

Broodship (Woman to Alien Broodmother TF Hyper Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

An Anonymous Commission

The small crew of the science vessel Daedalus are disturbed when one of their female technicians was infected with a substance on their recent planetary mission, and is now turning into a mega-pregnant alien broodmother! Moving hastily to accommodate her, things spiral out of control as she grows and changes, and soon begins to lay her clutches.

Broodship

Allison washed her hands again and again and *again*, but it was useless. That's because the green dye on her hands was *not* actually dye, but a genuine change in pigment. It was the same reason she'd started wearing her technician's coverall uniform zipped up entirely, because her collar bone was also changing colour as well. Something was happening to her, and it seemed to be far more than a nervous reaction.

"Damn it," the dark-skinned woman muttered, observing the unnatural dark green against her otherwise black skin. "Damn it!"

She brought up the spaceship Daedalus' schedule again. Still three months until they reached Earth. Three entire months from their research mission, with their cargo hold completely overloaded with rocks and plants and strange materials from planet PX-849.

"Why oh why did I touch that stupid green stuff!?" she whined.

She was just a technician. One of the lowest ranking members on the spaceship, and certainly one of the lowest paid. She was just here to get her Zero-G creds up so that she could one day work as an actual researcher on another vessel closer to Ganymede, but then she'd touched that odd green substance that had clung to the rocks they'd brought in. It had moved and shifted like it was alive, and without even thinking she'd reached out to touch it, violating every law of space-contact. No one had even known the odd substance was there, and then it *leapt* into her! She had been all alone, running inventory on the haul, and then the goo was gone. She'd hoped against hope that that was that. She got on with her day for two months afterwards, happy to be heading home.

And then she'd started feeling nauseous.

And *then* she'd started getting bloated, especially around her stomach, which still looked like she'd eaten far too many space rations.

And *then* the green patches on her skin had started, and her pupils had started growing to overwhelm her irises.

It was getting to be too much. The nervous young woman was only twenty three years old, and she knew she'd screwed up. After far too long hoping this would go away, she finally decided to do the responsible thing and tell Captain Sterling.

The fact that two dark green stalks that looked like little green antennae were starting to bud from the top of her head also had something to do with it.

"Are you fucking kidding me, Technician Young!?" Captain Sterling yelled. "You *touched* this substance?"

Allison swallowed. She had informed the captain, and things had escalated quickly: she was currently naked beneath a medical cover, lying in the medbay under quarantine orders. "I - I wasn't thinking, sir."

"And you didn't even think to tell anybody?"

"I was . . . I wasn't sure it was even real, sir."

The balding captain sighed, then looked sideways to the *Daedelus'* doctor, a mild-mannered man in his mid-thirties named Dr Yen. He adjusted his glasses and coughed, looking over the results of not only Allison's physical changes before him, but also her extensive bloodwork.

"There's no doubt about it," the man said. "She's mutating."

Allison squeaked. "Into what? Oh God, am I going to die? I made a mistake! I was just trying to raise money on this trip, I didn't mean to screw it all up. I don't want space cancer!"

But Dr Yen just frowned. "This is too organised for anything cancerous. Whatever alien organism infected you has clearly put a blueprint in place. You appear to be turning into some kind of alien-human hybrid."

Captain Sterling coughed. "What!? On my ship!?"

"You can change me back, right?" Allison pleaded. She looked around in a panic, her black curls spilling around her small antenna, which twitched in an odd way. "Right!?"

Dr Yen shook his head slowly. "Not here. Maybe Earth, at the Nonix Labs. But we'd have to contain you, and hope that your mutation doesn't progress too quickly."

At this, Allison's eyes began to weep. "I don't wanna become a space monster!"

But then her stomach began to gurgle loudly, much like a monster would sound. She looked up in panic at the pair of men.

"Um, could I maybe have some extra snacks? All this panicking is making me hungry."

Allison's mutation was spreading much, much faster than she had hoped, and it wasn't helped by the fact that she had developed a horrific appetite. Just a few days after she had come clean about her alien 'condition', the crew of thirty had been informed, and she was no doubt the talk of the town for them, as well as a subject of annoyance: the ship was going to fly right past Ganymede, now. That meant little to Allison, however, because her body was changing rapidly. In just three days her skin had turned entirely dark green, and her antennae had grown several inches, gaining two extra digits so that they could bend and shift. They warned her when people were coming, and could 'taste' the molecules in the air, as well as what food was best for her transforming diet: lots of carbs. Lots and lots of carbs, in fact.

She devoured them, her need to eat insatiable. The *Daedalus* had picked up some minor damage from an unexpected meteor storm from planet PX-849, but thankfully the food replicator was still available, because the young woman was constantly inputting highly specific commands for her secluded medbay quarantine room, eating dishes that didn't even resemble human food.

"Fascinating!" Dr Yen had exclaimed to her while in a Hazmat suit. "How do you know what to put in?"

"I just - ahhh - do!" she declared, feeling her stomach bloat out further. It was so damn full, and she looked like a pregnant woman entering her third trimester. Even her breasts had grown, becoming heavy and weighty. She'd always been ample, but never on this level! "I can't explain it! I just need the right m-mix of stuff!"

She was glad when the doctor left, because she had to scratch her ass for relief. There was such a powerful pressure there, and it was making her oddly aroused. The skin was bloating, her entire ass was, in fact, and yet when she rubbed the pressurised skin, she began to moan and coo.

"This is so fucking wrong!" she whined. "God, I'm never gonna get my Zero-G cred with this on my record!"

It was all so humiliating. She had green skin and looked pregnant! Some of the crew that visited her with Hazmat suits on left little presents and get well cards, but all looked at her curiously. Some of the men - like Jacobs - even made cracks about her turning into a 'sexy green-skinned alien.' Evidently, her pregnant-looking belly wasn't a turn off. It was all so . . . humiliating.

It was also about to get a whole lot worse.

Allison groaned as her stomach pulsated, and the weird growth above her ass expanded violently.

“N-no! I can’t be - nghh! - pregnant! It’s j-just a mutation that’s - euugh! - a little b-bigger than expected!”

Dr Yen took a step back as Allison swayed. In just another couple of days she had grown even further. Her breasts were now the size of overripe cantaloupes, straining against her singlet. Meanwhile, she had to wear shorts just to accommodate her swollen belly, which looked like a woman at full term of pregnancy, with *twins* no less. Even more alien was the strange addition at her backside: another rounded growth which was slightly translucent and seemed to undulate oddly. It was already over a meter long and getting weightier by the hour, causing Allison no end of frustration and sweating as she tried to stay mobile.

“I’m afraid its true, Technician Young,” the doctor said, wincing as Allison fell back onto the medbay inspection bed, overbalanced by her strange rear abdominal growth. “I’ve checked the scans numerous times. I’ve sent them onto Earth as well, and my colleagues have agreed via ansible: you’re pregnant! With what, we do not know, but they are most definitely not human fetuses. For one, they are encased in *eggs*.”

“Eggs!?” Allison cried. “N-no! This is too much! Look, I’m really sorry about touching that goo and not reporting it, but you’ve gotta get these things out of me!”

“I’ll talk to the Captain, but an operation may not be suitable. You . . . appear to be growing more eggs. The symbiote, or infection, or whatever alien organism it was that you touched, it may have included some form of alien spermatozoa as well.”

Allison felt her stomach lurch. It was more hunger, as usual, but also contained a good dose of nausea. She clutched her massive, rather heavy stomach and groaned.

“Oh God. Oh God. Pregnant. I’m pregnant with alien eggs! I need them out of me, Doc. Please, do what you can, I don’t want to get any - to get any . . . oh God, NOOO!”

The pressure in her body reached its peak, and she began to writhe and squirm as it gave way. The poor woman clutched her stomach as it expanded yet again, pushing out inch by terrible inch. Her rear abdominal growth also grew longer and fatter, turning a slightly translucent yellow-green and showing some veins. Her antennae were already thirty centimetres long, but they twitched, identifying her newest needs, as well as new growths. The changing technician gasps as she felt two points below her breasts push outwards. She groped underneath her heavy chest, which was already expanding up yet another cup size, and whined in horror at the sensitivity that was there. In the mirror of the medbay she could see it: another pair of nipples, another pair of breasts rapidly expanding to become half the size of her upper ones, the same dark green in colour with even darker and quite fat nipples.

“Ohhhhh, mnnmmhmm, nnggh!”

Her singlet gave way, snapping off her body entirely, and they were followed by her shorts and underwear. Allison was suddenly naked, trying to hide all the parts of her body and failing.

“*Good Lord,*” came a voice, and she realised that she was being watched. Blushing a strange purple colouring, she looked up and saw that in the observation window above several of her crewmates were watching, including her best friend Gabby, whose jaw was almost touching the floor.

“D-don’t look at me!” Allison cried. “Don’t look at - ohhh! What n-now!? NGHHH!”

A sudden instinct to push. Allison managed to orient herself forwards, Dr Yen getting himself out of the way. She leaned against the wall, letting her strange rear growth rest on the medbay bed, and then bore down and *pushed*. It was a mighty effort, but strangely not painful. Instead, there was just the urge, the odd discomfort of something heavy and round passing *through* her hips, and then the pleasurable relief of it sort of *plopping* into the sac hanging over her ass.

“Oh shit!” she declared, still trying to cover *four* breasts and a massive triplet-size belly. “Did I just push through an egg? Oh fuck, this is an eggsac! That green stuff gave me an egg sac! Everyone stop looking, please! NGH!”

And then the urge to push was upon her, and she had to bear down again.

Suffice to say, no one looked away. Not even Gabby.

Allison felt miserable when Gabby entered the medbay. She wasn’t even sure that she wanted to see her best friend, even if her antenna informed her that she’d brought all the food Allison had requested.

“I’m coming in!” the beautiful latina mechanic declared.

“Don’t be grossed out,” Allison. “I already am.”

“I’m sure it’s not so bad as - gah!”

“I know, it’s bad.”

Allison blushed purple on her cheeks, and strangely along her belly and egg sac. Both had grown, and she was finding her body practically immobile. The Captain had ordered the medbay bed removed just so she had enough room to sit there, not that she could really stand for anything other than short spells. Her belly looked like she had six babies or more in there, and her egg sac was now the size of a full-blown fridge, and getting bigger every day. It was filled with more than two dozen eggs, and yet it just kept. On. Filling. With. More. Eggs. First they grew in her belly, where her womb was stretched to incredible proportions. Then, when they were big enough, they transferred through a sort of quasi-birth

into her 'ovipositor,' as Dr Yen had started calling it. From there, they would eventually be birthed into the world. Laid, really. She'd *lay eggs*. It was revolting, and yet they were in her, slowly growing in her egg sac. She could *feel them growing*. It was alien on every level.

The mutation had done a number on her, alright, and that wasn't even the last of it. Poor Allison now had four breasts, each of which felt like they were almost the size of her head. They were feeling oddly tight lately, but then perhaps it was because they were packed up against one another, squeezed for room. Not that it was stopping *more* breasts developing: a middle column which was separating her pairs so that she'd soon have two rows of three massive breasts. And if that wasn't enough, some strange growths were coming out from the sides of her torso beneath her arms. She had no idea what they were; it was impossible to keep up with it all, and she was just meant to be a lowly technician!

Gabby managed to brush her dark hair behind her ears and recover with a smirk. "I'm just, uh, jealous! Look at those big tits! Any girl would want a boob job like that!"

Allison whimpered. "They're s-sensitive. And too many of them. God, I hope I don't get any more. And this fucking belly and egg sac. Gabby, I really screwed up."

"I know, honey. It's okay, we're all here for you. The whole crew is writing a card. We all care about you."

"Even Steven? He made jokes about me becoming a fucking 'layer.'"

"Ignore Steven. He's a total asshole. You'll turn back to normal, I know you will."

Allison felt the familiar pressures rising. To her own shame, she had to succumb to them. She spread her legs wide - she was sitting with them out in front of her, giant belly resting between her thighs - and pushed. The technician rubbed her immense belly, so full of eggs, and then squeezed three more eggs into her egg sac with a strained cry. Her face sweated, and she had to rub her eyes, which were now totally black on black.

"Wh-what if I don't, Gabby? What if I'm stuck as an alien freak?"

Gabby clearly didn't know what to say to that, so she held up several protein and nutrient packets, the ones that Allison's antennae were so excited about. "Don't focus on that. Focus on the fact that once I plug these bad boys into your food replicator, you're going to get all the good grub you want."

Allison's stomach groaned, and she sighed, at least a little happy over this.

"Th-thanks. I need food, Gabby. I need so, so, so much more food. My body craves it."

Gabby gave her a gentle smile that failed to conceal the concern in it. Allison was too tired to continue the conversation, however. She simply thanked her friend for her work, and then immediately began dialling in on the food replicator.

She needed to fill herself up, just like her mutation demanded.

Allison cupped her sensitive breasts, feeling them and murmuring with a strange pleasure. She should be more ashamed, she knew, and likely that pervert Steven was watching, and likely Dr Yen for academic reasons, but she couldn't help herself. She'd been totally immobile for three days now. Her weight was too big for her humanoid legs, and it was only growing further. And yet she'd not expended any waste; her body was apparently perfectly tuned to recycle all it consumed into more eggs, more fat, and - evidently - more milk in her six fat breasts.

"Mhmmm," she moaned, closing her eyelids - which now did so *horizontally*, another creepy feature - and simply enjoying her own ministrations. It wasn't like she could properly masturbate, anyway. Her vagina had shifted to the tip of her ovipositor, and while that region was very sensitive indeed, she couldn't reach it even if her arms were twice as long now.

Instead, she just had *twice as many arms*.

Yes, Allison had grown another pair of arms, and a third were developing below them, which would give her six arms in total. Her mind was still adapting to them, but her antenna helped, at least, when she wasn't consciously focusing. She couldn't imagine what they would be helpful for, except to remind her what a total freak she'd become.

"Ahhhh," she moaned, touching herself. "Just enjoy it, Allison. Enjoy feeling your six, huge, head-sized tits. Don't think about how green they are. How green you are. Or the fact that you've got a huge egg-sac that's pressing up against the back wall. Or the fact that you're full of eggs. Or that your Mom and Pop are going to absolutely *freak* when they see you - nng!"

Another push, and timed with her touching of her breasts, she was sent into a totally unexpected orgasm, the half-alien broodmother reeling from the pleasure. It was better than any sex she'd ever had, and she'd been known to enjoy herself at the club, even if her anxious nature saw her willing to go along with guys way below her standards.

No, this was *wonderful*.

"Mhmm! Yess! YESSS!"

Four more eggs, one after another, squeezed through her inner tunnel and out into her egg sac. Each egg had to be the size of softball, perhaps even a little larger, and was perfectly round. The changing woman licked her lips, momentarily forgetting her bizarre situation.

That was, until the hatch to the medbay opened and Captain Sterling entered. He was not in a Hazmat suit - they'd determined she wasn't infectious long ago - but he did have six other crew members with him, including Ortega, the musclebound amazon of a

woman from Mars, and Tyro, who quite the bodybuilder himself. Gabby was also there, waving awkwardly.

“Sorry to interrupt your . . . personal time,” the Captain said, making her whole body blush purple for a moment.

“You could have knocked! This body - it’s not my fault, captain! It’s so weird and I can’t even reach my - eep! What are you doing?”

Several crew members were reaching to cup her ovipositor to lift it, while others were grabbing her feeble legs. She reached out with four arms to push them, but they went haywire; she was still getting used to having so many limbs.

“As I said, sorry for the interruption,” Sterling continued. “But it’s an emergency. Williams discovered that your size is starting to buckle the frame of the back wall there. If you keep growing, you’ll be a hazard to everyone. We’re already experiencing difficulties because of all the food replicator use, and your antenna are interfering with some of our instruments - something about the electric signal. So . . . we need to move you. ASAP.”

“M-move me? Where!?”

Sterling coughed. “Gabby, you’re her friend. You explain it.”

Gabby came to Allison’s side and rubbed her belly. It was an oddly soothing feeling. “It’s just temporary until we get you fixed, but . . . the cargo bay is where we need you.”

“I’m not cargo!”

“You sort of are at this point. We need the space for you. You need the space for you, especially if you keep growing, honey!”

Allison blushed again. God, this was so damn humiliating. She’d never imagined going through something like this. It was like being a frog in a slowly boiling pot: she’d known she was mutating into a half-alien freak, but only now did she comprehend just how massive she had grown.

“F-fuck,” she said, wincing as the pressure grew in her ovipositor. “Fine! Fine, move me! Please, I mean. Just . . . no one get handsy! And be careful - that sac is sensitive! Steven, stop looking at my fucking tits, please! And . . . Gabby, stay with me. I’m worried I won’t fit.”

Gabby took her lower left hand, and then the group began to pick Allison up. They heaved, struggling with her, and Sterling, to her shame, had to call in four more crewmembers. Her eggs tumbled about, and she had to squeeze two more into her sac, gasping with a strange, almost sexual relief as they passed. Such feelings were growing lately, and she tried not to think about that.

“Okay, everyone,” the Captain said. “Have you got her?”

“Not enough!” Allison said, freaking out. “I need s-someone to support my belly! And - ughh - can whoever is on my left not touch my tits?”

They adjusted their grip, but the real difficulty was her ovipositor, which was now almost three metres in length.

“Ohhhhh,” she moaned as they touched it, their hands pressing against sensitive, almost *erogenous* regions. She could still feel the urge to grow further, and her stomach whined for more food to do so, but she ignored it for now, signalling to the Captain that she was ready to be moved.

“Just get it on with,” she murmured. “God, I’ve never been so embarrassed in my life.”

The crew quickly ran into a problem, which was that the width of the hatch may not be enough to get Allison through. Her stomach was already big enough to hold freaking *octuplets*, to the point where none of her four arms could meet around it, but her ovipositor was even bigger.

“Okay, this won’t work,” Tyro said, ushering everyone to put her down gently. A number of them, even Ortega, were already panting from the effort. “Captain, do we have a tarp?”

Minutes later, an even more embarrassing but at least more effective solution had been found. Allison was rolled a little to one side and held in place by the strongest crewmembers, and then a thick tarp was placed onto the medbay floor, one that was long enough to lead out of it. Allison was utterly helpless to this situation, and could only encourage, whine, or otherwise try to cover her six massive green breasts as she was pushed and rolled into place. More than once, the wrong hand gesture left her cooing in sweet catharsis as she pushed another egg through her middle tunnel into her egg sac.

“D-don’t blame me!” she snapped, sweating and blushing. “You pushed my eggs!”

Eventually, the crew were ready. They pulled and dragged on the tarp, getting Allison through the hatch through sheer effort. Even Captain Sterling had to help with this. Unfortunately, her ovipositor had swollen to become so fat that it pushed against the edges of the hatch. Technician Allison Young squeaked as she felt her sensitive rear growth press against the lining of the hatch.

“I won’t f-fit!” she cried.

“You’ll have to,” Sterling said.

“But -”

Gabby shushed her, now holding both her left hands. “You can do this, Allison. Just breathe, focus, and hold in those eggs of yours.”

Allison nodded, calming herself. It didn’t help the strange discomfort that followed, however. Tyro and Ortega were on squeezing duty, and that meant massaging Allison’s egg sac so that it fit through the door. It was like squeezing toothpaste through a thin passage, and poor Allison squirmed and thrashed and moaned. Her breasts, so tight and full, began

leaking pale blue milk, and this only added to the humiliation of it all. It was also reluctantly pleasurable, and soon she was literally milking herself with all four hands just to deal with the discomfort of it all.

Finally, with a great plop, she came free.

“Ohhhh!” she cried, and in the relief that followed she felt the urge to push. “NGHH! Oh God, s-soo many this tiiiime!”

Six eggs squeezed through into her egg sac, one after another in rapid motion. Her egg sac undulated, visibly swelling and shifting. It left everyone alarmed.

“Okay, quickly, to the cargo bay!” Sterling ordered. “Double time, people!”

Allison had been in the cargo bay just three days when she finally went into labour with her first - but not nearly her last - clutch. By this point even she had to admit the cargo bay move had been necessary: she was now absolutely *enormous*. Her egg sac was now heavier than a flightcar, and longer than one too, stretching out behind her so that its accumulated mass was bigger than the rest of her green body entirely. Her breasts were each bigger than her head, dominating her torso, as well as her pregnant belly which was now so large that it pressed against the floor even when she tried to stand; not that she could without significant aid anymore. The young technician had three pairs of arms, and while she was getting used to moving them independently, she would much, *much* rather have her original body back.

“I liked my curves,” she moaned to Gabby, who was always there to listen. “I had nice boobs! Now I’m a freak. Everything is so - ughh! - big!”

The ‘ughh’ was her pushing through another few eggs into her ovipositor, an act so regular now that she no longer even stopped speaking, simply grunted mid-sentence to deal with it. Each time she had to hold back the strange pleasure of the act, though it made her hefty bosoms shudder.

“We’ll get you fixed back on Earth,” Gabby assured her.

“H-how!?! How can they possibly fix this!?! Ohhh, I’m hungry again. Can you p-pass me the hose, please? I can’t move anymore. These legs are useless!”

They had thinned a little, and looked slightly more insectoid, with hard plating growth marking them out more. They had gained some more flexibility, and she found they were mainly useful now for applying massages and pressure to her ovipositor where her new eggs joined. Dr Yen thought it was a mutation to help her pass more eggs through.

“Ohhhh!” she moaned, as yet more pressure started. Gabby passed her the feeding hose, and she spent what felt like entire minutes consuming the strangely delicious paste

that the replicators now made to keep up with her heavy caloric needs. But then she suddenly dropped the hose, an immense shudder running through her massive egg sac.

“Oh! Ohhhh! Oh, something is d-different, Gabby! Get the Dr! I think it’s starting!”

Gabby ran off in a panic, but already Allison could feel the shifts inside of her alien body. Her enormous sac was undulating across its entire length, and one could see the vast repository of eggs inside its semi-translucent covering. With a gasp, she realised that new muscles were urging her to push, this time at the very end of her ovipositor where her womanhood had moved.

“Agghhh!” she gasped, writhing in such a way that her boobs leaked even more blue milk down her front. She pushed, and several more eggs joined her sac, but other muscles were awakening now, grabbing her attention.

“Doctor!” she cried. “P-p-please get here, it feels super sensitive and - MHMM! NGHH! AAGHHH!!”

She cried out, feeling her breasts with her many hands as her ovipositor slid open. A massive egg, larger than a softball, pushed through the opening, squeezing against the lips of her altered vagina. It should have been painful, but instead it felt utterly *natural*, and the pleasure that followed was immense. Allison gasped and moaned until she could stand it no more; she burst into a magnificent orgasm as her first egg left her massive alien body and rolled across the cargo bay. This was followed by the next egg, and the next, and more and more until she was giving birth by the dozen. She rubbed her nipples, expelling more milk, and her lowest arms caressed her pregnant belly, urging yet more eggs to transition to her sac so that this feeling would never end.

“Mmmhm! Oh God, why does it feel so - ahh! S-so many! Can’t s-stop pushing! Need to have m-more! So many to lay! Oh God, what’s happened to meeeee!?”

By the time Dr Yen entered with his team, shock upon his usually stoic features, Allison was writhing and squirming on the spot, having given birth to over thirty five eggs and with more still coming. She blushed a deep shade of purple before her duties resumed, the formerly beautiful technician now a massive broodmother whose body wanted her to lay whether she wanted to or not. And so, with deep humiliation running through her, she continued to moan and cry out in utter ecstasy as her body laid more and more clutches of eggs.

“I think we’re going to have a storage problem,” Dr Yen said to Sterling when the Captain arrived. “There’s not much signs of this stopping.”

Allison looked at them with shame, panting and cooing and moaning, unable to help herself. She wanted to run from this place and hideaway somewhere, but she was completely immobile and dependent on her crew. And by this point, more and more of them

were arriving to see the freak former human, their own coworker, be the first woman in history to lay clutches of alien eggs.

The sight would never end.

Allison felt the drive of the engines change in the cargo bay. She was a lowly technician, but she'd worked in engine drives before, and she knew when a spaceship was changing course. And this was a *significant* course change.

"Where are they - ohhh - going? We're meant to be heading for - ughhn! - Earth!"

She called out for someone to tell her what was happening, but her gurgling stomach informed her that she needed to eat before she pursued this inquiry. As always, she was helpless to her mutated body's needs. She grabbed the hose that was, thankfully, jury-rigged to hang from the ceiling of the immense cargo bay, and she gulped up the delicious paste. As long as it had the carbs and calories her body needed to make her eggs, her altered tastebuds found it irresistible. And she was *certainly* making eggs.

Even Gabby found it hard to be positive about Allison's changes now, because in the past few days since laying her first massive clutch of fifty eggs, she had *never stopped laying since*. Even now, Allison had to tense and breathe as a terrific orgasm rippled through her back half, thanks to two more eggs squeezing into the world. She didn't even care that Iris and Tyro were in the cargo bay, assigned to continually shift her eggs so that they could be dispersed across the room. Her shame could not take anymore, and so it had short-circuited. Her body just continued to consume, grow more pregnant, and lay more eggs. Steven had, to her great irritation, compared her to a termite queen from Earth, even showing her a picture of one. The resemblance scared her: like the termite queen, her egg sac dominated, and was a long cylinder that undulated constantly, endlessly bringing her clutches into the world. By this point it was reaching the length of a semi-truck, and weighed actual *tonnes*. Her pregnant belly remained, constantly churning with even more egg production, and so sometimes she was pushing eggs from her belly into her sac and from her sac into the cargo bay all at the same time. Coupled with her endlessly dripping milk, which Gabby was kind enough to help mop up from the floor, and the sensations were all too much to take. Sometimes the sheer pleasure of it all - wrong as it was - sent her into a dream-like state where she was even more productive!

Her only hope of escaping her broodmother status was in getting back to Earth. But now they were changing course. Having fed, then birthed several more eggs and whined in euphoria from the act, she yelled out again. This time, she got an answer. Captain Sterling entered, rubbing his bald head. He beheld her, and not for the first time was Allison

reminded of how utterly inhuman she was. It was almost a joke that she got to keep her cute black curls on her head, though they were tinged green.

“I could sense you coming,” she murmured. “And these stupid antenna can sense you’ve got bad news to tell me.”

Captain Sterling sighed. “I’d tell you to take a seat, but-”

She folded all three arms before her three rows of triple breasts, causing them to leak even more milk. She kept her face even, avoiding any moans just barely.

“But I’m completely immobile now.”

“Well, yes. Look, there’s no point in sugarcoating it, Allison. We’ve received new orders. Your situation is too much for the eggheads back home to have a chance of turning back, and no orbital could deal with your . . . situation, over time.”

“Egg production you - ahh! - mean.”

“Exactly. So . . . we have to return.”

It was enough of a shock that she expelled three more eggs at once. It caused her to finally shudder with orgasm, her entire body quivering.

“Return wh-where?”

“To PX-849, I’m afraid. They’re sending construction crews and more research teams. You’ll be well-taken care of, but it’s clear that your physiology is . . . meant for that planet. It’ll accommodate you, and there’ll be an entire science town dedicated to meeting your needs. You’ll have carers, all the vids you can want, and endless time to . . .”

She swallowed, feeling more eggs forming in her womb. “More time to give birth. Forever. Raise alien babies and probably fucking breastfeed them by the thousand! Sir, p-please, you can’t do this! You c-aahhhh!”

Another orgasm, one that left her blushing purple.

“I’m sorry, Technician Young, but orders are orders. Your situation is a risk. Maybe one day we can change you back, but for now . . . at least you’ll be advancing humankind’s understanding of the cosmos. I hope that’s a consolation.”

He left her with her thoughts. Allison continued to push out more eggs, as well as more into her sac, and generally continued to exist as a hyperpregnant alien broodmother who couldn’t move anywhere thanks to her ‘situation.’

“I didn’t want to be famous,” she moaned. “Especially not like this. God, my big brother is gonna make fun of me so bad! Ugh!”

But then it was back to birthing, yet again. The cargo bay was filling up.

Allison gave apology after apology to the crew as they continued tying ropes around her form and working to shift her to the side. The mere pressure sent more eggs from her loins, but she kept her voice as steady as she could.

"I'm sorry! I'm really - uhhh - sorry! I didn't meant f-for this to happen! I want you all to g-get bonuses! I didn't meant to d-delay the trip, honest! I - oh God, here comes a big clutch!"

"Watch out everybody!" Gabby called.

The crew got out of the way. They didn't exactly ignore Allison, but they had a job to do, and it was urgent. Her rapid egg production was filling the cargo bay more than it could hold, and it had caused a wall to buckle and a gas leak to spring. It was not major, thankfully, but it needed fixing. And besides, Allison needed to be vacated from the bay to the lift platform regardless. They had burned a great deal of fuel to travel back to the planet in record time. Each of them were obviously overworked and overstressed, having been on double duty to help take care of her needs. The helpless, lactating, egg-laying broodmother was increasingly a burden on the ship and its systems, and while Allison couldn't blame them, it hurt to know that on some level, at least to people like Steven and Ortegas, they were going to be quite glad to be rid of her.

"Okay, everyone, heave! Get the tarp under! We've done this before!"

"Please be careful!" Allison cried. She was wracked with nervousness. They'd done this once before and it had been uncomfortable, and she was so much bigger and more pregnant now. "I don't want to be squished!"

"We'll be as careful as we can!" Sterling shouted.

"I just - ohhh - worry that-"

But then they pulled, and her sentence died in her throat. They moved as one, and this time it worked. Allison squeaked, her breasts leaking more from the stress, and more eggs erupting from her rear. Even her belly contracted. All the sensations came at once as she was tipped, and for a moment she was afraid of going over. But then the massive length of tarp was put in place, and she was rocked back down with an immense thud that sent milk flying all over the crew.

"Ohh! S-sorry!" she cried. "I don't want be on my side! I might not get back up!"

"And heave! To the lift platform, go! Double-time!"

It required the entire crew of thirty just to move her, a fact she was well aware of. With every heave, her egg sac deposited more eggs, each squeezing from the lips of her ovipositor and providing more pleasure. And once again, she was forced to squeeze through a narrow gap.

"P-p-please, don't get this wr-wrong!" Allison cried. "I'm already s-so big! Ohhh, watch my boobs please! The outer ones go wider than my torso! Mhmm! So much m-milk!"

It splashed everywhere, and thankfully some members pushed her boobs towards her center column of tits, just to get her through. Engineers had literally altered the door frame, and still her heavy sac pressed against the outside, and once more like toothpaste, her ovipositor was squeezed. Her heart pounded in her chest, and parts of her throbbed with that same anxiety. It was so very wrong to be trapped like this; her body needed a big hive chamber or something, not this little doorway space!

And then the squeeze hit regardless. It caused a veritable *earthquake* inside her ever-growing sac, an audibly trembling as dozens upon dozens of eggs rushed to her birthing lips.

“Oh GOD! OHHHHH! IT’S COMINGGGGG!”

An absolute *eruption* followed, eggs flowing from her rear and rolling every which way. She orgasmed again and again, screaming in pleasure even as she passed further through the other side, relieved that she had made it. Still, the crew pulled and heaved, and Gabby did her best to massage her egg sac so that it pressed through more easily. It took a great deal of effort, and for the first time Allison’s egg sac actually *shrunk*, with over sixty eggs pouring from her backside in a continual rush. It was enough to make her pass out when she reached the other side fully. Not that that ever stopped the birthing. Her body knew what to do.

And after all that panic, it *really* wanted to push out more eggs.

The lift platform was ready, and the *Daedalus* was descending. Allison, looking over her alien body. So massive, so pregnant, so endlessly fertile. Dr Yen said that her eggs would likely start to hatch in coming days, and from there she could expect to give at least one feeding from her many breasts to each child. She had no idea what they would even look like, but the eggheads back on Earth suspected that they would act like an insect colony, working to aid their ‘queen’ and taking care of more of her eggs.

It was not a fate she had ever expected. Already, she was famous on the Cloud across the whole extent of spacefaring human civilisation. The Alien Bug Queen Girl, once a lowly technician. On some level, at least the bandaid had been ripped off. She was going to be like this for the rest of her life, and judging from Yen’s research, it could well be a long, long, long life. Centuries long, potentially. Enough, she hoped, to not only become used to her endlessly pregnant, always immobile, always birthing body, but perhaps even embrace it as well.

“Are you ready?” Gabby asked her, taking her lower left hand. Her best friend was joining the local research team for the facility that would be built for Allison, and she was deeply thankful to have at least one friend stick by her.

“I - I think I am,” Allison said. “Wait a moment - ugh!”

She pushed out three more eggs, sighing with the pleasure it brought.

“You seem to be getting more used to that?”

Allison put on a brave face as she looked at the planet below through the resistance glass. The surface was getting closer and closer.

“You know, I think I am,” she said. “I mean, I have to, right?”

“That’s the spirit,” Gabby said.

Allison took a heavy breath and cupped some of her breasts. Looking around at her hundreds of eggs, part of her was even looking forward to seeing them hatch. They were her babies, after all. And besides, she really, really needed some babies to drink all this damn milk her body was making.

“I think I’m ready,” she said, feeling the pressure in her belly, which was strangely wonderful at times. “I think I’m finally ready.”

And this time, it felt like the truth.

The End