

Broodbug Island, Part 1 (Alien Insect Broodmother TF Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Konto Konto

Jane is only twenty six years old, and already a genetics genius. Studying an alien artefact on a private island she inherited, she is aided by her friend and fellow geneticist Matthew. But when she accidentally activates the artefact, she finds her body rapidly changing, and a deep desire to produce many, many young growing within her. Matthew is temporarily blinded by the accident, but how long can she keep him from knowing the truth of her changes?

Broodbug Island, Part 1

Journal Entry #1: The Beginning

I am nearly ready to start. The preparations are all in place. I just have to wait for Matthew to arrive. It will be good to see my friend again.

Jane Mallory wished her parents were still around, but the private island they had left her as part of their very wealthy inheritance was the next best thing. It wasn't that she was uncaring, but the young woman had always been an ardent pragmatist. Life had thrown her a lemon, and now, courtesy of an entirely private residence where her experiments could go unintended upon, she was making genetically modified lemonade.

At only twenty six years old, Jane had managed to become one of the world's most brilliant geneticists and scientific thinkers in the wide realm of biology. She had graduated not only far ahead of her peers in her studies, but far earlier than them also. Her intelligence in the field was unmatched, though her friend Matthew was certainly on her heels at times. With her blonde hair and subtly striking looks, many underestimated her drive, and even her sometimes risky daring, when it came to her field. She was 1.6 metres tall, perfectly average, but the way she commanded herself made her seem so much taller. The world of genetics had big expectations for her.

Which was why it had been so surprising when she simply chose to up and vanish to the private tropical island, one that belonged to her wealthy industrialist parents prior to their early demise in an unfortunate car collision. The world of science saw this as a retreat into sorrow, though it did come a little over a year after the tragedy. But that was not true. Jane

had shed her tears, mourned her parents, and knew that she would always carry them with her. And then she got back to work, because that was who she was.

No, the *real* reason she had taken into island privacy was because of a highly secret discovery that she had successfully bid upon. Through her wealthy connections, she was able to gain access to and ownership of a supposed alien artefact: a sort of biomechanical spiral the size of a large frisbee. The government project that had previously owned it had obviously been staffed with fools who didn't know what they were dealing with, and so it came into her hands. She immediately set about having the island upgraded with fully automated services, and a system of airdropped supplies via drone so that no one could interrupt her work.

No one, that was, except for Matthew.

It was her delight when he finally arrived, looking a little jet lagged but otherwise his usual self. He was tall, roughly 1.85 metres in height, with smart brown hair and an easy smile. He was just as focused as Jane, but had managed to carve out more of a social life. Which was why she was so pleased that he had accepted her invitation.

"Matthew!" she exclaimed as he stepped ashore from the automated boat she had sent. "I'm so glad to see you!"

"Jane!" he cried back, wrapping her in a hug and lifting her slightly. "This island is amazing! It's like a full resort or something."

"Well, there are massage machines, a few fitness rooms, and even a kitchen that can put together quite a variety of meals for us. Bring your baggage, we'll get your stuff put in your room. The real treat is inside."

He was awestruck, but she was in a hurry, utterly excited to show him what was in store. They got his bags put away, but on his insistence she gave a brief tour of the impressive locals, including the view of the large gorge on the other side of the facility, where the island gave away to amazing wilderness and numerous canopies of trees, which hid a network of caves below them.

"Well, I doubt you can top this view," Matthew said with a broad smile.

"Want to bet?" she replied, smirking back.

His curious look gave her all the permission to show him what she'd been itching to ever since she got word he was arriving. She led him through the various impressive and spacious hallways of the facility, which was indeed built like a resort in many ways: all big open spaces and access to the wondrous sea air and warm sun's rays. But then she took a turn, and led him through the most impressive hall yet, down into the heart of the island.

"Holy moly," Matthew exclaimed. His eyes bulged, taking in the immensity of what he was seeing. "This is amazing. This is - this is something else!"

“And it’s fully automated too,” Jane said. She gestured for him to enter. “Welcome to my laboratory.”

The laboratories, plural, were among the most advanced in the world, using all the best money could buy. The stations were clean, the cupboards full of stores of the most valuable compounds and genetic samples, and the scanning equipment was two generations ahead of anything Matthew had seen.

And at the end of the labs, locked in a sealed container with a perspex cover for display, was the artefact. The reason other than friendship that Matthew had come. It was strange to look at: a sort of shell spiral that was long petrified and warped from some sort of crash landing, but the energy readings coming off of it were vast. There was something organic not just to its construction, but to the ongoing internal mechanisms that she didn’t dare pierce through. She needed a partner to help her.

“That’s it, isn’t it?” Matthew said.

“It is indeed,” Jane replied. “The first known alien artefact in existence, and ours to discover the true nature of. With our genetic knowledge, we can tap the stores of chemicals and organic material contained within its grey matter, and go further than anyone else in our field of study has ever dreamed of.”

Matthew crossed his arms, his expression now serious, but determined. He slowly nodded, as if coming to terms with it all.

“Let’s get to work then, lead geneticist.”

“Indeed, assistant.”

She began telling him all she knew, and showing him the scan results of where she planned to sample some of the genetic material. The work had finally begun.

Journal entry #4: On the Cusp

I am deeply excited. After the tragedy of the previous year, and the subsequent period of mourning and loneliness, I finally feel the zest of discovery once more. Matthew is an excellent partner to bounce ideas off of. It does not hurt that he is attractive. Obviously, I shall keep these feelings to myself, though the mind does wander in isolation, and I have seen him looking at me. Perhaps, down the line, we shall indulge in a little private enjoyable. Let the steam off, shall we say?

But the true passion remains our analysis and preparations for the artefact. Using a variety of deep tissue scans, we have managed to isolate streams of living genetic code trapped deep inside the spiral. We must be intensely careful excavating it, but the necessary

drill bits will arrive soon, and we shall be able to harvest as much as 5-6 millilitres of living fluid. To a geneticist, this is practically a veritable flood.

The day had arrived. Matthew had settled himself in well. He was enjoying having a private gymnasium to work out in, and the deep satellite that allowed him to keep up to date with his champion hockey team, a pursuit that Jane was surprisingly drawn into thanks to his sheer enthusiasm. But as the more focused and genius of the pair, she practically *lived* in the lab facility, working hard to prepare the moment when they would drill into the artefact and recover the organic tissue.

And now it was here. The two were clad in their protective suits, thick gloves on their hands, and protective goggles firmly attached. The perspex cover of the artefact had been pulled back, and the drill was in position, ready to burrow once activated. Jane was off to the side, working the monitoring screens and checking that manual application of the drill was right. Matthew himself was applying the drill. She had insisted, after all. She may be the lead researcher on this astounding project, but he was the more sporty of the two of them, and had finer control. It was up to him to get it right, and she would guide him.

“Nervous?” he asked.

“I have absolute faith in you,” she replied steadily.

“Good, because hopefully that will convince my forehead to stop sweating. Okay, let’s do this, then.”

She activated the recording device, and worked on following the information feeds as he started the drill. It gave a light hum, minute as it was, and guided by a flexible rail that kept it positioned well.

“Drill activated. Beginning burrowing. Aim is two-point-five centimetres deep. In-built syringe will then extract matter.”

“Everything looks clear to start,” Jane added. Her heart pounded in her chest. She was nervous, despite her attempts to allay Matthew. This needed to go right. It *had* to. After the death of her parents, this was her opportunity to make them proud. She was the last of her family, which made such things doubly important.

“Applying to surface now,” Matthew said.

Slowly, carefully, cautiously, and guided by the rail and Jane’s feedback, he began to drill into the strange spiral. More sweat poured down his forehead, but he continued on, working through the strange, oddly tough material.

“Nearly there, just one centimetre left,” Jane said.

“Applying a bit more pressure,” Matthew said. “Material is thicker here, but I think I’m almost at the point where-”

He never got to finish the sentence. Suddenly, without warning, all the instrument readings on the spiral artefact lit up on Jane’s screens. She barely had time to say something when the artefact *itself* lit up, a bright red beam of light pouring from its folds. It thrummed, making an eldritch noise that made both scientists reach to cover their ears, it was so horrible. Matthew slipped on the drill, and to his horror a section of the artefact ripped open. The light poured from it in waves of red, and he was right before them.

“Oh God!” he cried. His retinas burned, a searing pain blinding his vision in both eyes. The man staggered back, flinging aside the drill in a panic, and causing a small stream of the organic material to fire off at an angle.

Right onto Jane Broder.

It stained her goggles slightly, and poured a little down her neck, but she was fully covered. At least, that was what she thought, until an intense burning sensation began in her cheek. Horrified, she saw in the reflection of her glitching screens a tear in the suit covering, a result of her panic, or perhaps even the flung drill.

“Shit!” she cried.

The artefact groaned again, but she didn’t have time to look at the scans. She grabbed Matthew’s unconscious body by the hands and pulled him back along the smooth floor, taking them both to the decontamination room and tearing off her suit. Blasts of water and air and cleaning gels shot against her naked body. She got to work on Matthew’s coverings, and made sure he was equally cleaned. The last thing she saw before even her face was covered was the decomposing spiral, her prized artefact, collapsing into dust.

It had all gone horribly wrong.

Her cheek continued to burn.

Diary Entry #7: Ice Cream

Ignore my self-pitying, catastrophising former entries. Matthew is going to be okay. He is temporarily blinded due to retina scarring, but he will recover. I have applied bandages to his face and he is to have them replaced regularly, but he is not to come into contact with light any time soon, not until a month has passed. He is currently on bed rest but recovering quickly, and insistent on being as independent as possible, the wonderful stubborn fool.

I am uninjured, as far as I can tell. Tests of my physiology show some small concerns, but they are analogous to traumatic reactions. There is only a light ‘splash’ of darker colour on my cheek where the material spilled. It is small, like an elongated beauty

spot. The far bigger concern is the loss of the artefact. All for nothing. Matthew feels horrendous, but it is not his fault. I was too eager, and now it is lost. I shall think of ways to analyse the data we have and hopefully get something from it.

I've been hungrier as of late. It was similar to when my parents died. As childish as it sounds, I almost want to curl up on a couch, watch some dreary prestige drama, and eat far, far too much ice cream.

I'll have the drone drop off an extra few tubs.

Jane felt guilty, and was doing her best to nurse Matthew back to health. She watched shows with him (with audio descriptions for his benefit), chatted about sports (to his pleasure, not much of hers), and even went over the amazing data they at least had extracted in their failed operation. He felt far more guilty.

"I should have been more careful. The drill . . . you could have been injured."

"Nonsense. I'm brilliant, Matthew, but my lecturers and fellow peers always said I was too hasty. The other day proved it. I just wish it hadn't come at the loss of such knowledge, alas. Well, I'll keep working while you rest. Did you want some food? I'm making up some burgers."

He chuckled as he rested. "Seriously? I'm full enough from the last two lots. Is everything okay with you? You're eating a lot at the moment."

"A woman's natural reaction to morosity, I'm afraid."

But as much as it made a neat line, Matthew wasn't wrong. She was eating a lot. A massive amount, in fact. Far more than even she had when her mother and father had perished, and she'd had to carefully diet afterwards. Her stomach was constantly growling, demanding more sustenance, and as the early days since the experiment failure went on, she was becoming less and less discerning. She had even looked at a pure stick of cooking butter with hunger when she opened the fridge earlier, licking her lips at the possible taste until she realised what she was doing and stopped. It was becoming a concern. She decided to take another series of tests.

What she got back surprised her.

"It doesn't make sense," she said as she looked over the results. "My physiology was completely normal the other day, just a little elevated at most. Now, I'm changing? *Changing?*"

She ran it again, looked at her own blood cells beneath the state-of-the-art microscope. But the results came back the same, and her own eyes could not deceive the horrible revelation of what was happening to her.

Her cells were *mutating*.

"I - I have to monitor this. I have to keep on top of it."

Her heart beat quickly in her chest, thumping in fear. She decided to run the tests again, just in case they were wrong a second time. But they each came back the same. The spiral may have disintegrated, but the organic matter of the artefact was now within her.

And it was changing her into something new.

Journal Entry #9: Genetic Concerns

It's impossible to refute. I am changing. It is less than a week from the accident, and my hunger is out of control. I feel a powerful urge not just to consume, but also to grow. I cannot quite explain it, except that my body literally is driving me to become larger, as if through a combination of instinct and endlessly ravenous hunger. Matthew knows something is wrong, and I cannot hold off his concerns forever. Only his blindness and need to rest a little give me time to eat, and even then he sees through my lies.

I have run every test I can think of to try to reverse these effects, but when I am 'called' to eat by these strange compulsions, I feel as if I don't even want to reverse them. Was this part of the purpose of the spiral? Was the genetic code within a deliberately mutative agent? I cannot say for sure.

All I know is that yesterday I measured exactly 1.6 metres. That's 160 centimetres. Today I measure 163 centimetres. Three centimetres of growth at the age of twenty six, achieved overnight.

I am becoming deeply afraid, and yet I cannot stop. I must research and record what is happening to me, especially since a new development has only raised my concern. My hips are aching currently, and have spread a full 3 centimetres wider. I fear they may grow wider still. And there is a pressure in my tailbone. Around my backside, really. The flesh is beginning to swell there.

I have not had to use the bathroom in two days now.

Something is deeply wrong with me.

And yet I still want to eat.

Still want to grow.

What am I becoming?

"My entire structure is changing," Jane said.

Matthew was sitting at the table, one earbud in as he listened to an audiobook about the history of hockey. But he immediately yanked it out and 'looked' at her with surprise. Given the bandages covering his eyes, it was more general movement of the head in her direction.

"What? You're - what!?"

Jane composed herself, remembered that he couldn't see her blushing. But Matthew was usually quite stoic in his own right, and hearing that calm vanish told her that he was taken aback by her suddenness.

"The organic matter from the artefact, it's changing me," she said. "I thought the infection on my cheek produced no changes, but now I find that I am eating more. A lot more. And I am growing."

"Growing?" he said, becoming serious. "Explain."

"I am . . . getting taller. Five centimetres now. And my hips are wider. I also have a growth on my, erm, backside."

He was silent for a long time as he internalised this.

"This is bad," he finally said.

"Very."

"We need to chart this."

"I'm already on it."

He nodded, falling silent again. He had a serene calmness about it that was, in turn, helping calm her. It was something she had always appreciated about Matthew. It made her look upon him and recognise what good qualities he had as a person. The calm in the centre of the storm. He was also, as she seemed to increasingly ruminate on lately, quite attractive as well. It was difficult not to look upon his muscles and imagine his virility.

She was snapped out of those strange thoughts by his next words.

"Is there a way to reverse this?"

"Not that I know of. I'm doing my best."

"And I can't help. Damn. I'm sorry again, Jane."

She patted his shoulder, admiring the supple strength of it as she did. She let her hand linger there a little longer than was ordinary. "It's not your fault, Matthew. I just - I'm that you're here now. With me, I mean."

He placed his hand on hers, the one that was resting on his shoulder. "Me too, Jane. Me too. We'll figure this out, don't worry. We're the best in the business, after all."

She was about to give more detail on her changes when suddenly her stomach growled. Loudly. Matthew's eyebrows raised, and though she couldn't see his eyes, it was obvious that he was intrigued in the light of what she'd just said.

"The hunger you spoke of?"

“Mm-hmm,” she managed, preventing herself from groaning loudly. Her stomach did that for her anyway. “It’s - ahh! - stronger than usual. I’m s-sorry, I have to eat something.”

“You could try not to? Can you resist it?”

“I can’t! It’s - it’s like some sort of compulsion. Like a new instinct in my head. Trust me, Matthew, I can’t avoid this. I *have* to eat. I don’t just c-crave food, I have a biological imperative to consume it. To fuel this - this mutation! NNGhh!! I have to go! I’ll be back.”

“And I’ll be here, for you,” he said. Even in the midst of the chaos and the howling in her gut, there was almost a romantic sentiment to his voice.

She nodded, realised he couldn’t see said nod, and instead patted him on the shoulder appreciatively. Then she ran from the living space and across the facility to the larger kitchen.

“Need food. Oh G-God, need food! What the hell is h-happening to my cells? To my DNA?”

But even those questions fell from her mind, important as they were, in the fact of the immense stocks of sustenance that she had stored away. The growth at her tailbone throbbed, urging to grow further as she began to pull down cereal boxes, breads, cakes, stored pre-cooked meats, ration packs, ice cream tubs, jugs of juice and milk and soft drink, muesli bars, protein shakes, pastries galore, and so on and so forth. She guzzled, consumed, chewed, swallowed, sucked, ate, downed, chomped, inhaled and imbibed all that she could. Her stomach was like a great elastic band, stretching beyond what she thought was possible, but also soon reaching its eventual limit. She felt utterly full, her belly incredibly tight and beginning to radiate pain, but still her hunger drove her, uncaring of the discomfort she was experiencing.

“Nngh! M-more! MORE!!”

She ate and ate, and it was only when she literally had to pull down her pants and underwear from the sheer aching fullness of her body that it finally stopped. She sagged down to the floor, grateful that Matthew could not possibly hear her this far across the complex, and simply focused on her breathing. Her body was sweating profusely from all that effort, and her breasts were uncomfortably tight in her bra for reasons she had no idea about. Her backside tingled, filled with strange pressures. And so she panted, taking her breaths in and out, in and out, trying not just to absorb the food but also what she had just done.

“Wh-what is this all f-for!?” she exclaimed after she’d been sitting for roughly five to ten minutes.

She got her answer very quickly after. Suddenly, a twinge began in her backside. It spread to her hips, and then up to her chest, and even to the top of her head. Her bones

began to ache, and the familiar stretching of tissue that accompanied her general growth started up as well.

“N-no! Not again! I d-don’t want to mutate! This isn’t how this experiment was s-supposed to go!”

She managed to hold back the tide of change through sheer willpower, but only for a few minutes at best. The effort was *exhausting*. Finally, the compulsions got the best of her. The overwhelming instinct to *change*. To *grow*. To *transform*. To *breed*.

“Breed?” she said, unsure where that last thought had come from.

But then the changes began in full, in the most dramatic and sudden surge yet.

“Oohhh! OHhHHH!! WH-NNGHH!!!”

Words became impossible as her form began to grow and stretch and change. Her limbs lengthened, and her spine extended with a distinctive *pop, pop, pop!* She grew another five centimetres, then another ten, with ease, though it did not *feel* easy having the food she’d absorbed suddenly generate into new tissue and muscle. Her body was a conversion chamber, altering food into energy into matter into growth, and for all her intelligence, she was helpless but to writhe and squirm and groan in response to it all.

The growth upon her rear throbbed heavily, and she sensed most of the energy was directed towards that new mutation. She clutched it, still whimpering as it surged forth, doubling in size in mere seconds as tissue and fat poured into it.

“Wh-what is this!? Wh-UNHNNN!!!”

More changes, more growth. Her entire rear extension doubled again, becoming rounder. Fatter. It turned a paler colour, almost white, albeit with a strangely glossy finish. It bulged forth, becoming heavier and heavier. The only upside to the exhaustive experience of the transformation was that her stomach got a whole lot less tight as its contents was quickly drained. She grasped her scalp as two points extended from her head. It was painful, like a terrible migraine, but then there was an enormous relief as they emerged, extended to become a pair of insectoid antennae. They were only about ten centimetres long each, but they shifted about as if they had a life of their own, jet black in colour.

“Antennae!? I’m - ughh - g-growing ANTENNAE!?”

They twitched again, flooding her brain with information she couldn’t yet understand. She squirmed again as two more bulges appeared below her arms, new bone and muscle forming. The skin on her back hardened a little, and two points below her meagre breasts also became alarmingly sensitive. She cradled her chest, whimpering, as those same breasts expanded like balloons.

“AAghh! NNGHH!! S-so b-big!”

She had modest, cute B-cups, but now they swelled larger and larger. Already her shirt - one borrowed secretly from Matthew’s suitcase - was stretched to breaking point, but

with the expansion of her chest to what had to be full double-D cups, heavy and flushed and large, the shirt finally ripped open. The buttons pinged away, and the shirt itself fell in tatters. It was like that ridiculous movie about the Incredible Hulk, only her skin had turned a pale white along much of her stomach and breasts, while her shoulders and back had turned a dark black, even becoming hard like an exoskeleton in places.

“When. Will. It. End. EEEURURGH!!”

One last growth, which saw her burst out of any remaining clothes she had: her bra snapped off, flying across the kitchen storage room. She stood there in the aftermath of it all, now easily taller than Matthew, roughly about 1.9 metres tall, perhaps even 1.95 or so. Her larger breasts had kept proportion with her body and then some, while the sac-like growth from her rear now nearly touched the ground, weighing a good number of kilograms, though less than it looked to weigh, at least. Her antennae twitched, providing her with a reluctant sense of satisfaction, as if to say *‘finally, it’s starting.’*

“What is starting,” she mumbled, still awestruck by her form.

Journal Entry #12: Bug-like

The journal entry header tells it all. What else is there to say? I have the attributes, increasingly, of a bug. An insectoid. An alien bug, but a bug nonetheless. The . . . thing hanging so heavily from my rear can only be an ovipositor. An egg producer and egg excretor. Is that the reason why I no longer need to urinate or defecate? Were the alien biologies so efficient that they could seamlessly use all of their absorbed material for making eggs. I can only hope not.

Besides, I suppose I would need someone to impregnate me. I doubt that’s happening any time soon. If Matthew were to look at me he’d no doubt gasp in fright. The thought fills me with anxiety. He’s already had his retinas burned, and he and I both blame ourselves for everything that’s gone wrong. He’ll never get out of this stupor if he finds out how much I’ve changed.

And I don’t know if I even want him to know I’m changing this much. When I look at him lately, I see him differently. Is the attraction natural, or instinct? Could I even know?

Two days after the enormous expansion of her body, and she had to come clean to Matthew, at least partly so. She had been avoiding him, nursing him as best as she could to health, but otherwise staying clear. Her constant grunting as she dragged her ridiculous swollen sac

behind her, and as she felt the bumps beneath her arms begin to extend, or any other weird alteration to her body, only made him question if she was alright.

“I’m o-okay,” she stammered in the hours after that initial giant change. “I’m j-just getting used to being t-taller, that’s all!”

There had been an almighty *crash* as a priceless vase from China was smashed to the ground by her rear abdomen without her realising. She was still getting used to the absurd growth, which by this current point had swollen yet larger and was now resting on its tip against the floor. She had banged and crashed it into many things since then, and could only hope against hope that it would not grow any larger from there. It was already heavy enough, and slowly developing ridges and muscles along its underside and top that was making it creepily flexible. It was getting to the point that when she walked, which was quite a labour, she used the muscles of her ‘tail’ sac to sort of help propel herself forward.

But as much as she had avoided Matthew, she couldn’t keep him at arms length forever. He was expressing increasing worry for his friend, and she was becoming frightened of her own form, and in need of his comfort. Certainly, her twitching antennae wanted that. Whenever she drew near his presence they seemed to reward her with rushes of wonderful dopamine, and even a little arousal. The last made her a little concerned, and she expressed this concern often in her diaries, but the fact was that she felt drawn to him regardless. So she made her way up to her friend and partner, grunting awkwardly as she dragged her strange sac behind her.

“Jane, is that you? You sound ill.”

“N-not ill,” she grunted, reaching back to help drag the rear growth forward. “Just mutating further. The chemicals are having an unpredictable effect.”

She’d had to resort to wearing not only stretchy clothing, but modified variants that allowed for her egg sac to fit through a hole that clipped up over it. She looked ridiculous, and it was only getting worse. Her antennae were kindly informing her of just that.

“I’m sorry,” Matthew said. “Did you want to sit and talk about it? Run through with me what’s happening?”

She sighed, and looked at herself in the mirrored surface of the nearby wall. Jane couldn’t help but sigh in frustration. Other changes, subtle, had also occurred. Beyond the swelling of that bulbous white sack behind her, its top half was slowly being covered over with what had to be black chitinous plates, similar to what was slowly appearing on her shoulders. Her antennae were the same length, but part of her scalp was also turning black, and her hair with it around the roots. Her boobs were still large and full, and their sensitivity had not abated, something which left her feeling flushed and aroused more than she’d like. Two little points had grown beneath them, and she was unsure what they could be, but the

growths beneath her arms were ones she had a suspicion about. They could well be another set of arms.

“Jane? I asked what was happening?”

She sighed. “I think . . . I think I must be becoming one of the spiral-makers. This must be part of their technology.”

“Are you serious right now?”

“Yes. I have a . . . growth, out my backside. Sort of like an egg sac, but I’m not sure. My breasts have grown in size, and I might be developing more arms. I have chitin-like armour on parts of my back. It’s . . . a lot to take in.”

Matthew took a deep breath. “I wish I could see it. Damn. This is quite something. Crazy.”

“Yeah,” she agreed, smiling a little. “Crazy is an understatement.”

“Can . . . can I feel? The changes, I mean?”

She felt a flourish of something approaching *need* course through her. The antennae atop her head twitched a little, informing Jane that this was exactly the result her new instincts wanted. She licked her lips, taking a deeper breath as she looked at poor, blind Matthew sitting upright on the couch. He was shorter than her now, obviously so. It made him look cute, but more than that, her antennae took in his scent, translating it into a concept that her body recognised even if her mind lagged on.

Mate.

A suitable mate.

She nearly coughed at the realisation, and so sat down beside him immediately, mindful of her huge rear growth, which she placed over the armrest of the couch rather awkwardly.

“How shall we do this?” she said, looking slightly down at him. It was an astonishing perspective from someone who had once been nearly a full foot shorter.

“Um, can you guide my hands? I don’t want to make you feel uncomfortable.”

She took his hands, feeling rather too comfortable with the proposition. She couldn’t help it; her nipples throbbed in arousal at being so close to him, antennae pushing her to make this man her *mate*. Was this alien instinct or just desperation? She wasn’t sure, and didn’t care to name it out of fear, and embarrassment.

“Well, I’ve grown these,” she said, pulling his hands up to touch her antenna.

“Holy shit.”

“Yeah,” she replied, pulling his hands down quick enough that he didn’t realise the full scope of them. “And I’ve got these growths under my arms, the ones I talked about.”

He ran his fingers over the extensions, which now had bone and muscle and could wiggle slightly. She shivered a little as he felt them.

“Hey! Be careful, that really tickles.”

“They have feeling? This is remarkable.”

“Less remarkable when they’re growing on you.”

“I imagine so. And . . . this growth at the back. Can I feel it?”

“S-sure,” she said, breathing a little more heavily. Her womanhood moistened, and she shifted a little on the couch. God, she was becoming aroused. It *had* to be a result of the mutation, drawing her ever closer to mating. To *breeding*. She pushed the thoughts to one side, and carefully pulled Matthew towards her. His chest pressed against hers, and she moaned a little under her breath as he brushed her breasts, which felt so painfully tight and in need of massaging.

“H-here,” she said, positioning him so that he was reaching over her lap to feel her bloated behind. The moment his hands came into contact with her insect-like abdomen, she had to suck in air. As gross as her body currently felt, her partner’s touch made it hyper-libidinous.

“Wow, okay, this is different on another level.”

“No kidding,” Jane said.

“It . . . wow, it’s big. Very big.”

She smirked again, admiring the muscles on his arms. “Are you calling my butt big?”

“No, obviously not. Your butt is fine as it is, but this is like . . . an extension of it. What does it look like?”

She described it to him, including its chitinous black plates and white underside.

“Strange, very strange. Sounds like an insect abdomen.”

“It doesn’t look that bad,” she lied. She knew she should be honest, but in truth she wanted to downplay its size.

“Of course not,” he replied, maintaining his stoic demeanour. She admired him for it. “But still . . . what is it becoming?”

“I have no idea,” she lied again. “But I think it might grow a bit bigger. A lot of me is.”

“I can definitely tell you’re larger.”

“Gee, thanks.”

He cracked a smile. “Not like that. I mean, you have to be taller, right.”

She nodded, realised her mistake, then confirmed out loud. “I think I’m almost eight centimetres taller than you.”

“Wow. I am not a short man, either. You must be gigantic for a woman.”

She bit her lip. “Well, that’s not all that’s gigantic. There’s one more thing for you to feel. Two things, really.”

It was daring. It was all wrong for the moment. But her antennae were sampling this man’s scent, her friend, and identifying him as her *mate*. She needed to feel him in a way

she'd never experienced. She took his hands, and raised them up to her chest, planting them over her large, soft mounds.

"Oh. Oh!"

He was clearly surprised, and went to pull them back.

"Wait," she said. "Feel. I . . . want you to."

"Um, are you sure?"

"Yes. Just . . . feel. Please."

For several long moments he felt over her chest. She moaned softly, but after some hesitation, he continued to feel her. His fingers sunk a little deeper, and it was at that point that she unbuttoned her overly-large top, allowing her bare breasts to be open before him. She didn't have a bra large enough to contain them, and there was a very real danger that by the time one arrived by drone she'd have grown another cup size larger anyway. So she had numerous sizes on the way. But for now, she encouraged him to feel her large breasts, fondling them.

"Do you want me to stop?" Matthew asked. He seemed reluctant to do so. Despite her freakish changes, which he thankfully couldn't see, it was easy to tell that he was getting turned on. Her antennae only confirmed this, as well as a surprising new fact: her body was secreting pheromones to help that arousal along.

"No, k-keep going. It feels nice. I can't explain it, but my body n-needs this, Matthew."

He took a deep breath. "They certainly feel nice."

"Mhmmm, they do. God, they do. They're so f-fucking sensitive."

He chuckled, lowered a hand to adjust his member in his trousers. It made her very intrigued at its size.

"I've never heard you swear before, except that one time you got an A-minus way back."

She leaned back a little, massaged her rear growth, grunted in pleasure as he groped her breasts again, squeezing her new double-D's. "I d-don't usually s-swear. But this is f-fucking amazing. Oh God, the changes have made me so horny, Matthew. I can't explain it. I need you. Do you feel it?"

"I do," he said, in his usual laconic way. She knew he did, but hearing him say it made it all the better.

"Can we? I want you to fuck me, Matthew. Can you do that?"

He nodded, breathing faster before her. He looked so handsome, but also small against her. Cute. Something to be protected. Another wave of instincts flooded through her, demanding she take care of him, and become the dominant one of a pairing. To take what she needed from her mate, as her body craved and deserved.

“Good. Even with all these changes, I feel like a queen. I want you to fuck your queen. I demand it.”

Another nod. He was clearly overwhelmed by it all, but his arousal spoke for itself, straining his pants, throbbing against the fabric with need. She licked her lips at the sight of it, particularly as he began to unbuckle said trousers.

“Are we sure about this?” he asked. “If it’s a result of the change, your new genetics . . . should we be worried?”

She leaned over, her lower-arms-to-be twitching a little, desiring to help. She used her regular ones to finish unbuckling his trousers. “Honestly, Matthew? I’m too turned on to care right now. And I know you are too.”

He gulped, and she knew she had him. A good thing, because her antennae were driving her crazy, and her nipples were rock hard with lust. They pulled away Matthew’s trousers, and then pulled down his underwear. Her eyes widened at the sight of his immense cock. She’d never had any idea it was so big: it looked to be nine inches.

“That’s . . . impressive!” she breathed in awe.

“It f-feels bigger than usual,” he stammered, stroking its wonderful length. “I - oh God, Jane, I’ve never been this turned on before.”

“Then hurry up and fuck me, my mate. I need you in me.”

He gripped her waist and helped hoist her. A good thing too: her rear sac was too heavy and cumbersome to easily manoeuvre. With his help, she was soon on his lap, facing him, her sac dangling weightily behind her. Her big nipples brushed against his chest, and the two points below them were feeling almost as sensitive. Her mind grasped to understand what was happening there, but her arousal was too great to think too deeply.

“I can feel the plating on your back,” Matthew said. “It’s kind of cool.”

“Mhmm, hurry up and get inside me,” she said. His big cock was between her thighs, rubbing against her now-hairless venus mound. She needed it in her. Bad.

Matthew lifted her again, and this time they positioned his dick, and had it press against her incredibly wet opening. There was a moment of tension, and then it passed into her, sliding deep into her vaginal passage.

“Oohhhhhh,” she moaned, “yessssss. This is what I needed! F-fuck, I needed this!”

“M-me too!” he said, “I don’t know why, but I needed it! You f-feel so tight!”

She didn’t mention the pheromones her body was producing. In that moment, it wasn’t necessary. She was attracted to him, body and soul, and his calm acceptance of her situation made her want to please him with her own body, altered as it was. She pressed her big tits against him, and with her greater height, they were now at face height.

“Suck on them,” she said, and it came across more like an order.

He did so eagerly, greedily, like a child suckling. For some reason that image only made her more aroused, as if this smaller man was to be nursed and cared for, with her as his queen. *His mate. His broodmother.*

"Mmhhh," she moaned again, softly bouncing on his lap as he sucked at her breasts. Her hands ran over his strong muscles, and he teased her flanks and rubbed her stomach. Those two strange points below her breasts lit up with pleasure. They kissed deeply and passionately, feeling each other's hair and letting their tongues dance and intertwine in each other's mouths.

Soon the two were much more aggressive. He thrust into her, and with his help she slid up and down upon his huge mast, taking in his entire length. She was milking him of all his sustenance, and wanted to make sure she missed none of it. Her antennae twitched wildly, requiring his seed. She needed it in her, more than anything. More than anything she had ever wanted, she wanted this.

"I'm s-so close!" Matthew stammered.

"M-me too! I want you to come in!"

"I'm - ahhh - about to! Oh God, your tits, Jane. Your . . . everything. I'm about to - I'm about to - Ahhhh!!"

She arched her back, pressing her heavy bosom further into his face. Her nipples plopped into his mouth as he climaxed, and the feelings it produced finally made her climax in turn.

"Yes! Yes! Mate me, Matthew! Breed me! Fucking **BREED MEEEEEE!!!**"

Her voice went high as the orgasm hit her like a freight train. It was more powerful than any orgasm she had ever felt, and it was only exceeded by the next one. And the next one. And the next one. Each caused her to squirm and writhe upon Matthew's lap. His balls squeezed against her, pulsing with each jet of semen he expelled from his cock. She could feel it, even *taste* it with her antennae: he was filling her up, ejaculating stream after stream of his seed deep into her womb. It made her grin madly. Finally, it was happening.

Finally, she was being bred.

"YEsssssssss," she moaned. "Finally . . . mated. Mated . . . mhmmm."

They both settled down over the following minutes. With his much-needed help, she extracted herself off of him, nearly falling backwards due to the weight imbalance of her altered body. Thankfully, the musculature of her sac bent, almost like a caterpillar or worm, and caught her.

"That was something else," Matthew breathed, still coming down from the high of their intercourse. "Should we have done that?"

“Of course, my mate,” she said easily. She rubbed her rear growth. It had begun to feel warm, and she luxuriated in that sensation. “Mhmmm . . . I needed that. This body needed that.”

“For what? And why are you calling me your ‘mate’?” Matthew asked. His features - those she could see, drew into an expression of greater seriousness. “And why did we just have sex? I mean, I wanted it, but it was so unlike me. So unlike both of us.”

“It’s the change,” she admitted. “I think . . . it’s doing something to me, and you got caught up in it.”

“Doing what?” he asked.

Her stomach rumbled, as if in answer to the question. The tension and pressure returned, just as it had come on the previous times, and just as strongly as when she had grown so large.

“Oh G-God!” she exclaimed. She staggered back into the centre of the room to get away from Matthew. He stood, moving towards her blindly, sweeping his arms out slowly.

“Jane! Are you okay? What’s happening? Can I help?”

“NO!” she cried, far too loudly. “No. J-just stay there. It’s - ahhh - another ch-change! I just need to ride it out!”

“Did we cause that?” he said, pulling his trousers and underwear on.

“I don’t th-think so,” she said, though she knew it was a lie. Her antennae told her as much. But she didn’t want him to know the full extent of her changes. “I ate a l-lot this morning. A *lot*, Matthew. I couldn’t help it. This body, it - ahhh! - it needs food like f-fuel. And - nng! - I have had a lot of fuel l-lately.”

“Shit, we need to get someone. We can’t just stay on this island. This is crazy!”

“No!” she replied again. “We just need you back at health to f-fix me. These ch-changes are just temporary. I don’t w-want to end up a freak in the news.”

That seemed to mollify him, which was good, because it was then that her body began to change in full. She stared at her reflection in the mirrored wall to her left as her figure practically *erupted*. She grew yet taller, her spine and limbs extending so that she was over two metres in height, easily. She groaned as this occurred, because the two would-be arms beneath her current set finally became arms in full. They pushed out from her sides, becoming longer and more defined, musculature growing in. With an audible *crack*, her elbows formed. She bit her lip in a strange mix of agony and satisfaction as her knuckles formed, then her new fingers, digit by digit.

“Y-yes!” she cried.

“Everything okay?”

“It is!” she replied quickly, flexing her new arms. She wasn’t yet used to them, and so they moved in synchronous parallel to her usual pair. They were darker, more chitinous than

her upper arms, but their undersides had the pale, almost glossy flesh that the rest of her front was taking on. "It's alr-right! Just some m-minor changes!"

She didn't want him to know the full extent of her changes. She staggered again as her rear grew out. It didn't widen as she expected though, becoming an insectoid abdomen. Instead, it *lengthened*, like a snake's tail, or a worm's general shape. Like the latter, it was sort of 'ribbed' along the underside, with powerful muscles already forming into existence from her calorie and protein intake. It flexed behind her, becoming longer than a fridge, so large that it thrashed with another pulse of pleasure, knocking over a shelf near the wall and causing books to crash to the ground.

"What was that!? Jane, are you okay!?"

"I'm f-fine! Just fell back a little, it's okay! I'm unhurt!"

He didn't seem convinced, but she had to pull back so that he wouldn't get to touch her body and notice how much she was altering. Her eyes buzzed, and for a discomfiting moment she felt them alter, becoming larger than usual. She nearly gasped at her reflection: they had become twice their usual size, and were a softly glowing red. They looked like . . . bug's eyes. Not split into compound eyes, thankfully, or made too unattractive. But certainly alien.

"AAhhhhh! Ohhhh, it f-feels weird! Not too p-painful! Just - ugh! - weird!"

"Good! Is there anything I can do?"

"J-just stay there!" she said, motioning with all four arms, despite his obvious blindness. She grabbed the bulge of her rear abdomen, straining as it swelled a little wider, but mainly continued to extend back and back. It was plumping up. Preparing for something.

"Ooof! Ack!"

She made a series of strange clicking sounds, entirely unintentional. The reason was her jaw, and more specifically her teeth. They extended, becoming sharp, like those of a strict carnivore's. She wasn't sure if this meant her diet was changing or simply that she was taking on a characteristic of the alien, but it felt strange. Her tongue hardened, just a little, so that it only felt odd to run it over her new jaw of canine teeth, rather than painful.

"Oh mah Goh'!" she managed, still getting a handle on her new teeth.

"What is it?" Matthew called.

"Noffin'!" she called back. "Jus' bi' mah lip!"

She adjusted her jaw, got a bit more used to her teeth. They still felt unnatural, but they were at least usable, and it wouldn't take long to speak properly again. She felt an instinctive urge to not let Matthew know. It was important to maintain her mate's attraction to her, and not cause him to be afraid. She still needed to protect and nurture him, and take his ready seed.

The very thought made her aroused again, even as her legs struggled to touch the floor. Another set of dual pressures began in her chest region, and she worked quickly to remove her already too-tight top, which was open at the front from their intercourse moments ago.

“B-bigger!” she exclaimed. “Need them b-bigger. To be ready.”

Ready for what, she did not know. She had the sense her body certainly would soon. She grasped her already-ripe double-D breasts and massaged them, rubbing her nipples and caressing the surrounding flesh, urging all of it to grow. And it did. The pressure reached its peak, and suddenly her breasts surged forth, gaining tissue and fat from her many meals, which were easily converted into more mass. The feelings were intensely pleasurable, and it made her want them to grow and grow more until they were as big as her head. Certainly, her flushed tits became larger and rounder, drooping just slightly under their own weight to become perfect teardrop shapes. Her nipples darkened, a contrast to the white of her chest, becoming even larger. Soon they raced past E-cups all the way to incredible F-cups, which were at least half as big as her own head each. They wobbled, bounced with her movements, and radiated pleasure.

But that was only the beginning. The two points beneath her breasts also expanded, and as she brushed her lower hands’ fingers against her soft stomach she finally realised what they were: nipples.

“M-more breasts,” she whispered to herself, thankfully out of Matthew’s earshot. “Four breasts? Will they stay like this or grow like the other - NGHH!!”

They did indeed grow, rapidly gaining weight and size until they were nearly equal to her upper breasts from before. They must have been double-D’s now, replacing the size of her upper ones which were now much bigger. She cradled all four of her breasts in her hands, unable to believe that they were now all hers, or that they were so big. Or sensitive.

“Holy sh-shoot,” she said, managing to regain control of herself.

As if to announce that her changes were down for now, her big worm-like tail-sac rose and fell with an almighty *CRASH* that splintered some of the flooring. Matthew rose to his feet immediately, a look of fear upon his visible features.

“I’m okay!” Jane called. “Just an accident. I’m a little bigger!”

A pause. “How much bigger?”

“Um, I’m a little over two metres. My, er, behind has grown just a little more too. Like, thirty centimetres. I just knocked something over, that’s all.”

She looked back at the sac, which had grown what appeared to be almost *two whole metres* in length, and bit her lip with her sharp new teeth. Even as far as white lies went, that one was a whopper.

“We need to call for help,” Matthew said.

“No, I’m not going public. I’ll - we’ll - figure this out. Please, Matthew. That sex - that wonderful sex we just had, wasn’t just from some biological need, right? There was feeling there. I know you experienced it too.”

He was silenced long enough to give a begrudging nod. “There was. God, there was, Jane. For a long time I’ve . . . but that’s not important. We have a connection, I admit it. And it was amazing. But it’s because of that connection, and how amazing that was, that I’m worried for you.”

She changed tact. “Just because it’s affected me oddly doesn’t mean we should give it up. The spiral artefact is gone. This might be our last chance to discover something from it. Even if my body is irrevocably altered, and my mind a little affected, I would take the risk again for the sake of science. You and I both know this. We are geneticists first, before anything else. Please, Matthew. This is the one thing I have left since my parents passed away. Don’t take this from me.”

Matthew stood a little shakily, and strode over to her. She placed her lower arms behind her back and leaned forward a little, so that her second pair of breasts wouldn’t be accidentally felt by him. With her larger arms she took his shoulders, admiring them again as he looked at her eyes. Well, where he thought her eyes were.

“Up here,” she said gently.

“You *are* taller,” he said, though not with any repulsion. And then, reaching out with his hands to take her face, with her guidance, he gave her a deep kiss. She kept her sharp teeth covered, and pouted her lips so he couldn’t find out about them. It was a good thing he couldn’t see her eyes, either.

“I’ll trust you,” he said after he parted his lips from her. “But only because I like you.”

She giggled like a schoolgirl in love, rather than the professional young scientist she was. “Deal. I rather like you too.”

“What odd circumstances we find ourselves in. Do you need my help moving?”

“N-no,” she said. “I might, ah, stay here for a bit. Just take it all in.”

“Understood. I’ll feel my way to the showers. You might need one too.”

She looked over her flushed, slightly sweaty alien body. “Not a bad idea. I’ll use the lab’s ones.”

He nodded, gave her a winning smile, however brief it was, and moved away. Only when she heard the shower running did she move herself. Her great rear sac shifted like that of a snake or a worm’s length, and through its undulations she was able to move forward, using her legs to keep a semblance of balance. If it grew any further, she was worried it might be the *only* way to move. A troubling thing, since on the way to the shower she managed to accidentally destroy a coffee table and another vase.

“This will be weird getting used to.”

Journal Entry #21: The Thing at my Rear

It has been a couple of days since that new transformation. I am keeping many of my changes a secret from Matthew, which is increasingly difficult. He had to find out about the second pair of functioning arms: after all, we snuggled up to watch a hockey game, or a calming prestige drama, or to have intercourse. The last is something I greatly enjoy, but I must recognise I am utterly driven to do. My body craves him, and often I think of him less as my boyfriend or partner or friend, and more as my mate. As someone to penetrate me, and breed me. Those are the terms my alien mind thinks in now, and I am often in a greater arousal state as a result of it.

The result has been several more cases of intercourse, but also more trouble with my tail-like abdomen. When we have sex, it thrashes and shifts, and it curls automatically when I am, for lack of a better word, lusty. Horny. However one wishes to put it. I've already had to order a number of new pieces of equipment from the lab that I have destroyed, and invest in advanced drone technology to aid in its instalment. It is by far the part of my changes I find least appealing. Why this great rear growth? What purpose? Every time I try to think about it, my antennae buzz and send my thoughts elsewhere. It is as if my instincts are guiding me not to know, until the time is right. For now, it is simply my only way to move around.

Other items of business: I am ordering new bras, and experimental ones, to cope with my constantly shifting double chest. I literally have twice the chest of any woman. Strange to think upon. My shirts also require modification and special orders. Hats are right out. But I have had one major success: not only has my analysis of my changes indicated they are mainly focused on growth now, instead of new developments, but that something is indeed happening with my hormones. There is a shift there - perhaps a stability?

The other success is more practical: nutri-goo. My own design. A replenishable paste, pink in colour, that can be pumped full of calories, protein, and other nutrients that my body constantly requires. Stops me from raiding the fridge, and nearly destroying it with my tail. And, as a side benefit, it truly is delicious.

A good thing too, since I find myself most addicted to it.

I have started to become very hungry again, recently.

It was an ordinary sunny day, three days after the growth of so many new parts, that a new development occurred. Matthew was spending some alone time reading poetry and relaxing

on the sands of the tropical beach, and Jane in turn wished to focus on the latest tests upon her bloodstream and overall body. She was awaiting another series of changes, but none had come just yet. Her intake of nutri-goo had grown, to the point where her stomach felt taut, overly full with the stuff. But still there was no change.

That was, until she shifted along with her heavy 'tail' to see another scan of the spiral artefact's fragments, only to fall short and catch herself on a heavy piece of equipment.

"OOhhhhhh! OOhhhh wh-what n-now!? UGHH!!"

It was happening. It was finally happening. But unlike all the previous times, it was centred not across her whole body, but purely in her rear. Her worm-like behind writhed, smacking heavily against the hard floor as it churned. It grew warmer, and to Jane's shock, it felt like an actual *process* was beginning in there. Like an oven heating up, or a factory line starting operation.

"Nnggh!" she groaned, squeezing her red alien eyes shut. She kneaded her breasts with her hands, almost urging the lower ones to grow so that the upper ones would stop squishing them. But she would have to wait, because it was then that her rear began to bloat up. Large objects began to rapidly form within it, plumping up the abdomen with a surprising speed.

"Oh G-God! Yes! Yesss! M-more!" she cried, shocked at the pleasure of the sensation. She was making something. No, she was making many things. Smooth and hard and rounded, perhaps the size of volleyballs, all being fashioned within her. Her antennae went wild, celebrating this change, and finally releasing the obvious knowledge that had been blocked from her mind.

"OOhhhhhh f-fuck! I'm pregnant. I'm pregnant with *eggs*. I'm turning into s-some kind of alien broodmare! AAAHHHHOOOOHH!!!"

She was rocked by the first orgasm as her rear womb churned. The shocked geneticist couldn't help but smile as the first of many, many children to come were formed as eggs within her.

"B-breeeeeed," she moaned. "M-must breed."

Another rush of dopamine hit her brain.

To Be Continued . . .

Broodbug Island, Part 2 (Alien Insect Broodmother TF Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Konto Konto

Jane is only twenty six years old, and already a genetics genius. Studying an alien artefact on a private island she inherited, she is aided by her friend and fellow geneticist Matthew. But when she accidentally activates the artefact, she finds her body rapidly changing, and a deep desire to produce many, many young growing within her. Matthew is temporarily blinded by the accident, but how long can she keep him from knowing the truth of her changes?

Broodbug Island, Part 2

Jane was pregnant. So very, very pregnant. She almost couldn't believe it. Her instincts were inflamed, and the need to produce many, many young was instilled within her. She rubbed her thighs against her long, almost worm-like egg sac. It was easily three metres in length now, and with the enormous amount of production already beginning within it, she had no doubt that she likely exceeded five tonnes in weight by that point already. Not to mention the weight of her enlarged body, and her antennae, and her large double pair of breasts. She was humongous. And yet, there was a desire to grow further. It wasn't just instinctive either: it was almost a morbid scientific curiosity to see how far these strange, *wonderful* changes would go. She stroked her chest, feeling her body breed, feeling it fill with eggs. With babies.

"Mmhmmm! N-need him! Matthew, where are you!"

Her tail thrashed automatically, and in her delight and excitement she didn't even try to stop it from shattering a nearby couch. It crashed against it again and again, far too heavy for its construction. But it did not hurt her: the rubbery exterior of her egg sac combined with its black plating on top made it practically impervious to proper damage. The couch was not so lucky. She giggled, her serious scientific self falling away for a moment at the sheer power of her alien body crumbling the wooden interior of the couch and shredding the fabric apart. It disassembled with loud, audible cracks, and out of a sense of smug pride in her new strength she even rubbed her tail over the remains, scattering them about so that she'd have to clean up later, lest Matthew slip on the parts.

"Oh God! Wow! I'm s-so tough! And heavy! Jesus, this is incredible! Ughh!"

Another churning in her ovipositor, and she felt another ovoid object form within her. Another egg. It made her body tingle in arousal, and another brief orgasm overcame her, enough to make her entire being quiver. She giggled again as her ears extended, the flesh stretching so that she had long, pointed, elven ears; albeit ones that stretched at least fifteen

centimetres in length, sweeping slightly out to the sides and behind the back of her head. Her antennae grew just a little longer, but another change was concentrated in her hands. To her astonishment, her fingers became more claw-like, her fingernails fusing more solidly to her fingers so that she had dark-black talons. Her skin upon those hands turned similarly black, but there was something different about this tone than the chitinous plating upon her body. It was glossier, prettier. It made her hope that the rest of her plating would adopt that same gorgeous, void-black shine as well.

“Oh G-God! Yes! More ch-changes!”

She writhed along the floor, thudding with her heavy tail even as she grew further. Her stomach gurgled, demanding more food again, but her instincts pointed her at her mate. She wanted to make sweet love to him, and thank him for what he had given her. She knew she should have been terrified, but in truth, her scientific mind was just as excited as her new alien mentality. The floor shuddered, even broke in places as her egg-sac tail propelled her forward. Her breasts jostled, and to her delight she realised that two more points were also stinging slightly. It was a good pain: she knew it signalled yet another set of breasts developing.

“Three pairs. I’ve g-gone from flat as a pancake to more busty than any w-woman in history! Wait till he f-feels them!”

She wondered what her parents would think of her now. The thought briefly sobered her, but then her stomach clenched, and another egg formed within her. She couldn’t help but groan in bliss. She was making a new family, in a way. It was scary, unpredictable, and she couldn’t know what would come next. But perhaps this experiment was a success after all, and she was getting exactly what she needed.

As if in answer, her ass swelled, fusing further to her tail. Her stomach bloated a little, looking just slightly pregnant, but really being absorbed further into the great mass of the mobile ovipositor. It changed to the same pale white colour as her tail. In fact, it was starting to look a little silvery, almost. She celebrated this, more dopamine rushes hitting her brain, sending her wild with ecstasy.

And she wasn’t even being fucked further pregnant yet.

Jane ran her slightly scaled tongue over her sharp teeth, loving the sandpapery feel of it. Her breasts trembled, swelling a little. With her second pair of arms she kneaded her lowest pair of tits, urging them to grow to become like the others. She wanted G-cups. God, she wanted J-cups! Big, round, milk-filled tits for her young! It was insane, but she wanted to be able to mother as many as she held.

She moved faster. Another object was crushed beneath her by accident, mostly due to her ‘tail’ pushing out another metre, now easily six in total in length. It was part of a desk, used for writing and studying. The bookcase beside it splintered and numerous books fell to

the ground. She didn't care, it was only evidence of how powerful the alien artefact had made her.

It was Matthew that met her halfway. He stumbled out, moving quicker than he should have given his blindness. He looked utterly handsome despite his confusion, or perhaps because of it. Jane had always been a small thing, and she wasn't even sure that it was her alien instincts that were making her feel dominant towards him. It felt much more human, to be turned on by how little her man was compared to her. She surged forward as he began to speak.

"Jane! What's going on? I heard crashing, are you oka-AAYYY!!!"

She gripped him with all four arms, her lower pair developing far more fully so that she could easily carry him. She was naked, and had no desire to put clothes on again, at least at that moment. Especially with all four of her nipples rubbing against him. Well, she had six now, but the other ones weren't fully developed yet, so they didn't count.

"Holy shit! You must be bigger!"

"A *lot* bigger!" she responded, her voice having a sort of double-layer to it, as if an echo was just a fraction of a second behind her speech. It sounded kind of cool, actually. Just one more feature of her new power. "And stronger too!"

"I can feel that!" he said. "Um, Jane, should I be worried?"

"No. You should be ready to breed me," she murmured in his ear. Her antennae flickered, sensing his own arousal. She wasn't sure if she was secreting pheromones again, but she had the genuine sense that Matthew was actually kind of *into this*. She seized the opportunity to kiss him deeply, letting her harsher tongue dance with his softer one. She was careful not to bite him with her sharp teeth, instead focusing her lovemaking on her four arms holding and caressing his being, and undoing the buttons expertly upon his top.

"Wow. What's got into you? Is it the alien instincts again?"

"Maybe," she said with a hurried breath. "But I also think I just want you. I think I always did, Matthew. It took mutating from an alien experiment to realise it, but ever since we started working together, you've always been there for me. And I want to be here for you now. Now please, will you fuck me? I want your cock so *fucking bad*."

Her antennae sensed that he was already massively erect, even more so when she removed his shirt and pressed her incredibly full double-chest against him. He pawed at her breasts, squeezing them together, marvelling.

"Two sets . . ."

"Three," she corrected in a boastful manner. "The next set is still very small. But they'll be a lot bigger if you do your duties. I just know it."

She kissed him again, and he yielded to her. She had always imagined that she was the naturally submissive type, the kind that preferred men to take the initiative and be in

control. Not that she had many relationships, especially since the passing of her parents and the start of her studies. But now she was discovering a new side to herself, and she was reasonably certain it had nothing to do with the effects of the artefact at all.

She liked being in control. She liked dominating her partner. She liked to be the aggressor, and the initiator, and the powerful lover.

She took that opportunity now, helping Matthew unbuckle his pants. She took his cock and guided it to her entrance. She had to lower her lab partner down so that he could grip her hips and thrust slightly up, as her changes meant so much of her was part of her worm-like egg sac tail. He didn't seem to mind.

"S-so tight, Jane! So tight and damn wet! You f-feel even better than before."

"You'll like it even more when you suck on my big, milky tits," she moaned. She pulled him up just a little, so that his face was thrust right into the centre of her four wobbling boobs. He suckled on her lower left one, and she groaned in relief as liquid left it, spraying into his mouth.

"Yessssss, drink! Drink it up! Oh God, I'm making milk! I want to make more for you! For our b-babies!"

Matthew didn't stop pumping into her, even as he drank. He raised his hands and began to tease her upper breasts, causing them to spray milk also. She was in utter ecstasy, and both were fast approaching the point of no return. She milked his cock for all it was worth, demanding her mate cum more than he ever had. She wanted babies, babies, and more babies. She didn't care if they were full aliens, half-insect, or some mix of human and the rest. She wanted to grow more eggs.

She wanted a family.

"S-so close!" Matthew groaned. "So close!"

"Me too! Breed me, my mate! Breed your queen!"

"M-my queen?" he asked.

She kissed the top of his head. "Yesssss, your queen! Your big, sexy broodmare partner! Make me - OOHOOOOOOO!!!"

She never got to finish, because he thrust in her again, and with her four arms she pushed him into her, so that he sunk into her flesh and ejaculated more than he ever had. Her pussy drank in his semen, devouring his seed and taking it straight to her churning, ever productive womb, which was now located within her egg sac. Already it burned hot, absorbing his essence to make yet more eggs. It made her orgasm wildly.

"YESSSSSSSS!!!"

She collapsed, her tail thrashing in excitement and causing a massive bit of structural damage to a nearby wall. The wood shook apart, and part of the kitchen in the next room over was exposed. Thankfully, no immense damage was done. She'd deal with it later,

however. For now, she slowly slid down, still holding Matthew tenderly, clutching him against her full chest.

"I love you," she whispered.

"I - okay. This is a lot. But . . . I think I love you too," he replied.

"I feel like we've done this all backwards," she breathed, stroking his naked back as he lay down on the carpet beside her. "We should have dated first, or something. Fallen in love *before* I became this big freak."

"I wish I could see your changes. They must be magnificent."

She blushed, and it was the wrong colour: a sort of dark void across her soft whiteness. She wasn't sure he'd feel that way if he saw her, and it made her thankful for his temporary blindness. She dodged the question entirely through silence, letting him fill the air with his words instead.

"Maybe . . . we should go on a date?"

"A date?"

"Of course. While I recover, and we try to figure out how to return you. Well, maybe we get to know each other even more. A relaxing walk on the beach? You can't destroy any walls there, after all."

Jane grinned, her pointed teeth showing across the mirrored wall - the one she hadn't knocked down. "That sounds fantastic," she said in her queenly, double-layered voice.

Journal Entry #27: Drones

I shall make this short, and sweet. I continue to grow. I am becoming more pregnant, more heavy, and my tonnage - yes, tonnage - is only becoming more obvious as well. My changes come with many concerns and difficulties, but I aim to meet them. I have ordered a number of automated construction drones in order to fortify and structure the lab and wider compound so that I can't do damage to its basic integrity, as well as various new couches and desks that are made of hardier stuff. It is extraordinarily expensive, but what's a few dozen million dollars with an inheritance and increasing wealth like mine? I literally can't spend it quick enough.

Soon, Matthew is taking me on a date. I look forward to it. It will be nice not to cause any further damage. As Matthew told me, my tail won't be a problem upon the beach.

Matthew was wrong. There was actually quite a bit to knock down, namely the gorgeous palm trees that littered the edge of the beach. To her total embarrassment, Jane shook apart several of them with her immense tonnage. Her tail was still hard to control, and it was always churning as it crafted new eggs, causing it to bloat up further in unexpected ways. It excited her, especially since it was now easily over four metres in length and counting, but even as she approached eight tonnes after her latest feeding session, she was still nervous about the date. She'd wondered about wearing clothing, but decided against it. She felt freer totally naked as an alien broodbug should be, and her lover was almost naked besides. He was quite cute in his boardshorts, in fact. She liked to picture the virile manhood contained within them. Still, she decided to put some nice jewellery in her ears. They were very long and defined, and she wanted to emphasise their cute elven nature with just those light adornments.

Slowly, over the previous day when they'd made love again, her alien instincts had dwindled. The need to breed with Matthew was still there, but her antennae no longer pushed her as they had before, instead seeming to be but another way of sensing instead of a provider of powerful urges. It was as if, having become pregnant a number of times over and having embraced her new body, there was simply no need to be guided as such. And it was true: instead of suddenly being horrified at her body, Jane was only just beginning to truly revel in it. It was powerful, large, muscular, and deeply erotic, in an alien way. Her womb continued to shift and squirm as it produced eggs within it, and that was enough to make her orgasm more than once, all on her own. She was truly pregnant, and while Matthew didn't quite know the full details, it filled her with a mix of scientific curiosity, sexual curiosity, and maternal curiosity all in one.

She meditated on those feelings as they reached the beach. It was a beautiful tropical afternoon, and while Matthew could not see it, he was obviously enjoying the fresh air, the cool summer breeze of the tropics, and the feeling of sand between his toes. He held one of her hands as she guided him along, but occasionally she had to stop and grunt as a new egg forms, stretching her sac yet longer.

"Are you okay?" he asked.

"You don't have to keep asking that. I'm fine. Better than fine, in fact."

"It's just - that grunting . . ."

"It's the pregnancy, Matthew."

He went still. Both of them were aware of the massive implications they were dealing with, scientifically. But the notion that he could be the father - most certainly was the father - seemed to be something her lover was struggling with.

"Don't think about it too deeply, babe," she said awkwardly. "Let's enjoy ourselves. The sun is warm, and we admit we love each other. Let's just have this."

Matthew smiled, recovering. "You're right, of course. It's just a lot to take in. You're a lot to take in. To imagine that you've gone through so many changes . . . it's a marvel! Again, I just wish I could see them. I bet that despite everything, you are incredibly beautiful."

Another dark blush. She felt beautiful, but wasn't sure that he would see it that way. Her belly and breasts had shifted colour again. Where they were a pale, milk-white colour before, they seemed to be becoming more and more silvery. It was almost ethereal, star-like, and she hoped the change would become even more vibrant. Likewise, her dark plating had indeed become more glossy since the previous day, and small specks of multicoloured light were appearing on them. It looked like a starry night in some ways, albeit one sparse with its stars. That too she hoped would become more vibrant. She wanted to become a beautiful broodbug alien, captivating to see, and hopefully before Matthew's eyesight returned.

"I hope I am. I think . . . it's strange to say, Matt, but I love this form. I know it sounds crazy, especially since I'm already having to order new construction drones, state of the art, just to keep the walls of the complex up, but I feel so in control of my life for once, despite everything. Which makes no sense, because these changes are way out of control. But I still feel like / have taken charge of them, you know? Tell me if I sound crazy."

"You don't sound crazy," he said, unpacking a picnic basket that was full of various cheeses and biscuits and the like. "You sound like the bravest woman I know. The strongest too: literally, now."

She laughed. "That's why I love you, Matthew. Why I think I've loved you for a long time. Because as damned stoic and serious as you can be, you never stop believing in me, and understand me."

"And I make a good picnic. Shame you can't enjoy it."

"I have my nutri-paste," she said. She lugged out the big canister, one she'd tied loosely around the end of her huge egg sac. She took the hose and put it in her mouth, sucking deep so that she inhaled enormous quantities of the nutrients she needed. "Mhmmm, I can't even imagine going back to regular food."

"Well, take a piece of cheese anyway," he said, passing her a stick. She ate it readily, and couldn't deny that it was indeed good.

Over the next few hours, the two of them talked about life, their experiments, and what the future held. They held one another as they laughed over old times during their studies, over the insanity of the last few weeks that led to all of Jane's changes, and what their babies could possibly be like. For all his stoicism, Matthew seemed only able to approach the last through dry wit, speculating on the nature of what their half-alien children would be like, or if they would be alien at all, and if so, how they could possibly be parents to a few alien children. Jane didn't have the heart to tell him that her body seemed to be producing eggs every couple of hours, if not quicker. Instead, she simply relaxed, let

Matthew enjoy her body, and as the two of them grew aroused, they made sweet love upon the beach. It was clear that, whatever misgivings he had about her form, he too enjoyed the dynamic of being the more submissive partner to her dominant one, and there was no complaining about her more prodigious bust, or that she now had *two* busts to speak of. As he suckled upon her, drinking in her milk and thrusting into her, she no longer felt that instinctive desire to breed.

No, it was all natural now. She yearned to grow bigger, for herself, for her future family, and for the thrill of the changes that were still occurring.

It was the strangest and yet most romantic date she'd ever had.

Journal Entry #29: Things I Love About This

I find I am actually embracing my new body - who would have thought I would one day not only have an incredible F-cup chest, but actually love it! And not just that, but have four more breasts along the way! It's incredibly, and yet for all my previous scorn at the vapidness of large chest sizes on women and how unnecessary they are, I now find myself eating my words. I'll write it plainly: I have a bigger bust than almost any woman alive, and more of them than any woman ever. And I love it. They are much more sensitive than they have ever been, and what started out as a little bit of production has become a full blown milking process for me: I worry that if I don't lay eggs and have babies to suckle from me, that I shall require my gorgeous Matthew to feed from me at all hours. Not that I would mind.

And so, given that I am in a happy mood, I feel I should write about all the things I am coming to love about this body. As I am a scientist, I think I shall list them in an orderly fashion with brief explanations. In no particular order:

My ears: Matthew agrees with me on this. He cannot see them, but he enjoys feeling them. I have increased hearing - I can practically hear across half the compound now - but moreover I simply find their pointed, elf-like nature appealing. I am allowed to be shallow.

My teeth: This is one of the last remaining instinctual touches of my alien nature. By all reasoning, I should find these too much, but on the few occasions I eat solid food, it is with great relish that I can slice steak easily with my teeth. Perhaps my new alien kind are part-predators? Certainly, I think there is a psychological power that comes with sharp, predator-like teeth.

My womb: File this one under 'most annoying' as well. Certainly, when I talk about my womb, I suppose I could be talking about my entire tail-like, worm-like egg-sac, but I think I shall refer to the egg-producing part which is nestled in the location where once my ordinary stomach and backside were. Now that they are absorbed fully into my long ovipositor, it is

difficult to tell from the outside. But I can always feel it working, producing egg after egg, fertilised by the stores of semen I have 'gained' from Matthew. The continual production of eggs should be discomforting, painful, but while there are occasional lurches in my body, I find the continual creation of life within me a most cathartic experience. And, writing honestly, quite an orgasmic one as well.

My antenna: It took me time to get used to these, and thankfully they no longer push me so far with instincts. But I can sense Matthew's position, can sense arousal, even patterns of thought in the air. I have yet to master these senses, but how fascinating!

My breasts: I know, how deeply vapid of me, particularly after how I used to be. But even as I produce more and more quantities of milk, and my lower breasts grow, I find true delight in knowing my multiple breasts will nourish my young. I almost cannot wait to birth them so I can begin nursing. Is that strange? I don't think so. My mother once told me that breastfeeding was a greatly soothing experience. I shall have three times the pleasure, and many more babies to experience it with.

My chitin: The last on my list I would not have ordinarily mentioned this, but it is changing colour, as is my flesh underside. My armour-like exterior that protects my back, parts of my arms, and the top of my ovipositor is now a glossy night sky full of multicoloured constellations, and my belly and breasts and face are silvery in colour. In truth, while I may look like a monster to many, I do believe I am becoming more beautiful each day. Even my hair, dark now, shimmers unnaturally in such a gorgeous way.

Yes, it is fair to say I enjoy my changes. I feel more coming on right now. It is time to eat some nutri-paste, and to encourage my body to make yet more babies.

I cannot wait to see what changes come next.

Jane continued to grow over the next several days. In fact, her growth was only speeding up, and she was encouraging it as much as she possibly could. She indulged in her nutri-paste, even refining it in the lab so that it gave her even greater doses of necessary vitamins, calories, carbs, and various nutrients to supply her body. She effectively took every requirement of the diet of an ordinary pregnant woman, and supercharged it. And she needed to: her body seemed to respond to her desires, and it was ramping up production. She'd gained several tonnes of weight, and it wasn't just in her egg sac either: her breasts were enlarging. To her absolute delight, her F-cups had indeed crossed over into G-cups, which were now certainly nearly the size of her own head. Her 'middle pair' were now equal to them, having caught up, and it gave her quite a relief that her upper pair were no longer

squishing them so much. They could now 'stand on their own' a bit now that they were the same size. Unfortunately, her lower pair were 'merely' double-D's, though they were accelerating fast. She couldn't wait to be fully prodigious, though the weight was immense on her form, her new alien skin made it easier to handle. A good thing too: her breasts were beginning to leak quite often, lactating openly when she or Matthew's mouth didn't express them enough. And while she loved feeding her darling submissive lover, nursing him back to health quite literally at her breasts, even his appetite wasn't enough. To that end, she'd ordered a number of large breast pumps, and even equipment for milking cows. It was showing good results so far, and she liked storing her milk for her future young

And just how many young she had! Her ovipositor had doubled in size in such a small amount of time. It was now nearly eight metres in length, and was approaching nearly three metres wide at its greatest point. It had the impression of bloating out immediately once it was away from her rear, and increasingly she got the impression she was like a termite queen: a little humanoid pimple attached to a great carriage of eggs. Thankfully, her egg sac was mobile, a necessity given that her feeble legs were practically useless now. With the construction drones working away, she still caused damage from time to time, particularly against the walls, but they were being slowly reinforced. Now she simply dented the metal, sometimes deliberately just to test herself.

A large pressure plate had been installed in the middle of the lab to record her enormous weight. She had to curl her ovipositor, something which was a great act in of itself, but once she managed it she was able to get a reading of how much mass she had accumulated. The results, even from her expectations, surprised her.

"Over thirty tonnes! *Thirty tonnes!* How many eggs must I be carrying?"

She'd lost count, of course. In fact, even if she had kept count of every orgasmic production of eggs, including those marvellous times when she miraculously produced two eggs at once, it would still be impossible. This was because she'd started producing them even when she slept now. An alien broodbug's job was never done, it seemed, but it still came as quite the surprise when she awoke in the middle of the night from a particularly blissful double-conception, and realised her ovipositor had swelled an entire metre while she had been asleep. It turned her on something fierce to grow so much. It was a bold fetish she'd never imagined having, but who could have expected *this*? She masturbated upon the ground in the lab, and sadly ended up thrashing about with her long egg-sac so much that she crashed it through some of the most sensitive data-recording equipment including the x-ray machine they were planning on using to examine the internal structure of her womb once Matthew was recovered. Her silvery underside folded the metal into spare parts easily, and it sent shivers up her spine.

“Ohhhhhh, this is the weirdest thing to be aroused by,” she moaned. “But it feels so good to be so . . . big.”

She sought out Matthew for more sex. And while he was always hesitant about making her more pregnant (if only he knew just how pregnant she truly was), his arousal at her form, particularly her wobbling, heaving, milk-laden chest, made him too aroused to want anything else by the time she was done with him.

Journal Entry #35: I'm Almost There

I am now verging on Thirty three tonnes of weight. I can scarcely believe it. I have had to use an enormous amount of wealth (though a mere fraction of the total wealth I have) to change the very nature of the compound. The construction drones use airdropped materials quickly and efficiently, but I admit it lacks style and care. The technology is based around prefabricated buildings that could be used on colonies in space in the future. Well, I suppose I brought 'space' to us. Still, it is necessary, for if my ovipositor gets any bigger than we'll be in trouble. Already it is three metres wide and just as tall, and now ten metres in length. Truly colossal! If I look at myself in the mirror dead on, I see my alien beauty and my gorgeous triple-chest and my delightful antennae and pointed teeth and so on, but I also see the immensity of my own egg sac dwarfing me.

Utterly.

It is taller than I am. It is wider than Matthew lying across. And it is half as long as an entire lorry, and growing all the time.

I should be scared, but my excitement only grows. Matthew continues to ask about me: his eyes are not yet recovered, but in a week or so we can take the bandages off. I play off his questions as much as possible. Obviously I cannot hide my size, but I fear he would see me as a monster. But in some ways, I wish for this monstrous transformation to continue. Because I know in my heart - this mother's heart, now - that I am not far from laying my eggs. Not all of them. I get the sense I will make them continually. But a fair batch. My egg sac squirms and makes strange sounds. It's like a muscle clenching, or a spasm of the gut. The opening at its end dilates occasionally.

I will birth soon. I know I will.

Mom, Dad. I'm going to become a mother. I'm going to make a new family with Matthew, just as you always wanted. Even if not quite the way you imagined.

It was a mere day after that entry when it happened. Jane was slumbering, taking a relaxing morning nap while Matthew was out upon the beach. She hated that he was becoming so independent even while blind, and it made her worry. But with her body so overladen with eggs, she actually felt quite lethargic despite her immense strength. She couldn't really lie down anymore, so instead she sort of spread her thighs over her egg sac, perched atop it slightly, and rested back against it as if it were a reclining chair. Given that the sac swelled out from her rear to become quickly taller than her, it wasn't that hard. And while the surface was chitinous, she was pleasantly surprised to find that she could part the curtain of the exoskeleton in that area and nest comfortably against the soft undulations of her own churning womb.

But then the churning stopped. For a brief moment she felt nothing, still gently asleep, dreaming of becoming ever larger.

And then the contractions began.

She jolted awake, gasping and licking her tongue across her sharp teeth. She groaned, running her four arms down her breasts, confused as to where the sensations were coming from. Her six boobs were very sore, particularly now that they were all G-cups and always full with milk. It was a wonderful aching soreness though, a good kind of pain that left her wanting to knead them further. She wished she could hurry up and develop a third pair of arms just to treat them.

"S-sooooo full," she moaned, half in agony, half in delight.

But then another tension, another sharp contraction. It was then that she realised it wasn't her breasts that were getting her attention now, but her egg sac. It was happening.

"Oh my God. It's happening. Holy shit, I'm giving birth. Birthing eggs. Laying. I'm going to lay eggs. The camera!"

She moved quickly on her immense slug-like tail, the dozens and dozens of eggs within her shifting about. No, there were more than dozens. Way more. She was easily carrying *hundreds*. She found the remote across the shelf, nearly demolished it by accident. She clicked it, and the cameras throughout the lab began recording.

"Th-this is J-Jane M-Mallory speaking," she stammered, pushing through the discomforting contracts which stretched across all eleven to twelve metres of her sac. "I'm in the process of - ughhh! - labour right now! I don't know how this w-will go, but I'm m-most excited to m-meet my alien young! I s-suspect anywhere b-between two to three hundred - ahhh - eggs are gestating at various stages within me, and more y-yet to come. I am recording this for p-posterity. I hope I can successfully c-cross this boundary and become the f-first human - or once human - mother to an alien race! NNGHHH!!!"

She just managed to finish the sentence before she was forced to bear down and push. Her entire egg sac squeezed, hundreds of muscles working in unison to sift and sort

through her many eggs and push them as one great mass towards the dilating tip. It was like a second vagina: seeping, wet, and unbelievably sensitive. She almost wished Matthew was present to massage it, help it open wider and bring her pleasure as he did so. But it was just her now, and she could only hope that the birthing would not be too painful.

She needn't have worried. The birthing was, even more than the conception phase, positively *ecstasy-filled*. She squeezed her eyes shut, clawed at her chitin covering with her talons so that sparks flew from her black armour, squeezed her tits and made her blue-white milk splash upon the ground in long streams. It was a gargantuan effort, but she was a gargantuan being now, and so she pushed and pushed, straining her new muscles. She was not afraid or nervous as she thought she would be: her antennae continually fed her the information she needed, informing her that she would be alright, and that she was doing exactly what needed to be done.

And so she pushed, and the mass of eggs bloated her egg sac, moving visibly as one great heap towards her birthing tip. Finally, they reached it, and she briefly lost control, crying out in combined pleasure and shock as they jockeyed for which would be the very first to squeeze out of her exit slit.

“Oohhhhhh! G-get out of m-me! I w-want to b-birth you! All of you! Make me a b-broodmother and c-come into the world! YES! UUGGHH!!!”

Finally, the moment came. The rear ‘lips’ of her enormous, multi-tonne egg sac opened, distended just like a vagina in preparation for the birth of a child. Only it wasn't a child she was birthing, but eggs. Dozens and dozens and dozens of them. Jane cried out in incredible orgasmic pleasure she strained, pushing out the first of her alien progeny. The egg was easily the size of a soccer ball, slightly distended so that it was not quite perfectly round. The more pointed end pushed against her rear lips, sliding against their sensitive folds and causing more heavenly bliss throughout her body. Despite the pain and pressure, the pleasure was greater than anything else. She knew in that moment that this was what she was meant to be. If there was a cure to her alien condition, she would throw it in the ocean.

She *wanted* to birth.

“YESS! Y-YESS! NNGHHH!!”

Her lips parted further, and finally the egg began to slide out. It took a great deal of pushing, but her egg sac's muscles were more than up to the task. She couldn't believe how much her ovipositor's tip could stretch to accompany the egg, but it indeed stretched wide. She grunted in a rather unfeminine manner several times, and her enormous womb-tail thrashes, crashing against the floor of the lab space and causing parts of the floor to crack. She was close. She was so damn close. She was nearly a mother to her very first egg.

“I C-CAN DO TH-THIS! YESSSS!!!”

Another push, and the massive egg reached the point of no return. It slid further out, and its widest point left her birthing lips. From there it ejected much more quickly, but not before her birthing canal hugged it tightly as it left, depositing it gently upon the floor. It was enough to send a massive orgasm rippling through her egg sac, all the way up to her belly and breasts and core.

“Mhmmmmm! MMHMM! OOH G-GOD YES! MOOOORE! MORE EGGS!”

She was like a woman possessed, no longer caring about maintaining a scientific demeanour, even in front of the cameras. There was only the sheer, unrivalled pleasure of birthing her first egg, and the impatience to birth yet more into the world. To become a great broodmare layer unlike anything the world had ever seen.

“Mmhm, this is p-perfect,” she whimpered, as another contraction rolled through her gargantuan form. She milked her breasts, letting her milk drip to the floor. She’d get a longer pump eventually, but for now she was caught up in the rapturous pleasure, wishing once more that she had a third pair of arms to pleasure herself. She pushed, and this time another egg dilated her birthing lips. Another tremulous effort, and it too caused her to orgasm as it left her body, its sticky surface allowing it to find firm footing on the floor.

“Yessss, more. M-more!”

More pushing. More wriggling over her gargantuan rear. Her humanoid legs squirmed uselessly on the floor, and as her egg sac swelled, they lifted off it, now no longer necessary at all. There was something sexy about that to her, the fact that she was practically *all womb now*, her dainty legs - however enlarged from her usual human ones - now mere adornments. She grinned, flashing her pointed teeth as the next egg pushed through her tunnel, and then a fourth, and then a fifth, and a sixth and a seventh and a tenth and fifteenth and a twentieth. They kept on coming. Each required her effort, and none left her without some level of straining and pushing, and even some discomfort. But it was a good discomfort, the kind that made her feel immense relief when the next egg was released from her body.

And so she continued to lay her numerous eggs for nearly two hours, the struggle somewhat exhausting and yet perfectly satisfying at the same time. When she was finally emptied of viable eggs that had completed their development, there was even a melancholy to the proceedings. She wanted to make more quickly, simply to experience it again. But carefully she turned, sliding her long, heavy tail around so that she did not destroy her eggs. She had often been clumsy with her immense insectoid rear, but something about her eggs changed the equation: her antennae became hyper alert, and even her extended ears allowed her to hear the slight pulsing of life within each egg. It meant she could avoid hurting her unhatched young with ease, and instead coil her tail around them protectively. Well, coil

would be the wrong way to put it: it was more slug-like in mass than snake-like, but she did her best.

“So many,” she marvelled, turning a little to the camera. “And far more are still developing within me. I can feel them. These are just the first.”

She turned back to gaze at the large stack of eggs with enormous pride. *She* had done this. *She* had been the one to birth this new alien life into the world. There must have been nearly fifty of them, if not more.

Jane wiped several tears of joy from her eyes.

“I’m going to be a mother,” she whispered to herself.

As if in answer, her womb churned, and her hunger flared.

“I’m going to be a mother to *thousands*.”

Journal Entry #39: On the Matter of my Eggs

I still cannot believe I have birthed so many, despite it now being three days since that wonderful event. The capabilities of my new body astound me: I have not reduced in size from birthing. Quite the opposite, in fact. My ovipositor now measures twelve metres in length, having grown massively as my eggs stretch both its circumference and length. It stands nearly three metres tall at its highest point, and nearly four wide. I am more womb than woman now, and while that sentence may have horrified me once, I now savour it. I know for a fact that I no longer possess the overriding alien instincts. These thoughts are all mine. I exist to breed and mate and help create my new race, and that is a scientific endeavour and great undertaking all on its own.

How big shall I get? There is no saying. Even as I write this, I feel my egg sac shifting, readying for another birth, and thus extending another half-metre further. I have weighed myself carefully, and done so more than once to ensure my results are not incorrect. There is no denying it: I am now over forty tonnes in weight. I joke with Matthew that half of it is in my breasts: they are now all H-cups, each the size of my own head and dripping milk constantly. Thankfully, the pumping makes me deliriously happy, and all of my milk is stored for my young.

Which brings me to the matter of my eggs. I have birthed sixty-two in total, and what a strenuous and rewarding effort it was! My new alien senses can detect life within each of them, though I know not what they shall look like. I am filled with a maternal responsibility though, that much is clear. But I am also, admittedly, quite nervous: Matthew will be greatly alarmed at the amount.

As such, I have taken a step that perhaps will be considered a betrayal of the man I love. I had to admit I gave birth, that much is clear. I also told him that I laid eggs: this was something we both suspected already. But the sheer quantity . . . and the knowledge that I shall birth more . . . these are factors that concern me, precisely because they will concern him. I hope I am making the right decision, but I need him to be able to understand fully, with his eyes open. I know this is a delaying tactic, but I have made the decision to sequester all my eggs within one of the private stations in the compound lab. They will be safe there, and my antennae tell me that having them be stacked as they are is no danger. I have made sure to arrange them in an order that will be appropriate for their hatching.

They will take time to hatch, and perhaps that will be time enough to know what to do next. That is, apart from laying the next lot.

God knows I cannot wait for that.

Matthew groaned as he fucked Jane. The two were out in an open area of the gorgeous complex, beneath the starry night sky revealed through the transparent shade-cloth. The lights of nearby torches illuminated the scene, allowing Jane to fully take in her mate. She hungrily took in his cock, intent on draining her mate of every ounce of his seed and using it to make yet more eggs. Already she had given birth to another fifty eggs, and her disappointment at laying 'only' half a hundred of them was palpable: she needed more, more to become the ultimate broodmother.

"Mmhm, b-breed me! I want more of your b-babies inside me!" she moaned.

"You d-don't have to say that," Matthew grunted, though he was still hard within her, and lapping at the prodigious milk deposits from her breasts.

"It's t-true!" she cried, arching her back. Another egg formed within her, heightening the overall pleasure. "I want to m-make more! I love you! This is a way of sh-showing it!"

Matthew thrust, and was without words as he came explosively within her. She orgasmed with him, and the two cried out in ecstasy. Jane smothered him in her chest, rubbing his face within her jiggling boobflesh, and loving the way her sweet milk poured over his head and down his body. He drank from her like a newborn baby, and once more that feeling of sexual dominance paired with the knowledge that she was literally nursing her lover to health made her all the more ecstatic in her bliss.

"Yesssss, m-mooooorre."

They panted together for a while, until Matthew finally came up for air. Quicker than she would have expected, given how more romantic their lovemaking usually was lately. She

was far more surprised when he separated from her entirely, pulling back and buckling up his trousers.

“Matthew, my love, what’s wrong?”

“What’s wrong? What’s wrong!? I’m blind! And you’re becoming some sort of alien monster! This is all insane!”

Her antennae nearly suffered backlash from his change of attitude. She was aghast, not knowing quite what to say.

“You think I’m a monster?” she managed.

Matthew finished buckling his trousers, and seemed to hesitate for a moment. He looked at her, though it was obvious that his ‘looking’ was more just her being a hazy figure. Even with his bandages off, he could see no more than ‘grayish blobs’ according to him. But the steely gaze he gave her went beyond vision.

“Of course I don’t think you’re a monster, my love,” he said gently. “It’s just . . . I’m worried. And I’m a little scared.”

“Surely not of me?”

“Yes. A little bit. Not terrified, and I try not to show it, but of course I’m a little scared. My whole life, I’ve tried to keep in control of my emotions, and be reasonable and logical. With you, I’ve made room for such wonderful affection, but it has also opened me to be genuinely fearful Jane, of what you’re becoming. And whether we should continue to have sex at all. What if you’re having much more than just a couple of eggs?”

If he had been able to read her features, her expression would have revealed her lies immediately. She bit her lip with her sharp teeth, grateful that the material was tough enough to withstand their piercing nature.

“Matt, I understand what you’re saying. But this is just temporary, remember? When you’re back to full health, then we can work together to reverse this. But for now, I simply need additional sex. It’s just part of this body’s needs. And the scientific potential . . . you can’t deny that, surely?”

“Well, I suppose -”

“And you are enjoying our sessions. You love my breasts. You love drinking from me. And . . . you love having a big, strong, sexy alien woman in charge, don’t you?”

He blushed, turning his head away a little. She could sense his returning arousal. He wouldn’t be ready for sex for at least half an hour, but he *would* be ready.

“I know it’s terrifying - how do you think I feel? - but at least we can enjoy this body for a time. With you blinded, I have to take charge, and that means pushing forward on what needs to be done. And this changing body needs *you*, Matthew. And *I* need you, far more than you know. I mean it when I say I don’t have the strong alien urges anymore. This is me, Matthew. It’s all me.”

He was silent a while, to the point where she was briefly nervous. But then her antennae twitched, and she sensed a change in his thoughts that brought immense relief to her.

“Okay,” he finally said. “I trust you. I love you, Jane. I’ll try not to be afraid.”

She shifted closer, her now-thirteen metre-long ovipositor shifting loudly behind her. She touched his shoulders, lifted him easily up to her chest, and whispered in his ear. “Well, I hope you stay just a *little* afraid, my love. You know, after being so willowy and in the background all of my life, I’ve found I quite enjoy being so dominating to you. And I think you rather love being my gorgeous, submissive pet, hmm?”

He grinned despite his earlier attitude. “I can’t lie, it is a big turn on having you control me as you do. You’re not cruel with it. You know just how far to push it. And the sex, as strange as it is, is mind-blowing. And your milk . . . I swear I barely eat much these days, it’s so good. Just enough to keep my teeth functioning. The nutrients alone from your chest . . . God, Jane, this is crazy.”

“But a good crazy, you can admit it. There’s no need to be afraid, just perhaps, a little submissive to your alien broodqueen.”

She pulled him in for a kiss, and he accepted it. Their different tongues danced in one another’s mouths, and all six of her throbbing nipples stiffened with growing lust.

In the end, it didn’t take long for him to be ready for a second round. Certainly not even twenty minutes. She cried out in ecstasy as he fucked her, and she made sure to keep him against her, suckling at her teats while she played the role of the dominating queen.

It was her actual role, after all.

Journal Entry #42: Finalised Changes

I shall try to keep this brief, journal. I truly believe my changes have finalised. In this sense, I am explicitly not referring to my egg sac. The boundaries of that growth seem to have no end. Just over a week from my first and second layings it is now roughly seventeen metres in length. It shall not be long before my ovipositor is the length of a professional twenty-five metre swimming pool. Not that I will mind. I get better and better at judging how to crawl with my womb-sac, even if I still cause just a little damage. Another desk was shattered today. Woops.

But while I swell wonderfully and lovingly with eggs courtesy of my mate, the rest of me has just about ‘finished’, as it were. The other day I experienced one final major alteration to my form. I was guzzling down excessive amounts of nutrient-paste, and even ordering another massive shipment of chemicals required for more of its making. My six

breasts were all attached to pumps intended for cattle, and a good thing too, for I am continually lactating these days: my breasts are deeply sensitive as a result. As I continued to devour my necessary nutrients, I felt another set of changes sweep over me. I shall not lie: they were brilliant to behold. My legs extended, finally regaining some footing upon the ground. They cracked, becoming double-jointed much like an insect's, and large upon my body. I find they are stronger now, too. Not nearly strong enough to lift and haul me along, but certainly to aid in my directioning.

But that was not the change that truly excited me, nor even when my hair extended, taking on the same starry quality as my chitinous armour, or that my tongue can now extend outwards over thirty centimetres should I will it, possessing a prehensile quality. No, as brilliant as these changes were, it was the development of two nubs upon my shoulders that truly excited me. They expanded rapidly over the next several hours, and while there was discomfort, the growth of my new wings was something I never could have imagined. They are enormous: roughly ten metres in length, and they are transparent, with an almost rainbow-like sheen upon them. They are much like a cross between a dragonfly's wings and those of a gorgeous butterfly.

Much like my legs, they are functionally useless, at least for their main purpose. I shall not be flying my forty tonne body anytime soon. But they serve another great purpose that pleases me, and will aid my breeding. As my womb burns with the act of creation, so too does my body become overheated at times. It leaves me overly exhausted as well, and during the act of birthing - as pleasant as laying is - I worry about heat stroke! But my wings can now flap with surprising rapidity. Already I have tried it, and it has cooled my busy womb-sac impressively.

I write all of this with such joy that I can scarcely put it across. Matthew thinks this is all temporary, but I know he will see my point of view once I explain it all to him. Once he can see my glorious alien body.

And, of course once I lay my next few clutches. Already, I can feel another contraction rippling through me. This journal entry wasn't brief at all, in the end.

I hope my pleasurable labor will also not be brief. I would like to lay at least eighty eggs this time.

Jane continued to stuff herself, gorging upon her nutri-paste and occasionally using her sharp teeth to tear apart the prodigious amount of raw frozen meat she ordered to the island. It felt good to be a little savage, and it continued to give her a sense of power and control over her enormous form. With each devouring of the paste and meat her egg sac swelled, filling not just

with further eggs but also with stored fat to draw energy from. It was wonderful: it meant her body could be self-sustaining if there were supply issues, not that she anticipated many problems there. Of course, storing so much energy within her continually expanding being meant that she was grateful for her beautiful - and rather graceful - wings. She flapped them constantly with little effort, using them to cool her body from multiple directions. They were needed: at times her body churned rather hot, particularly when she laid her incredibly large clutches. She was almost running out of space in the lab siderooms, and was considering how to move the sensitive equipment from other areas just so her eggs could have more places to be piled up.

She finished absorbing the many litres of her nutrient paste, and gave a loud, rather unfeminine burp.

"Whoops," she said a little sheepishly to herself. Matthew was resting up, listening to a podcast. She could hear him through the complex thanks to her supercharged senses, but she could also sense his slight worry. It was undeniable that his fears would manifest more fully when he saw her, and so she was already preparing a speech in case his vision returned more quickly than she expected. She truly did love him, and how much he accepted her, and her best bet - as far as she was concerned - was to continue to seduce him with her alien broodmother form. In doing so, her lover would be able to overlook some of her more freakish aspects - such as her double-jointed legs and taloned claws - and embrace her for what she'd become. One thing was for sure: she had no intention of going back. Being ever more full and large and pregnant and powerful was continual ecstasy for her, even if she did cause more property damage than she'd like, and occasionally dropped a book or item when she experienced an unexpected orgasm.

"Surely he will accept me," she murmured to herself, as if trying to convince her own mind. "He must. He enjoys our time. He loves my chest. Er, chests, plural. And we both love our new dynamic. He adores being held like a baby to feed from my chest, as if I'm his gorgeous broodmother, his mistress and queen, even as he fills me with more young."

She smirked.

"If only you could see me, mother and father. No doubt you would be horrified, to some extent. But perhaps, on another level, you would understand."

She sighed, causing all three sets of her tits to wobble pleasantly. They were heavier than usual, making her wonder if she were not swelling up to yet another new cup size, not that she would mind at all. Presently she had her pumps attached, draining her over that blue-white and delicious milk she continually lactated. A miniature orgasm hit her body, causing her entire being to tremble, and a new egg formed within her. With a minor push, she sent it further along her ovipositor, which swelled just that little more as well.

"Mhmmm," she moaned, "bigger. Always b-bigger. I wish I could grow forever . . . were it not for the size of this island."

She was approaching nearly twenty metres in length. In truth, she was little more than a pimple dominated by a mass that carried her eggs, a snake-like tail of a womb that was a gorgeous alien silver in colour, with chitin plating on top the colour of a starry constellation-filled night. She was, she felt, utterly beautiful, in her own alien way, and ever more so as she extended in size. It was almost impossible for her to fit all in one room now, and she had accidentally destroyed more than one door frame with her passage: after all, her ovipositor could only bend in so many ways before it automatically slid to catch up with the rest of itself. Her drones were working overtime to widen every possible door space, but as it was, she had caused the widening herself more often than not.

“But I wouldn’t give it up, not ever,” she said to herself, and perhaps a little to her deceased parents. “When you both left, I had to be pragmatic. I had to make my life continue, and find ways to give my life meaning. I buried that grief down deep, but now I think I have finally confronted it, and found a way to be happy. I’m going to have my own family, and it will never leave me. It will always grow, and I will always be there for my young. I just hope . . . I just hope that Matthew can be there as the father.”

She took another deep breath, idly ran her hands over her full breasts, as was her habit. They were even more sensitive lately, as if preparing to nourish her hundred-plus children. It made her smile, though once again the whole ‘having four arms to six breasts’ made her slightly irritated. At least her legs were longer now, and capable of helping adjust herself, even if they were made wide by her prodigious belly. She flicked her long tongue - another new alien habit - and scratched at her chitin plating to keep her talons sharp.

“Perhaps it is time I talk to Matthew,” she said. “He should know everything. I’m lying to myself by lying to him. I want him, and he’s my mate. I can’t keep doing this.”

She looked in the mirror, which held her enormous bug-form, though it could never capture her entire size. There was no mistaking Jane Mallory as human anymore. She was anything but. Even her humanoid part had its chitin armour, its silvery skin, its six breasts and taloned claws and four arms and double-jointed legs and glossy, starry black hair.

“I hope he isn’t afraid,” she said. She tried to smile, and it caused her sharp teeth to be bared. She instantly closed her mouth, a little embarrassed. “God, I am beautiful. I *know* I’m beautiful. But to an ordinary human . . . I would look terrifying. I’m just used to this, and I know we love one another, but what if . . . no. I can’t keep delaying. I’ve got to go right now and - UGH!!!”

Her eyes widened as a great pressure came over her. She rolled her eyes, for the first time frustrated that she was about to lay her next clutch. But there was no denying her bodily need. She pulled her tail closer, and to her embarrassment she pulled it through a wall space of an empty lab room in her rush to have her tip coiled around closer. It tore open the wall, splintering the wood and bending the metal struts with ease. Her chitin plating scraped against it, sending sparks flying, and causing such a racket that even Matthew would have heard it.

“OOhhhhh, d-didn't mean to!” she moaned, as if that would make up for yet another case of property damage. But she didn't have time to even form up the orders for the reconstruction drones, because the need to bear down and push had already begun. She was used to this rhythm now, but it didn't stop the brief moment of pain as the contractions began, or the delight when the first egg pressed against her sensitive ovipositor lips.

“Mmhhh, m-maybe tell him after I l-lay one m-more time! I can d-do eighty! I know I c-can! Yesssssss.”

She gave herself over to the pleasure of birthing, this act that felt so right. Her enormous body was little more than a great womb, after all. Like a mighty termite queen, she was but a humanoid appendage to help satisfy the demands of her ever-productive womb. Once, she would have found that horrifying, but now there was a beauty in it. She was literally a creator of life, an alien fertility goddess, endlessly swollen with young and revelling in the ecstasy of that creation.

“Mhmm! Push! Yes! PUSH!”

She strained her muscles, causing her lips to distend. The first egg slid through, stretching her sensitive folds incredibly wide. This was a big egg, one that was perhaps her biggest yet. It felt strangely special in some way, and a quick look confirmed that it was in fact different: it seemed to be bigger, and have a pebbled sort of pattern to it.

“S-something new! Yes! OHhhhhh it f-feels right! Another step!”

She had once been so shy. It was so unlike her to be so ecstatic and prone to yelling and exclaiming, but during her moments of swelling and laying she managed to come right out of her shell and celebrate herself fully. Another good change from her pregnancy.

“Mmhhh more. Breed more! More eggs! YESSSS!”

She pulled her pumps away in order to massage her enormous nipples. She played with her huge tits, letting her milk run down her front in long rivulets. She stamped her double-jointed legs, causing her entire egg sac to wobble tremendously as the former human woman was agonised by the combined discomfort and bliss. With each push, her enormous egg sac shifted, thumping loudly against the floor. With her size and weight and strength, it caused half the complex to shudder, and there was no doubt in her mind that Matthew could feel it. Indeed, he seemed to be a little startled, and was waiting for it to stop.

He would be waiting for some time: to Jane's glee, her antennae informed her that this was a very *big* clutch. There was a reason that even her humanoid belly, now a part of her egg sac, even seemed a bit rounded and distended itself. She was marvellously full, and now she needed emptying. The space was needed for the next impregnation, after all.

“Mm! Ghhh! Ahh! AHHHH! ANOTHER!!!”

Another push, another strain, and another egg entered the world. God, she was so damn plump. For a woman once so willowy, she was now gigantic and unbelievably fertile. She gasped as she experienced the twin pleasure of a new egg forming within her even as another left her. In

fact, two more seem to replace every one she pushed out. She closed her eyes, pinched and teased her leaking nipples, and celebrated this fact. She still had room to grow, even as she weighed over fifty tonnes. She still had hundreds of more eggs she could fit inside her.

For the next hour, Jane pushed and pushed, crying out in ecstasy. At some point, Matthew moved closer, drawing ever nearer the lab, though he was hesitant to come too close. She could sense him with her hearing and now her antennae, but as much as she wanted him present, she was afraid of what he might think. So instead she resolved to birth as quickly as she could, even though she wanted to draw out the ecstasy and delirium as long as possible. She pushed extra hard, bearing down to lay a massive clutch in record time.

By the end of it, the exhausted, wearing, and blissful alien broodmother had laid seventy-six eggs, just four shy of her goal. But she was not dismayed. As sweat poured down her form, her breasts covered in a sexy sheen that only illustrated how turned on she'd been, Jane knew that it was just another challenge. She was one clutch away from exceeding her own expectations. She just knew it.

It was at that point, however, as she began to shift around her eggs, herding them to be safer, and began reattaching her milk pumps, that Matthew finally entered. She froze, unsure how to continue, though her enormous womb gurgled loudly and continuously as more eggs were produced within it.

"M-Matthew! It's g-good to see you. I was, uh, laying."

"I know," he said, looking quite serious. He shuffled forward slowly, using a cane to help avoid slipping or landing against something. "I could hear. You were laying a long time, weren't you?"

"Yes. It was quite a strain. N-not bad, though. I won't lie, Matthew, this body quite enjoys it now. It's incredibly pleasurable."

"I imagine so, at least judging from your moans. It sounded like you enjoyed it even more than when we make love together."

She paused, trying to determine how serious his comments were. "It's not like that, Matthew. This new body, it has all different kinds of needs. I orgasm sometimes just from consuming my nutri-paste, just from growing as well! But when we're together, and you're inside me, and drinking from me, and being so adorably submissive as you fuck me more pregnant"

"How many?" he asked.

"How many what?"

"How many did you lay this time?"

"It was"

"And before you give me an answer, I want it honestly, this time. I love you, Jane. I truly do. But I think - I know - that you've been lying to me. There's a lot more eggs than you've been letting on. I don't know how big you are, but you literally cause the complex to shake when you

move too quickly. You're very big now, but I know from when we fuck, when we hold one another, or you lift me up, that your human half is mostly regularly sized. Well, it was. You're a lot bigger now, even your 'human half.' How tall is it?"

She blushed that void colour. "Uh, three metres now."

"Jesus. But - but I can handle that! Tall as that is. It's everything else - that swollen egg sac of yours - that has bloated. So please, for the sake of this experiment, for the sake of me as your trust lab partner, and for the sake of our relationship as two people who admit we love one another, I need you to tell me Jane. How many did you lay?"

Jane swallowed. Shame overwhelmed her. Even the nice pleasure that followed laying a big clutch dissipated before his steely blind gaze. It was as if, in being blind, he could somehow ignore the material reality and see straight through the emotional one, cutting through her lies and absent truths. She sagged, and her breasts bobbed, as if sagging with her.

"Seventy six," she admitted.

His eyebrows raised, his eyes widened. "Seventy six!?"

"It's a lot, I know."

"I thought you might say twelve or so! God, seventy six? This is insanity, Jane. This is crazy. We have to do something about this."

She rubbed her arms together, and looked at her reflection in the mirror.

"What if . . . what if I don't want to?" she said, letting more of the truth pour out of her.

"*What!?* You can't mean that! You said this was just temporary!"

"I said that, because I knew you would try to persuade me otherwise. You can't see the full picture, Matthew. I love you, and you love me, but it's only because of these changes that we've been able to express this. My body has become an alien broodmother's, and I find myself loving it. I'm literally filled with children, and filling with more all the time thanks to you and our lovemaking. I'll never be alone again, and my dream of a family can come true. And the sexual pleasure - God, you can't even imagine it, Matthew! And the dominance, the power, and I know you love these aspects as well. I truly do feel as if this has been a blessing, and that becoming this alien broodmother is the best thing that ever happened to me, at least alongside knowing you. I'm learning so much about alien biology, but I'm also on the greatest scientific discovery of all time, swelling with actual alien eggs. I can't pass this opportunity up, and I don't want to. I want to live like this, and make this island my permanent home. My nest, I suppose."

Matthew was struck. He clearly didn't know what to say, or what to even do. She waited for what he was going to say, but before he could get a word in, or figure out what words he was going to say, there was suddenly a strange, loud cracking sound.

"What was that?" he asked.

Jane's antennae went wild. They curled, twisted to point over in a direction behind her tail. Her senses lit up, and her breasts began to lactate even more, swelling upwards slightly as if preparing for a truly prodigious amount of milk production.

"Oh my God. Matthew, it's happening. Now you'll understand. You must."

"What's happening? I can't see, remember?"

"The eggs. My first clutch. I laid dozens, and herded them into Lab 01. But now they're hatching. They're opening! My children - ours, the ones you put inside me - are coming out. Come!"

She lifted the still-confused and slightly terrified Matthew up into her arms. He yielded to her greater strength and size. With a whack of her ovipositor upon the pressure plate of the ground she moved in a great writhing motion to Lab 01. Through the transparent glass, the eggs were indeed starting to crack open, slowly but surely. Cracks appeared along their edges, and several began to pull apart slowly as they rocked from size to size.

"Fuck, this is actually happening," Matthew breathed. He couldn't see much, but he was looking directly at the glass anyway.

"It is, my love. It is. This is why I want to stay as I am. Because they're *my* young, and my body is needed to care for them, and all the eggs to come. Matthew, we're going to be parents. We're going to have the biggest, most impressive family in history."

She remained glued to the glass as the first egg splintered open, and the first of her children was finally there before her to see.

To Be Continued . . .

Broodbug Island, Part 3 (Alien Insect Broodmother TF Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Konto Konto

Jane is only twenty six years old, and already a genetics genius. Studying an alien artefact on a private island she inherited, she is aided by her friend and fellow geneticist Matthew. But when she accidentally activates the artefact, she finds her body rapidly changing, and a deep desire to produce many, many young growing within her. Matthew is temporarily blinded by the accident, but how long can she keep him from knowing the truth of her changes?

Broodbug Island, Part 3

Jane and Matthew watched in astonishment as the eggs began to hatch. To him, it was probably little more than greyish blurs, but he could certainly witness something happening. But to the great broodmother, this was a climactic event as joyous as any birth-induced orgasm. She purred in an almost cat-like way as she watched the eggs begin to crack along their sides. She had begun purring several days ago, and wondered why - was it just the sheer size of the lungs she now possessed causing this, or another purpose? She felt now what was the likely answer: it was an auditory way to call or soothe her young. Certainly, it seemed the right thing to do, and so to her mate Matthew's confusion, she continued to purr.

"What are you doing?" asked Matt. There was something approaching fear in his voice.

"Calling them," she replied. She licked her sharp teeth, overwhelmed by the excitement of it all.

And then finally, one of the eggs cracked open. The side caved out, and a creature that looked much like a baby version of herself, minus the enormously long egg sac, began to crawl out. It was silvery white, much like herself, and did not yet have any of the gorgeously starry chitin plating that she possessed. Its head was more insectoid, complete with large, rounded eyes and a slightly pointed face, and it possessed two pairs of arms, instead of three. However, other markers of humanity were present in the structure of those arms, and in its body. Its legs too, which were strong-double jointed specimens, were still visibly more humanoid in look. The creature carefully crawled down the pile of eggs, eyes already taking in the world.

"It's - it's beautiful," she said.

"What does it look like?"

She described its look as it reached the floor and began moving to her. Matthew said nothing, but she was focused on this one creature, even as others began to hatch alongside it. The child did not cry, and in fact did not seem to show any emotion whatsoever. This momentarily worried her, and those concerns were emphasised when her antennae suddenly went wild.

“NNgh!” she groaned. “My antennae! It’s like they’re locking onto a signal and - ahh!”

They did exactly that. Suddenly, a connection formed, unbreakable, between herself and her young. The placid creature that looked so much like her, only a little more alien, immediately stopped, turned its own meagre antennae on her, and strengthened the connection yet further. She felt little more than blankness. Not nothingness, per se, but blankness. No personality existed within the youngling, and nothing ever would. It was, simply put, a drone. And yet she could now sense this semi-autonomous drone with ease.

“Oh my God,” she said, her purring ceasing for a moment. “I’m - I’m a hive creature.”

“That much is obvious,” Matthew said, his voice level and stoic once more. “You can’t lay this many eggs and not be, in my opinion.”

“No, my mate, it’s more than that. These babies are blank canvases. They don’t have personalities guided by instinct, they have *only instinct*. I can sense them, and . . . I think I can direct them. Wait a moment.”

More of them were emerging, dozens more. She locked her antennae onto each of them, and soon the organic apparatus on her head were doing so all on their own, not even requiring her conscious effort. Each ‘drone’ was far more capable than a baby, already able to move. They gathered to her, all around her. Matthew squeaked in a very unmanly manner as he was pushed aside by the drones, who continued to increase in number.

Form a line, she thought consciously.

They did so immediately, as if her single thought had been the directive of a central brain to their receptive nodes. In fact, that was exactly what it likely was.

“Holy shit,” she said, falling to crassness. She was very aware of her need to grow further, to make more of these eggs, but the realisation that she was creating an actual insect-like *hive* with her at the centre . . . it was astonishing to think of. She had been looking forward to babies to interact with, and this was a big switch mentally. And yet, despite their intensely instinctive nature, she realised that she had been wrong: they were not totally blank. They were more like . . . well, fish. Or pet hermit crabs. Or any creature that, while not displaying a personality in the strictest sense, was still a living thing with duties to perform, instincts to follow, and minor variations in how they went about doing so.

And perhaps that was enough, because when she put it that way, she immediately felt an overpowering love for them. A desire to be their mother and queen, to direct them in

ways that would allow them, and her, and the hive that she knew was their priority, to flourish.

“Come then, my babies,” she said, still purring in a soothing manner. “Feed. Come feed from your queen.”

They did so eagerly - they still needed to mature, after all. They crawled easily up her plates and silver body to reach her six breasts. Her upper pair and middle pairs had swollen slightly. They were still massive, but it gave a descending effect now: largest tits at the top, smaller (for a strange sense of ‘small’ at the bottom). They latched easily, taking her enormous thimble-sized nipples into their mouths, and began to drink greedily.

“Mmhmmm, yesssss,” she moaned. “Feeeeeed, my hatchlings.”

It was divine. The ultimate act of motherhood. She knew they would not need much drink. It would make no sense: how could she feed them all? Just a few minor feedings at best, and then they would have the necessary starting nutrients to survive, before moving on to the wonders of her Nutri-Paste. But it was still an act of great beauty in her eyes, and she was already looking forward to the prospect of perpetually being milked, and nursing her many, many hundreds of young . . . when she wasn’t craving Matthew’s seed to knock her up with hundreds more young, of course.

Her mate was largely silent as this occurred. He had given her space, retreated to the other side of the room, though he couldn’t quite escape her completely: her fifty-metre long egg sac tail was curled around much of the lab’s space, and so he backed into it by accident, causing her to chuckle.

“How wonderful is this, my mate?”

“It’s - it’s certainly something, my mate. I mean, Jane.” Again his voice was flat. She could detect a hint of fear in it. That was okay, she knew she had to give him time. He didn’t have his full sight back yet; she could delay revealing her full glory. In time, he would have to know, but hopefully by then he could accept her in full, despite her . . . largesse.

She was about to say something to him, to try to reassure him in some way while the next batch of hatchlings latched onto her breasts and fed from her milk, when something caught her attention. Her eggs were still hatching, and in fact by that point well over half of the original batch of over sixty had emerged, but there was one that opened a little more hesitantly than the others. While her gorgeous drones fed from her chest, she slithered forward, aided by the positioning of her longer double-jointed legs, and peered into this egg. There was something different about it, as if it had grown a little larger while left alone, and its surface even had a slight discolouration - more silvery and starry than those that surrounded. She hadn’t noticed when laying it, or even when inspecting them afterwards, but it was undeniable now.

“What are you?” she said, still purring with her breaths. She felt a bit of hunger, a need for more nutri-paste to indulge in, especially since she was finally losing milk and needed to replenish for her freshly hatched children. But still, she hovered at this egg, fascinated. Slowly, much more slowly than the others, the creature within emerged, and it was then that she understood - certainly, her antennae went wild enough to make the point clear as well.

She'd laid a little princess.

Like the other hatchlings, this adorable little alien baby had an insect-like abdomen, double-jointed legs, and two pairs of arms. However, it had a much more human face, like that of a baby's - the same, in fact - and was clearly much more dependent, being weak and requiring aid. It had eight nipples on its chest, denoting that these would one day swell to breasts, and its abdomen was larger than those of its drone-like brothers and sisters. It also had a full head of hair, similar in starry black finish to Jane's own.

Her eyes welled into tears as she took in the squalling form of her daughter. This, she understood, was a fully sentient, sapient being. A daughter who would one day grow to become a powerful broodmother and queen in her own right. The aliens clearly operated somewhat similarly to ant kingdoms - or queendoms - and every queen would eventually lay a princess who would go to found her own hive in the future.

“Amazing,” she said, lifting the child up. She was so soft - softer than her siblings - and deeply hungry. “That's right, my darling. My first little princess. Drink. Drink.”

Driven by a maternal instinct that was wonderfully powerful, she placed her first princess upon her chest - her upper most left breast - and let her stay there for a long, long time, even as the others rotated. She didn't notice when Matthew left. He needed the time anyway. For now, she wanted to hold this gorgeous little girl of hers, this future of the new family she was building, and pregnant with still, even now. She continued to feed and nurse for several hours, and when all the hatchlings were done and resting, ready to grow into their worker bodies, she continued to take cautious care of her princess.

“Raini,” she said. “I'll call you Raini.” She continued to nurse her, even as the urge to push more eggs from her mammoth womb overcame her. “Welcome to the family, little one. I promise that your father will come to love you too.”

Journal Entry #45: The Hatchlings

My children grow. Their maturation rate is astonishing to behold; they spring up faster than weeds, not that I consider one of them to be weeds. Their chitin is growing in, less bright than mine, and more white than silver on their undersides, but already each member is the

size of a ten-year old child, but with far more strength. They are programmed to obey my thoughts, and I feel their connection wherever they are. Somehow, my mind can concentrate and feel all of them at once, and direct them in groupwork or individual work as necessary. They do have some minds, though: they feel a rush of dopamine when they are given commands. This makes me feel responsible to them. Though I know they are effectively driven by instinct, they are still my beloved children. I birthed them into the world, and they operate to aid their mother in building our future home. In this way, I will fiercely protect them, and they will fiercely protect me.

It had been a week since my first eggs hatched, and two more clutches have hatched since then. No more princesses yet, but I somehow sense that my gorgeous little girl Raini will not be the last. My gravid body is destined to birth more future queens, I just know it. And more than that, I embrace it. More than one form of intelligent life can exist on this earth, and I am to ensure that my kind does not perish. Whatever happened to the original alien life that the artefact came from, I am glad I was allowed to join their race, or half-join it, if indeed I am half-alien. I will not waste the gifts they gave me.

Indeed, already our work has begun. My body continued to grow. I am now seventy tonnes in weight, and my length is now exceeding thirty metres in length. I suspect I could grow as long as a hundred metres, though most of it would be the long, snake-like apparatus of my womb, forever pregnant with progeny. This I do not mind; the island is massive, and we are working hard to make it habitable. Already my hatchlings have knocked down a number of walls through the complex. I must reside mostly outside now, but I can easily now move through the complex - and the laboratory - simply by entering from the outside. My worker children generate a fascinating sticky substance that hardens that they are able to use to form new structures and bind or mend old ones. The lab looks a bit like something out of an alien invasion horror film, but I am becoming more used to it: the glossy black and silver of this substance is around new entrances, and also buttressing the large canopies being constructed to shield me from the reign. A good thing too; my wings can only shield me so much, though I've discovered I can retract them into a space in my chitin so that they are not always out and 'about.' And thankfully my hips and thighs have swelled in size to aid my more . . . gentle manoeuvring in tight spaces, if not the larger movements. It's left me looking a bit 'bottom heavy', but then if one takes into account my entire egg-sac as my 'bottom' then some leg growth won't change a thing.

However, all this new renovation and change has frightened poor Matthew off. Well, perhaps I am being unkind to my mate. He continues to 'see' me, though his eyesight has yet to improve dramatically, but I worry that he fears what he sees. He clearly is concerned at the two hundred plus children we have that are now scurrying about. I have tried to explain their nature, but I think it makes him uncomfortable, so I have kept them out of his

way. Still, he has reacted more positively to Raini, though he has not held her yet. She requires constant feeding, but my ever productive body is there to meet demands, always.

I can only hope that I can persuade him to mate with me again. I would never force the issue, and I know that he finds the experience incredibly . . . pleasurable. Still, my body yearns to be impregnated over and over and over, and fill this island so that it becomes one great hive to build our civilisation upon as a new species, with my human lover as my generous mate who makes it all possible.

But he needs his time, and I shall grant him it. I can only hope that he does not need too much. To put it simply and crudely, journal, I am a very, very horny bug right now.

By the time that two weeks had passed since the first hatchlings had crawled out of their shattered eggs, Jane was nearly mad with lust. Her body craved being pregnant, and with all the extra growth she had attained - now over forty metres long, with a nine metre width and eight metre height at the thickest portion of her sac - she was constantly thinking of filling that new empty space. Indeed, for the first time there was actual *empty space* in her womb, and it was driving the poor broodmother mad. The only consolation was her darling little princess Raini, who cried and behaved just like a human baby, albeit without the mess, and that she was joined by a new sister: Sierra, whose colouration was surprisingly more like a dark blue opal. That excited Jane, the prospect that some hives would have their own dappling marks and colours, for Sierra's skin didn't have the kind of spotted stars on her silvery skin, but instead brush strokes like those of an abstract tribal painter. Now, both girls occupied prized positions on her uppermost breasts, which had bloated just a little further to accommodate the princesses' needs, needs that Jane was happy to meet.

More drones were ordered to supply massive bulks of nutri-paste, but the time had come to make the island self-sufficient entirely, and grow the material needed to convert it right there on the island. Her drone hatchlings were now fully grown, each about a head shorter than a grown adult woman. As far as she could tell, they were not sexless, but their genitalia was hidden, and her antenna largely determined their true sex. Perhaps there was a nature she didn't understand about them yet, but like as not it just existed as a backup in case the queen died without heirs and a new queen and fertilising specimen was needed.

She didn't have to worry about that.

Her worker children were therefore very hard at work expanding beyond the complex, working deeper into the island and establishing tunnels, structures of the crystalline goo (which looked like gorgeous black and silver marble once it had set fully), as well as

underground fields where newly ordered UV ray technology, rigged up to solar panels, could grow the crops needed to make nutri-paste.

It was all wonderful. Within just a few months, the drones would be entirely unneeded for anything but amenities and for what Matthew wanted. That was, if Matthew would just tell her what he wanted. He had withdrawn more and more, and it worried her. With her enhanced hearing she could always make out and sense his movements, and her hatchlings kept a distant eye on him, but on the whole she tried to respect his obvious desire for privacy. Still, it felt like a ticking clock at times: her eggsac was always swelling. Now, it had slightly darker skin where the ridges of the underside met, a result of being compressed together in order to help her movement across coarser earth. Continuous movement was now visible along her fatty flanks, where eggs transferred further and further towards her birthing lips. It made squelching noises, organic noises that she herself enjoyed as a symphonic celebration of her fertility, but perhaps Matthew was simply alarmed at. The fact that her eggs were now easily forty centimetres in diameter only made the sounds louder, and the birthing even more of an ordeal.

Of course, it also made the birthing a lot more pleasurable as well. Her future hatchlings would be healthy indeed. A good thing too: she knew she would be delivering them in the tens of thousands across her life. An even better thing that the private island she had purchased was impressively sized, and had an archipelago of smaller islands nearby. She'd done the sensible thing and organised that they be owned by her as well. She had the money for it.

It was all looking up. She was even feeling the urge to grow more, and so was greedily sucking down as much nutri-paste as possible, readying her hive - as she was increasingly calling it - to make their own stock. In fact, the hope was that their stock would be even better, allowing her to not have to eat as much in quantity so much as condensed quality, so that she could spend more of her time focusing on expanding her hive, birthing, and nursing.

She just needed Matthew. Her mate. And not just to impregnate her either, even though she was having to pleasure herself constantly just to cope, using her multiple arms to grope and squeeze her magnificently sensitive tits and play with her very hungry vaginal passage. Her clitoris alone practically caused her to orgasm at the slightest brush, *that's* how much she needed to be filled with more eggs. Hell, just imagining Matthew thrusting into her wet snatch - yes, she imagined her body in such pornographic terms the more incredibly libidinous she got - could make her tremble in a small yet not-inconsiderable orgasm.

"Hurry the fuck up, my wonderful mate," she found herself moaning. "I need your eggs. I need your seed. And most of all, I need you, my love."

Journal Entry #57: Needs

I need to be impregnated.

I need to be filled.

I need to grow.

I need to get heavier.

I need to birth so many more eggs.

I need to be sexually satisfied.

I need to feel my tits full of milk for all my hatchlings and princesses, so full I could practically burst.

I need to be so overheated with egg production that I need to continuously beat my wings and have my drones fan me.

I need to eat nutri-paste for hours on end just to sustain my sheer fecundity.

I need cock.

I need semen in my womb.

I need Matthew. I need his gentle, soft smile. I need his dry wit. I need his support more than ever. I need my mate.

God, I need him. I missed him.

It was several days later, as she slithered (perhaps *thundered*, given how loud her movements were along the beach and landscape) around the outside of the complex, that she suddenly heard a voice.

“JANE! JANE! CAN YOU HEAR ME!?!?”

Excitement filled her being - and there was a *lot* of being to fill by that point. Finally, the man who had been her student friend, her lab partner, her close ally, and finally her lover and father of her alien babies, was talking to her. Not just that, but yelling out to her - and quite unnecessarily given her improved hearing. She scattered her hive drones back to their jobs. Her two princesses were fortunately sleeping, though she had the good notion that another would hatch in a few days' time, potentially. For now though, her enormous body was free to race up to her lover.

“MATTHEW! WAIT THERE! I'M COMING!!!”

She surged forth using her immense, fifty-metre long egg sac, with tonnage now beyond any weight she had to measure her. Her powerful double-jointed legs kept her humanoid body righted, and she used her extra arms to keep her dribbling breasts under

control, though perhaps nothing could entirely stop them from jostling constantly, not that she minded. Her antennae searched the air, feeling for his emotions as best she could. Despite the sounds she was making, they told her he had an inquisitive air about him, and that bolstered her hopes further. If she could just talk to him . . .

She crested the hill to where he was on one of the many balconies. She had to be careful not to actually lean against it too much; she could easily collapse it, and while she could snatch him up, she didn't want to make him fear her any more.

"Matt," she said, breathing heavily. She was simultaneously pushing out a few eggs just from the effort, but it was not a full clutch, so she could largely ignore that for now.

"Jane," he said, squinting at her. Likely, his eyes were still not fully recovered, and the sun was not helping. She considered that a good thing for now. "I'm sorry for my absence lately. I needed time to think. Time to take in all of this; the babies, the hatchlings, your changes, even the alterations you're evidently making to this building and the island."

"I know it's a lot," she said. "So much. I promise you that I didn't mean for things to happen so fast, my mate. My love. It's just that they sort of had to. My body is changing on its own timeline, not mine, and the same is true of my children and their needs. *Our* children."

"Ours," he repeated, astonishment in his voice. "It still makes me so shocked to know I now have two hundred children."

"Three hundred and fifty four, actually."

His expression said it all.

"Sorry! I shouldn't have said that. I'm being annoyingly distracted by - ughh! - these damned eggs I need to p-push out."

"We can, um, talk another time if need-"

"N-no!" she said, louder than intended, her double-layered voice rising in pitch. "It's just that it's quite p-pleasurable, so I have to i-ignore that pleasure."

That made him smirk. "I imagine other women would be jealous that you feel such pleasure during birth."

She grit her teeth, sighed in response to a lovely final orgasm as the last of the mini-clutch left her. She directed several drones to deal with the eggs. God, they were useful - how had she handled things without them?

"It's a damn good thing," she stammered. "Can you imagine how nightmarish my existence would be if I experienced labor pains for all the hundreds of eggs I've pushed out?"

This time he actually laughed out loud, though in his usual way, it was arguably more of an amused 'harumph.'

“Thank goodness you don’t have that. Look, Jane, I’ve had time to reflect on what I’ve been feeling. Frankly, your changes scare me. I worry about losing you. But you remain yourself, just a . . . different version of you. A more outward, larger-than-life version of you - literally, as is the case. But you are still the woman who I happily became lab partner to, who I worshipped quietly for so long, and whom I fell in love with through your initial changes. This is a crazy new time, but I don’t want to lose you just because I fear losing you. Whatever your changes are, we’ll deal with them in time. I fear that you might never change back, but we’ll deal with that too. I don’t want to leave your side.”

She was overcome with emotion. Balcony be damned, she easily bypassed that particular problem: she lifted her lover with her multiple arms with ease, especially since her humanoid form was now at least 3.2 metres in height. He exhaled in surprise, but she smothered him into her naked chest, her dark eyes tearing up from the beauty of the moment.

“Thank you Matthew!” she exclaimed. “You have no idea how much I needed to hear that. I missed you, my mate, my love, so dearly much. I couldn’t do this without you.”

She drew him back to look at him. He reached out with a hand, and she helped him find the side of her face so he could brush her enlarged cheek. It was a wonderfully tender moment, and the two of them shared it in a loving silence, one that extended further with a kiss as her lips locked easily over his. Then, as if by some mutual agreement, or perhaps shared arousal in the moment, they began to make love. She caressed his adorably small body with her hands, brushing her talons carefully against his skin so that she did not damage, but instead massaged him with expert sensual precision. He in turn did what men always do best, and certainly loved to focus on: her groped and squeezed and sucked on her many breasts. He moaned in pleasure as he suckled at her great reserves of milk; clearly they were utterly delicious to him. Indeed, for a time it had been all he had consumed on the island, and she longed for a return to that status quo once more, for it pleased them both, and turned her on to be the one ‘taking care’ of and nursing her much smaller lover.

Already, that power dynamic of her as the dominant lover and him as the submissive was in play. She toyed with him, pressing him against her boobflesh where she wanted him, and letting him come up for air only as she desired it. She even slid him to the side so that he could caress part of her egg sac, and that too brought ripples of bliss as he squeezed the ribbed, fatty folds of her sac together.

“Ohhhhhh, yesss! I love that! Don’t stop!”

“I don’t know what I’m even touching, but I’m glad you like it.”

“I loooooove it! But I need you now. I need your dick inside me. I need to consume your seed and make so, so, so, sooooo many more eggs!”

She positioned him again, and his throbbing cock clearly indicated he was okay with this. Her vulva dilated a little, and once more began to tense its new alien muscles. Like a powerful suction cup, it clamped down upon her lover's penis and began to pump on it greedily, refusing to let go until he came. She realised embarrassingly that she'd have to be careful with that in the future: once her vagina clamped down upon him, she got the real sense her biology would refuse to give his cock back until it had milked him of all the sperm he had at that moment.

It wasn't a problem at that moment, however, because both of them were eager for just that occurrence. The suction of her opening pulled him hard against her, sandwiching him into her breasts. He drank from her, milking her other tits with his hands.

"Mmmhmm! So close! So c-close! Knock me up, Matthew! I want you to get me m-more pregnant with eggs than e-ever b-before! NNGHHH!!!"

He pumped inside her several times, but in truth, it was more that she was *pumping him*. Her body took the active role, suctioning and sucking and milking his big dick, massaging and squeezing and caressing it with numerous vaginal muscles she'd never before possessed. It was an act of ultimate submission on his part, and domination on the part of hers, and both of them clearly loved it.

Finally, he came. Matthew groaned, unable to even speak as he was drinking in nearly a litre of her delicious milk. But she felt every trace of his climax, because it spurred on her own. At the very moment that his seed poured into her tunnel, she cried out in ecstasy. She could feel the imminent arrival of his semen into her womb, and the impregnation process begin across hundreds, if not more, ovum in her body. She burst into a great cry that could likely be heard across half the island. Matthew had done his job alright. God, he must have not been masturbating once during his absence, because that was a mighty pent-up release, and she knew at once that she was over doubly impregnated than she had ever been in a single sitting. Just the knowledge of it caused her enormous egg sac to tremble fifty metres down the line in pleasure. Several trees crashed to the ground, splintered to pieces.

"Whoops," she said, grinning, her full teeth on display. "That was utterly worth it, however." She released him back to the porch as she gazed back at her length. "I think I just grew another three metres. That was amazing, my mate. We should fuck against just so you can make me -"

She stopped as she look forward again and saw his horrified expression. That was when she realised Matthew was staring at her in a whole new way. More than that, she realised that his eyes were working again. He was seeing her *fully*, as she was, sharp teeth and alien visage and all.

“Matthew,” she managed, unsure of what to say at all. The fact that her long tongue was in the mid-motion of snaking along her sharp teeth only made her feel more monstrous in his eyes at that very moment.

“My v-vision,” he stammered. “Somehow . . . during sex . . . your body fixed it, I think.”

He was slowly pulled his clothed back on - she had basically ripped them off during the act - but his eyes never left her body, tracing all over her claws, breasts, wings, and incredibly long and distended egg sac.

“I have no idea. I didn’t realise - you’ve changed so much. You don’t even - oh God, you’re not even you anymore. I was wrong. Fuck, oh fuck I was so wrong.”

“Matthew, I know how I look!” she said quickly, pushing forward. He staggered backwards, afraid. “But it’s not what you think! I’m not a monster. I should have told you the full extent of my changes, but I was afraid of what you’d think, and now that fear has made a self-fulfilling prophecy. Please, just - just stay here and we can talk and -”

She leaned forward again, and this time made a terrible mistake. Her enormous egg sac pressed against the reinforced balcony, but no reinforcement on earth could possibly hold her weight, angled as it was against the balcony. The concrete at its edge crumbled, and the entire feature buckled, angling down as if threatening to tip her lover off the edge. Matthew cried out in horror, running backwards.

“No! Matthew! I’m sorry, I didn’t mean - I would never hurt you!”

But it was too late, he was already retreating into the complex, sprinting like mad to escape this monster she had insufficiently prepared him to face. She cursed, tried to climb up to a nearby hole her hatchlings had reinforced, only to suddenly seize.

“Ohhhhhh - no! N-not now! I have to b-birth, I know, but I j-just need more t-time!”

But her body would not accept this. The impregnation process had started anew, and it refused to hand out favours now that production was back in business. She had to bear down, and all she could do was raise herself slightly further up against a more stable part of the balcony, plant her large insectoid legs there, and begin to push her eggs all the way through her birthing lips. She moaned in pleasure, but it was bitter pleasure this time. She needed to push these eggs out as fast as she could, then track down Matthew. She could do it. She knew she could.

But by the time she was indeed done, and had laid over one hundred eggs near the beach, she was exhausted, and her body ravenous with hunger. What’s more, her hatchlings were informing her via the hive mind that her princesses needed feeding, and that a third one had just recently hatched.

“M-Matthew,” she moaned, feeling another growth spurt coming on, another few metres added to her length, and width, and height of her sac. “I’ll c-come soon! I j-just need to take care of a f-few things f-first!”

But by the time all that had been taken care of, Matthew was gone. Jane lay on her sac in the great island garden, the whole ‘tail’ coiled around her like a snake, as she sent her hive across the complex and surrounding area to find her lover yet again. All three princesses were on her breasts, and many new hatchlings were in lines to take their first and only feed from her. Her job as broodmother of the alien hive continued, including the construction of new chambers for production and breeding.

But her thoughts were all on her mate. The man she loved. She needed to find him, and make him understand. Or at least beg for his forgiveness.

For the first time in a long while, she cursed her bloated body. As if to spite her, she moaned in pleasure and discomfort as it expanded another two metres in length, shuddering with the presence of more eggs than ever before.

Journal Entry I don’t give a fuck what number it is.

I need to find Matthew. He’s not in the complex. He’s not on the beach. He’s not even in the surrounding hills or caverns. He hasn’t commandeered a boat - I know he tried but my hatchlings are there. I wouldn’t have stopped him! But evidently he believes I am a monster now.

I cannot blame him. In a way, I have acted monstrously purely through my inaction. My application of mistruths. I made sure that our recordings of my bodily changes stopped, and I did not keep him fully apprised of what was happening to me. How else was he to react when he witnessed me to my fullest extent? I did almost nothing to prepare him!

And now he is gone, and I am stuck here, cursing my overly-gravid form. Of course, it is not my form I am dissatisfied with. I would not go back to being a small, lonely human again. But I am dissatisfied with my own decisions, and my own cowardice. Matthew always hid his emotions under the surface, so for him to react in the manner that he did suggests to me how powerful his fear was. I am caught in indecision: grow my hive and wait for him to come back to me, or go out in search of him, taking only some hatchlings to aid me when - inevitably - I have to stop to birth more of my increasingly large clutches?

But then, I feel I already know the answer to this particular riddle. I must go find him. He is my mate, and my friend, and my love. I have gotten myself into this problem precisely because I was passive, relishing in the pleasures of my form. In many ways, the role of a

queen broodmother is sort of passive: I am impregnated, I birth, I nurse, and I direct my hatchlings to see to the hard work. I have rested on the laurels of my largesse and paid for it.

Now I must become active. For the hive's administration, yes, but also for me. I languished in secret sorrow when my parents died. I will not lose someone else I love.

I will find you, Matthew.

Despite Jane's vow, there was still work to do in preparing her body before heading out. She still secretly hoped Matthew would re-emerged, but her investigation had already revealed - thanks to her hatchlings' search efforts - that he had taken a backpack and numerous supplies and fled north into the tropical jungle of the island, beyond the bridged ravine. To get across, she would need her hatchlings to work double-time with their ossifying 'goo-glue' as she was beginning to call it. They were crystallising a bridge strong enough for her to cross, though some clearly had reservations. In addition, she was having the milk from her many breasts routinely pumped in order to up their production. The hatchlings would feed her three beautiful princesses in time - Rainie, Sierra, and Harper - while she was away, using numerous bottles she had filled with her sweet natural nourishment.

While this dreadful wait continued, her body continued to bloat and grow. She was now well over sixty metres long and closing on seventy. Her width was impressive, to the point that adjustments had to be made to the sides of the compound, which was looking like a large hive centre of sorts now, especially given that her height and width at the fattest part of her egg sac was around nine metres and eleven respectively, and only growing. The fatty reserves at least helped her body continue to feed itself when she was away from her nutri-paste: she was counting on just that when it came time to leave.

Still, despite her constant worry for Matthew, she had to birth her existing eggs and oversee the hatchings of already-laid eggs. By that point, she had nearly a thousand children, and more hatching every two days or so. The island could easily contain a major metropolitan city with still half the space remaining for gorgeous tropics, so she was not worried about space at all. However, with the enormous strain (and pleasure) of the births, she feared losing herself in that role and not pushing forward to find her mate. Thankfully, she was aided by her pregnancy instinct: the need to continually mate and be impregnated kept her mind sharp. More than that, the memories of Matthew, and how much he had helped her for years on end, continued to bolster her also.

Finally, the day came to go find him. She had double, triple, quadruple checked everything. The bridge was finished - a black and silver construction that glowed with starry embers that shifted within its crystalline construction. She had fed all three of her daughters,

letting them drink deeply of what she had realised was a special milk she expelled purely for her princesses. But after that, she had also fed the new hatchlings quickly, all one hundred and twelve of them. She needed them strong and nurtured. The island was big, and she didn't know how long she would be gone. She cuddled each of them lovingly, staring into their adorable dark eyes, before setting them down in comforting little 'beds' of soft foam that the hatchlings had constructed.

"Be well, my dears," she said. "My little girls. Stay strong for your momma. I'll be back, and I'll bring your father, too. I just know he'll love you. Wait here, and your drone siblings will take care of you."

Finally, one last enormous gorging upon the nutri-paste, enough to leave the soft ribbed flanks of her immense sac full of fatty substance. Like a camel's hump, she could draw nutrition from them.

And then, with little more than her journal and pens and some other things in a sack around her shoulder, she slid to the cavern, and glided semi-elegantly across its expanse. It creaked under her enormous tonnage, but managed to keep her weight. A good thing too: her wings were great for cooling her body down, but would not be able to lift her. She fluttered them out of their folding spots nervously anyway, drawing comfort from their presence. It was good to at least imagine she could fly. Certainly, she hoped some of her hatchlings would develop that power soon.

"I'm finally coming, Matthew," she said to herself. "My antennae will find you. But it'll be me who brings you back. You'll see it's still me. I know you will."

Journal Entry #68

Two days already. Two days and I only go further across the island. I am on his trail. I can sense it, and that is no mere instinct: my antennae track his scent in the air, my improved eyes notice his tracks in the road, and I can hear the distant crackling of campfires far across the rolling island hills. The only problem is that I can only move so fast. My broodbug body is simply so large, so difficult to manoeuvre at this point, that I end up accidentally knocked trees over, splitting them apart and causing all sorts of chaos and destruction in my wake. Worse, it rained yesterday, and I had no true cover beyond the chitin which sprung up on my back to shield me. It is a useful feature, but it was still not a kind experience.

Still, it was a good decision to bring a number of hatchlings with me. I have had to stop twice to give birth to large clutches, despite my efforts at avoiding this. My body runs on its own cycle now, though, and I am clearly violating some of its instincts to stay with the hive: I hope that my hatchlings back there do not become too agitated in my absence. At

least I am able to direct groups of them to retrieve my eggs, just as they also feed my new hatchlings and my gorgeous princesses my bottled milk in my absence. I know they are all safe - literally, I pick up their hive signals of assurance - and yet still I worry. I understand my mother's words now, when she told me how nervous a young mother feels when separated from their child, even if only for a few hours. Here I am two days out, and I almost feel like I'm going to break down. I miss their gorgeous little alien faces, the love they have for me without even realising it, the comfort of them against my chest.

God, I miss just having anything on my chest to suckle from me. My breasts are so full they feel like they are about to explode, and there are now hatchlings, princesses, or even my mate to feed me. I thought I came close earlier today to Matthew's position, but I simply cannot be stealthy with this enormous body. Worse, even when I find a plain or stretch where I can move less conspicuously - even if I am incredibly visible - the squelching sounds of my eggs redistributing and shifting in my body echoes out for hundreds of metres. I am working on gaining greater control of them. It is only freed from my activities and rituals in the compound that I have been able to test the limits of my control of this form. My thighs, my legs in general have grown in strength, balancing me more efficiently. And I am also starting to find that hundreds of smaller muscles within my egg sac do not just operate autonomously: I can take personal control of them if needed, and shift about my eggs as needed. Hopefully, I can learn to move them about with far less ruckus.

Regardless, I know that I am near him. He cannot evade me forever. If Matthew wishes to be free of me, I will get him home safely, and I will mourn the loss of my mate forever. But I will try to make him see that I am still the woman he loves, only, well, much bigger than she was before.

Tomorrow is what it comes down to, that much is certain. I hope I am ready. For now, I shall simply settle down for the night, try my best to milk this incredibly overfull chest udders of mine, and spend some glorious hours birthing some more eggs. I will mark their location for the hive to retrieve in the morning.

Jane wasn't wrong. The next day did prove to be the one. Three days after setting out, she had almost reached the other side of the island, and that had been a journey of nearly continuous travel using the immense muscles of her impressively long egg sac. The land was higher here, and more treacherous. Birds scattered at her presence, and numerous wildlife was disrupted by her movement through the jungle. It was only thanks to her increasing control of her snake-like behind that she was able to minimise this damage. Her antennae worked overtime not to disrupt nests, sleeping nocturnal creatures in trees, and so

forth. It was of great concern to her that she was not presenting herself as the monster Matthew clearly feared her to be.

But then, around midday, just as she was feeling an agonising need to express her milk and give herself an hour's pause, maybe even to birth, something changed. Her antennae throbbed, shifted, pointed in the direction of a new signal. A new scent.

Or rather, an old one she had longed to feel again.

"Matthew!" she said, shocked. "My mate! He's near! MATTHEW! MATTHEW IT'S ME!"

He was further up hill, where the forest jungle gave way to several ochre-red mountains and winding chasms. It was a beautiful area of the island, and greatly inhospitable at that. He was likely attempting to lose her there: she could sense he was running.

"No! Not until you at least break up with me formally!" she said, trying to find a reserve of humour in her determination. There was a giddiness to her that she had not felt in days. Her mate was so near, and her body was immediately flush with arousal for him, desiring so much impregnation to make up for all the days absence of his touch. She reined in that instinct as best as she could, but she still gave chase. Her enormous body thundered through the forest and up the hill. Trees crashed and splintered and blew apart at her passing. She took the straightest root, her powerful double-jointed legs racing to keep her steady as her worm-like behind used its undulating muscles to their fullest extent.

Finally, she burst forth with a powerful, victorious roar from the treeline, out onto a craggy plain. Right where Matthew was moving from several hundred metres away.

"Matthew! MATTHEW! MY MATE!!!"

She was so excited to see him that her double-layered voice echoed in an almost bestial fashion across the craggy landscape. Jane instantly knew that this was the wrong tact to take: her poor lover looked shocked. Shocked and terrified.

He began to run.

"No! I didn't mean - wait, Matthew! Let's just talk!"

But he had already passed the lip of the hill, and was descending down to the winding chasms, hoping to lose her. She gave further chase, her egg sac rippling with raw power, her energy summoned from all the reserves of fat she had prepared for herself from the nutri-paste. She soared over the lip, crumbling part of the rock in her wake. Her movements shuddered the earth, causing it to quake heavily. Ahead, a rock tumbled off the chasm wall, falling an easy twenty metres or more to crash upon the ground, such was the impact of her against the earth. It only seemed to agitate Matthew more.

"Please, Matthew! I love you! I'm not going to hurt you! Just . . . goddamn it! Just listen to me!"

“Stay back! You’re not her, you’re not my Jane! I don’t trust you not to hurt me!”

He ran further into the canyon, and she pursued. She was driven more than a little by frustration and anger as much as love and concern by this point. She just wanted him to understand, but he was being so stubborn. Her arousal wasn’t helping either. But even she knew how she appeared, like a great titanic beast, a Tyrannosaur thundering through an ancient landscape, pursuing a fleeing man.

And it looked even more like that image when she realised the mistake Matthew had made when he took a left turn: the tunnel ended, with only one way out. The way she was currently barrelling towards.

“Please, just leave me alone!” he cried. He reached down to grab something, anything, and ended up with a small rock to defend himself.

It was at that moment that Jane knew she needed to stop before she terrified her poor mate any further. She arrested her movement as best as she could, planting her powerful insectoid legs into the ground and summoning all her egg sac muscles to pull to a sudden stop. It caused her immense, spiralling tail to rocket up, coiling around the chasm like an enormous hose, pressing up against itself. The squeezing pressure alone sent dozens of eggs oozing out of her tip, pushed out rapidly and thankfully caught by other parts of her sac. She moaned in unexpected pleasure, a series of orgasms rocking her body and causing milk to slosh and spill from her breasts. The eggs rolled unharmed to the ground, and she spent a moment quivering in the aftermath of such a sudden birth of so many eggs at once.

“OOhhhhhhh, ahhhhh . . .”

To Matthew’s eyes, it must have been quite the spectacle. He clutched the rock feebly, his arm shaking.

“Please! I just want to leave. I couldn’t take a boat. I don’t want to be harmed.”

Jane drew a little closer, holding out all her arms to show she was no threat. Her breast dribbled milk to the ground, far too full by this point. She was so much taller than him at her 3.2 metre height, but she did her best to present herself as small and nonthreatening as possible.

“Matthew, it’s me,” she said. “I’m sorry, I should have told you how much I had changed. I was afraid of how you’d react, and it ended up being a damned self-fulfilling prophecy anyway. But you must believe me, I would never hurt you.”

His eyes darted about. “Where is that army of yours? The one that was guarding the docks and preventing me from leaving.”

She slapped her forehead with her lower left hand. “For God’s sakes, Matt. My ‘army’, really? They were on the docks helping fix up the area so my damned body would blast through it if I travelled there. They didn’t know how to react to you because they’re just

part of my hive - they're like worker drones in a bee colony! They were never going to attack you, they know you're my mate and they weren't even old enough to attack besides. And how would they attack you?"

"They might have swarmed me," he said.

"Granted," she admitted. "And I can imagine that would be terrifying as a prospect. But they don't even hurt a fly! They're helping create fields to make this place sustainable to live in, and they eat the same nutri-paste I do."

"But those teeth of theirs. Of yours. Predatorial."

"And humans are omnivores, what's your point? Yes, I occasionally have meat, or tougher slabs of nutri-synthetic meat, at least. And humans can technically eat each other. Do they?"

But still he held the rock, quivering.

"Matthew, this is so unlike you."

"It was a fucking big shock, seeing you like that. I knew you were large, and I knew you have multiple, er, breasts, and the extra arms. But all of it - the armour plating and the eyes and the claws. For God's sake, Jane, what am I supposed to think?"

She drew closer yet again, but this time he didn't back up against the wall further. His eyes were searching, trying to find the Jane he knew and loved.

"Matthew, this is *my* mistake. I held the truth because I was afraid. I was afraid of losing you . . . and now I have."

She broke down in tears at that point. She was hormonal, and tired, and in need of milking and birthing and mating, but most of all, she was simply overcome with sadness at what she had done, and what she had lost. She bawled, sobbing relentlessly, her enormous egg sac sagging as she collapsed to her knees - though they hovered a little, due to the egg sac's enormity keeping her 'afloat.'

"I'm s-sorry, Matt. I never m-meant things to be this way. I l-love being like this. I r-really do. I just n-never meant to scare you away. I love you. I really, really love you. And n-now I can have a f-family again. We have th-three little princess daughters I want you to m-meet. But if you need to leave, I'll take you t-to the docks, and help you leave f-forever. I'm so, so, so sorry. Goddamnit. I'm a f-fucking monster!"

She wiped her eyes, almost unable to see she was so overcome with sorrow. Her entire, seventy-metre long body quivered and shook heavily from her sobbing, and it made the ground rumble a little. This continued on for almost thirty seconds before her antennae sensed a change in Matthew. Slowly, hesitantly, he moved to her side, staring up at her. His eyes were wide, but she could barely look at them, afraid of his judgement.

But instead of receiving said judgement, she instead felt his hand brush against her thigh. She managed to stop crying for a moment, and beheld that he was also stroking her

pregnant ovipositor, marvelling at the fatty ribs that worked to keep the hundreds of eggs within safe. He circled back in front of her, and was just barely able to reach her two lower pairs of breasts, brushing across them. She tensed, moaning softly, and just that contact alone was enough to make them expel further streams of milk down her front.

“OOhhhh,” she moaned. “M-Matthew. What are you d-doing.”

“Admitting that I acted foolishly, too. I’m a scientist, Jane. You are too. We both know the risks and fears of alien incursion. And seeing you when my eyesight restored . . . I jumped into a panic, and that panic pushed me all the way to here. I’ve been an absolute idiot. And you are not a monster, not at all. I - I see that now. And in fact, in your own, utterly unique way, I can finally see how beautiful you are.”

She wiped her eyes with her upper arms, lowering hand down to caress his shoulder tenderly. “You really mean it?”

He smiled. “I do. I’m sorry too, Jane.”

She laughed awkwardly. “I shouldn’t have chased you. I felt like the T-Rex from *Jurassic Park*.”

He chuckled also. “It felt like it also. It didn’t help the fear, I can tell you that. But the old Jane would move heaven and earth to get what she wanted and to achieve the impossible, and now I see that this new alien-hybrid version of her is just the same. Your body - it’s astonishing! You must be half a hundred metres long.”

She placed all of her hands on her humanoid part’s hips. “Seventy metres,” she declared with a certain smug pride, and still growing. All thanks to you and your wonderful mating skills, I assure you.”

He blinked. “Well, I’ll be. That’s . . . God, that’s incredible, I suppose. And you’re okay with all of this?”

“I am. That’s what I’m trying to tell you, my mate. My love. I truly am. I’m more pregnant than I could ever imagine, and birthing huge clutches of eggs forty centimetres in diameter once per day now. I’m always full with milk - God, I’m so fucking full right now, you have no idea - and need to consume so much to keep going. But I’m a powerful broodmother, Matthew. A new species, one that always has a family, and will never be alone. And . . . you can be part of that family, if you’ll still have me.”

Matthew was silent for a time. He looked up at her, as if seeing her in a new light.

“You can take as much time as you need!” she continued, a little sheepish. “You can even go back to the US and stay there. We could keep in contact, and when - if - you feel comfortable, maybe then you could come back. I would be patient. I’d be horny as all fuck and *desperate* to be impregnated and bred by you as my mate over and over and over and oh God just about endlessly, but I’d wait until you were ready. And if you weren’t ready, and you didn’t want to come back my love, then I promise you I would accept and -”

Matthew stopped her short.

“Jane,” he said, stroking one of her lower nipples, gazing up at her face. “I’m staying.”

More tears welled. “Are you s-sure?”

“I am. When you aren’t vigorously pursuing me, I can . . . well, I can see the beauty. And I could never forgive myself for leaving the woman I love, regardless of the form she takes.”

She gave a little snuffle. “Do you mean it?”

“I do.” Matthew’s stoic expression changed just slightly to take on an image of amusement, and perhaps a little flirtiness. “And besides, I’m suddenly remembering just how amazing all that babymaking sex was, aren’t you?”

“God, I’ve never forgotten!” she expressed, laughing. Her breasts quaked from the motion. “My body is so fucking wanting to make more right now. I can’t even tell you how much.”

“Why don’t you show me, then?”

“What do you mean?”

Then, to her surprise, Matthew gave a wink. He caressed her form, all while looking up at her. “I don’t like to see the woman I love in pain, or having to wait. Why don’t you let me take care of your frustrations?”

“Please don’t joke about this Matt, I’m so fucking horny it’s agony.”

“That’s exactly why I want to help you. I know you want it. And now that I fully understand that you’re the woman I love, still, I know I want it too.”

“Oh, Matthew. My mate!”

She took him, lifting him up with ease and embracing him against her milky chest. Her hormones immediately spiralled out of control, and she was unable to repress her needs. She kissed him, animalistic in her lust, and he returned those kisses.

“M-milk me! Nurse from me! I want you to drink from me like a baby! I want you to feed from your q-queen!”

“Yes, my queen,” he responded, licking his lips.

He nursed from her, drinking in great gulps even as he rubbed and stroked her other nipples, causing each to spray milk like fountains. She withdrew from him briefly at his request, so that he could stroke and massage parts of her egg-sac tail. It was pure ecstasy: she never knew how erogenous the whole ovipositor was, but during the sexual act it clearly gained a lot of sensitivity.

“Ohhhhhh yessss! My mate! That f-feels wonderful!”

“But you want more, right? You want me in you? You want to be bred?”

She shook her head, that dominant need flaring once more. “No, I want to *make you breed your queen.*”

That seemed to stir further excitement in him. She pulled him against her body once more, and their humanoid halves came together, hers much larger than his. Her vagina dilated open once more, and this time it sucked him forth, clamping down upon his cock as he was helplessly pulled to her nethers. It was pure delirious bliss, and both felt it. Her altered genitalia sucked him off like a separate pair of lips giving the world's greatest, most responsive blowjob.

"Oh God, you're s-so tight, so w-wet!" he groaned. "This is e-even b-better than before!"

"I've had practice with you, my mate," she teased, raking her claws lightly across his back, massaging it but not tearing skin. "I want you to f-feel ultimate pleasure. I w-want to drain you. You owe me. You owe me so many b-babies. You owe me thousands. God, I want you get t-to get me pregnant forever! I want - OHHHHH!!!!"

He sucked on her upper right breast, tasting her milk, relieving yet more pressure. She was so close, and she could sense that so was he. More eggs shifted in her sac, ready to be laid, but she controlled their flow more easily now reducing the noise and rumble along her exterior. She didn't want to disrupt this lovemaking. She wanted her lover to cum more than he ever had.

"About t-to c-cum!" Matthew managed writhing against her. She stepped up the pace of her lower lips, twisting and turning around his cock, massaging it to its fullest. She even tickled his wonderfully full balls, sliding her wet expanse like a tongue along their underside, urging them to ejaculate their entire contents in one go.

"OH GOD JANE! OH G-GOD!!!"

She seized with him as he *exploded within her*. Her lower lips drain in, guzzled every drop of his sperm, taking it right to her womb to fertilise hundreds of her would-be eggs. She could even taste his semen down there, as if it truly were a blowjob, and she swallowed and swallowed every last drop. He pumped several more times, more sperm than he had ever expended in one go, and from his long, bellowing groan she could tell this was the hardest he'd ever climaxed as well.

A good thing the same could be said of her as well.

"I LOVE YOU MATT! MY MATE! BREED ME! MAKE ME PREGNANT WITH YOUR YOUNG!!"

She bellowed it to the air, scattering flocks of birds. Her double-layered voice was two tones of repeated ecstasy, a delirious song of divine bliss that lasted so long that she briefly wondered if she'd ever stop being impregnated.

But finally, Matthew was fully expended. Her lower lips released him and he collapsed back into her many arms. She held him lovingly, and he looked up at her too.

"That was amazing, yet again," he said.

“And we can do that as many times as we want on this island.”

“It won’t make you too pregnant?”

She giggled. “Trust me, this body doesn’t know boundaries like that. I can’t not be more and more pregnant. And I love it, especially how virile my mate is.”

She lifted him up for a kiss, one in which her larger lips enveloped his. Her scaliar tongue met his softer one, intertwining briefly before they parted.

“So what do we do now?” Matthew asked.

“Now, you can hop on my back, lover, and I’ll take us home, where you can meet our three little adorable princess daughters. You’re going to fall in love with them just like I have, I just know it.”

He smiled. “Very well then, let’s go. I think, after surviving in the wild these past few days, that I’m ready to see civilisation again, even if it is alien civilisation. Hell, *especially* so. The scientific benefits would be astounding.”

“And the personal ones,” she teased, stroking his private parts for a moment. “Now zip your pants back up and we’ll - nnnghhhh! Eeuurgh!”

She lowered her lover to the ground. He looked alarmed, looking around for any source of danger.

“Jane? Jane! What’s wrong!?”

“N-nothing my love,” she said soothingly, purring once more with satisfaction as the first of many contractions came. “I m-may just need an hour to b-birth a couple of h-hundred eggs.”

His eyebrows raised, which made her grin all the wider.

“What can I say? I’m a b-big broodbug momma!”

And then another contraction was upon her, and she bore down to give birth. Her mate watched in fascination, seeing fully for the first time as she laid their next clutch. This time she sensed it straight away, something that made her ecstatic.

“L-look at that egg,” she moaned, pushing again, “the one j-just coming out now. The sh-shinier one. S-say hello to our newest l-little daughter, my love.”

She saw it in real time: Matthew began to swell a little with pride.

Jane continued to eat, breed, fuck, nurse, grow, and ultimately birth, over and over and over again until an entire year had passed since she and Matthew reunited. Her body swelled, until finally her egg sac reached its enormous apex, a stunning one hundred and twenty two metres in length in total. It was fourteen metres wide at its largest point, and eleven metres high, and her tonnage was utterly incalculable by that point: it was always shifting, after all,

given the immensity of her eggs, their constant movement, and the fact that her large fat reserves on her underside and flanks were often either swelling themselves, or being used when she expelled extra energy. Jane was easily the largest living organism on earth, greater in size and heft and mass than even the immense Hyperion trees in California. Well, Matthew liked to correct her in his matter-of-fact way that some fungi and aspen tree colonies spanned entire colonies, but she didn't count colony life, perhaps simply for boasting power.

"Besides, my mate," she teased, "you don't want to tempt me to grow any larger, do you?"

Matthew just chuckled softly. "What can I say? It turned out that after an initial fright, that I'm really into big women. Well, one woman in particular."

"Awww, you little cutie. I could just - nnggh! Well, it'll have to wait."

"Birthing again?"

She smirked. "Aren't I always? Fuck it, you can get me knocked up while I'm pushing these eggs out. I bet it'll be even *hotter*."

And it was. It was fairly necessary by that point anyway: Jane was constantly birthing so often that if she wanted to keep mating with her love then she'd just have to learn how to multitask anyway. Her hatchlings were legion by that point, numbering well into the thousands, though the exact number was not something even she knew anymore. Her hive had expanded beyond her wildest imaginations, and just like the hive of a queen ant or termite queen it was one that went deep through the earth and into the ground. The island was impressively large, but its underground bedrock was far, far larger, and her hatchling drones worked well to craft elaborate tunnels, chambers and antechambers, and all manner of locations. They even tapped an immense thermal spring large enough to hold half of Jane's body. It became the place she washed and cleaned herself in - well, her drones did anyway - and generally relaxed in. Plus, Matthew very much liked it.

The drone orders continued, shipping in books, games, lab equipment, televisions, wiring, power generators, and so forth. With modern human technology and the ingenuity of her incredible brood, they were able to make the immense hive an ever-growing underground space, more than big enough to support not just one huge alien colony, but several for her daughters. Her princesses numbered at six now, and it seemed her gestation of them had largely slowed so that overpopulation didn't become a big issue. Their development was similar to that of ordinary human children, and thus they were effectively just a little over one year old each and crawling about, dragging their miniature egg sacs behind them and babbling constantly. It melted her heart to see, and Matthew had become a terrific father to them. They adored him just as much, not even questioning his difference. To them, he was simply their father, and he had a unique talent for making them laugh. The

stereotype was true: even the most stoic of fathers got silly with their kids in order to entertain them, and Matthew was no exception.

She came to reside further underground, finding comfort in the cave system her hatchlings had made, but she was often up in the gorgeous tropical sun as well, particularly since that was her mate's preference. Matthew continued his study of their civilisation and biology, recording it for posterity. One day they would reveal themselves, after all, when they could be certain they would be safe. But that time could be a long way off, and in the meantime their family grew ever larger, much to Jane's orgasmic pleasure as she birthed and birthed over and again.

Still, even in mid-contraction, she always found time to make her way up to the surface to see her mate and surprise him. The compound was now fully repaired, with various access areas for her. Matthew worked on the third floor, and it was often a fun game to surprise him, rising up on her snake-like tail to flirt with him openly.

"Feel like some breeding, my gorgeous scientist?" she would joke.

"Absolutely," he would reply. "I needed a break anyway."

And with that, she would roll herself around so that her fatty underside was presented to him. "Then slide down, lover. I'll meet you at the bottom. But then, I'm already there with a new clutch."

He rolled his eyes. "We can't always be in two places at once. Or three. Or several timezones in your case."

"Watch it!" she teased. "Now hurry up. I love the feel of you sliding down me."

He did just that, climbing atop her underside, which was twisted face up, and sliding down the three stories all the way to the bottom, and then further all the way to the beach. She groaned in pleasure: not only was it fun, but it felt quite stimulating as well. He walked the last stretch over her ridges, only to become briefly stuck, his foot wedged between two fatty folds of her ovipositor.

Jane giggled. "Need some help, my love? You seem a little stuck upon me."

She was privately very smug, and doing little to hide it. It was surprisingly arousing to find that she was so big, swollen, and gravid with eggs that her own mate could get stuck in the folds of her ridges.

"I'm fine, thank you!" he called back, managing to pull his foot out.

She smiled, hoping for the day where he really did need her help. She could always stand to swell up a little more. Still, Matthew continued the last part of the walk along her greater length causing the eggs within her to bump and shift audibly, something that caused her to giggle.

And finally he reached her end . . . by which point her humanoid self had slithered and shifted back down to form an enormous loop.

“Well done,” she said, coiling over to her lover, who was already hard and clearly aroused. “You’ve reached the end. Now come enjoy what you’ve earned.”

He did. Repeatedly. The island was filled with the sounds of their lovemaking, and by the end, she was happily impregnated with a hundred more eggs. They clung to one another happily, him so small in her arms, and she loving the size difference between them. It was a dynamic she planned to enjoy in the years and decades to come as they continued to grow their hive colony together, she as his alien broodmare queen for the rest of their shared lives.

The End