalled the queen as she buzzed somewhere deep in his depths, calling forth the positive sensations of his experience. The other wasps joined in the low, droning chorus, and its pleasuring theum danced on his nerves to remind him why he took them in. Truthfully the thought of eviction never crossed his mind, but Ryze enjoyed the idea of them earning their stay. Still, as his memories of the meteor sharpened and clarified, he couldn't help but notice a critical detail. Where his sac had been large enough to spread his legs before, it only filled his palms then. The cobra wondered if some of the wasps got homesick during the night, but didn't give the question much more thought.

What did fill his thoughts was the subtle but constant motion in his most sensitive reaches. The wasps made themselves at home while Ryze readied for his day ahead, exploring the details and nuances of their new hive. The cobra's length slowly slid from its sheath and throbbed in the open air while he brushed his fangs, distracted by the exploration of feathery touches. He called upon his basic understanding of anatomy while he got dressed and tried to place which of his inner workings they massaged and changed, but it was a futile exercise. The only thing he knew for sure was when they found his prostate. Every ginger touch and gentle squeeze of that muscle sent a jolt of bliss up his spine and a throb through his cock. Bursts of lust launched from his tip as well, and as his passengers calmed down, those shots relaxed together as a lazy stream. The cobra curiously swiped a sample from his tip and rubbed it between his fingers. He half-expected it to start glowing, though it remained transparent if a little cloudy. Ryze shrugged

and finished getting ready, then dashed out to meet a friend for lunch.

After a short bus ride, Ryze stepped onto the sidewalk and admired the view. The warmth of the sun blunted the otherwise chilly afternoon, mixing into a truly beautiful day. Trees lining the street blazed with the rich colors of falling leaves, and the air they fluttered through was clear and crisp. The cobra took in a deep breath and arched his back, a gesture that stretched his form-fitting garments across his only slightly less feminine frame. His top hugged the soft contours of his chest, and the front edge of his skirt subtly lifted. A droplet of pre descended from his poorly-hidden tip, falling as a glittering thread before it met the grey sidewalk. The cobra either didn't notice or care, nor did the majority of his peers. The few who did watched with flushed cheeks as he sauntered toward the restaurant of his friend's choice, a classy, modern grill house. The building's glass front showed the raven already inside, and the cobra rushed to minimize his tardiness.

He found a drink waiting for him when he sat down opposite of his companion, and he sheepishly took a drink. "Sorry I'm a little late," he apologized. "I had a really hard time getting out of bed and going this morning."

Cath waved it off. "It's fine hun. Are you feeling alright?"

"I am, I was just out later than usual last night."

The raven put down her menu and grinned at Ryze. "Does that mean you caught

the meteor shower?”

“I did! And it was spectacular~”

“I’m glad to hear that~ And I’m sorry I wasn’t able to watch it with you.”

Ryze waved that off. “You’ve got nothing to be sorry for. I know how work can be.”

“I want to hear all about it.”

Ryze spared no details. He described the beauty of the stars streaking across the sky, the radiance of their blazing trails. He mentioned all the other people there to watch as well, the crowds laying in the grassy hills. Cath placed her chin in her palms and simply listened, relishing his accelerating pace and obvious interest. The cobra only paused when their waiter returned with their food, both dishes ordered by the raven. She smiled and shrugged, and when Ryze approved of her choice, they ate in the gaps of their conversation. His explanations and descriptions flowed between bites, and the snake subtly shifted in his seat as his recollection invited sensation. Cath noticed the motions and thought little of them, until an unfortunately familiar patch of color caught her eye. Through the clear tabletop, she watched Ryze’s arousal carefully peek from between his thighs, until it pushed the edge of his skirt aside and jutted into open air.

The raven swiftly averted her gaze and focused on her friend’s

conversation. She asked him where the meteor had fallen once he made mention of it, and she made doubly sure to mark its location down in her memory. If it hadn't been claimed or recovered, it sounded like something worth seeing for herself. The bird slipped back into the flow of his speech shortly after, though a new distraction soon tugged at her attention. A potent scent, sweet like honey, infused the air, and she struggled to place its source. It hadn't arrived with their meals, and a quick glance to their neighbors revealed it wasn't their dishes either. Her only clue came as a shiver from Ryze, which accompanied the formation of a pearly bead of pre on his tip. Familiar enough with him to find that unusual, she raised the issue.

"Hey Ryze," she interrupted. "Are you feeling like your usual self?"

A puzzled look crossed his face. "I think so. Why do you ask?"

She tipped her beak down, alluding to the risen spire between his thighs.

It took the cobra a moment to catch on, but when he did, an obvious heat warmed his snout. He crossed his legs, a motion that accidentally pushed his skirt up more. "You flirt~ Now's not the time or place for that," he teased.

"No, no," Cath shook her head. "I mean, you're not normally this worked up, right?"

Ryze broke eye contact and took a bite from his burger before answering. "What

are you trying to say?”

“I don’t know yet,” the raven admitted. “But something seems just a little off today. I can’t put my finger on it.”

A shudder ran the length of Ryze’s back, and he stifled a moan into his food. He did his best to hide those gestures, but his friend cocked her head to the side with curiosity.

“Alright, I’ll drop it,” the raven relented.

Despite her best efforts the raven could not drop it, however. The oddly sweet scent of his lust strengthened as their meal passed, until Cath was sure other tables could smell it as well. Confusion occasionally crossed their neighbor’s expressions in the moments she checked, though she couldn’t be sure of the precise nature of the reactions. Her gaze drifted through that transparent table as well, where she saw Ryze’s lust only grow. Her friend throbbed with barely-contained need and unleashed spurts of lust each time he did so, slicking the fine scales of his inner thighs. It saturated the cloth of his skirt as well, darkening it with a sticky patch that expanded by the minute. Moreover, it drooped the fabric across his cock, showing its contours to anyone with the inclination to look.

While such public displays were not uncommon for the cobra, the raven couldn’t remember the last time he was so blatant. In the past they had been accidental at worst, but this must have been a bolstered exhibitionist streak. Still,

she reminded herself to stay out of it with every observed detail, until their shared meal reached its conclusion. Cath couldn't stop her gaze from tipping down once more, where the sight of a moving bulge caught her off guard. It was a faint motion, only visible thanks to the wet cling of his garment, but it was unmistakable. Her breath snagged in her throat, and once it was apparent Ryze didn't notice, let it out. Once evident the snake wasn't paying attention, she turned her gaze back and watched intently for another. It never came, though she couldn't help but question if his sac had grown during their lunch.

The cobra, for better or worse, didn't catch he was the center of her attention. He became a spectacle for the entire restaurant when he stood however, showing his leaking spire to everyone looking his general direction. Cath sputtered into her drink as he turned on his heel, a motion that flared his skirt out and only theoretically restored his modesty. A dark patch of lust soaked the fabric where it covered his tip, which the strength of his spire easily supported. Ryze's gait widened as his swollen sac settled between his thighs, resolving one of the questions that lingered on the raven's mind. Oblivious to all of this, he thanked Cath for lunch and sauntered for the front of the building, drawing several stares as he passed. They followed him through the glass facade, until he reached his bus stop and found his way home.

A Growing Problem

Ryze stood before his mirror, striking poses and checking angles. A frown crossed his snout as his gaze shifted low, down to the hem of his favorite skirt. It was no secret the cobra took delight in teasing onlookers, though the point was to leave something to entice the imagination. Otherwise, it was just exposure. He grumbled to himself and grabbed the flowing garment, then tugged with considerable force. The light pop of straining threads filled the air well before he stretched it passed the lower curve of his balls, and he relented instead of tearing the cloth. It snapped up high enough to reveal his swollen sheath the instant he let go, inspiring a moment of thought. It was obvious he needed to update his wardrobe, though he couldn't exactly do so when everything left him indecent. While he pondered his predicament, his guests took advantage of their solitude.

The cobra's sheath, when dormant, was large enough to bulge his favored clothing. When his wasps were active, there was no hiding it. The soft scales that protected his cock had grown substantially, to the point it easily permitted the entry and exit of his many-legged friends. A constant dribble of faintly-luminescent pre ensured a smooth journey either way, and a burst of pleasure with every trip kept their host pleased with their schedule. Ryze's cock had grown

similarly, long enough to stretch down the cleft of his over-sized balls and flexible enough to eliminate any discomfort, but its most striking new features adorned its upper surface. A line of thin, sensitive plates grew in along the top of its curvature, which faintly resembled the protective plating of his wasps. A pulsing glow from the depths of his sac completed the emerging similarities, though it lagged far behind the wasp's in brightness. Visible only in low light, it barely under-lit his skirts.

The cobra breathed in another breath, which turned to a shuddering moan when he let it out. One of his larger wasps chose that exact moment to emerge, a feat he witnessed in his mirror. The sight of those bulges and swells migrating beneath his scales sent an erotic thrill across his nerves, but once it passed, realization followed. Ryze recognized that while he had come to love his guests, others may not be so enthusiastic. Until the world was ready, he decided it might be best to conceal them in public, and the first step towards that would be buying accommodating clothing. Rather than run through endless trials and errors with a digital store, the cobra opted instead to run down to the local mall. A hiss of pleasure slipped from between his fangs as his passengers climbed inside, and he gathered his things to leave. The most important of which was a bag that hung from his waistline, which disguised his skirt as a kilt and only just concealed his pulsing sac.

That accessory served him well, mostly maintaining his modesty while he rode the bus. Ryze became vaguely aware that it did not offer any protection to his rear view however, and the whispers and murmurs of onlookers tickled his

ears while he navigated the mall. He felt their gazes follow in his wake, and the added sway in his hips ensured their looks remained lustful long after he passed. His own arousal pulsed and tingled as his bag bounced against his most sensitive points, and despite himself, he couldn't stop his cock from emerging with the accidental stimulation. That same accessory diminished the prominence of his pulsing bulge at least, and he reached the store without attracting negative reaction. Ryze let out a breath when he reached the relative privacy of the quiet boutique, where he slipped between its shelves and stands. The snake gathered a spread of sizes in the hopes that one of them would fit, then ducked into the dressing rooms to try them on.

Several sigh-filled minutes passed while Ryze tried on garment after garment, finding issue with each and every piece. What hugged his hips right left no room for his sac, and anything that managed to accommodate his generous endowment was too baggy elsewhere for his tastes. That song and dance repeated itself endlessly while he worked through his stack of clothing, and the cobra's irritation grew louder with every failed fitting. He drew the attention of the attendant by the time he reached the last of his pile, who eventually gathered the nerve to ask if he needed help.

"Excuse me," the chubby fox projected over the door. "Is there anything I can help you with?"

A short, silent moment passed before the stall door swung open. Ryze stepped out in a particularly revealing outfit, a short skirt and long leggings, with a pair of

panties that couldn't hope to contain his virility. "Yes, actually. Do you have any larger sizes? Nothing fits me quite right."

While no stranger to significantly endowed customers, the sight of Ryze still stunned the fox. A deep heat flushed his muzzle, and his words lodged in his throat with a sputtering cough. Eventually he managed to clear his throat. "I'm sorry, but it looks like you're in the largest sizes we carry. Maybe a different brand might fit better." His eyes drifted down to Ryze's panty-defeating sheath, then back up. "If that doesn't work, you may want to try the Long and Large hyper outfitters across town."

The cobra flicked his head and laughed. "I might be a little bigger than average," he murmured, "But I don't think I need to go that far. I've shopped here many times and always found something."

The vulpine took another glance at Ryze's crotch and wondered if he was simply imagining his hyper portions. He closed his eyes and took in a breath, one laced with the subtle scent of honey, then let it out and ignored the embers in his core. "Regardless, I don't think we have anything that can contain you now, let alone keep you decent. I mean, you're about to burst our largest pair."

As if on cue, Ryze's panties did exactly that. A subtle pulse of growth was all it took to defeat the garment, and a sharp snap cracked the air when it broke free. It shot out as a pink blur, striking the fox instantly. He rubbed his chest on reflex and plucked the destroyed underwear from the floor, and annoyance tinted

his voice as he started to speak. The sight of Ryze snagged his words in his throat, however. Hopelessly overpowered by his arousal, the snakes skirt lifted high around that throbbing length. His colossal sac rolled between his thighs while he nervously shifted his hips, sloshing the overfilled orbs and revealing dark plates that spanned their curves. A thick pulse rolled from their rounded base to the root of his sheath, which unleashed a heavy pearl of softly glowing pre. The scent of lust and honey saturated the air as it spilled down the valley between his balls, then dropped to the floor on a lingering streamer. The vulpine watched in stunned awe, forcing Ryze to break the silence.

Competing emotions swirled in his chest, but embarrassment eventually won out. “I don’t know how you did that, but it was on purpose!”

While the fox watched, flabbergasted, the cobra grabbed his rising skirt and pulled down as much as he could. He only succeeded in burying his shaft in the cleft of his balls, and even that came at the cost of exposing his rear. The fox stammered and struggled to diffuse the moment, but failed before Ryze dashed out of the shop.

The fox lingered long after the cobra fled, struggling to process what had happened. Never had he met someone in such denial about their size! After failing to find an explanation, the vulpine simply shrugged it off. As long as that cobra hadn’t made a mess, he could look passed strangeness. He stepped into the changing booth and found a pile of stretched clothing, then let out a sigh. The fox idly wondered how many of the garments were ruined, then began picking them

up. A soft buzz sounded out as he reached the bottom of the stack, a noise that drew his cautious curiosity. He wasn't sure what to expect, but it certainly wasn't the hand-sized wasp waiting for him. The alien and the worker stared at each other for a moment, until that alluring scent seeped into his senses. The fox's eyes glossed over as the wasp buzzed out a distinct rhythm, lulling the vulpine in a steady sway. When the strange song ended, the fox unclasped his belt and dropped his pants.

The Gift of Giving

Ryze strained and grunted, filling his apartment with the sounds of exertion. He hunched over himself and wrapped his arms around his colossal sack, struggling and failing to reach more than half way around. What leverage he gathered was just enough to lift his balls off the floor, but moving while doing so presented its own challenge. The cobra's gaze turned from his encumbering endowment to the door frame ahead, and a pang of dread resonated in his chest. Fortunately, he was not without assistance. Sensing his dismay, his balls roiled and churned with movement, lancing pleasure down every nerve in his body. The bulges of his live-in friends migrated and gathered at the base of his shaft, which had grown well beyond the confines of his sheath. A constant flow of luminescent lust dripped from its tip, highlighting the deep divide between his grandly swollen balls. It flowed over and between the chitin covering those sensitive orbs with ease, where it slicked their underside and slightly eased the task of moving.

Still, it didn't help as much as the numerous wasps that climbed from his tip. Ryze's head rolled back and he shuddered in bliss as each one crawled across his most sensitive inner walls, overloading his nerves with shameless bliss. His tongue lulled from his snout by the time they finished exiting, and once he

recovered, the cobra found them gathered beneath his sac. They bore the weight of his hive and eased its strain from his hips, granting him just enough mobility to squeeze through the door. It was a tight fit, even with the extra help, but after a few careful seconds the cobra slid into his living room. Ryze lumbered toward his couch and tossed the garments littering its cushions aside, freeing his furniture from the confines of clothing as well. Its metal frame creaked and groaned with his weight when he sat down, spreading his legs wide to accommodate his altered anatomy.

Before Ryze had time to relax too deeply, a pang of hunger rumbled in his stomach. He glanced toward his refrigerator and weighed the benefits of getting up for food. That gesture was enough to catch the attention of his helpers however, and after a short exchange of buzzes, a small group of wasps flew off and invaded his kitchen. The cobra leaned back in his seat and listened to their rummaging, confident they wouldn't break anything. Despite their inability to cook, the dutiful squad put together a competent breakfast of cereal and fruit and delivered it to him without spilling a drop. Ryze balanced the bowl on the base of his shaft, then enjoyed his meal with the company of his otherworldly friends. He offered them each a slice of his apple in thanks, gifts they accepted eagerly. Their delighted buzzing filled the air of his apartment, masking the sounds of both his TV and his vibrating phone. Both went ignored while he enjoyed his time with his companions, though the former found its way into his perception once he finished his meal.

Ryze spent the rest of the morning relaxing and relishing the pleasure of his

wasps. In their days together, the cobra had learned to focus his attention and hone in on specific members of his hive. He closed his eyes and shut out the outside world, limiting his perception to the activity in his sac. In his innermost reaches, he felt the constant, pulsing motion of the queen, who had not left her royal chamber since finding it. The cobra rolled his hips with the sensations of her guards patrolling her halls, and his cock throbbed when he turned his attention to his balls specifically. A constant, rolling churn pulsed through them while they brewed the wasps' honey, and its viscous weight settled in his deepest pools. An ever-shrinking rational fragment knew he should be concerned with the changes inflicted upon his body, but how could he be worried about something that felt so good? How could guests so helpful possibly have ill intent? The cobra swept those diminishing doubts aside and sank deeper into the pleasure of his inner workings, oblivious to the world.

In such a state, he failed to hear the knocks at his door.

Ryze's wasps perked with the unexpected interruption, but ignored it as well. They returned to their natural duties and swarmed over their host, grooming his scales and chitin, until the gentle knocks escalated to worried pounding. The cobra roused from his trance at the booming noise and started to stand, only for the weight of his balls to pin his legs in place. The weight in his lap held him there with greater force than he remembered, spurring him to seek help from his companions. The cobra waved at the door, and after a few seconds, the hive interpreted and listened. A small swarm approached the door and worked the handle, unlatching it just in time for the unexpected guest to barge through. Cath

stumbled into the apartment, only just salvaging her balance, then nearly fell again when she caught sight of Ryze. The sight of his exposed cock was, for better or worse, not something new. Its enlarged state was less than expected, however.

Cath pulled herself to her feet, and as she stood, the shock in her eyes faded in favor of lust. One breath was all it took for the wasps' concentrated pheromones to seep into her system, dulling her senses of danger and urgency. Ryze looked at her smirked. Hazy memories of his night at the meteor flooded back, swelling his own sympathetic arousal. The pair beheld each other from across the room, and after Cath took in a few more deep, eager breaths, the overly endowed cobra beckoned her closer. With a lumbering step, the raven obliged. Ryze watched the lingering apprehension in her eyes give way to lust, only to see it surge forth once more when a wasp crawled from the tip of his cock. His head rolled back in that moment, overloaded with bliss, and when he recovered, spotted nothing but concern on Cath's face. The cobra pondered for a short moment, debating the best way to describe the rapture of becoming a host, and quickly decided that words alone would not work.

Instead, Ryze reached over himself, swiped a bead of honey from the tip of his shaft, and offered it to Cath

Conflict returned to the raven's expression, but she swiftly conquered it. A combination of arousal and curiosity swirled in her eyes, the former further brought out the wasp's soft buzzing. She watched the glob of presented honey glitter in the afternoon sunlight, and the last of her hesitation faded. Cath

lumbered across the room, entranced by the wasps' scent, and sat down before his colossal balls. They exchanged an unspoken invitation, and the raven answered by lavishing his sac with affection. She pressed her tongue into the cleft of his balls and slurped up toward his length, following the contours of his chitinous plates along the way. She licked along the crevasses between those insectile panels, helping herself to everything in her reach. Ryze's flavors intensified as she crept closer and closer to the tip of his length, and her eyes rolled back in bliss when she slipped her tongue into his flexible entrance.

Lost in bliss, Cath hardly noticed or cared about the wasps gathering around her thighs.

The raven only acknowledged them when they climbed up her form, wiggling and squeezing under her clothing and ruffling through her feathers. Pressed to her form by the somewhat tight garment, their climbing rustled and irritated her feathers, spurring her to lean back and free herself from their decency. A long strand of glittering lust connected her beak to Ryze's shaft through the motion, until it sagged under its weight and snapped to the floor. Cath hastily tossed her discarded clothes aside and returned to the head of the cobra's shaft, where she opened her mouth and shamelessly worshiped. The wasps within ensured a constant flow of honey flooded her mouth, while those without explored her bared figure unrestricted.

A small portion of the swarm explored her hips, following their soft contours around to her plush legs and chubby paunch. They buzzed in delight

when they found her shaft emerging from its slit, adding another layer of lust to the enticing scents that filled the air. A smaller creature wrapped itself around the throbbing length and lavished it with otherworldly attention, though its peers set their attention farther up. They crossed the modest expanse of her belly and reached the hills of her chest, where they ravished her sensitive nipples. With a gentleness that belied their appearance, they licked and teased Cath's peaks, coaxing them to hardness and suffusing her with pleasure. The raven moaned deeply into Ryze's shaft while they smeared their honey over her hide, laying the groundwork for more intense attention.

While little more than a subtle tingling at first, it wasn't long before the sensations in her breasts eclipsed the ministrations at her shaft. Cath paused her worship of the hive's work and rolled her head back in bliss, allowing her to catch a glimpse of her own budding transformation. The tingling in her chest gave way to the warmth of growth, a heat centered on her throbbing nipples. For a moment, she almost wondered why the wasps focused their attention where they had. Her answer came with a lightning bolt of bliss. The raven's breath caught in her throat and her head rolled back with the sharp spike pleasure, unleashed by one of her friends slipping their tongue into her duct. The sensation was strange, unlike anything she had ever felt, though it only took an instant for her mind to register it as pleasure. With that introduction, any reservations she may have harbored evaporated.

The wasps sensed that change and acted. Their motions changed from cautious and careful to enthusiastic and joyous, a shift mirrored in the volume of

her moans. The wasp on her shaft slipped its tongue into her length with enthusiasm, mixing its honey with her lust and lining that narrow passage. Every subsequent throb intensified, drawing on newfound flexibility to assail her with bliss. At the same time, more gathered on her chest and lavished her growing nipples. By then as thick as her smallest finger, those summits sparked with unparalleled sensitivity. Every swipe of the creatures' tongues was a lance of rapture through her core, and each hit harder than the last as they reached deeper and deeper. Cath's vision blurred with bliss when one eventually wiggled its head inside, sustaining a stretch that stole her breath away.

The raven's tongue lulled from her beak while she recovered from the blast of bliss, only to be shocked by another. The wasp straddling her cock attempted the same motion, pressing and wiggling its smooth head against the elastic slit of her tip. Cath's back arched and her hips rolled as it blazed pleasure into nerves so far untouched, writing new paths through her nerves and brain. Her cock bounced and throbbed while her muscles learned the new motions of coaxing a wasp into her core, and as she mastered the gesture, more and more of the creature disappeared into the bulge beneath her length. Testing the limits of her mental fortitude, a third wasp chose that moment to squirm into her other breast. Stars burst in her vision, and every fiber of her being locked up while she teetered on the edge of mind shattering bliss.

Time froze while the raven balanced on the brink of break, then snapped forward once she weathered the storm. Cath slumped against Ryze's sac as her strength evaporated, but climbed up those chitinous orbs in recovery. It was a

longer ascent than the raven remembered, his growth spurred by her own transformation, but she reached the shelf of his virility after a few long seconds. The cobra jumped when she wrapped her hands around the tip of his length, then let out a his of bliss when she slipped her arousal into his. A thick squelch sounded through the living room until Ryze's tip kissed her hips, and honey leaked from their connection while Cath gingerly pumped in and out of his passage. She took a slow, languid pace, careful to avoid tripping over the edge of mindless bliss, but more than happy to share Ryze's gift.

The wasps buzzed with Cath's embrace, and the hosts' twin moans joined the chorus as they founded a new hive. Ryze's head rolled back as deep, rolling throbs moved through his prostate, stimulating his inner workings and driving the migrating wasps to move. Bulges spread the webbing between the plates of his balls as his friends rushed for his sheath, bulging it grandly when they arrived. A pulse of honeyed lust rolled down his length and lined hers both inside and out, and a steady march of wasps followed. Soft squelches accompanied their motion as they swelled Ryze's shaft, which slowed as the alien creatures bottlenecked at Cath's arousal. Her feathers feathers ruffled with the gentle stretch of their insistent entry, and once the first further loosened her passage, the rest followed with relative ease. The first wasp to reach her sac dwarfed her modest balls, though that wouldn't remain the case for long.

Honey flowed freely from Ryze to Cath along with the wasps, speeding and aiding her transformation. Her balls swelled and dropped as more and more of the hive moved in, rapidly surpassing her knees and spreading her thighs. She wiggled

her hips and widened her stance as those filling orbs strove toward the floor, sagging with a writhing, delightful weight. Shivers ran the length of her spine when her sensitive balls grazed the textures ridges of Ryze's chitin, a preview of what would eventually happen to her. The contact between them increased two fold, first through Cath's expansive growth, and again with Ryze's more subtle expansion. The cobra's hive squirmed and churned to replenish what he gave to the raven, so much so that it outpaced the small exodus. Where he was accustomed to such changes, the raven was far less experienced, and the two only parted when she reached the limit of her freshly enhanced anatomy.

Cath's cock softened once freed from the stimulation of Ryze's, though it never retreated into her slit. Instead, it nestled into the cleft of her titanic balls and lazily throbbed, laking a steady stream of mixed arousal and honey. Her hips twitched and her tail feathers ruffled each time one of her new residents entered or left, and the rhythm of their establishing routine lulled her into a constant haze of pleasure. Two spikes of bliss pierced that trance however, each delivered by a new queen at her nipples. The raven glanced down to find one on each breast, the tips of their abdomens pressed into her peaks. Twin tides of bliss washed over her as they pumped their eggs into the warm embrace of her chest, adding to the nest already deep in her prostate. Her legs trembled as each ovoid bulge carried a small climax with it, sapping her strength with every orgasmic ripple.

Drunk on exhaustion and bliss, Cath slumped down in the cleft of Ryze's balls and sat on the soggy floor. His honey saturated her feathers while the wasps

continued their work, slowly but constantly swelling her figure. The raven's own balls spread her legs wide while the wasps within bulged and swarmed beneath her feathers, and her breasts filled her torso as the eggs inside divided and multiplied. What few reservations she may have clung to dissolved with the blossoming of maternal pride, and as the afternoon sun sank into the evening sky, the urge to share her pleasure took root in her chest. She shared that desire with Ryze in a knowing look, spurring the pair to find their respective cell phones. As they scrolled through their contacts, they discussed who might enjoy their friends the most and schemed over spreading their gifts.

If you've read this far, thank you <3

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to find it

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