

Bug Queen

"Twenty two years in age. No family to speak of, limited social life. Just moved to the city, so no current friends. Unemployed and looking for a job, struggling to meet rental payments. Her landlord wants her gone. She meets all our criteria."

"And importantly, she's in good health."

"A bit waifish, don't you think?"

"That will just make things more interesting. She's perfect."

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Jasmine sighed at yet another overdue bill. The young, slim woman brushed her dark hair behind her ear and flopped back into the discomfort of a cheap sofa couch. Beside her were all manner of other payments that were already overwhelming her. Rental payments, phone bills, power bill, water usage payment - the list went on! And they were ever continuing to mount. She stood and walked to the fridge and grabbed herself a cola. She couldn't deal with this right now. On the way back, she caught herself in the mirror, and sighed again.

Jasmine was pretty. It had been something many had said about her, growing up. She had dark hair that ended a little before her shoulders, a cute pixie-like face, and a thin body. Not unhealthy, simply a body like a ballerina's. She had always been proud of looking after herself; no one else ever had. Her parents had given her up when she was only a baby, and the state care had not been kind, nor the foster families that intermittently followed. It had always been her, and as much as she sometimes went to bed, tears in her eyes, wishing she had a family to call her own, she was just as liable to wipe them and move on.

Those eyes looked tired now, with dark circles beneath them.

"I don't know how much more of this I can take," she muttered to herself. She was good at bartending, a solid receptionist, but where in small towns that might be a valuable skill set, in the city she was a dime a dozen. She was a great listener - you learn to be when you've been ignored and looked over your whole life - but her recommendations for the jobs were few, and maybe there was just something plain suspicious about there being a blank space next to the line that asked for an Emergency Contact.

She flopped back into the couch. It was late, and she'd have to try again tomorrow. She couldn't go back, not to that small town that had failed her all her life. She just needed one gig, and she could pull her life together. She turned on the TV, and of course the first thing she saw was some cheesy advertisement, a holiday package marketed as 'Fun for the Whole Family'. Family? Didn't people realise not everyone got one of those.

She just wished she could have someone - anyone - to be there for her. To hold her, or even be held by her, so she could know that she was needed and loved.

Hell, right now she wished she could just get a good lay to calm her down. But while she'd been cute and pixie-like out in the middle of nowhere, here she was nothing special. And that 'nothing special' looked mighty tired. She took another sip of the cola and changed the channel.

Her attention was diverted by a shuffling outside her door. A letter shot under the door. Jasmine wiped the tears from her eyes. It was probably another bill, but she moved to look over it anyway. It wasn't a bill:

Ingenu-Cell Industries

Beauty treatment test subjects wanted for clinical trials!

Five thousand dollars for one month's biweekly injection and checkups.

She opened it up. The letter contained more information. It was hardly a commitment; there was apparently a small risk of developing rashes, itchy patches of skin on the upper arm, but little else. And it offered half the payment up front. She looked at her various bills, all of them totally to just a little less than half of the total of what was offered. She scanned the letter once more, looking for fine print, looking for evidence that it was all a joke. But it looked legit.

Jasmine closed her eyes, and thanked whatever force had delivered this to her doorstep. If it was real . . . she only needed a month's break. After that, she could stand on her own. For real, this time.

The footsteps had already receded, and a check out the door confirmed they were gone out of the complex. But the letter had a number to call.

She took out her phone and dialled it.

"Hello, this is Jasmine Larret. I'm calling you about an advertised clinical trial . . ."

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"She's accepted."

"That was quick. She must be desperate."

"Which is useful for us. If the test works, she'll hold out longer before she becomes . . . bothersome."

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Ingenu-Cell Industries was more out of town than she expected. In the countryside, in fact. To her shock, the company had arranged a vehicle to pick her up, which was good, given she'd sold her car to move to the city. It was a large complex protected by electrified fencing and wide fields. In some ways, it looked more like a fort than a medical lab.

"It's just the need for security," her attendant Mindi explained. She was a sharp-dressed woman in her early forties with deep red hair. "We are at the cutting edge in our field, after all."

"Of course," Jasmine said, wringing her hands. She was still a little intimidated.

"You're not making a mistake," Mindi said. "Trust me, there's very little risk here, and you've already confirmed we've transferred the money to your account. It's just a few hormone treatments to see if our new beauty serum works. Dr Hughes will explain it all."

"Thanks. I'm just . . . a little short on money. I don't usually do this kind of thing."

Mindi's expression was warming. "There is no judgement here. We're very excited to have you Jasmine."

Jasmine was led through a procession of officers and security doors, and asked to temporarily hand over her phone. The walls were a polished white, the floor grey, and the lights bright. Men and women in lab coats moved swiftly about, seeing to various assignments, all with a high level of seriousness. There were also some security guards. Occasionally, a member of staff seemed to glance at Jasmine with interest, but she shook it off; she'd always felt a little out of place among so many people. Perhaps it was just that she'd never felt fully accepted by so many.

Dr Hughes was a portly man in his sixties with a shock of white hair and an almost addictive excitement.

"Jasmine Larret? Come in! Come in! We here at Ingenu-Cell are so excited to have you wish us! Take a seat, we'll get you hooked up. My, you are slim aren't you?"

She sheepishly grinned, feeling more than a little under the spotlight as she rested on the cool surface of what looked like a dentist's chair. The doctor wasted no time hooking her arm up with a heartbeat monitor, and attaching several other gadgets to her arm and end of her left pinky finger.

"I've always been pretty thin. Didn't have a lot to eat when I was younger."

He grinned. "That's perfect! Just perfect! Has Mrs Morad told you what we're doing today?"

She shook her head, feeling embarrassed. "Just that it's a beauty product? An inject to make someone look prettier?"

He laughed, glancing at Mindi, who was watching impassively. It was a fatherly chortle. "Well, I suppose she's not wrong. But it's so much more Jasmine. Have you ever wanted a larger bust? A few more curves? A bit more meat on the bones in all the right places?"

Jasmine considered. She'd always valued her waifish good looks, but she couldn't deny that a little more in the bust or in the hips would be an aid in the city. Nor could she deny that having more . . . classically appreciated qualities might have helped her develop more confidence when it came to dating, and social confidence in general.

"Well, I'd be lying if I said no, I guess."

Dr Hughes threw up his hands. "Wonderful! That's what this is intended to do. Of course, the product should have only a temporary effect. You've signed the non-disclosure agreement?"

She nodded, and Mindi verbally confirmed behind her: "She has."

He rubbed his hands together. "Then let's get started!"

What followed was far less dramatic than Jasmine imagined. A green-ish liquid was injected into her arm, and Dr Hughes monitored her body's response for half an hour, looking over monitor as it streamed information. At some point, Mindi Montag walked over, and after some brief whispers, she grabbed his arm in excitement. Clearly, something had worked.

"Okay Jasmine, you may experience some swelling, mild nausea, and minor rashes. But the product looks to be working. You might even see some differences soon. For now, let's get you home, and see you again in four days."

"That's it?"

The good doctor grinned. "That's it! For now, at least."

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Jasmine returned to her apartment, feeling a slight spring in her step. Her arm was still sore from the injection of that green fluid, but she was 2,500 dollars richer, and the first thing she did when she got home was get all her bills organised and paid. She was so happy, in fact, that she decided to spend a little bit of the extra money remaining on some Chinese takeaway.

As she was about to finish ordering, however, her stomach gurgled heavily, and a pang of sudden hunger overtook her, where before she was simply snackish.

"Uh, sorry," she said, "can I order a second lot of the noodles?"

Her stomach groaned even louder with want. God, she hadn't felt this hungry in . . . ever! She'd joked occasionally that she still had a baby stomach, but she suddenly felt as if she could eat a whole cow!

"Actually," she continued, clutching her stomach. It was almost painful. "I'll get three lots of the noodles. And some pork dumplings on the side."

By the time the food arrived, she was absolutely starving. Jasmine wasn't stupid, it must have been a side effect of the injection, she just hadn't expected such a side effect so quickly.

"This better not make me lose my figure," she said, as she opened the third box, having already chowed through the other two in record time. After she finished, she gave an immense burp that could have shaken the walls, and sat back, utterly satisfied and unbelieving what she'd just done. She felt very sleepy, and for the first time in quite some time, very content. As if the weight of the world had relented, and she could stand on her own two feet for at least a little longer.

She went to bed, and dreamed of being held and wanted.

She woke with another bout of hunger.

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"Well, the cameras are certainly functioning. We're sure she has no idea?"

"None at all, Hughes. Why is she so hungry? Is this a problem?"

"Far from it, Ma'am. Her body is about to change, and much more than she expects. That will require energy. Just you wait, this could be our first successful test."

"Ha! And she has no idea."

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Over the next few days, Jasmine continued to experience a marked increase in her appetite. She was eating two to three times her usual diet, if not more, and the taste of fatty substances especially made her feel good. Initially, this had her worried, until she began to notice the effects that accompanied her larger diet. What began as a subtle soreness in her chest and behind had manifested in slow developments in both areas. Jasmine had always been flat-chested, so on the third day following the injection, she was shocked to find her breasts bulging out of her A-cup bras. They had become small B-cups, seemingly overnight. More than that, her panties were tighter around her hips, and certainly her butt, which had likewise been flat as a pancake. In the mirror, she

admired her subtly-enhanced form, enjoying the jiggle of her more regular-sized boobs and the soft curvature of her rear. Even her face was better looking; far from Dr Hughes' caution, she hadn't developed any rashes. If anything, she had lost a few blemishes, and there were no longer dark patches under her eyes. Her hair had a bright sheen to it, feeling soft, like a model's.

"Huh, the treatment works," she said to the mirror, striking a pose, and feeling a little embarrassed over it. "I - I could kinda get used to this."

She decided to hit the town, and look for a job. She had bought herself a month, and who knew, maybe this temporary boost to her looks would help?

It did, in fact. Jasmine found herself a little more confident in an interview for a bartending position, and she was surprised to see that the interviewer's eyes fell a little to her top, where she had yet to upgrade her bra size. She was thanked, and told she would have another interview in a week's time.

Jasmine left, feeling amazing. Was this all she needed? A confidence boost to bring her out of her shell? All her life she'd felt unsupported, ever since she'd been abandoned. It was hard not to muse on what life might have been like if she'd had encouraging parents. And while it was no substitute, maybe feeling good about her looks was enough to get her to finally be a bit more social.

She made it home that night, and again the pangs of hunger hit her.

"Hmm," she said, looking in the mirror. Were her tits just a little bit bigger than they had been that very morning? "Well, if the results speak for themselves, then perhaps it's okay to indulge."

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The next injection went fine; another vial of green fluid into her system. Jasmine actually found herself a little excited; she chatted more readily than she usually did, and updated Dr Hughes and Mindi Montag on her changes so far.

"I actually think it's really working. My, well, my 'chest' has certainly grown. I've had to buy new bras because I've gone up a cup size. I've got some more curves in general."

Dr Hughes took in the information hungrily, writing every comment down upon his notepad. "Excellent, excellent Jasmine. Keep me apprised of any further changes. This is going marvellously so far."

"There's just one thing," Jasmine ventured, tapping her fingers together awkwardly. "With the changes have come some . . . urges. I'm hungrier than I used to be. Way hungrier. It's . . . starting to eat into my budget."

Dr Hughes and Mindi exchanged a look. The latter took a moment to scrawl out a check and passed it over to Jasmine.

“Will one thousand dollars be enough?”

Jasmine’s eyes lit up.

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Days continued to pass, and Jasmine’s body continued to change. Her breasts, once so slim, were expanding steadily. She was a C-cup now, and getting more male attention than ever, and they were still growing. She just hoped they would stop at a reasonable size. Her ass had rounded out, though it was a little bigger than she’d like; she didn’t want to look like a social media model or, God forbid, some kind of porn star. The hunger continued, and she scoffed down food with abandon. She was enjoying takeaway recently, particularly pizza, and it was apparently doing wonders for her figure thanks to the serum; she had increasing curves, and it had been the thing to land her the bartending job. She was all set to start the next week.

There were only a few minor complications. Occasionally, there was a pain at the base of her spine, as if something was trying to push its way out. A small lump had developed there, like a raised bruise of some kind. Two points above her forehead were likewise a pain, usually when she ate. She called them her ‘hunger headaches’ to Hughes and Mindi, and they prescribed her even more fluid to aid them. Her stomach was less taut than she wanted it to be, but she was sure it would work out. Every part of her was now more desirable, even her eyes, which had become an emerald green instead of their subdued grey-green.

Some men had even shown interest in her, and she in them. One of them; Peter, was particularly charming. She had met him while shopping, and they had exchanged jokes, and then numbers. The latter shocked her; she had never been so bold before!

Things were finally looking up for Jasmine. She just wished that the slight itch beneath her breasts and at the tip of her spine would go away. There were two rashes also beneath her arms, but she was certain it was temporary . . .

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“Everything is proceeding better than expected. Did you notice the changes?”

“The ‘moles’ beneath her breasts? How could I not? There’s also the matter of her ‘hunger headaches’.”

"I have great hopes for them. The insectoid DNA is full bonding to hers. The alterations will soon be irreversible."

"We'll let her process some changes. It'll be important for the psych assessment."

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The changes proceeded apace, but Jasmine was starting to get nervous. Her breasts had not slowed their growth, and were now sizable D-cups that bounced and bobbed with her every movement, sticking out noticeably from her chest and attracting more attention that was necessary. Her hips had continued to widen, and she was starting to worry it looked a little ridiculous; an hourglass would be fine, but she'd prefer her original slim form to a pear shape. And that was just the thing; her body was gaining a layer of fat around her hips and behind, even as her upper half remained slimmer, except around her bust.

Worse, the itching at her scalp, at the base of her spine, and below her breasts had continued. She found herself idly scratching at those points, even as she was forced to go for bigger and more expensive bras and customised clothing.

"Goodness gracious!" one middle-aged store clerk said, "back again, already! And my, how you've grown. I've never seen a young woman like you go through such developments so late."

Jasmine could only awkwardly blush, hunching over to hide just how much her chest had grown. "It's, uh, a late growth spurt, I think. Delayed puberty or something."

She raised her concerns with Mindi and Dr Hughes, and found herself thankful for the way they assuaged her fears.

"It's nothing to worry about Jasmine," the good doctor said, chuckling gently. "It's just your body finding its new equilibrium. You knew this would be the case. Besides, it's only temporary."

Jasmine felt like an idiot. She had always been a catastrophiser. Part of growing up without a support network. "I know, doc, I know. It's just . . . my ass is getting huge now, it's starting to look a little ridiculous. And that bump in my spine isn't going away; I think it's gotten bigger. Plus my boobs are getting a little too big - I'm not complaining! - I just worry that my body is starting to look . . . exaggerated."

Again, Dr Hughes comforted her. He explained the science of it, much of which made no sense to her, but seemed to all point to her body 'balancing out' soon. She simply had to keep up her diet, which was becoming ever more ravenous.

It was several days later that Jasmine's appetite swelled to even greater heights. It had come on her suddenly. She had been watching a trashy reality show, trying to ignore the strange pressure beneath her breasts, and constantly shifting her sitting position to

accommodate her sore behind, when out of nowhere her stomach groaned for what was easily over ten seconds. She was immediately overcome with an aching hunger, a need to be filled, to eat as much as possible to sate her unnatural needs.

“Ohhhhhhh . . . s-so h-hungry . . .” she groaned. She got up, ignoring the strange little wobble at the end of her spine, and lurched towards the fridge. Her breasts wobbled with every movement - she could have sworn they had grown further; they were flowing out the top of her already-generous cups. But she couldn't think of that now; her stomach growled again, and she was beginning to sweat purely from the need.

The fridge was, thankfully full, following a great grocery spend. She reached and grabbed the nearest thing; a pizza that had been unfinished, and immediately scoffed it down with an animalistic devouring that shocked her.

But it was only the beginning.

Jasmine's body was entering hyperdrive; she needed more food: more, more, more! She consumed a cake, downed a diet coke, ripped apart the red potatoes and radishes, gulped the grapes, inhaled the ice cream. She continued, no longer caring for decency or modesty, so great was her hunger.

“NNNHGGGNN . . . wh-why am I s-sooo HUNGRY!”

She could feel herself bloating up with food, but the thirst and hunger was not even half-full. She resorted to scooping out entire tablespoons of pure butter and eating them whole, and stuffing jam-soaked bread into her mouth. It was like her stomach was a bottomless pit. It was becoming rounded and full, aching and fit to burst, but the hunger continued. She was sweating, agonising with each bite, but like a wild animal she could not control herself, and the fridge continued to empty, along with the cupboard and snack drawer.

By the end, the formerly slim Jasmine lay gasping on her couch, the fridge door still open, but almost nothing remaining inside. Her tremulous breasts had escaped her bra, somehow grown larger within the space of an hour, and her belly was painfully tight. She lay groaning, breathing, trying to get comfortable in a bid to absorb the food.

“MMhmm . . . OOooohh . . . s-so much, t-too m-much . . .”

She was incapable of thought, except for a small voice of panic in the back of her mind, telling her that this was not *normal*.

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“Finally, it begins. Leave the voice message. We need to observe her reactions without her fleeing straight to us.”

"Already done. She's going to be in for a rude awakening. What a bane for poor Jasmine. But what a boon for science, and Ingenu-Cell!"

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When Jasmine awoke, she knew straight away that something had changed. She was heavier, larger somehow. Her body ached from poor sleep, and the strange growths on her body that she had talked to Dr Hughes about. It took some time to get up, she was so tired, but when she did, the familiar wobble of her enhanced bustline seemed off somehow, a little different.

She stood, and swayed a little, her centre of gravity subtly changed. Her spine ached, and a feel confirmed that the growth just above her ass had swelled once more; it was now about the size of a tennis ball.

"Damnit, when will it go back down?" she whined. She scratched below her arms, where a new itchiness had developed. "More growths. Fuck!"

What had started as a blessing was now becoming a concern for her. She made her way to the kitchen to shower, and was suddenly overcome with memories of the previous night. No wonder her belly was a little rounded. The skin was a bit taut, still full of food.

"That was insane. I've got to call them. There's no way that should be happening."

She decided to check herself over the mirror.

A moment later, there was a scream.

"It's . . . it's impossible!" Jasmine cried. "How - how could that happen?"

There, below her now E-cup breasts, squished below them, were *another pair of breasts*. They were small - little A-cups like her originals, but undeniably breasts. The small 'rashes' that had grown in were unmistakably a pair of pert, pink, female nipples. She felt the breasts, cupped them. They were sore, and small, but there was a jiggle to them, a concentration of tissue that confirmed their reality.

"What. The. Fuck. How do you grow a second set of breasts? I've got to call Mindi."

She moved out of the bathroom, trying to ignore the pangs of hunger already stirring in her. She made it halfway across the kitchen when she was forced to double over again, planting her hands against the table surface. Something else was happening, something strange and alien deep within her gut. It was like . . . something was releasing. Or contracting. Or even *pulsing*.

"Oh. Ooh. MHhmh. OhhHHHhhh!" Jasmine squeezed her eyes tight and moaned loudly, bending forwards as waves of pleasure surged through her. It was like she being *fucked*, only far different from the meagre sex she'd had in her life. She could feel herself growing moist as whatever was happening deep in her womb continued. It felt like she

was being pounded *by herself*. She gripped the table harder, trying to ignore two painful points erupting at the top of her scalp.

"NNGGHH! Oh God, OH GOD! AHHHH!"

She released, breathing heavily as some new muscle squeezed deep within her. It felt like she was being filled from the *inside*, and all four of her nipples, particularly the fat upper ones, became almost painfully erect with pleasure. It felt so damn good it left her staggered for a good few moments, collapsed against the table surface. To an outsider, it would have looked like she was being fucked by a ghost.

"What the hell was that?" she finally breathed, standing back up. "What the hell was THAT?"

But her stomach was already growling once more. She needed food. She made her way to the bedroom, trying to ignore what felt like a genuine post-coital bliss.

"Got to call Mindi. Sort this out. No money is worth this."

She brushed her lower breasts idly. God, they were sore. It was like they were being flattened by her bulging upper ones. She ended the thought. She was *not* thinking about her normal breasts as the 'upper ones'.

She grabbed her phone, scratching a sore bump beneath her left arm, followed by her right. "Got to call Mindi."

But that emptiness had returned; the aching hunger. She was impossibly famished, and her stomach actually *hurt* from the lack of contents. She dialled a number.

"H-hello? Yes, I'd like to order a d-dozen pizzas thanks. I don't care what flavour. With a large fries on the side. And a large soda. I'll p-pay extra if you get it here as soon as you can."

She completed the order, and hung up. She realised she had been massaging her sore lower breasts the whole time. Were they just a little larger already? Surely it was not ordinary for breasts to grow that quickly? But then nothing about her situation was ordinary. Something twitched at the base of her spine, and she pointedly ignored it. She called Mindi, and was horrified when all she received was an automated voice message.

"Hello, you've called Ingenu-Cell Industries. I'm sorry to say that due to an unfortunate matter involving internal security, our doors will be closed and staff on leave for the next five days. Please call again at that time."

"No," Jasmine whispered, "no. No no no."

She fell to sobbs, clutching her chest, the chest that had initially grown so wonderfully bounteous, and now was becoming so grotesque. She scratched at her hairline, and cringed at the feeling of two painful, solid bumps there.

"Food," she muttered. "Food, then figure something out." She looked in her mirror, and saw that the bags under the eyes were returning. Worse, the bumps above her forehead

were visible. She turned, and sure enough, above her panty line, the bump there had grown.

"I better not be getting a fucking tail," she muttered. It was a joke, but a shiver of fear passed through her.

Food first, then figure something out.

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The day did not improve for Jasmine. She managed to consume every pizza she ordered in a ravenous devouring, and finished off not only the large soda and fries, but some biscuits she'd found in the back of the cupboard. Afterward, she lay on her side, trembling and groaning, overwhelmed by the amount she'd eaten, her stomach throbbing, her nipples tender, her chest and behind sore. She felt sweaty and disgusting, and inhuman; when she managed to rise an hour later to check herself, she was morose to find that her lower breasts had risen like dough to become solid B-cups. And they were still sore.

She called five different GP clinics, but of the three that managed to answer, all were fully booked until the end of next week. She considered going to the hospital, but was terrified of becoming some medical study, a freak. No, she needed privacy. She needed Ingenu-Cell to sort this out. She would happily return the money - not that she could - but she would take on extra work if it meant paying them back.

She had a shift at the bar, her very first, and she felt utterly awful. She managed to bind her lower breasts - it was a painful process, they were still so sore - and she applied what foundation and makeup she could to reduce the bags under her eyes. She adjusted her fringe to cover up those two raised bumps, and wore a jacket around her waist to conceal the visible bump at the end of her spine.

"Please, let this go away," she said to herself.

It didn't, and the shift at work was hell. The customers were particularly vulgar for her opening shift, hitting on her and commenting on her figure. A few rude comments went to her waist; she hadn't realised in all the weirdness, but her stomach was beginning to balloon. She was losing her slim figure there, too. It was enough to make her seek out some tissues during shift. Her forehead ached, and her spine felt like it was developing a continual pressure behind it, but most of all she was concerned for her breasts; they were still growing, she knew it. She could feel her lower pair straining against the bindings.

She had to run out during her shift break to grab more food. She didn't want to; she was starting to look more than pudgy, though her stomach was tight rather than flabby. But the hunger was too great.

That night, she ordered takeaway again, and fell asleep, overwhelmed by how her situation had so suddenly changed. She continued to massage her sore breasts, not realising she was helping stimulate their growth.

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"Good work on intercepting the phone calls."

"A simple bug Stefan installed. She won't notice."

"And soon she'll be our bug."

"We'll give it a few more days for psychological observation."

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Her body continued to change over the next few days. Jasmine's immense hunger continued, and Mindi - Mrs Montag - continued not to respond. No GP could see her, and she was increasingly sure that no hospital could fix what was happening to her. Her lower breasts were continually sore, and getting larger each day. She could swear she could *feel* them growing. They were easily C-cups now, and she was forced to wear a second bra to accommodate them. They were almost impossible to hide, but that wasn't all. While bending over to grab a drink, a customer had recoiled in horror at the strange growth above her panty line, which snapped out of the binding she'd put on it, and somehow managed to *wobble*. It was without a doubt the strangest sensation Jasmine had ever felt, and she had to lie that it was being treated as a tumour and would be gone next week. She hoped it would.

it was clear that her oddness on the job was not working out; she had not been given any shifts for the rest of the week. The last straw had come when she'd been asked to serve a couple their drinks, only to suddenly double over their table and spill their drinks all over them.

"N-no! N-not nowwww! UNNGGGH!"

But it was too late. Once again there was that tense sensation within her, the one she was beginning to have daily; the shifting of alien parts within her that made her moist and turned on. That caused her then to have a very public orgasm, bent over a customer's table and moaning like a whore, bucking her hips in time to the moments of release within her; whatever it was that was being released. She could feel her stomach bloat further in response, her breasts too: her shirt buttons pulled to reveal diamonds of skin.

She was not fired. She quit immediately in shame. The owner had the good sense to call her to ask if she was alright. He was a good man, despite his initial flirtiness during interviews, and all she could tell him was that it was a 'medical issue'.

Some medical issue.

Jasmine stood in front of the mirror, as she did increasingly these days, and was astonished to see that her eyes had become far more green. Ordinarily it would look beautiful, but her whole cast had a sickly green to it, no doubt from stress. She idly massaged her lower pair of breasts. They were no longer as sore, and were almost as equal in size to the upper ones. They dominated her torso, the upper ones now a humongous F-cup in size, constantly jiggling and wobbling, feeling fat on her frame. The lower ones were definitely E-cups; she now needed to have two sets of bras awkwardly fitted across her shoulders. Both were often flushed, nipples erect, particularly when her body did that . . . that thing, where it made her moan. And always afterwards she felt more bloated, especially as her appetite had not lowered. But her jutting shelves of boobflesh were no longer her main problem. Not after the third morning.

The growth above her ass had not abated, and was, in fact, growing increasingly fast. What had been a tennis-ball sized protuberance was now the size of a damned soccer ball, and still getting larger each passing hour. The 'stem' - for lack of a better word' - seemed to connect no longer just to her spine but a good, solid region of her lower back and upper butt. It was a thick, solid base, and it was clear there was more than just skin and tissue in it to keep it supported, since it did not taper immediately but instead widened, like a teardrop, before tapering to a stubby point. She had never seen anything like it before.

"I'm a fucking freak!" she cried, staring at her profile in the mirror. Four large breasts jutting from her chest, nipples large and poking through her top. And a soccer-ball sized growth extending out behind her, above her yoga pants. The bumps above her forehead were more like points, or horns, now. The skin there was red and constantly itching. Her 'sickly green skin' had also begun to reveal itself as actually green also. It was only a light shade, for now, and you might not spot it from a distance, but up close it was undeniable, as if she were using an off-brand organic body lotion that ended up staining her skin. And there was her belly. As her hunger continued, as her daily orgasms became twice-daily, as she felt increasingly *pumped* with contents, her stomach had stopped looking pudgy and started looking like she was actually pregnant. It was impossible, but it was undeniable that her heavy belly, which swayed ahead of her with each turn, looked like she was almost five-months expectant with child. The only saving grace was that it gave her breasts a surface to rest upon. She was front heavy, and waddled awkwardly on her widened hips around her apartment, terrified of going outside. She strongly suspected the only reason she could stand upright at all was thanks - she hesitated on the 'thanks' - to the growth out her backside, which counterbalanced her rounded belly and flushed, swollen breasts.

Still no calls from Ingenu-Cell. Still no response from the doctors. She'd searched every symptom on the Internet, but knew she'd find nothing. Only Ingenu-Cell could fix this,

before she completely turned into . . . she had no idea. Some kind of alien thing. All she knew was that she would always be alone now; she'd tried to stand on her own ever since she was a kid, but in truth she'd always wanted to have a family. Now, who could ever want her? The mere thought left her sobbing, particularly as she gulped yet another helping of food and lay, sprawled on her side, while her various mounds competed to dominate her body.

After two more days, it was clear the strange growth on her backside was winning. It was plumping up at an alarming rate, so that it drooped between her thighs. It had developed what she could only describe as soft 'plates' along its length - gentle ridges that girded it somewhat, yet still left it plump and squishy. It was sensitive, and she tried to avoid touching it wherever possible, but due to its position behind it, she was constantly hitting things with it, or knocking food off a table. And when that wasn't happening, her increasingly large belly or fat breasts were bumping into things instead. She looked over seven months pregnant, her belly a large dome that was taut and full. She had so many developing mounds that she couldn't cradle them all at once. Simply going to the toilet had becoming an intensely frustrating experience; she had to lift her rear abdominal mound up against the wall and sit sideways, all the while trying to look and move past four heavily swollen mammaries and a beachball of a belly. When her strange, internal orgasms came, her entire body seemed to jiggle and wobble.

"NNGGH . . . OOHHHH . . . MHHmmhMHM!"

And the tightness would increase, her rear development swelling, her mammaries becoming sore. The strange, pleasurable, shameful affliction was consistently twice a day now, though she couldn't predict when. All she knew was that after each bout, her body would change even more; her skin was undeniably green now, a pale lime colour that grew deeper in shade each day.

It was on the final day of waiting that she realised the pain on her scalp was gone, replaced by a strange, unnatural twitching. She reached up with her hands - still feeling that strange shifting just below her arms - and sure enough, she had developed a long set of dark green antennae. They twitched at her touch, bending and flexing automatically.

Jasmine waddled as fast as she could to the bathroom, her rear abdomen knocking over a vase, and vomited into the toilet. She flushed the contents, awkwardly standing as she balanced her pregnant-looking belly, her now equal pairs of FF-cup tits, and the large rear abdomen behind her. The mirror told all.

"A bug? I'm turning into a *fucking bug*?"

It was undeniable. The green skin, the soft chitinous plates along her back and over her insectoid abdomen. The antennae. The fact that her eyes were now so green the white of them were gone. She cried, clutching herself, wishing she had her slim form back. She'd been waifish. She'd been cute. She could have turned things around. She could have found someone to love her. She could have -

“Oooooohhhh,” she moaned, clutching her gut once more. At first, she thought it was another one of those intense feelings that brought her the unwanted pleasure and bloated, but this was something else. A tightness across her whole belly, as if her large mound was attempting to squeeze inwards all at once. Her skin flushed, and she panted, trying to understand what was happening. Suddenly she felt an overwhelming instinct to bear down and push. She leaned against a wall, her four nipples erect and throbbing, antennae twitching, as she tried to fight the instinct.

“N-No! I d-don’t w-want to d-do thisssssss!”

But she couldn’t ignore it for long. Something wanted out of her, and the pressure became too much. She pushed, and something began to move within her, something solid, roughly the size of a rockmelon. She gritted her teeth and bore down. The alien sensation continued right into the centre of her pelvis, where it pressed against what felt like an inner opening, inside of her.

“Oohh, this c-can’t be happening. Oh fuck!”

She bucked her hips and pushed, and the object *descended*. It passed through the inner opening, and plopped into the rear abdominal growth, giving extra weight to it, but nestling there comfortably. Her belly, still so full of tension, managed to at least be a little less tense. Jasmine breathed heavily in relief and looked behind her. She slid a hand over the pulsating mass behind her.

“Oh my God, it’s an egg sac. *I have a fucking egg sac!*”

Her antennae twitched, the spots below her arms ached, and her belly grew tight once more. Jasmine realised what her body was demanding, and she squatted once more, and pushed.

At the end of the experience, her belly was less heavy, less full, albeit still looking like a pregnant woman in her seventh or eighth month. Her egg sac, her ovipositor, on the other hand, had grown almost half again in size. It trembled, gurgling unsettlingly as the contents of her womb was deposited through her hips and into its open space, and it hung slightly lower now, and heavier too. She was ashamed to be almost relieved to know what was happening to her body now, and that the deposit of what had to be eggs into her sac had made her less front heavy.

“This is so fucked up. Mindi has to fix this. She *has* to.”

She was inhuman, a monster, and she sobbed often, but her tiredness and exhaustion from all the eating and growing sapped even her sorrow. She slept in the centre of the living room, surrounded by half eaten bags of takeaway, and clutching her stomach as it grew. Her ovipositor had already grown twice as large as it had been that very morning. She was simply too tired and overwhelmed to think.

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"Wow, it worked. It really worked. Fully functioning self-fertilisation. Parthenogenesis in action. Her entire reproductive system has been altered, and the egg sac is functioning."

"I just wish we knew what the antennae do. No sign of functionality yet. Still, it's a massive success. We finally have our bug queen."

"And the best part is, no one will miss her. Let's get her picked up."

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It was early the following morning when four dark-suited men burst into her apartment, each armed with what appeared to be guns. Jasmine was on her side still, and struggling to rise. Two little nubs of flesh had extended below her arms overnight, and she was finding it hard to see normally; everything had become vaguely defined shapes she could only determine up close, split up into refracted images. She tried to blink, and found it impossible.

"H-help meeeee," she moaned, and her entire body trembled and gurgled. The overwhelming pressure was back, and she weakly gripped her stomach as she was forced to push another two eggs out of her womb and into her egg sac, which was now the size of a miniature refrigerator. "P-please, I d-don't want to be a b-b-bug!"

One of the men gasped, another muttered something under his breath.

"Jesus, I don't get paid enough for this. She's not even human anymore."

"N-nooo, I'm still human. Help me! I - AGH!"

Her nipples stung, and she felt at her bras, which were awkwardly fitted, and the only clothing along with her panties that she could still wear. She was . . . leaking. Green fluid seeped from her distended nipples in a gentle but constant flow. Milk. The insectoid mama equivalent of milk.

"Oh God," she moaned, as the flow continued. The pain lessened, but it was just one more pressure of many upon her body. She didn't have enough hands to massage or rub all of them. Unbeknownst to her, she would soon.

"Mindi will help me - n-need to see Mindi!"

"Don't worry, bug. We're taking you to her," the leader of the men said, and drew his pistol. A dart hit her straight in the lower left breast, followed by another at her hip. She groaned, antennae twitching, as she fell back to her side. Her giant pairs of tits wobbled heavily, milk spraying on the floor.

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"Wow, she's a layer all right! Her body fertilised itself again on route. She was moaning in her sleep."

"Is she secure, Hughes?"

"Yes, Ma'am. And she wouldn't be able to run away if she wanted to. She's still growing."

"Good. More specimens to experiment on."

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Jasmine woke, naked, in what must have been an Ingenu-Cell facility. The room was white, with fluorescent light strips along the ceiling, and what appeared to be a thick glass wall in front of her. A tube was connected to her mouth, feeding her a tasteless but filling paste. She unstrapped it from her head and threw it to the floor.

Two new limbs shifted to aid her.

Still waking from her drowsiness, Jasmine saw that the protuberances below her arms had extended further; they were clearly in the process of becoming an additional set of arms, though they were undeveloped as of yet. But just experiencing a new set of limbs was an oddity. Strangely, she couldn't even muster up the feeling of being shocked. In fact, she chuckled bitterly.

"At least I'll finally be able to hold all my boobs now. Or just manoeuvre all these damn mounds."

She sighed heavily, and felt her increasingly large body tremble in response. Her eyesight had definitely altered - there was a slight filter of green to everything she saw, and it was difficult to discern things that were too far away. She was upright, at least. She almost suspected she wouldn't be able to get back up now if she fell over. Her belly was absolutely enormous and tight; she looked well overdue with twins by now! Her breasts were just as full, perhaps slightly bigger than FF-cups, and that greenish liquid leaked in small quantities. From the pressure within all four of them, she could tell there was more. They felt tight, and she understood now more than perhaps any woman in history what it was to be *engorged*.

"Ugh," she groaned, antennae twitching in discomfort, *"oohhh . . . I feel . . . bigger."*

She turned, or at least tried to. It was near-impossible; her bulbous form had grown. Clearly, she had deposited more eggs into her egg sac: it was now almost the size of a refrigerator, and it felt increasingly full. It had widened considerably, and lengthened just enough so that its end pressed against the ground, relieving some of its weight. The pressure came over her, and almost by instinct at this point, she grunted, and passed two more eggs into its girth.

"NNnngnghnn . . ."

She was finally at Ingenu-Cell. Surely, they could put a stop to this? Her skin was now fully green, and her shoulders ached. More developments? She couldn't reach to check; but her miniature new arms moved in unison with her upper ones.

"Hope I don't have to get used to you," she muttered, before turning to the glass. "Hello! It's me, Jasmine! I need help! Your beauty formula didn't work. Please, you've got to help me! You need to reverse this right fucking now!"

There was nothing but silence. She clutched her gut, trembling as she was forced to push yet another egg into her ovipositor. Every time she did, her nipples stung, leaking that pale green milk down her bare chest.

"Please! Fucking help me! You've turned me into a *fucking freak!*"

Her heavy pairs of breasts wobbled as she trembled in anger and shame, and her egg sac rippled also.

"Not a freak," came the voice of Dr Hughes, "a marvel of science, Jasmine."

The portly man entered the room on the other side of the glass, wearing a labcoat and carrying a clipboard. His smile was just as jovial as always, but lacked the warmth it once had. In that moment, Jasmine knew something was wrong.

"D-Dr Hughes. Please, you've got to turn me back. I don't know why this has - OHhh - has happened, b-but I promise I won't s-say anything! I won't sue, I swear! NgGhn!"

There was a soft gurgle as another egg squeezed slowly between her hips and plopped into her egg sac. As it occurred, Dr Hughes opened a door in the glass wall, and moved to her side, looking at her with wonder.

"Such beauty . . ."

"H-hey, what are you?"

Dr Hughes reached up and groped her lower right breast, and squeezed. Jasmine gasped, in pleasure and pain as a stream of pale green milk shot from her fat nipple to form a small puddle on the floor. She reached to try to stop whatever he was doing, but her split vision was making it difficult, and Dr Hughes was already at her side. Turning was now almost impossible for her; at best she could manage a slow waddle, restrained by her massive egg sac as she was. Dr Hughes seemed to relish this, smirking as he ran his fingers along the length of her egg sac, causing her to shiver. It pulsed against his touch, and it was an alien and strange feeling for the former human woman.

"Such potential. This experiment has been an absolutely stunning success, Jasmine. And we can't thank you enough for that!"

She twisted to try and follow his progress, but her mounds made doing anything other than twisted her spine to look vaguely behind her a laborious process.

"This is not a s-success! This is insane. I have eggs inside me. Fucking eggs! Where's Mindi! I want to talk to Mindi right fucking now!"

A woman's voice echoed across the room. "Very well Jasmine, you have my attention. I must say, Dr Hughes, I'm most impressed with your efforts. You were right, the formula did work."

Tears welled in Jasmine's eyes, making it even harder to see. She cursed the fact that he had lost her eyelids but not her tear ducts. Her new fractal vision made it hard enough to see already. But as she drew closer, Mindi Montag's form became apparent.

"You . . . you wanted this?"

Mindi nodded, smiling maliciously. "Of course."

"Wh-why?"

"Because genetic engineering is the future, and we have people willing to pay handsomely for the future."

"Why a b-bug?"

"Proof of concept. A vastly different being, capable of functioning independently as an organism, even if you are a bit - hmm! - weighed down, ha. More than that, your . . . impressive reproductive capability could have significant potential for physical labour markets, and that's not even getting into the military applications."

Jasmine was finding it hard to think. It was enough to be overwhelmed by her body, but the horror was slowly dawning on her that the very people she thought could be the only ones to help her, were planning to do anything but.

"Reproductive capability?"

Mindi chuckled and gestured to Jasmine's enormous dome of a stomach. Her green belly button had popped days ago, and now that she was completely naked, she looked like some perverted pagan symbol of fertility.

"Why, your babies of course. My poor darling, didn't you know? Every egg is inside you is fertilised. You're pregnant with little bug-babies, for real."

Jasmine's jaw dropped. She lowered her hands to feel her stomach, felt the gentle pulsing of her egg sac. She was pregnant? She had babies inside her? Insect babies? Ones that would hatch?

"Fertilised by who?" she stammered.

Dr Hughes returned to her side, and placed a hand on the small of her distended belly, feeling over it. "By you, Jasmine! By you! That's the marvel of the serum I've invented! It hasn't just altered your DNA, but *infused* it to provide your body the ability to literally self-fertilise. You are mother and father both to your little ones!"

It was too much to take in. Jasmine was hyperventilating, and it was making her bloated form sag. She slowly lowered herself to the floor, where several cushions had been piled to give her a modicum of comfort. Mindi approached closer.

"Haven't you wondered what those, ahem, *pleasurable* moments that came over you were about? That was your own body inseminating itself. It's going to keep doing that."

"H-how did you know that?"

"We had your apartment bugged. I admit, I do find the pun amusing."

"Then, every time I felt . . . those feelings . . ."

"Your body was fertilising your eggs," Dr Hughes replied, utterly ecstatic.

"For h-how long?" she asked, wiping her eyes.

Four versions of Dr Hughes laughed in her vision, and she realised that she must have developed a crude version of an insect's sight; compound eyes.

"For perpetuity, Jasmine! That means forever. Until death, or until a new insect queen is ready to take over your duties from among your extensive brood, though that is mere speculation. Don't you understand? You have a body literally *engineered* to continually re-impregnate itself. I doubt you're more than a week away from laying your first clutch, and from there it will be a continual process until the end of your natural life."

The cold reality was beginning to seep in. Jasmine clutched her upper shelf of breasts in her hands, and slowly slid her fingers down the second set, down to her incredibly pregnant belly, and then back to the egg sac, of which she could only grab a few feet of it behind her; it was far too big now to ever access all its girth and width.

"Y-you can't do this!" she cried, "there'll be police reports. Someone will come looking for me! You can turn me back before it's too late."

The two just smiled assuredly.

"There's no one coming for you, Jasmine," Mindi said, folding her arms as she regarded the pregnant bug-girl. She poked the transformed woman in her belly, causing her to groan. "We specifically picked you *because* you were alone. Because you had no family, no friends, no connections, and no job. No one will miss you. Maybe that nice employer of that bar, but I doubt he'll follow up."

Jasmine was appalled.

"You're just going to keep me here?"

"Of course. You're our prize cow. Don't take offence, have you seen those udders of yours? Just two would weigh a ton, I can't imagine what four would be like! And really, I think you'll find that soon you'll be too heavy to move, what with that growing belly and egg sac of yours. A wonderful sight for our investors, and your children will have to be experimented with, of course."

Hughes nodding, clapping his hands together in excitement.

"You - you're insane! Both of you!"

"Not insane, dear. Just corporate." Mindi turned to leave. "Nothing comes for free, Jasmine, especially not five thousand dollars. Remember, if you aren't paying, you're not the customer, you're the *product*."

The woman walked away, and soon, after a few check ups, so did Dr Hughes, who practically *danced* as he left. He'd sat the feeding hose on a small metal crane, so it was always within reach. Jasmine was left alone in the empty, distant room, a prisoner not just in a cell, but her own body.

It was a few hours later, hours of pure boredom, hunger, and occasional discomfort, that the familiar feelings in her gut returned; what she now knew to be her body 'self-fertilising.' As waves of pleasure coursed through her distended belly and up to her heavy breasts, Dr Hughes came running, setting up all manner of equipment to record. She twisted her body as that same pleasurable warmth came over her. No, she wouldn't accept this. Not now. Not in front of him. She bit her tongue, hard. She concentrated on the weird feelings of her still-developing lower arms, the constant pulsating of her rear abdomen, the twitching of her antennae, the strange fractal vision of her new eyes, but all it did was forestall the inevitable.

"Oh . . . ah . . . MhMhmm . . . Ngh . . . aahAAaAhhh!"

The doctor was right; the self-fertilisation was impossible to stop. She bucked her hips weakly, rubbing her sensitive nipples as milk ran down her chest. To her shame and embarrassment, that had been one of the biggest ones yet.

"Like I said," Hughes boasted as he packed up his equipment, "a marvel. Now, time to eat, and time to sleep. You've still got some growing to do, and the investors will be here next week. That'll give me time to figure out what those antennae are for."

He patted her on her egg sac, and made his way out. The lights shut off, leaving her in bloated misery. The hunger returned, and just as with the fertilisation, she could not hold off the need for the nutrient paste they had supplied. She fet until her belly was astonishingly tight, though at least her skin seemed a little more elastic now, capable of holding her eggs more easily.

Her eggs.

Her eggs.

Her little insect babies. It was beyond belief, and yet for all their deception, she knew that Hughes and Montag were not lying about that. She cradled her bloated stomach, rubbing the smooth skin gently, almost lovingly, despite herself. She reached a hand back to rub at her ovipositor, the large organ that would be the instrument of her egg laying. She was still horrified at her body, overwhelmed by its strange pregnancy and many mounds, and the imprisonment and oppression she was faced with.

And yet . . . she had within her life. Little babies who would be laid, and hatched, and would need their mother's milk, their mother's love. She was pregnant. She was a mother. She had no idea to how many, only that these things would be her children.

It was a terrifying thought, and she was too tired to grapple with all its implications. But as she drew little circles over her tummy, a small sliver of Jasmine found a moment's peace, and a protective instinct began its infancy.

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"A little odd behaviour. Instinct, perhaps?"

"I would have to do a brain scan, but likely."

"You don't think she's actually growing attached to those insects inside of her, do you?"

"I'll add it to the list, after I figure out those antennae. And after the first clutch."

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Time passed, and just as Dr Hughes said, her body continued to swell and change. Her belly now looked like it was overdue with triplets, its surface taut and round, obscuring her own genitalia. Her egg sac was even more dramatic; it was half the size of a family sedan, and showing no signs of slowing. Dr Hughes was convinced that it might even end up the full size of a family van, leaving her utterly immobile, much like a real insect queen.

Her egg sac was beginning to feel utterly full, its pulsating motions slowing as it accommodated more and more of her rockmelon-sized eggs. Likewise, her belly and breasts meant that the weight upon her legs was difficult to take. Jasmine suspected that her legs had been strengthened as part of the change, but they were struggling now. The knots upon her shoulders were slowly extending, and she was starting to harbour the suspicion that she was developing wings. As if any set of wings could lift her now. It was just another set of limbs to add to the pile; her second pair of arms had come in, much the same as the first. She laughed bitterly at finally being able to cup all of her breasts at once, or rub her hips and belly as she was forced to 'birth' another egg into her ovipositor.

Her life was boredom and loneliness. She was allowed a single television screen to keep her from nightmarish ennui - not that it was easy to watch, with her new compound vision and increased shortsightedness. But between the feedings, the fertilisations, the sleep, and the growing, the days began to mix together. A couple of technicians would come once a day to spray her with warm water and ensure she was clean, and she had . . . other help, when it came to needing to go. At least that last part was not often; her new body absorbed as much content it consumed as possible for egg-making. But even the rank and file of her captors were cold and distant to her, giving her no human warmth.

Only one was kind; a young security guard who alone called her by her name, and apologised for her ill treatment. Joshua was his name, and in another life she might have found him handsome. As it was, she simply appreciated his kindness.

"Thank you, Joshua," she said, as he adjusted the television set for her. "You're the only one who is kind to me."

"More people should be. I'm sorry this happened to you."

"Why - ohhhh - sorry, that was an egg. Why do you work for them?"

He shrugged, not sure how to answer. "I didn't know they were doing this?"

She gestured at her bloated, bulging body and insectoid features. "What's your excuse n-now?"

He didn't have any answer for that at all. All he could do was mutter an apology, provide a few more pillows for her comfort, and leave.

The only thing that brought her true comfort, as the days passed, was the thought of the eggs inside her, especially the fully-developed ones in her rear. She had no idea if they would be intelligent or drone-like, cute or horrifying, but for someone who had been alone all her life, and had been stripped of her humanity so utterly, the thought of there being other bugs that could rely on her, and she on them, was beginning to soothe her. Perhaps part of it was instinct, but she found herself zoning out from whatever show was on the screen and instead stroking her belly idly with her four arms, or picturing four cute little bug girls and boys upon her chest, drinking the milk that was constantly seeping from her.

"I don't know what you'll be like, my little ones," she whispered to herself. She twisted her egg sac slightly; the stem had partial movement that let her turn to pat part of its length. "But you might just be my last chance to have a family. I didn't want this . . . but I think, maybe, I want *you*."

It was madness, she knew. But it was the one thing she had left. And she refused to let those monsters take it. Take *them*.

In the corner of the room, something shifted. She focused her four-part compound eyes upon it, and it took some time to discern what she would find easily, normally. It was a rat. It was enough to make her laugh.

"Trapped in the middle of a prison, and you're more free than I am. A fucking rat!"

The rat drew closer, inspecting her. It looked, as far she could tell with the vision she was still getting used to, quite feral. It scurried closer, and it was clear that the rat was hungry, starved even.

"Oh fuck, oh shit, get away! Get away I hate rats! Don't you dare bite m-my belly!"

She tried to shift, but her pregnant insect body was too much, and she could only drag her fat egg sac a few feet. The rat moved closer, baring teeth. Jasmine made to scream

for help, but as the rodent closed in, her antennae twitched suddenly and reactively in a way they never had, and she felt a change in the air before her. The rat was still there, but not moving. Not dead; simply . . . not moving. Jasmine spluttered, her trembling breasts heaving. She had dislodged another egg into her sac simply out of shock. She focused on the rat, and the antenna twitched once more. The rat scurried backwards. Another twitch, this time consciously. The rat scurried to the side. Another twitch, another order, another movement.

Jasmine took this in.

"Huh," she said.

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"Investors will be arriving tomorrow. They're very excited by what we sent them, but they want proof. I trust you'll have her presentable?"

"Shona is taking care of that. She'd had to order some custom bra sets, apparently."

"Well, just make sure she's ready. I'll be coming for inspection."

"Yes Ma'am."

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Jasmine could hardly breathe the next morning. It was the day the investors were set to arrive. When she would be paraded. Possibly even sold. The last twenty four hours, she'd feel a rising pressure, like a sting, at the tip of her egg sac. She knew that she would begin laying any day now, and once she started, her body would never stop. Ever. And so, this was her only moment. Her only hope. One last stupid, ridiculous hail mary. A gambit that relied, she thought with some dark amusement, on embracing her insectoid body, instead of railing against it. To that extent, she'd guzzled her necessary nutrients overnight without complaint. She needed not to be distracted by hunger. And more than that, she needed to care for her 'brood', as she was beginning to think of them.

She held her bulging belly, anxious, as Joshua returned to ensure that she was all made up. He had a special custom bra that would fit to accommodate her four swelling mounds, complete with thick nursing pads to keep the green milk at bay. She sighed in relief as he helped her put them on; normally she would be disgusted that a man was doing this and not a woman, but she was simply relieved that she finally had clothing, and that he wasn't commenting on her freak body. She demanded her panties be passed to her, and her lower arms managed to get them up over her buttons after a

brief struggle. By that point, Joshua helped fit her over with a custom-made dress, almost like a robe, of fine silk and gold-embroidered helm. It draped over her shoulders and parted halfway over her egg sac. As it was, she recognised immediately the look Mindi had no doubt organised for her; the eminent and royal bug queen. The fact that a shiny crown was fitted over her head, accommodating her antennae, was the topping on the cake.

"This is ridiculous," she said.

"I know," he replied. "I'm sorry. I know it's wrong. I'm looking for other work."

"You could help me," she said.

He looked at her sceptically. "I don't even know how I could."

It was time to be bold. "The investors are arriving today, Joshua. It might be the end of my life. I'm stuck like this, forever. B-but I'm scared of being owned by them more. P-please, I just need you to do one thing for me. Take one of the facility's cargo-trucks - like the one that brought me here - and put it out the back of the facility. Get as much of that nutrient paste as you can get your hands on and have it loaded into the back. That's all I need you to do."

Josh was astonished. He looked to her as he fitted the gown. Despite her immense breasts, belly, and egg sac, she was still petite in the legs, arms, and face, on her shoulders and upper torso. She had never been particularly tall, but she had a presence now.

"What are you planning to do?" he asked.

"When you're done," she said. "Call in sick. You don't want to be here when the investors arrive."

Still unsure what to think, the young man nodded, and walked away. She wasn't sure if she'd made the right choice in trusting him, but she'd made the choice anyway.

"Prove to me that people can still be good," she whispered, as she stroked her belly with four hands. "I need to know that, for *their* sake."

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They're here."

"Then let's get this party started."

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Jasmine was waiting, concentrating, focusing her antennae. The TV was off, and the lights in the room had grown brighter as she waited. Thankfully, she'd already self-fertilised, and so she had a few hours before that embarrassment began again. She refused to let her investors - her tormentors - see her like that. Instead, she waited, holding her now quadruple-sized belly, the vestigial wings on her shoulders rotating slowly up and down, as if by instinct. Even in the coolness of the room, her large body ran hot, like a furnace. Like a productive industry, churning out insect babies. Or at least ready to.

"Please let this work," she said. She tried to ignore the way her four breasts were bulging out of her new bra already, or the ridiculous 'royal' garb she'd been given for show. All that mattered was what happened next.

The door opened, and four figures stepped in: Mindi, Dr Hughes, and two men who appeared to be father and son. The former looked to be in his early fifties, an arrogant and cold confidence on his face. The latter was young, and handsome, but there was a callousness to him. He grinned as he saw her, and it unsettled her deeply.

"Mr Hogath, Spencer, I would like you both to meet Jasmine Larret, our bug queen. And soon, if you are pleased with her value, to be your bug queen."

"Astonishing," the older man said, "just astonishing. I've never seen anything quite like her. And she is fully fecund?"

"Absolutely!" replied Hughes excitedly. "In fact, we project she is currently gestating almost forty eggs already, and still developing more! The potential for her is outstanding."

"Does it talk?" That was the son, Spencer.

"She does," Jasmine replied, groaning slightly as her egg sac pulsated. God, she was flushed and full with eggs. It was made all the worse for the fact that despite her size, she was still shorter than everyone in the room.

"She kept her human intelligence?" the father asked.

"And the anger too," Mindi remarked. "But make no mistake, she is not human anymore. She has no more rights than a dog. Less, even, as she is not a categorised species."

"She looks full," Spencer said, regarding her."

"I f-feel f-full," Jasmine spluttered.

"Well, you better get used to that," Mindi said, "you'll be like that a long time, missy."

"Just fascinating, just fascinating, don't you think so, son? This could revolutionise our worker base, if those projections Mrs Montag gave us hold out!"

The four continued to talk as she was not there. Jasmine didn't care; she was not concentrating on what they said. All that she cared about was her body; her giant insectoid, bloated pregnant body. It still horrified her, still felt unnatural to her, but if she

was ever to be free, if she was ever to hope for a family, she had to embrace. Had to make it her own.

The four drew closer, and she did not resist as Spencer fondled her upper right tit, or when the father pinched her lower left arm. She was almost ready. They had garbed her in a queen's clothing for show. As a sick, perverted parody.

She would let know what an insect queen could truly be.

"I would need to see further evidence, and the lawyer boys would need to talk to your side. But the five-hundred million deal should go ahead, especially once we see a dissected sample of her spawn and an account of its capabilities."

"You're n-not doing that."

"I'm glad you are satisfied, Mr Hogath," Mindi continued, not acknowledging Jasmine's statement. "Dr Hughes has worked most enthusiastically on this project."

"Indeed. Jasmine's breeding capabilities alone will make her invaluable to your company's research, and I would be happy to dissect several of her first clutch to assess -"

"I SAID YOU N-NOT HARMING MY BABIES!"

Jasmine screamed the words, and her four captors looked at her with alarm as she extended all four arms, standing slowly, displaying the full extent of her bloated body in a projection that somehow radiated power. Mindi's face was twisted in anger, Dr Hughes and Mr Hogath in shock, while Spencer simply smirked. None of the expressions lasted long. Jasmine focused, and her antennae twitched, and she felt a flood of power - like a radio signal - emitting from them.

"Her antennae, they're like signal transceivers!" Hughes said excitedly, only to begin clutching his ears and screaming. The others followed, and for a moment Jasmine was terrified she had overplayed her hand, and overestimated her new body's abilities. A trickle of blood descended from Mindi's nose; the ruthless executive was more determined than the rest, who had already frozen in place, features expressionless as their minds were wiped. But Mindi stepped forward, drawing a sharp ink pen from her waist.

"Y-you f-freak!" she stammered, moving toward Jasmine. The bug-girl twitched her antennae consciously once more, and focused all her signals upon the evil woman. Four images of Montag collapsed into one as she drew near, and in that moment, the pen moving towards her heart, Jasmine knew she had her.

"That's Queen to you, bitch!"

She blasted Montag with everything she had.

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“ . . . The Ingenu-Cell building burnt down and all files lost, following a fire alarm . . . ”

“ . . . Mrs Mindi Montag and Dr Hughes presumed dead, alongside billionaire industrialists Jarred Hogath and his son Spencer . . . ”

“ . . . all other workers safe, though one truck was captured leaving the scene, and has not been recovered. Authorities are investigating the possibility of arson . . . ”

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“Ahhh, soon little ones, ooohh. Soon.”

Jasmine bore down and pushed another egg through her inner opening, squeezing it gently through her hips and into her egg sac. She breathed a little easier, feeling at her breast, before settling down on her palace of cushions and admiring her ‘chamber.’

Jasmine’s new home was much better than her last. In fact, as she looked around the abandoned nuclear power station, she considered that it was much better than her apartment as well. Certainly much more spacious, and there would be plenty of room for expansion when the first of her brood were birthed and hatched. It had only been a week and a half, but already progress was being made; her ‘attendants’ were making sure that the accommodations were being properly installed and the generators were up and running.

Jasmine was a little troubled by the status of her helpers; Mindi and Dr Hughes were monsters, and Jarred Hogath was too. His son, Spencer, had been well on the way to becoming one, but it was clear as their thralldom continued that he also had another aspect. His smirks and glances at her bulging form were no coincidence; he harboured an attraction to her grotesque body, and it made her shiver what he might have done if he had been her master, rather than the other way around. She’d also picked up two security guards during her escape; as she was aided out of the building, the fire alarm pulled, two tried to stop her. She recognised them as two of her tormentors when it had come time for her care. The woman’s name was Abby, the other was Stefan; the man who’d bugged her apartment. Thankfully, she was able to control them before they could shoot her. That was the other thing; her ability to control others was only possible when her body was under threat. She appreciated this limit on her power, and had no intentions of using it again, if she could help it. It crept her out, and she had no intention of every becoming some bug queen ruler. The important thing was that Joshua had come through; the truck was there, with her food, and they made their escape as the workers evacuated, and the fire started. She had Hughes wipe the database of all her information.

All of her attendants maintained their minds, but her will gave them a direction that they could not fight against. It was impossible for them to harm her, and they followed her

commands loyally. Mindi has the most success in managing to bite off an irritated remark or express her hatred at being “reduced to ‘a slave.’” And while Jasmine was not a fan of it either, she knew she had no choice. She simply gestured to her swollen FF-cup breasts, her dominating quadruplet-size belly, and an egg sac that had finally stopped growing, now slightly smaller than the size of a family van.

“Jeez, Mindi, I can’t imagine what it’s like to be a prisoner trapped in your own body. That must be *really hard for you.*”

Hughes, on the other hand, despite or perhaps because of his amorality, had taken to his new status surprisingly easily; he was always concocting new ways to prepare their new home to accommodate her soon-to-be-laid clutch. He was already masterminding electrical systems, old water pumps for sanitation, and ways to grow her nutrient paste and other forms of food to satisfy her hunger. And speaking of hungers, while her self-fertilisation was enough for her sexual needs most days, she was still fully functioning ‘down there’ between her sac and belly. Spencer had volunteered more than once lie on his back beneath her, and service the occasional human itch the bug queen still felt. She had finally taken him up on his offer. The other four attendants simply helped with transporting the materials she’d need for the place to become self-sustaining, a process that would take some weeks. Weeks, she mused as she held her enormous belly, that she did not have. The doctor had informed her that her body was due to begin laying any hour now, and that had been last night.

She was starting to get nervous. What would it be like? Would it hurt? Would it be pleasurable like her self-fertilisation? How constant would it be? Because as soon as the process began, she knew there was no going back; she would be laying her eggs for the rest of her life; a bloated bug queen kept immobile by her own heavily pregnant form. So different, so alien from the life she had expected. And yet, a small part of her was excited to meet them.

Her egg sac lurched. It pulsed tighter, a strange feeling that she had never experienced before.

“Ohhh . . . NnNGH . . . Aahh . . . I th-think it’s s-starting,” she groaned, gritting her teeth. She tried to relax against her pile of pillows as an urge to push came over her: not one centre in her pregnant belly like she was now accustomed to, but in her rear, where she could begin to contract the muscles that ran along the length of her insectoid abdomen. Her body felt overheated, and her nascent wings flapped, useless for flying but wonderful at cooling her down. Gripping her knees with one set of hands and the closest part of her egg sac with the other, she began to pant, trying to adjust to a life-giving organ she was never meant to have.

“Ah - ah - ah! D-doctor! Come here! It’s happening!”

The portly man rushed from the other side of the large chamber with its vaulted ceiling, and placed his hand upon her egg sac, which was growing ever tauter. She twisted her spin to view him behind her, and her milk-laden breasts jostled with the movement. His

excitement was obvious; she suspected that he'd have come to help even if he wasn't under her thrall.

"Yes, yes," he repeated, "it's happening! Do you feel an urge to push!"

"Constantly, oooohh!" she moaned, biting her lip. She fixed her emerald-green compound eyes upon him. "B-but this is different! Stranger!"

"Then you need to push, just like any pregnant woman. Your eggs are ready!"

The urge came again, and again she moaned. It wasn't painful, but it wasn't strictly pleasurable either. Instead, it was a primal feeling; a need to push, to experience relief from the pressure. She groaned, her naked body squirming, as the first of the eggs reached her burning tip.

"OH! It feels so fucking weird!"

The large egg, ovoid in shape, pushed through the widening passage at the end of her immense ovipositor, into the waiting hands of the doctor.

"Your first egg!" he declared.

"Mhmm - NGH! There's m-mooooore!"

Another egg joined it, followed by another, her altered birth canal widening as each one descending, slithering out into the world, covered in a layer of sticky mucus. She gasped with relief as each exited her, relishing the release of pressure that accompanied each laying, even as the next egg descended. And so they kept coming; two, three, four, eight, twelve eggs, and still coming. An hour into her birthing, a different, more familiar pressure made itself known, and she actually *giggled* in amusement as she felt the need to squeeze several more eggs from her pregnant stomach into her rear half. Evidently, the process never stopped. She teased her nipples as she birthed, turned on by the experience despite herself, and as her birthing wound down, she couldn't help but groan in pleasure as once more the self-fertilisation process began. The last few eggs descended easily from the lips of her egg sac as she writhed her wide hips in delight, her body fucking itself pregnant once more.

"Y-yesss," she cried, her tremendous body wobbling, immobile and flushed and utterly fecund, "m-more! Make me more!"

She clutched her mound, and more indeed were already gestating inside of her.

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"What the hell is wrong with you Hughes? What is wrong with all of you? We have to fight this? I refuse to serve that . . . that bug bitch all my life!"

"I doubt we have a choice, my dear. And frankly, the scientific possibilities are greater than they've ever been. A functioning, wild hive!"

"You're deluded. Even that damned Spencer, servicing his 'queen' and sucking on her tits when she demands it. It's demented. It's wrong."

"Well, we did do this to her, ma'am. Sometimes I guess we just have to swallow our medicine, and accept our just desserts."

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"Ahhh, soon little ones, ooohh. Soon."

Jasmine bore down and pushed another egg through her inner opening, squeezing it gently through her hips and into her egg sac. She was a bug queen, an insect broodmare through and through, and she had come to accept her new role. Not everything was perfect; Mindi and Jarred and Stefan would always hate her, but Abby and Hughes at least seemed genuine in their atonement. And Spencer . . . well, Spencer fulfilled an occasional need that her self-fertilisation didn't always cover. She also hated her compound vision; she still wasn't used to it, and saw limited use in it other than giving her a damned headache every so often. Some days, she wished she could go jogging, or jumping, or hopping or skipping or simply walking, all of which was a near-impossibility now. Her insectoid body was hers for life, and she was so burdened with life-giving power that she was effectively rooted to the spot.

The laying came regularly now, as did the 'transition' as she now called it; the transfer of eggs from her round stomach to her bloated rear. It was rare for her not to be in the process of slowing shifting or laying an eggs, and the constant work of the body made her incredibly thankful for her now fully developed wings, which served to keep her body cooler. She was often overly-full, exhausted, and occasionally lurched or moaned as her body accelerated or slowed her egg production at random, or simply shifted and gurgled. Her tremendous breasts were a problem; they were making more milk than ever before, and not even Spencer or Abby could take care of all her lactating produce.

But the day had finally come, the day when the first crackle of an eggshell arrived. Her first clutch of eggs; now a week old, were finally hatching, and it was with excitement, fear, and cautious optimism that she waited with baited breath. Hughes would want to see it, was dying to, but she had ordered all her attendants away, leaving her in the comfortable room with her many clutches. She wanted to be alone in this moment. Alone, as she always had been, so she could experience in full the moment she would never be alone again.

"Come on little babies," she said, taking a moment to grunt and push another egg absent-mindedly through her hips, "it's time. Your mommy wants to meet you."

The first of the rockmelon-sized eggs cracked, and a mewling thing emerged. Jasmine Larret, former human, had no idea what her bug children would be like, and she was forced to wait as it raised itself up to her.

The sight broke her heart into a million pieces.

Broke it, and made it into a new and better whole.

A little baby girl looked up at her with emerald green compound eyes and two twitching antennae. She was like Jasmine in miniature; a stubby little humanoid baby with a small little bug abdomen behind her, a set of useless little wings, and four writhing arms. Like Jasmine, she had four nipples, and her skin was green, pale against her mother's deep shade. She was utterly beautiful. A child. A baby. An pure thing of innocence. A bug, yes, but a person above all.

Her first daughter began to cry as her sisters hatched. They were all sisters, and they needed the warmth of their mother. Tears leaking from her eyes, Jasmine squatted awkwardly down to pick up the first four that had hatched, and placed each against her breasts. She sighed in glorious relief as they immediately latched, and began to suckle away at her milk.

"Aahhhh," she breathed, utterly content, the pressure relieved. Not just of her milk, but of the fear of what her children could have been.

More eggs began to hatch, and a gurgle in her egg sac and growing pulse there notified that more would be arriving from her ovipositor soon. Jasmine's wings flapped, cooling her body as her daughters drank from her, the first of many, many more to come.

In a few minutes, she would call her attendants to aid her in feeding, and see to her other children. But for now she simply stayed, rooted to the spot, her life utterly changed, yet undeniably - by the end - for the better.

She was a bug queen now, an insect mother, and soon her home would be abuzz with the scurrying of hundreds of her little babies. She would birth them forever, and she would love each and every one of them. As she lowered a baby to a nearby cushion, the little thing's stomach full, she used her spare lower arm to lower her stomach. She was so full, so bloated, so utterly fecund with life. And she was determined to never take this strange blessing for granted. Mindi had wanted to isolate her, take advantage of her loneliness, and yet the wicked executive had accidentally given Jasmine everything she ever wanted.

She had a home.

She had a family.

And she would never be alone again.

A sudden tensing began in her stomach, and she gasped in pleasure as her body once more began to fuck itself further pregnant. Her hunger pangs were returning, and the twin pressures in her belly and egg sac increased, even as her engorged breasts demanded more children to feed.

"Ughh . . . a mother's work is never done."

More eggs started to hatch with her daughters, and Jasmine could only smile at the strange sight she now saw as so beautiful. She called for her attendants, and once more bore down to birth. She would be doing it for some time.

“Oooohhhh . . . let’s give you a few hundred more sisters, huh?”

The End