

It was a fairly slow shift at Research Outpost Artemis, staff milling about up and down the halls, a few crates coming and going every so often from the cargo bay; within the bay there was only one person on duty, standing at least eleven and a half feet in height, a towering, muscular-yet-soft, grey furred Lycara woman.

Every 10 minutes or so, the cargo shuttle arrived at the dock, landing with the loud, distinctive sound of its engines stabilising it, before she began hauling the incoming crates and shipping out any that were left in the bay.

Her headset crackled before a co-worker's voice came through, "Charlotte?" It was the familiar voice of her quartermaster, Marble. "Can you come to the front desk real quick?" Charlotte sighed before dropping the metal crate on the floor before her, sighing and putting a digit up to her headset, "Yep, one second."

Soon after, Charlotte would leave the bay in to the front desk area of the cargo department, the sliding doors parting to a tall, fluffy, grey furred snow leopard, her aqua green hair tied up in to a ponytail behind her as she waves to the last customer, turning around to Charlotte with a feline smile. "Corporate is asking command for a meeting, so you're in charge for now. Oh- and one of the scientists left something for you." Motioning to a capped off beaker with a note and standing from the chair, just around chest height against Charlotte but still towering over most of the staff before making her way down the hall with her tail flicking behind her.

Charlotte picked up the note and looked over it, reading "A special experiment just for you. - Rasa"

The vial sloshed lightly with a strange liquid, looking like water but with a greenish hue, only filling around a quarter of the beaker; barely even a mouthful of liquid but that wouldn't deter Charlotte, who found herself tilting the beaker back and downing the mystery solution in one gulp. It probably wasn't the best idea for her, and she thought as much, but that thought was fleeting now that the drink was down her throat and in her stomach. Strangely enough, it tasted like sour grapes on her tongue.

Charlotte didn't think much of it at the time, shrugging her shoulders and going back to moving shipments in and out, now taking some orders at the front too.

The shift still seemed pretty mundane up until an hour or so later; starting with a growl in her stomach which didn't seem off, she hadn't had dinner yet. But this hunger was different, as time ticked by the hunger got exponentially worse, no longer just a hunger, but a primal craving.

Almost on cue, a short, teal green feathered Avali would show themselves from the maintenance entrance, dressed up in a cargo uniform similar to Charlotte's own. Before they could even speak, she grabbed them up, shoving them into her drooling maw and gulping them down, easily packing away the avian into her now squirming stomach.

BUOOrrUuuRRRRPP

With a thunderous belch, she coughed up a few feathers... "Wait what?" She thought to herself, realising soon after that she had grown; about three inches taller she estimated as her gut groaned, but it wasn't enough. She wanted more prey. Both her hunger and her lust only got stronger after her first meal.

She thought to herself for a second before turning to leave cargo, finding herself before two assistants; the first, a canine who she had no trouble grabbing by the scruff of his neck and slurping up paws first into her awaiting maw as the second, a shorter, pudgy goat girl squirmed beneath Charlotte's grasp, helpless to stop her from eating the canine.

Glp~

In only a couple of gulps, the pup was gone, reduced to more squirming inside the wolfess, who was now gouging herself on the goat, who's fur tasted almost of strawberries, good thing she was enjoying it as once her jaws met the much too fat goat butt, she would find their form lodged in her throat, screaming desperately through the walls, only to be silenced by another sudden jolt of growth, giving Charlotte enough leeway to successfully seal them away too. Her feast so far has grown her at least a foot in height, and a belly to match.

With the next sudden growth spurt it would cost her the uniform she was wearing, straining, and tearing at the seams as she clawed at what remained, resulting in her twin, leaking, cyan cocks, perfectly topping her grey fluffy sac; but the hunger remained, even after eating three whole people and almost entirely digesting one, the ravenous, lustful hunger still consumed her mind.

Charlotte stretched her arms up, accidentally making a hole in the roof above her with a crash, raining a bit of debris around her as she grins, ripping through a nearby wall and in to the halls, grabbing up a few more people that were knocked down or dazed by the wall being demolished, dangling three of her soon-to-be former co-workers over her drooling maw, the heat of her breath washing over their form before she packed all three in to her mouth at once, swallowing them down one by one, their screams being silenced by the gulping and gurgling coming from the wolfess.

Glrk- Glrk-

Like that, two of them were stuffed in the already cramped, wet, boiling gut, no chance to escape. Meanwhile the third of the prey was being rolled about on Charlotte's tongue, her sharp teeth threatening to hurt him if he were to try and wriggle his way out, though this would be short lasted as he was quickly pulled back into the gaping throat and dragged down with the others.

Gllrnnnn

Her stomach squirmed more, the prey inside being almost crushed by the churning walls while cramped so tightly, it wouldn't take much more than a push against her abdomen for her to crush her prey into nutrients; her body growing even further than last time, her fluffy ears just barely clearing the ceiling now, towering over anyone who dared get close to her. While she was still growing and digesting down her recent meals, there was a sharp pain against her leg, causing her to stumble and fall backwards with a heavy thud and the feeling of squirming beneath her rump, as she shifted about.

As she looked behind her, there were a couple of security officers, dressed in their standard red armoured outfits, not that it protected them from her; with a bit of shifting her ass about, she'd feel two of the officers get caught up, pulled in by her tight pucker and effectively used as living dildos.

All that attention up her ass would cause her to moan, her shafts leaking even more pre than they were already, grabbing up the other two officers and cramming them in to her shafts, each squirming and thrashing against the slick walls to no avail as Charlotte slowly stroked herself off, dragging the next prey in to her body; the first would be deposited in her sac, followed by the second, forced to curl up against the tight, musky walls and causing the stream of pre pooling on the floor to grow.

The newly sac'ed prey squirmed and thrashed as much as they could, trying to escape but only causing Charlotte to moan louder, echoing down the halls; it was a new experience to her, but a most certainly welcome one. Barely able to stand to her feet, she'd eventually manage to, continuing her destructive rampage, accidentally breaking off cameras from walls, and shattering lights as she walked through them, leaving a trail of thick, musky pre down the halls as she did, picking up another co-worker from time to time and snacking on them like they were nothing.

Eventually she reached her destination, a trail of giant paw prints in the floors and ripped up walls in her wake; though as she reached the medical bay's doors, she would find herself stopped by another security officer, a ferret who was barely imposing at a diminutive three-and-a-half feet, though she was dressed differently to the others; she wearing a fancier armoured uniform, black accents adorning the usually pure red uniform of security. The head of security, who she knew to be called Ruby.

She swore under her breath before stepping back and looking up at the wolfess who normally towered over her, though crouched down she would be a lot less large, the hefty, leaking shafts and squirming musky sac before the ferret would certainly draw her eyes downwards though.

Charlotte would pick up on Ruby's eyes drifting down and place a bulky paw on the ferret's chest, effortlessly pushing them on to their ass, chuckling and planting the musky sac atop them, pinning them beneath the combined mass of her junk, pre leaking over their fur and staining it with the wolfess' musk; she started to press her shaft down and hump against Ruby, using her sheer mass to keep them pinned down against the tiled floor as more and more precum covered the floor, basically humping the head of security into submission, though it's not like they could do much to fight back, coated head to toe in Lycara musk and cum. She'd keep on thrusting up against their body til eventually her whole body tensed up, her sac clenching and shooting load after load of the former security officers all over the ferret and the medical bay floor, the thick strands clinging between the shafts and Ruby's body, most of the medical bay smelling of the musk by now.

The giant, huffy wolfess would stay on her knees for a good few minutes, exhaling small clouds of steam from her mouth, basking in the afterglow til she eventually got herself back up, stomping over to a door near the back of the bay, which was marked with the distinctive purple and blue stripes of the medical-science wards, though as the door opened for her and she made her way through, she found her ass trapped in the doorframe, being far too wide to fit through into the cloning facility, at least not without a struggle; and struggle she did, Charlotte would leverage her entire body's weight against the door frame, thrusting forward repeatedly with loud grunts each time til-

CRASH!

The door buckled against her immense mass, ripping the fixture free, along with some of the wall it was embedded in; sparks cascading down as she spilled out into the plenty big room, large green vats with beeping computers lining two of the walls.

She stood, ripping the door from around her and dropping it on the floor in a smoking mess, sitting herself down in the prime position to be able to reach all of the cloning pods, a wide, toothy grin across her muzzle as she waited.

Soon enough, one of the machines would ping, releasing a freshly cloned crew, the Avali she first ate, who she immediately grabbed up again, stuffing them down her awaiting throat with a resounding

GULP, GULP, OOOUAAARPP!

The belch echoed off the walls as her gut grumbled at the new addition to its messy slop of half-digested prey and chyme, this new addition managing to force up a few scraps of clothing that she would promptly discard.

For the next few hours she would continue uninterrupted in grabbing up freshly cloned, disorientated and easy prey from the vats, stuffing them in her quickly growing stomach, the gurgling of which filled the room til eventually Charlotte yawned, shaking the room as she, laid back in a food-induced torpor, slowly drifting off to sleep in the bay as her stomach worked off the last of its residents. She probably wouldn't remember her rampage when she woke up, though the head of security would likely be more than happy to.