

# Mantis Mother (Insect Broodmother TF Preg)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*Ivy Hartridge is a college genius who has aroused the jealousy of popular girl Delia due to them both fancying the same man. But when Delia pranks Ivy by having her injected with a spliced insect serum, neither could have imagined that Ivy would begin to transform into a very fertile mantis mother-to-be!*

## **Part 1: Delia's Plan**

Though she could easily pass as someone slightly younger, Ivy Hartridge was in fact a student at university, nearly finished with her first year. With her short and slim build, flame-red hair, and a face and overall body shape that could be described as 'cute' rather than beautiful, cute looks, she had never had much trouble getting boys' attention, even though she had a flat chest and did not possess a curvaceous body.

So it came as no surprise when her fellow student Daniel started to invent excuses to hang out with her more and more. He was good-looking; tall, strong, with kind eyes and a cheeky grin that made her knees bend a little, so she was happy to let him continue to vye for her affection, even knowing he was meant to be already dating Delia Anward.

Unfortunately for her, she was unaware that Delia had already seen the two of them together. Delia Anward had gone to high school with Daniel, and had always hoped to get together with him. The moment he asked her out earlier that year was one of the happiest in her life. While she was not a model, she was proud of her prominent C-cup breasts and silky black hair, and became incensed when she saw Daniel talking to Ivy with a dreamy look on his face, completely taken with the person she had sometimes mocked with her friends as a 'flat block of wood.' Worse, Ivy *knew* Delia was dating Daniel, and didn't seem to care. She had led Delia's boyfriend astray and was trying to tempt him.

She decided Ivy had to pay.

Delia, while not book smart, was an excellent manipulator, and spent more than a week after seeing Daniel lean in to kiss Ivy getting her claws into a labtech student named Theo across the campus, making him think she was interested in his work, and in him in general. After all, she took great care to maintain her good looks, and this was the perfect time to use them.

One day she managed to convince Theo to let her browse some of the lab's experimentation. She 'accidentally' bumped over a fluid-filled beaker, and while she made apologies, she quickly browsed the inventory of the DNA gene-splicing lab he worked in as

he cleaned up the spill. She read through many of the tabs, most of which were completely unreadable to her, until she came upon seemingly the only one not tabbed with random numbers and acronyms. It simply read, below a few bars of designations, 'Insect Queen splicing'.

"Ha, how perfect," she said to herself, "I want to crush her like a bug and now I will. Let's see how Daniel likes cute little Ivy when she's down sick with scabby mantis rash or something."

She snatched the large vial away, hiding it in her jacket, and congratulating herself on visiting Theo when the lab and its cameras were shutting off for the day. It went into her pocket just as Theo returned with a mop and cleaned up the spill. She thanked him, gave him a lifeless hug and a passionless peck on the cheek to thank him for letting her see his work, and left him behind, never wanting anything to do with him again unless this particular vial didn't work.

That night Delia stored the heavy vial of the Insect Queen DNA mix as safely as she could in her dorm's fridge, making sure to keep it wrapped so no one would drink it. She hadn't quite worked out exactly how she was going to get Ivy with it yet, but she figured she'd know when the right opportunity would present itself.

Only a little over a week later, it did.

Ivy had come to campus looking a little ill, and it was clear she was suffering a bit of a cold. Delia caught Daniel chatting once again with his soon-to-be-girlfriend, and she was advising him not to stand too close as "I've managed to catch a bad cold from my cousin or something, I shouldn't even be in today."

Daniel simply smiled, and in fact leaned closer. "That's okay, colds don't scare me off Ivy. I was thinking . . . maybe we could grab a drink together at the cafe?"

Ivy looked a bit surprised. "Oh, that'd be great Daniel. Are you sure Delia won't mind?"

Delia paused, waiting to see how this would play out. Daniel smirked.

"Nah, she'll be fine. I don't think she even knows about you and me anyway."

Ivy frowned. "You should tell her sometime. You need to break up with her so we can actually be together."

"I will. When the time is right. I promise."

"Then I'd love to. A good cup of iced coffee would do me good."

Delia felt crestfallen, a feeling that was instantly replaced with rage in her mind. She decided to act. Her first, fairly lame ploy was simply to pour the mixture all over Ivy. But now . . . now she was going to make the girl *ingest it*. After all, that's what the tab on the original

vial said very explicitly and expressly not to do, so maybe that would make it all the worse. She managed to get ahead of the pair and make it to the cafe, where he told her friends Stacy and Maddison who worked there her plan. They were shocked.

“Oh my God Delia you are *so bad*,” Stacy gasped.

“Yeah, this is crazy, even for you,” Maddie said. “Are you sure you want to do this?”

Delia smirked. “Absolutely. I want to make that bitch pay for stealing my boyfriend. Turn her into a mantis girl or at least get her really sick or something.”

The other two couldn't believe it, but when Ivy made her order for an iced fruit drink, they got to work, pouring the mixture into a glass and adding ice cubes and a small umbrella to conceal it. Stacy handed it to Ivy with a smile, who simply thanked her and began slurping at her drink while Daniel and her laughed back and forth and held hands over the table.

The whole time Delia watched with a smile.

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She walked forward, pretending to look elsewhere even as she stealthily withdrew the needle of genetically-modified insect DNA. She ‘accidentally’ crashed into her rival, quickly stabbing her with the needle in the butt through her skirt, before careening over with her bag, which she hurtled the needle into.

It didn't take too long to take effect. Ivy was walking with Daniel again fifteen minutes later when she began to feel a little woozy. Probably because of the cold, she figured, but she felt a pressing need to sit down as a wave of slight nausea rose.

“Is everything okay Ivy?” asked a concerned Daniel, “you look a little pale.”

“It's okay Daniel, it's okay. Sorry, this cold is heightening everything. I need to go . . . sit down. Sorry, I had a great time but I shouldn't have come while sick today, let's catch up later this week when I'm better, huh?”

The last sentence came as the nausea increased, and she was already moving out of sight when Daniel called out that he would be more than happy for that. She beelined straight for the bus service, hoping she wouldn't vomit on the bus on the short ride home. Delia watched these events play out and smiled, looking to her friends whose shifts had just ended.

“Hopefully that serum puts that bitch down for a few weeks, maybe gives her a nasty rash.”

“What if it's worse?” Maddison asked, “what if she starts changing or something?”

Delia just smiled. “Then all the better.”

## Part 2: Ivy Busts Out

Several days later and Ivy's cold was starting to get a little bit better. It had been pretty horrible the last few days, with the nausea getting quite bad and her scalp becoming quite itchy. She was starting to suspect she was hitting her period a bit early this month since her boobs had gotten a little bigger. Henry, a fellow student, thought she was starting to look 'a little green.' And in fact she still did look a little coloured, but she was agitating to get back to college, especially since there was so much to do.

But over the coming week upon her return, more changes slowly occurred. Her breasts, normally completely flat little A-cups, had suddenly grown. She woke one morning with an increased weight and heft to her chest, and found that none of her usual clothes fit: her breasts strained against her traditional campus shirt, buttons pulling apart slightly to show diamonds of skin. She'd have to get a new upsized one. Moreover, none of her bras fit anymore. It was bizarre. A number of fellow students looked at her in astonishment as she attended lectures later in the day.

The next day she visited her usual clothing store, a little embarrassed. She hadn't needed a new bra since she was thirteen, but now two bloated mounds stood out proudly from her chest.

"You've definitely gone up," Angie said, who recognised her from several fittings across the years. "You're now a C-cup. I'll show you some samples."

C-cups? And so quickly? Ivy was overwhelmed as the store woman helped her pick new bras. As she did, her stomach rumbled, leaving her to curse silently. She'd only just had breakfast before coming here and she was already hungry.

The next day, Ivy returned to college, and after the initial shock wore off she actually started to enjoy the experience of having cleavage. Despite still feeling a little nauseous, she became further confident as she saw herself in some mirrored surfaces. She now had a very attractive side profile. It was an astonishing shock that had happened entirely overnight. Despite the irritation that would come with even more men gazing at her form, the twenty year old took some delight in this late development, wondering if it might not be the fact that she had recently switched birth control to help better manage her periods, or perhaps some change in her diet that had triggered a latent onset of hormonal development. Either way, it meant she could be even more confident now with Daniel, and when she went into the lecture theatre she beamed as she overheard someone say "Wow, someone's had a growth spurt!"

Ivy occasionally saw Delia giving her the side eye, or looking over her intently for some reason. Ivy just figured that the girl had recognised her latest 'growth' and was more than a little jealous. After a lecture in which she was staring again, Ivy was suddenly distracted by Daniel's presence.

"Hey Ivy, you look really good today."

She smiled and curled some hair behind her ear. "Thanks Daniel. You're looking pretty nice yourself."

"So I was thinking . . . would you like to go out for dinner this Friday? Another date for just the two of us?"

She smiled. "I'd love to Daniel, I -"

She halted suddenly as a new wave of nausea came over her, similar to her previous bouts but even more powerful. Two points on her scalp itched horribly, and the area below her chest seemed to ache, along with her pubic region. Her belly churned, as it had for the past week. She clutched her stomach and tried to ride out the feelings.

"Euugh! Yes, s-sorry, I'm still coming down from this damn stomach bug."

As she spoke the word 'bug' she could have sworn someone chuckled at her as they exited the building, but she couldn't tell who.

"It, ahhh, it should be gone by the weekend" she said meekly.

Daniel smiled. "Good. I hope you get better, because I'm really looking forward to it. Be seeing you Ivy."

He left, and her heart soared at how the exchange had gone, despite her cold or stomach illness or whatever it was. Thinking on her increased cup size, she assumed that it may just have been that her late puberty chest development was the result of hormones kicking in or something. There was a nerd whiz kid on campus called Theo who was all about that stuff.

All that mattered was the upcoming date with Daniel. The rest, she could deal with.

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While this was happening, Delia was becoming very frustrated.

"I've given her the Insect Queen DNA mix," she told a trusted friend, "and all its done is give her bigger boobs for some reason!"

Her friend Stacy was wide-eyed. "Maybe this is only the first change she'll have?"

"Yeah!" said their other friend Maddison, "maybe she'll grow gross mantis wings or get a big insect butt!"

Delia smiled, imagining the cute, thin, and now busty Ivy Hartridge trying to snag men while suffering with an abdomen twice her size sticking out from her skirt.

"Hopefully that's exactly what will happen, Maddie. Because right now she and Daniel are starting to date and it's not working fast enough."

"I still can't believe you did it Delia," Stacy said. "What if you get in trouble?"

"Who's going to tell? That nerd Theo will get in trouble, not me, and I know you girls won't tell."

"We should keep watching her for signs," Maddie suggested. The other two quickly agreed. Delia wanted to see where this 'stomach bug' went.

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The next day, Ivy struggled to fit into her C-cup bra. Her breasts, even more bloated now, simply overflowed the already-sizeable cups she'd spent so much money on just the previous day. They were heavy and full on her chest, and what's more the skin beneath them was irritable. The shocked woman went to the mirror and hefted her two breasts upward, noting with a mixture of both pride and concern that each one was now nearly too big to be held fully in one hand; some of the boobflesh spilled out over her palms. She groaned at the sight in the mirror: she had started to develop something like a rash below her breasts, likely, she reasoned, a result of the strain on her skin as a result of her alarming developments. A lurch in her stomach made her wince, and with a grimace she saw that her belly, which had been flat and thin just days ago, had rounded slightly, looking a little pudgy. She wasn't sure what to make of this. She had definitely started eating more just a few days before her first breast growth. Perhaps she should slow down, she reasoned. But only a few minutes later as she struggled into her uniform, wearing her now deeply uncomfortable C-cup bras, she was already beginning to feel ravenous. Despite her earlier worries about putting on weight, she gorged herself on waffles and pancakes, much more than she usually ate, until finally she felt settled, full and a little bit flushed. She left to head for campus, still scratching at two particular points on her scalp which were continuing to irritate her.

Ivy was feeling self-conscious and deeply uncomfortable as she entered her lectures. She had ordered new uniforms, but in the meantime had to make do. Her large breasts strained against the fabric, causing even more diamond patterns of skin to show, and with every breath she took she could feel the fabric stretch, the buttons struggling to hold her in. Her shirt rode up, stretched over her chest as it was. What's more, her slightly pudgier belly distended her shirt somewhat, leaving her thickened midriff exposed.

People looked as she passed, particularly the male students. She supposed she looked just like one of the sluttier girls on campus now, like Delia or Stacy, but it was a new feeling for her to have a chest that jiggled and wobbled with every step. She had always looked cute, but now, she supposed, she looked a lot more . . . curvy. Still, as she tried to take notes during the lecture she was constantly distracted by the discomfort of her ill-fitting bra. Her breasts were bulging out over the cups, and she was very self-conscious of how her nipples were occasionally outlined by the fabric of her uniform.

In the end she left early to go to the bathroom to adjust herself. Daniel smiled at her, clearly appreciating her form which made her feel inwardly a little happier. Delia just glared. The bitch had hated her ever since Daniel had started showing an interest.

Ivy checked that the bathroom was empty before going before the mirror, then she undid the top two buttons of her uniform. She sighed in instant relief as much of the tightness in her chest abated. Her cleavage was enormous, at least to someone who was used to not having any. Looking down she could no longer see her toes, and her chest was piled up, almost more out of her now-measly bras than in them. Scratched at the area below her breasts, and another wave of discomfort shook her. She hunched forward, gripping the edge of the basin. The two areas below her breasts stung, and she experienced a surge of hunger.

"Ugghhhh, what's . . . what's wrong with me?"

It was then that Delia walked in.

"Holy shit Ivy what's happened to your?!"

Ivy felt her cheeks flush with embarrassment as she fumbled with her top, struggling to get her buttons done back up. Once again diamonds of skin showed between them as the shirt was stretched to breaking point.

"I'm just going through a growth spurt," she muttered, still flushed, and increasingly hungry.

"I'd say," Delia snickered, eyeing her rival's stomach, which was again on display as the shirt rode up, "you've put on a little weight there Ivy. How will Daniel feel about that?"

Ivy glanced down at her stomach. It did look a little bit bigger. "Why don't you ask him yourself, Delia?" she snapped, and stormed past her.

Delia was intrigued, but also worried. She wasn't sure if this was the result of the serum, or whether she's just triggered a hormonal change. Either way, Ivy only looked *more* beautiful, with a pair of big tits to go with her petite body, though even that was rounding out a little.

By Friday, Ivy was getting more than a little worried. Her hunger continued to surge and eat also into her wallet. Every morning she woke with a need to stuff herself full, and while her initial nausea had gone away, her changes hadn't. She woke to find her chest sore and heavy, and her midsection bloated too. Her breasts were now incapable of fitting into her C-cup bras, and now resembled two hefted cantaloupes fixed to her upper body, much too large for her figure. They were heavy and ached, but didn't sag, instead sitting pert and full on her chest. The two rashes below them had gotten worse, and ached even more. The skin was no longer red but instead had become two pink points sitting perfectly parallel to her enlarged nipples above them, like the aftermath of mosquito bites.

There were two other bumps as well, at the top of her forehead, where her scalp had been itching. Smooth bumps, swollen as if she'd hit her head in two places. They were painful to the touch and itched like hell. So did her crotch in fact. Her female parts had also taken on a slightly pinker hue, and seemed . . . bigger. It was the only way to say it. Gently, she probed the area and immediately winced.

"Gahh!" She recoiled. It was so sensitive! She was struck with an immediate feeling of arousal, her parts becoming wet and nipples hardening in response.

"What the fuck?"

She gasped to her reflection, her large chest rising and falling with each breath. She decided to book a doctor's appointment to figure out what was happening to her body, because none of this was normal. But when she called she received bad news: they couldn't fit her in until Friday of next week, on account of the flu going around. She called two more places and they could only book her in on the *next Saturday!* She went with the earliest appointment and hung up the phone with a heavy sigh, before sitting to have breakfast and order new bras to contain her increasing bustline. The former took longer than expected. No matter how much she promised to herself to curb her newfound eating habits, she continued to eat far in excess of what she knew she should. She groaned as she finished her plate of pancakes, rubbing her slightly distended stomach and feeling overly full. She pushed down a sudden urge to eat even more, and set out.

With her date coming up that night, Ivy needed to buy herself a nice new dress. She'd 'outgrown' all her old ones. She also desperately needed new bras before her more expensive ordered ones arrived; her boobs were already sore enough without having her C-cup bras practically cutting into her growing chest. She went to get measured again.

"My dear, you've definitely gotten bigger. I've never heard of someone growing like this over just a couple of days."

Neither had Ivy. She flushed with embarrassment. "I guess I'm just getting a late puberty development?"

"Hmm." The woman sizing her didn't seem too convinced. "However you got them, they're a full D-cup now."

Ivy had suspected this might be the case, but hearing it said out loud still hit like a sledgehammer. She tried several C sizes anyway, trying to convince herself otherwise, but true enough none of them fit. Instead she was forced to try on several pairs of D-cups. Her breasts stood plump and firm on her chest, a long line of cleavage formed between them. They were starting to look a little *too* big for her frame, the flesh pudging out to the sides beneath her armpits. Still, it would have to do. It was not like she had any choice.

Next was the dress. She decided to try some of her usual fare just in case the fabric would allow, but quickly discovered that it wasn't just her increasingly fat breasts she had to worry about, but her increasingly chubby middle. One dress was so achingly tight she could swear she felt a seam give. The store woman Angie asked how she felt in that one.

"It's . . . ahh, ahh . . . a little tight! We might have to give it out a little."

A little turned out to be more than either had expected. Ivy looked to the ground in shame as adjustments were noted down for her: a lot of space given to her flushed bosom, but equally as much to her rounded middle. She was putting on so much weight so quickly, why couldn't she just stop eating?

Finally she settled on a dark blue dress that hid most of her increasing chubbiness, and emphasised her newly ample 'assets' rather than her waistline. She left the store having traded in her old bras and still come out quite short. She tried to avoid scratching her head as she left.

That night, she waited nervously for Daniel to pick her up. She fussed over her dress, which still felt a little too tight, especially around the chest and waist areas, but when he arrived he simply said "Wow Ivy, you look gorgeous."

She smiled, feeling for the first time in the past few days like she really was beautiful. He drove her to dinner at a lovely local pasta restaurant. Her stomach growled loudly on the way, and she had to stop herself from groaning out loud.

"Wow," Dan said with a smile, "you sure are hungry huh?"

She gave him an awkward grin as she rested her hands on her somewhat distended belly. "I, uh, skipped lunch I guess."

"Well it's not long till we get there."

Ivy was shifting and squirming in her seat by the time her order arrived. Chatting with Dan had been nice, and he was certainly handsome enough that her loins were starting to

tingle, something which had never happened on a first date before. But most of all she needed food, and when it arrived she scoffed it down readily, surprising Dan.

"Wow, you weren't joking about being hungry?"

She smiled sheepishly, and tried to slow down, but her hunger had only increased when the food was placed in front of her, and she slowly returned to her initial gluttonous approach, swallowing mouthfuls greedily. Hopefully it wouldn't keep going to her waist - she didn't want to look fat! In the end she had to order a whole second main and side order before she was satisfied. Dan was in shock. He'd never seen a girl eat so much before and still be thin.

"Sorry," she said, cursing her hunger and wishing she could see a doctor earlier. "I'm just really hungry."

"I don't mind, I find it cute! I only wish I'd ordered faster for you."

As they spoke and enjoyed each other's company, Ivy tried to hide her discomfort at the skin below her breasts and the nubs on her forehead that itched terribly. So she was taken by surprise when Dan asked if she wanted to go back to her place. Despite her growing concerns, that wet desire between her legs returned. It was like her libido had shot up as much as her body had changed, and she wanted some action tonight. She wanted to feel beautiful and needed.

She agreed.

"That'd be perfect," she said, ignoring the pressures in her body. "I'm feeling in the mood tonight."

That, at least, was completely true. Little did she know the changes to her DNA were making her far more lustful than usual, all to prepare her for the greatest changes to come.

An insect queen needed her brood, after all.

### **Part 3: An Extra Pair**

An hour later and the two of them were naked together on his bed, Dan fondling her big tits. Ivy's nipples were almost *painfully* erect, and her passage was slick with her juices.

"Oohhhh that feels soooo good," Ivy moaned as Dan fondled her breasts. They were sore and achy, but also incredibly aroused as he massaged them.

"I can't believe how big you've gotten Ivy."

She moaned as he fingered her depths.

"I know . . . I don't know why - mmhmmm - it just happened!"

She shuddered as he began to remove her panties. "I don't care how it happened. I just like it."

He began positioning his hard member between her legs, and she instinctively widened her thighs to provide him access. She moaned as he entered her, unbelieving how wet her body already was.

"Ohhhhh God," Ivy moaned. Her swollen nethers took in his girth as Dan continued to suck and stroke her plump breasts. He began to thrust, gently and slowly at first and then faster and harder. Ivy's nipples hardened with arousal, but she could also feel those two other points *stiffen*. Her eyes went wide. What on earth had just happened? But she was immediately overloaded with the pleasurable sensation of Dan withdrawing nearly his entire length out before pushing it all the way back in, and the concern died away, lost among the ecstasy.

"Fuck you feel good Ivy," Dan panted. They were both close to orgasm by this point, when he stopped mid-thrust. Ivy couldn't help but moan in frustration, bouncing her hips to continue experiencing that wanton need.

"Wait, wait, Jesus wait, Ivy, I'm about to come, I need to know if you're on the pill!"

Ivy nearly choked. How could she have been so stupid? She had never had sex without making the guy wear a condom before, and she always took the pill. She'd taken the pill this morning, but she was always extra-cautious. She knew she should stop and make him put one on, but the burning need in her loins was beyond anything she had felt. She needed him to come. She needed to come, in a way she had never felt before. The pill would be enough, wouldn't it?

"Yes, I'm on the pill," she grumbled, "can you get back to fucking me now?"

He kissed her, and she kissed him back.

"Okay babe, you don't have to ask me twice."

He thrust again, and she moaned, holding her large D-cup breasts in her forearms as they wobbled on her chest. The ecstasy was becoming too great. She was on the verge of orgasm.

"Daniel, I'm - aaahh - about to - oooohh - cum!"

And then it hit her. She arched her back, her legs wrapping around her waist as orgasm after orgasm rolled through her. Moments later Daniel grunted in release, and she felt his hot seed flood into her. They lay together, panting for some time in the post-coital glow.

"That was . . . pretty amazing Ivy. You've got a great pair of tits."

She smirked, trying to ignore the strange rumbling in her stomach. Dan chuckled.

"Don't tell me you're hungry again?"

"No, I - Ooohhh!"

She clutched her stomach, feeling it beginning to churn. The points on her head ached.

"Are you okay? You look like you've been bitten by a mosquito here or something."

His fingers brushed the two knots growing below her fattened breasts, and once more she felt them stiffen in response. Almost like . . .

She gasped, and rolled Dan off her as she stood and covered her changing torso. Her loins had begun to go numb in the aftermath of sex, still leaking his issue down her thigh.

"S-sorry, I have to go home," she declared.

Dan looked concerned. "Is everything alright? I didn't mean to comment on your body."

"No, no, you were great," she said, and found that she meant it. That burning need had subsided, even if she was alarmed at her own lack of insistence that he wear a condom. "I just . . . need to go. Feeling a little tired, sorry."

It was true, Ivy, who was normally quite cheery and full of energy, had started to look a little tired. The changes, the eating, the stress over her body, it was beginning to get to her, and Daniel could see it.

"Sure, okay, I'll drive you back. Did you want to take a shower first or something?"

Dan raised a hand and caressed her naked shoulder. She nearly whimpered as those strange knots below her breasts hardened yet again. She pushed away from him.

"No, now. Sorry Dan, this was wonderful. It was just very . . . fast I guess."

Dan shrugged, a little confused.

"I'll go start the car."

Ivy gave an awkward goodbye to Daniel, trying to ensure he knew she enjoyed his company. As soon as he was gone, she fled to the bathroom. Ivy's parents were out of the country for the next several months, which meant at least in her home she didn't need to hide her changes. She removed her clothing, cringing at the soreness in her growing breasts. Already they looked bigger than they had that morning, plumper and higher on her chest. She lifted one and marvelled at its weight. No wonder her back was getting sore when she had been wearing her too-small bras.

Nearly hidden beneath her boobs were those knots. Ivy shuddered at the sight of them; they had visibly grown, now pointed outward at least two centimetres or more, and with a circular patch of bumpy pink skin around them. It was impossible to deny now. They looked like *nipples*.

She felt at one with her fingers, and a twinge of soreness but also shock of arousal coursed through her. The knot stiffened, followed by the other. All her nipples became hardened. All *four* of them.

"It's not possible. It can't be. It *can't*."

By the time she reached her bed she had started repeating it in a mad mantra. It took her an hour to fall asleep, and only slightly less than that to enter the stage of denial.

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Ivy woke late on Sunday feeling disoriented, hungry, heavy and nauseous. She groaned in discomfort as she rose, until the heavy sensation of plump breasts on her chest brought back memories of last night: her new D-cup bustline, sex with Daniel, her new set of nipples. A cold bead of sweat ran down her forehead as the horror of what had happened sunk in, but she didn't even have time to process it as a new wave of nausea, more powerful and more distinct than the ones that had accompanied her previous growth spurts, sent her reeling. She ran to the bathroom, feeling even heavier-set than the day before. She just managed to make it to the toilet in time before she began to heave up the contents of her stomach.

"Uggghh, oh God," she moaned, before throwing up a second time. She clutched her stomach as it heaved out the remains of last night's dinner. For a distracted moment, she could have sworn she felt the pressure in her belly give way to actually growth.

She cleaned herself up and had a shower, increasingly concerned over her body. Her breasts had definitely grown while she slept, and when she tried to put on one of her new tops her stomach was too pudgy to fit properly. Ivy wiped tears from her eyes. She felt bloated, sick, tired, and increasingly strained by these changes, and now she appeared to have grown a second set of nipples!

She tested various shirts, but her fattened nipples on her overdeveloped chest were increasingly erect, and her new 'additions' followed suit. The only way she could hide her new changes were by wearing incredibly loose garments that only made her look baggy, or by taping over her lower nipples so that they didn't show up against her shirt. She opted for the latter, wincing as she did. She had never heard of something like this happening before.

Her doctor's appointment was only five days away, but what if she searched online for her symptoms? She opted to do that as she ate breakfast, tasking herself with only eating an appropriate amount and not giving into her bouts of hunger.

Ivy immediately failed, so great was her hunger. She continued to feel her extra nipples, astonished and sickened by her strange developments. What had happened to her? Why had it happened? Was it the result of some strange new mutant strain of flu or something? She tried not to think about the two bumps on her forehead, deftly hidden beneath her hair. But she couldn't ignore the hefty weight of her fattened chest, the way her plump breasts jutted out from her upper torso and weighed noticeably on her back. Sitting in her D-cup bras they were quickly becoming a . . . tight fit. They had grown, and she needed new bras. And perhaps, she considered miserably, some even bigger sizes just in case.

Making sure no one saw her taped new . . . additions, Ivy travelled to the clothing store. Looking in the mirror, she was astonished. Her breasts, which were only continuing to ache sorely, were easily DDs, perfect in every way were it not for how they looked too large for her small frame. She couldn't figure out why she was developing so much, and especially at the age of twenty. It was mortifying! And she couldn't help but notice she was sweating more too, a light sheen of it adorning her plump chest as if tired from the sheer aching *effort* of growing. She shyly purchased several new sizes, confusing the woman at the counter. She traded in her 'old' D-cups, purchased only the day before, for new DDs and even some E-cups. She didn't even want to consider the possibility that they might grow larger, but had to be prepared just in case.

On the way home she couldn't help herself; she stopped to get a large serving of fast food. When the young woman at the serving counter made an encouraging comment on 'I bet the kid will like that, huh?' Ivy gave her a strange look.

"What do you mean, kids?"

The woman turned red. "Oh, I'm so sorry. I just assumed, with your stomach . . . and your chest . . . and all this food . . ." she trailed off into silence. Ivy took the tray, red with fury and shame herself.

"I'm not pregnant, I'll have you know," she said venomously. "I've just . . . I've just put on some weight recently." She glanced down at her growing curves. Her stomach already seemed noticeably bigger than it had been that morning. It was straining against the jeans button. She took the food and left while the woman poured apologies, but even as she walked home she couldn't resist gorging herself upon the chips and greased chicken.

By the time she went to bed Ivy felt overcome by her changing body, but had managed to convince herself that the . . . things below her breasts could not be nipples.

They couldn't be. They just couldn't be. It was too much to think otherwise. She slept on her side - her stomach was too bloated and full to feel comfortable, and did her best not to scratch either her nethers or her scalp. The area just below her armpits were also becoming a bit itchy and pressured in the afternoon, but she told herself that come Friday's appointment everything would be alright.

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The next day on campus, every eye was on Ivy. She once-slim girl was the image of discomfort in her tight clothing and straining bust. Her large DD bust line swelled up and down with each breath, her cleavage creeping up to her clavicle as she breathed heavily. Her skin was warm, flushed, and she had a sheen of sweat on her she couldn't clear away. Even as the first lecture began she couldn't stop herself eating. She had brought chewing gum, chocolate, biscuit snacks and a host of other sugary and savoury sweets to fill her ever hungry stomach. It was the final week of semester, and once it was over she could stop appearing in public until whatever was happening to her was solved. But it was a struggle. She kept scratching at her forehead, and trying to ignore the awful feeling of her loins swollen grotesquely in her pants, or the strange bumps below her breasts. Several times she had to leave to adjust her uniform, but nothing was ever good enough: it was just simply too *tight*.

Not too long after, it happened.

She was taking notes from the professor, trying to avoid the gazes of others in the class and her own bloated middle, when she stretched her back. There was an enormous feeling of strain as the fabric of her clothing struggled to contain her, and then . . . POP! PLIP!

A button burst from her uniform and rocketed across the room, followed by another. Her breasts sagged forward, no longer so tightly constrained by her uniform, and all eyes turned to her heaving chest. She left in a hurry, and managed to walk right into Delia.

"Jesus Ivy, watch where your big tits are going!"

Ivy stared at her rival. Why did it have to be her she ran into? Her breasts were so damn sore, her lower 'developments' trying to become erect. She must have looked like a mess.

"Get out of my way Delia, I don't feel well."

"I'd say, you look terrible Ivy. I know Daniel must be taken with your big tits but I wonder how he feels about your huge stomach."

"She looks like she's been knocked up," Delia's friend Stacy pitched in.

"Yeah, it's the only way to explain those huge tits she grew overnight," Maddie said.

"She was flat as a board and now she looks like she has cow udders on her chest."

Ivy's eyes went wide, and she instinctively clutched her stomach out of fear. Delia looked equally surprised.

"No, really? Are you preppers? You bitch slut!"

She swiped at Ivy, who yelped as Delia's hand struck one of the sore bumps on her forehead painfully.

"What the -", Delia said, nursing her hand, but Ivy was gone. "That whore. She better not be preppers with Dan's baby. Why didn't the serum work?"

Maddie sighed. "Aww, it didn't work?" I was hoping to see her grow a big insect butt."

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Daniel was a bit overcome when Ivy broke the news to him that she might be pregnant.

"A-are you sure?" he asked, "it's only been two days."

"I-I worried, that's all," she said. "I threw up yesterday. Like . . . morning sickness."

He scratched the back of his head nervously. "Is that why your boobs have . . . ?"

He let the implication regarding her enlarged bust hang in the air.

"I don't know. They started getting bigger before then."

Daniel stepped closer and extended a hand to privately massage one of her swollen breasts. "They definitely look bigger now."

Ivy suppressed a moan. "Please Dan, we need to sort this out. I've been putting on weight recently and I'm getting scared."

He dropped his hand. "Fine, I'll go and get you the pregnancy test since you don't have a car. But even if you are pregnant, I know enough to see that that stomach," he pointed at her distended belly, which can go from slightly pudgy to firmly into chubby territory, "could not have grown in a day."

Again Ivy was mortified. And had no idea what to do when Dan left. He returned twenty agonising minutes later with four different pregnancy tests, handing them silently over to the red-faced girl. She took them into the bathroom, and tried to ignore her reddened womanhood, swollen and bulging out inhumanely, as she peed on all four. Another twenty minutes passed, and despite all the weirdness of what was going on with her, she breathed a heavy sigh of relief as they all came up negative. Daniel too.

"I can't do this - us - right now Daniel. I'm sorry. Things are just weird. I've been putting on a lot of weight and I need to sort it out."

Daniel looked concerned, but she could tell the pregnancy scare had rattled him.

"Sure, yeah, okay Ivy," he said, "I hope you get okay. You still look good. Um, I hope to see you round. I hope that we can get together again some time. I do really like you, I promise I do."

He shut the door as he left.

"DAMMIT!!!" Ivy screamed once he had driven away. She clutched her head in annoyance and scratched her head in irritation, when suddenly:

"OUCH!"

It felt as if the skin had torn away, like something had burst from a pustule atop her head. She felt with her hand at something nub-like hidden in her hair, and then groaned as a tight pressure started in her stomach and continued to rise up into her chest area.

"OOOOHHHH . . . NNNGGHNN . . . AAAHH!!!"

And then, impossibly yet undeniably, she felt her stomach grow outward several centimetres, her hands spreading slightly further apart as they held her burgeoning belly. Her breasts bulged in her bra, the pale orbs creeping over the cups like muffins rising over their tray. And the pressure behind the knots increased too. She clenched her teeth as she felt the flesh below her breasts soften and expand, gasping for relief from the internal pressure. Finally her discomfort subsided, and she laid on the ground, panting heavily and soaked in her own sweat, painfully aroused. She rose with some difficulty, her centre of gravity even more top heavy than before, and moved awkwardly to inspect herself in the mirror.

"No. No. No no no no no NO!"

There was no denying it now. Her body had just changed. The woman in the mirror was undeniably Ivy Hartridge, but altered as if through a funhouse mirror, or science fiction experiment. Her breasts sat full and pert and increasingly plump on her chest. They almost looked as if they had gone up another cup size. But far more noticeable were the pink knots below them, which now sat proudly on two fleshy lumps protruding outwards. Two small, very real breasts, situated below her upper ones. No bigger than A-cups, but there all the same. Her large D-cups rested on top of them, largely hiding her lower pair from view. But they were. They were real.

"Extra breasts . . . I don't understand, why is this happening to me!?"

She almost failed to notice the bumps on her head until she felt one of them *twitch*. Her eyes scanned up. There, extending like little pink nubs from her head, were what could only be described as a pair of small insect antennae. They were short, no longer than four or

five centimetres at most, and half that thick, but they moved in her hair, twitching and revolving on some deep sockets just above her skull. She reached a shaking hand up to grasp one, and the moment she did there was a flood of pain as she tried to rip it out, like an electric shock right into her skull. There was no doubt they were a part of her. Somehow they had *grown* from her head.

Extra breasts. New antennae. An engorged vulva, and an increasingly round stomach. She wasn't pregnant, at least it didn't seem to be that way. So what the hell was happening to her?

There was no way any of this could be real. And yet there it all was.

She fainted.

#### **Part 4: Getting Your Insect On**

Ivy woke, and this time there were no early waking moments of blissful ignorance. She had dreamed of growing extra parts, all of them increasingly inhuman. In the dream she had no choice as her body changed bit by bit, until she was completely unrecognisable. Now, full waking, she could feel other changes having manifested.

Her chest was sore, and full, the nipples bigger and feeling very tender. They were still cramped into her DD-cup bra and overflowing the cups, and worse still was the sensation on the . . . lower pair of breasts she had somehow developed, which felt crushed beneath them.

They had grown too, only slightly. As had her stomach. The antennae - if that's even what they were - were thankfully still quite small, and could easily be hidden if she wore a hat or fluffed up her hair. But anxiety was setting in. People didn't just grow a second pair of breasts! And they certainly didn't start swelling up like a balloon this quickly! Nor did they grow freakin' antennae!

A wave of hunger rolled through her, her taut dome of a stomach jutting outward, no longer resembling the thin form she had had only two weeks ago. She was in the midst of searching the internet for any similar symptoms or cases and unable to find *anything* when her stomach rumbled. She felt flushed and full and already sweaty despite having a shower, and whenever she brushed her nipples she felt all four of them hardened with near-painful arousal.

She could find nothing to help her online, and with no plan and a need to cover up her shame, she did the only thing she could think of; try to ignore the problem to the best of her ability and hope against hope that it would go away as unnaturally as it had come. It wasn't like she could visit a doctor's until Friday, and even when she did, she was terrified that they might think her a freak and put her on display!

Ivy managed to find one of her A-cup bras that she hadn't thrown away, and awkwardly placed it around her lower breasts. The bra wasn't exactly comfortable, but it beat having her much larger 'upper breasts', as she had begun thinking of them as, weighing down painfully upon her lower ones. This gave some reasonable padding. Her upper ones meanwhile were bulging out over her already-sizeable DD bras. The skin over her chest was flushed, slick with sweat, and they almost felt as if they were *full*.

She went to school with that setup, her improvised outfit managing to be still too small to properly contain her burgeoning figure. Still, she tried not to think about her developments, or moan in response to the alien sensation of her breasts weighing heavily upon her lower ones. When she passed him, Daniel eyed her strangely, while Delia and her friends continued to whisper and giggle behind her back. Ivy had to continually will herself not to touch the strange nubs on her head. It had taken effort to hide them in her hair, which she was continually adjusting out of fear. She just had to wait until Friday, and hope the doctor didn't make her some kind of case study.

Unfortunately, her discomfort reached a fever pitch in the lecture theatre when she leaned forward in response to her aching back and accidentally pressed her hefty breasts against the writing tray before her, which in turn pressed down even harder on her lower pair.

"Oooohhh!" she groaned. The lecture theatre fell silent as eyes turned her way. Even the professor was frowning.

"Something to share Ivy?"

"S-sorry." She rose, clutching her gut. "I - nggh - need to go to the bathroom."

She waddled out, her swollen stomach impeding her movement and her large breasts wobbling heavily. She made it to the bathroom. She was distraught at the sight before her. Her breasts were bulging heavily out of her DD cup bras, more like E's now, or even Double-E's in size. Below them, her tender lower breasts ached in the A-cup bra she had put around this morning. Already they too were bulging out slightly, the skin sore where the cup was nearly cutting into the flesh. She opted to remove her A-cup bra and replace it with an emergency B-cup one. Anything to hide the existence of her extra nipples.

"Too much. Shouldn't have c-come. Stupid. Stupid!"

She hurried home, hunched over awkwardly to conceal any developments, her uniform straining to contain her chest, and the buttons pulling very tightly around her stomach now. She had been so slim, so cute! Why was this happening to her?

“Just trying to b-be normal. Not working.”

Her stomach rumbled, reminding her of a strong urge to eat. Her kitchen was practically empty, so she ordered food, getting them to leave it at the door. She devoured the fast food, then ordered seconds once she was done. There was no stopping her hunger, or the changes it was fuelling. She ended up going topless, rubbing her sore double-pair of breasts and trying to massage out the aches. Little did she know that she was only causing them to grow larger, stimulating further growth.

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The next morning when she went to inspect her form in the mirror, there was no doubt that her lower breasts were continuing to develop in size. There was a plumpness and firmness to them that there wasn't the day before, and the nipples had become as large and erect as those on her 'upper' pair, which themselves were already being strained by her largest set of E-cup bras.

There were other developments that worried her. The . . . things sticking out from the top of her forehead were getting harder to conceal, having grown another 'stalk' of sorts. They were pinkish, a little darker than the colour of her skin, and occasionally she felt one twitch automatically, though for what reason she couldn't tell. It took her nearly half an hour of doing her hair before they were properly covered over. What's more, small protrusions were pressing out from the area just beneath her armpits, like swollen fleshy golf balls, much like her antennae had been before emerging. Only they were harder, with a wider surface area. With her increased . . . largesse, they were difficult to even spot while looking casually, but pressing against the skin made it very, very obvious. The twin areas ached, and there was a feeling of pressure against the surrounding skin. The area above her butt was also becoming quite sore and pressurised, and she had no idea what that meant.

“What else could there possibly be?” she whined to the mirror, revolted at her bloated reflection. “Am I mutating? Am I dying?”

There were no answers, just hunger and further growth. She didn't go to college that day, despite texts from Daniel asking what was going on with her. She was starting to see cruel taunts about her on college social media exchanged, and it made her all the more adamant to not return. But the break was coming up. They were crucial to her future. She

decided to try and get the education she needed, then immediately go home when she was done.

“I have to save my body and my future,” she declared to her strange form in the mirror. “I can do this.”

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The next day Ivy tried to keep her breasts and other new . . . features . . . more tightly bound, but the effort of compressing her increasingly full chest made her cry out in pain. Instead she just put her hopes in loose and thick woollen clothing, despite the heat, and that people would just assume she was getting fat. Which she was, she thought morosely. Her upper breasts were at least doing a good job of hiding her lower pair, hanging over like overripe melons to obscure the freakish developments above them.

With all the strangeness of her inhuman extra pair of breasts and strange antennae nubs, Ivy was only just noticing how much her ‘pot belly’ had expanded to become a more gluttonous-looking stomach. Indeed, each morning and at other times throughout the day she was still in the grip of great and sudden surges of immense hunger, to the point that almost anything edible would do. It was almost as if her body was *trying* to grow.

She barely paid any attention to lectures anymore, despite her vow. Just credit for attendance was needed at this point. She simply sat there waiting out the final week, occasionally looking glumly at Delia who eyed her with a look of joy on her face, giggling with Stacy and Maddy, the last of which always looked almost a little hungry to see more of Ivy’s form. Daniel looked at her occasionally, and all she could do was try and fail to suck in her burgeoning gut and hide her changes. Dan would just look a little embarrassed and turn away. There was no one left to turn to, and no one to comfort her and tell her everything would be alright. The pressure in her stomach was only increasing, causing her to sweat profusely from the sheer effort of her body passively growing without her consent.

When she went home towards the end of the week, agonised with discomfort over her various itchy parts and swelling spheres, she tore off her large coat and gaped in horror at her enormous breasts which were just managing to fit into their EEE-cup bras, and the lower pair which were straining against the B-cup she had put them in. It was true then, they were growing! It was impossible to take anymore. She collapsed onto her side on the bed, sobbing desperately, her large rack wobbling with each intake of breath. Her lower pair were growing and growing fast, just like the top ones had! For God’s sake, she now called her own pair of breasts ‘the top ones’ as if it was normal. As if any part of this was normal!

Between both pairs of breasts, her stomach, and the various strange nubs on her head, beneath her arms, and at the end of her spine, she didn't know how much more growing she could take.

And yet still, Ivy was still resolute that she could finish out the semester at uni. She could defer exams, sort out assignments, but she needed to be present and listed on the lecture attendance role to have a hope of achieving that. She knew she was being stupid, but she clung to the desperate hope of normality like it was a lifeboat out at sea.

It only made things worse.

As the march towards her appointment continued the nipples on Ivy's upper breasts were almost permanently hard and rigid, swelling outwards and brushing painfully against the cups of her bra. They were the size of large thimbles, to the point where Delia scoffed out loud that "Ivy is getting so fat her tits are starting to stare at me." Ivy could only go flush with embarrassment and discomfort at how her clothing was increasingly trying to hem in her rapidly expanding figure.

After yet another ritual visit to the bathroom Ivy wiped the anxious tears from her eyes. Her lower breasts had come out of hiding. Now they were *visible* beneath the heavy sweaters and coats she wore. They were at least Cs by now. Cs!

It was a day before her doctor's appointment when she received a call stating that they would have to shift her appointment to the following week instead due to the flu season rush. She begged them in tears over the phone to fit her in, but the earliest they could manage was a Monday. She instantly began searching for an alternative, painfully aware that her lower breasts were growing more and more to equal their overfull sisters up top. Worse still, the other strange protrusions growing from her body were starting to take shape. Just above Ivy's butt, at the end of her spine, a sort of . . . sac, was extending outwards. The skin was pinkish and sore, and somewhat elastic, like a giant skin tag. Only it was nearly the size of an apple, or larger..

"Is it a tumour?" she asked herself anxiously, trying to inspect it using her mirror. But didn't appear to have much in it, just a tubelike emptiness extending out her rear. Either way it disgusted her, to have this - this *thing* - attached to her body.

It wasn't the only burgeoning addition. She had to wear a hat now, to conceal what were increasingly a most definite pair of antennae. They twitched involuntarily more and more now, and she worried if they got any longer they would threaten to throw off her hat. She had tried pulling one out, or cutting it off low on the stalk, but she was overwhelmed by pain and strange sensations of heat and nearby movement outside, so once again all she

could do was passively experience her body altering more and more freakishly against her will.

The additions below her arms sat limp like miniature rolling pins, getting thicker and longer each day. At the ends of the bony additions some small nubs were developing. She didn't even want to think about what that meant.

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By the time Ivy reached her final day of school for the year, everything had only gotten worse. Her stomach was continually pressurised, her lower breasts were painfully constrained by a C-cup bra much too small for them now, and she hid her new additions beneath a thick coat and heavy hat that made her look like an obese weirdo.

Which, she pondered sadly, she was now, really.

It was the day Ivy was dreading, but one she had to go ahead on. Presentation day. She could get enough credit to defer exams until this . . . *thisness* was sorted out. Her body was bloated beyond recognition now, looking in the mirror she could hardly believe the strange four-breasted figure with the large stomach and freakish protrusions had been the cute, thin, borderline waifish girl she'd been just a few weeks ago. Back then she would have walked quickly and confidently into the lecture theatre ready to present. Now she . . . waddled, visibly sweating, her upper pair of breasts heaving, nipples swollen like hard thimbles. She continually pressed at her backside, making sure the strange bulge there was tucked tightly into a large pair of her mother's panties, even if keeping it there was borderline agony.

One by one the students of the psychology class gave their presentations, but Ivy found it difficult to concentrate. She was getting hungrier again despite gorging herself on breakfast this morning, and she could swear that the internal pressure in her stomach and other parts was increasing. Delia stood for her presentation. Ivy found it difficult to take in anything she had said, but Delia had locked eyes with her nearly the entire time, an amused smile on her face. Stacy was next, and she too looked overjoyed at Ivy's predicament. Others went, and the internal pressure only increased. Ivy moaned softly beneath her breath, clutching at her mound. It felt like it was actually visibly growing, but that was impossible, right? Just before Ivy was Madduson. Something about the way she stared over at Ivy as she finished her presentation and left the stage made Ivy feel even more repulsed than Delia and Stacy's leering gazes. Maddison stared at her with *fascination*, not repelled

by Ivy's developments but acting as if she *wanted* to see them up close, like she was a fascinating insect in a jar.

Finally, the dreaded moment came: "Ivy Hartridge, ready to present your research topic?"

Her stomach lurched. It felt like it was packed full of rocks instead of food. Awkwardly she stood and lumbered forward, aware of how odd her heavy coat and hat made her look. She could feel all the eyes on her, and she was paranoid that they could all see her developments. She had checked her lower breasts (which had expanded into heavy D cups now!) were obscured beneath her coat. They still made an impression, but it looked more like her body was lumpy and even more obese than it currently was. Worse, she could feel the strange skin of her rear 'addition' becoming taut and more expansive.

She made it to the stage. She panted heavily and wiped large droplets of sweat from her forehead.

"Are you okay to start Ivy?" asked her professor, who looked slightly concerned. Someone somewhere giggled. She had an idea of who it might be. Ivy just nodded, not wanting to waste words she didn't have to.

"Okay then, anytime you're ready."

She stood there, paused, dazed, overwhelmed. She grunted, and lifted her cue cards. The giggling started again but was shushed by the professor.

"For my p-presentation I researched the psychology of . . . change."

She heard a loud whisper echo across the room. "Talk about change, she looks like she's about to pop!"

Another shushing from the professor followed. Ivy swallowed. Her heart was beating furiously, and the pressure in her various areas was only increasing.

"Ummm, as I was s-saying, my presentation is about the psychology of ch-change. Significant change in someone's life, whether by circumstance of l-living, or emotional change, phy-phy-physical changes . . ."

Ivy clenched her eyes shut. A stray hand grasped her mound. Sweat dripped down her face.

"Ivy, are you okay? Ivy?"

"I'm I . . . alright, I - NGGHNNAAH!!!"

Oh no. Oh no oh no oh no. The pressure was increasing, and she *was* getting bigger; she could feel the seams of her clothing starting to give way, and the buttons verging at the breaking points as her mound continued to expand. And worse, students were noticing.

"Ivy, what's happening?"

"Ohmigod professor, I think she's about to blow!"

There were other comments and shouts, but they were drowned out by the rush of blood in Ivy's ears. She reddened, clutching her dome as the pressure rose, trying to fight against it. But like all her changes, she was helpless, only able to watch and feel them unfold. There was a sickening release of flesh and bone below her arms that pressed outwards against her cloak, even as a sharp series of tugs at the top of her forehead saw her antennae heave off her hat and rise, and extend. The development on her rear swelled, ripping her mother's panties and releasing behind her. It was pink-ish in colour, and its top half was ribbed with what seemed to be a kind of exoskeleton.

"NNGGGHNN! OOOHHHH!"

She moaned wildly as below her arms two more shot out, the protrusions forming into identical copies of her usual set. Her stomach inched forward, popping buttons off until it rested before her to the size of a woman at full term. Her antennae twitched, and she could somehow *feel* the presence of all the people watching her even as she clenched her eyes, could detect their heat and sample their horror, shock, and . . . *thrill*? She opened her eyes as the horrid pressure subsided. Delia and her troupe were gazing with glee.

"I was right!" Maddison yelled, "she was growing an insect butt! And she's got four arms now!"

"And four tits," Delia said, laughing with amazement.

Some of the students were holding up phones and filming her, like she was some science project!

The sweat-stained girl ran as fast as her impeded body could, leaving the gasping audience behind her.

## **Part 5: Finding Theo**

Ivy didn't go back home long enough for anyone to track her down. She was terrified of being followed, of being put on display, or worse; being *dissected*. She had managed to waddle her way back home, covering her freakish form long enough to avoid looking like some strange mutant, and instead just like an obese woman. Or a pregnant one. Every time she walked she couldn't help but waddle, and now she had that *thing* growing out her backside, swaying from side to side. It was starting to get bigger too. Bigger, and heavier.

She tried to ignore the fact that she was now the owner of an entire second set of arms, but as she ran she found she had to clutch all four wobbling breasts; one per hand.

She got into her parents' car to travel . . . somewhere, anywhere else! But as soon as she sat she yelped in pain; the strange development above her bottom was being crushed. Already it looked even bigger, and there was a weight and heft to it that made it difficult to manoeuvre in the cramped space of the car. In the end she adjusted the seat so that it inclined backwards, allowing her . . . abdomen thing to lie awkwardly behind her while she remained sat up. Her taut rounded dome of a stomach looked near full-term with a child or two, and she had to adjust the seat again - struggling with her own additional arms which were keen to help - this time backwards so that her belly and her gargantuan pairs of breasts did not press against the wheel. She moaned in frustration as her thimble-sized erect nipples squashed against the rim of the wheel anyway.

What the hell was her body turning her into? And where could she go to reverse this? She couldn't go anywhere public, the authorities would put her on display. She'd never lead a normal life, even if she was returned to normal!

Her antennae twitched atop her head, and it almost seemed as if they connected her to her next idea. There was a man on campus, just a few years older than her but he was meant to be headed for great things in the sciences. He was involved with genetics. She'd never met him, but he had apparently given some speeches that were of some importance. If only she could remember his name . . .

Her antennae twitched, and suddenly she could: Theo. Theo Martindale.

She took out her phone, cursing as *both* her left arms reached for the same pocket. She gritted her teeth and tried to focus on using just the fingers on her new hand, and sure enough she managed to experimentally curl and uncurl them into a fist.

"I've got four arms," she stated to herself, amazed as she tried to coordinate her top, original set to shift her boobs out of the way while her lower set retrieved her phone and began typing. It was awkward, and weird, and she kept messing up which hand was supposed to be doing what, but the weirdest part was that it almost felt half-intuitive. Whenever her antennae twitched she felt like it helped her course correct managing her limbs. Soon she was getting the hang of it. She didn't know whether to smile or throw up. In the end she just managed to avoid dry heaving.

A quick online search found his address, and she realised as she finished that she must have switched arms at some point, since it was her original pair that finished the process. Theo's place was only forty minutes or so away. She adjusted her seatbelt, struggling to get it past her four enormous breasts and large, distended abdomen before she

gave up entirely and began to drive. She used her new arms to control the jiggling of her new breasts for the entire drive.

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The ride was an uncomfortable one. Deeply so, and at times Ivy had to stop and pull over in order to wipe the tears from her eyes. Her stomach groaned, and she felt agonised by both the need to eat and to hold off to avoid risking more changes. She didn't know how much more she could change, but she didn't want to find out.

As she checked her face in the mirror she nearly did a double take. Something about her face looked different, beyond the greasy, sweat-matted hair and increasingly thick and long antennae that twitched atop her scalp. It was her nose. Her nose and her eyes. The former seemed smaller somehow. More petite. And her eyes . . . looked a little larger, and her pupils bigger too, so that her iris and the whites of her eyes took up less space. At that more tears started to flow, and soon all four of her hands were wet with tears. She realised something, and her crying turned to a kind of manic laughter, the kind that made both pairs of her breasts jiggle and her belly tense.

"God, this is so fucking ridiculous," she said, starting up the car even as she raised her second set of hands before her eyes. "There's no reason for me to stop driving to wipe my eyes now. I can do both at once."

The laughter flowed back to crying, but this time she continued to drive while getting used to her second pair of arms and letting them wipe away her tears.

Finally, with a stomach still groaning loudly with hunger, she arrived at Theo's house. It was large. A borderline mansion in fact, and out of town enough that it was nicely isolated, down a country road and with what looked like a good portion of land around it that was fairly wooded. Away from prying eyes. She drove forward and pulled herself from the vehicle carefully and awkwardly, her increasingly large abdomen swinging wildly behind her. Ivy worried that her legs would nearly buckle beneath her weight, but carrying her greatly increased load must have strengthened them, as she found walking awkward and encumbering but not as exhausting as she thought.

She took great care to cover herself as much as possible, including with a hat awkwardly over her antennae, into which they painfully folded. She rang the doorbell.

"Please answer please answer please be able to help me."

The door opened, and before her was a fairly tall, lithe man wearing glasses and, appropriately, a lab coat.

"Um, can I help you ma'am?"

Ma'am!? She'd never been called ma'am in her life!

"Um, are you Theo Martindale, the genetic scientist?"

"Yes, I am, can I help you?"

He wasn't at all like she imagined, which was some basement-dwelling nerd with thick spectacles and arms thinner than her own. He had the glasses, but they were smart in style, and he actually looked a little handsome, if not entirely athletic.

She swallowed, trying to ignore the great bulge of the abdomen hidden from his view. "I hope you can. My name is Ivy Hartridge. I think I may have been affected by something mutating me or changing my genetic structure or something, and I'm afraid to go to the hospital where I'll be made public as some freak."

Theo raised an eyebrow. "Look, if this is a joke, I've got work to be getting back to. What changes are you talking about?"

Ivy hurled aside the heavy coat she was wearing and turned slightly to the side. Theo's jaw dropped.

"Well, I've grown a pair of antennae, and extra boobs, and then . . . this out my back, and extra arms, and now my face is getting weird too! I'm scared. Can you help me?"

She felt completely exposed and at his mercy, and already she was beginning to tear up again. Theo looked at her with astonishment, but slowly his face returned to normality, then took on ardent interest.

"I think you'd better come inside Ivy. I'll need to take some tests."

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Theo brought her inside and helped her manoeuvre her large form down the hallway passage. She couldn't help but note the way he gazed at her freakish body, utterly entranced by her changes. He took her to the large back room which functioned as a lab. She had to admit it looked very impressive: lots of scientific equipment and what looked like medical displays. He brought her a stool and she rested her enlarged butt on it, her abdomen resting down the side.

"This is amazing," he said, probing her antennae with his finger.

"Hey! Those are sensitive!" Ivy said, feeling embarrassed to be so on display.

"I'm sorry, I've just never seen - or even heard of such significant mutations taking place before. When did this all begin?"

"Maybe a month ago, I think. I was normal, I never even get sick often."

He held up one of her new arms and examined the joints. "No pre-existing conditions?"

"None."

"Do you have an image of what you looked like . . . before?"

She flushed red at that. Her four breasts heaved, her bras struggling to contain them as they weighed heavily upon her flushed mound. She retrieved her phone from her pocket and began searching, and it was when Theo gasped that she realised the hand that held the phone was normal, but her other belonged to one of her new arms. She was using her other arms to rub her distended belly and scratch an itch in her shoulder blades, respectively.

"Wow, your arms are definitely fully functional then," he said.

"Don't remind me," she muttered. She found the picture she was looking for, a shot of her from a little over a month ago that she had taken using her bathroom mirror to show off her new shirt and scarf. It seemed so long ago, and yet also as if it were just yesterday, that she had been normal, with a mostly flat chest, waifish body type, and cute look. Now she was a bloated, multi-breasted, multi-armed freak. A stray tear fell down her cheek.

Theo was behind her now, inspecting the large ovoid mass hanging from behind her.

"You appear to have grown some sort of . . . insectoid abdomen or ovipositor. Tell me, how does this feel?"

She shuddered at the sensation of his palm running across skin that should never exist back there. "Fine. Weird. Maybe a little sensitive, but also like I'm not even *meant* have feeling back there. It's inhuman."

"And here?"

He ran his hand beneath, and she nearly went rigid. The skin underneath was *much* more sensitive, particularly several points that seemed both sore and strangely electric.

"Umm, it's quite . . . ahh . . . s-sensitive there."

"What about here?"

She went to turn her head to see where he was indicating when suddenly she felt his fingers slip *inside* of her, his thumb and forefinger probing through an opening at the tip she hadn't even known was there. She jolted and nearly jumped forward, her antennae twitching wildly and somehow sending a single message to her brain: *too soon too soon*.

"Nngghnnaaghhh!!!"

One set of hands flew to her antennae, the other reaching far back behind her ass to pull his fingers away. She realised with horror that the . . . thing she had developed had grown larger than she thought: she couldn't even reach the end of it anymore.

Theo removed his hand immediately. "I'm sorry! I just wanted to see if . . ."

"Well fucking ask me next time!" she spat, "it's sensitive there! Now do you want that image of me or not?"

She wiped her eyes before she passed the phone to Theo. He took the phone, still eyeing the strange development out her backside which jutted out from over her waistband.

"Wow," he said again, "I, uh, well, I see. You've certainly changed. There's a lot more . . . developments here compared to your photo."

Another tear fell. "I'm huge. I'm a freak. I need to reverse this! Please can you help?"

She spun to face him, and nearly kept turning as the centrifugal force of her weighty 'ovipositor', as Theo had put it, wobbled at its seemingly elastic joint where it connected to her spine. Her large breasts also jiggled heavily in her top, threatening to rip it open. Theo simply watched in awe.

"Well . . . I'll have to run quite a few tests," he said, "but I'll see what I can do."

Her stomach rumbled loudly, its contents twisting knots in response to her hunger pains.

"But by the sounds of it, first we need to get you fed."

She no longer even had the desire to resist. She was just so damn hungry.

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Theo made her some eggs and bacon which she devoured with a frightening alacrity, using all four hands to scoop up the remaining morsels.

"More," she moaned, stomach growling, "please, I'm sooo hungry it hurts."

Theo quickly set about giving her fruit and crackers and a tray of biscuits, which she hurtled into as he prepared to make waffles. Again she was finished in no time, and despite already feeling physically full due to her distended stomach, still her body craved more sustenance. Her fat nipples pressed into her enormous bras, tensing somewhat painfully, feeling utterly bloated and full. Still Theo hurried to retrieve more food from his pantry, and still she ate.

"Don't you think you should slow down?" he asked as he served up waffles.

"I want to!" she exclaimed, "but I'm just so hungry." She took a massive bite of a steak. "I'm getting huge but I can't stop. This is why I came to you, Theo, because if you don't find a way to help me I'll just keep changing!"

He reluctantly passed her the next dish, one of her additional arms snatching it from his hands as she finished the next.

"We'll need to do some blood work next. Find out what your DNA is altering into."

She simply nodded, relieved to hear a professional but needing more at the moment to end the agony of hunger pains from her taut, heavily-domed belly.

Finally, half an hour of intermittent gorging and waiting later, Ivy was uncomfortably full. Her stomach had stopped demanding food, and now she rested on Theo's couch on her side, all four of her arms clutching her gravid-looking belly which was horribly pressurised from all the food inside her form. She clenched her eyes as the pressure peaked, and with a great and terrible shudder she actually *felt* her arms drift apart as her stomach expanded yet even more, her tail-like abdomen also swelling behind her.

"Uuurrgggh s-so m-much . . . pressure nngggghhhh!!"

"Ivy, is everything alright? What's happening?"

"I . . . OOOHHHHH . . . I don't . . . know!"

Theo nervously took notes and attended to her side as she squirmed, her body flushed, overheated, and full. Oh-so-full. She reached out to him with three arms and pulled him close, wanting to feel contact - any contact - to alleviate her fears. Her once-slim form was more bloated and inhuman than ever, and as the pressure mounted yet again she finally became so completely overwhelmed that she simply passed out in his arms.

## **Part 6: Got Milk?**

Ivy woke on the couch, her position slightly changed so that her right arm, no, *arms*, were splayed out, with what appeared to be intravenous tubes plugged into her lower set.

"Wha - ?" she crooned, raising her head slightly to avoid the immense cushion of breast-flesh that was piling up near her chin.

Her eyes adjusted - much too quickly - to Theo standing over her, fiddling with the nutrient bag on the metal pole where her intravenous lines ran to.

"Easy, easy," he said gently, "you passed out. You were malnourished, believe it or not. Your body needed more nutrients than you were giving it, which would explain your desperation to eat. I've rigged up an IV for you so it doesn't happen again."

It was a lot of information to absorb, and the general soreness and bloat of her body meant that even waking up she still felt a little tired. But there was no doubt Theo was correct - she now felt much, *much* better than she had the last week, even with her freakish developments. She was tired, but not exhausted. Sore, but not aching. Pressurised, but not

sick. It was so big a change she was almost full of relief before she became acutely aware that she had become distinctly . . . heavier. In several places.

“How . . . how long was I out?”

“You’ve been sleeping for nearly fifteen hours. It’s seven AM in the morning.”

“WHAT!?”

Her eyes went wide, and again there was that strange sensation of taking in more of the room than was there; it was like she could *sense* the man’s presence even when not looking at him, could detect his warmth. Something *had* changed during that time.

“Don’t worry, I’ve been running some tests. I took a couple of blood samples and some strands of hair and the like while you were sleeping. Sorry if you feel that was an invasion of privacy but I felt you would prefer me to get to work while you slept.”

“Yeah, I . . . fifteen hours. Wow.”

He gave a wan smile. “How do you feel?”

She managed to manoeuvre herself upright. It was difficult work, especially since there were some aches in her sides below her new arms, presumably where they were getting their new muscles worked out, as well as below her breasts. She groaned in response to that; clearly the weight of her four mammaries was compressing her enlarged stomach. She looked even bigger than she had yesterday, easily at full term with twins were she pregnant.

“Ugh, despite all this weirdness, is it weird that I feel much better? It’s the first night since this started that I managed a good night’s rest.”

She yawned and stretched her arms out, realising only belatedly that she was now stretching four of them.

“You’re getting used to those,” Theo commented.

“Ugh, don’t remind me,” Ivy said. She finished stretching and tensed in reaction to a pair of sore knots in her shoulders. The strange transformation she was undergoing was doing a number on her body, that was for sure.

A panicked thought struck her.

"I know I'm - oohhh - bigger, but h-have I changed in other ways?"

Theo grimaced, and she knew immediately she had.

"I need to see."

"Perhaps you should finish resting first . . ."

"I NEED TO SEE!"

She moved to get up, struggling beneath her increasingly burdensome body, before collapsing back onto the couch. Her antennae curled in irritation. "Can you help me up already?"

Theo obliged, grunting a little as he helped raise the strange insect woman. She held onto the IV rig for support, grateful it was mobile, and waddled forward, following Theo's directions to the bathroom. Her enlarged ovipositor - whatever that meant - stretched out behind her, bobbing heavily. The underside was sore again, across four to six points. She tried to ignore the memory of last night when Theo's fingers had entered an opening at the tip. God she was such a freak, and so inhumanely full and heavy.

She made it to the bathroom, where a large full-size mirror awaited. She gasped at what she saw.

Ivy's belly had obviously increased in size. She looked as if she were overdue with triplets, and her four immense breasts were bulging out of her EE-cup bras. Her antennae had extended even further, and seemed to be sharpening her sense, particularly her sense of smell. Her ovipositor had thickened along its base to accommodate its greater size and weight, and it was obvious that her hips had widened considerably to accommodate its girth. The abdominal growth drooped more now, its tip hovering a few inches off from the ground, and the underside was seemingly starting to develop several strange bulges.

But more than these changes, the ones that most affected her emotional state were the ones that had taken place on her face. All throughout the nightmare of her body altering itself against her will, her face at least had remained the same. Now though, even that was changing; her eyes had somehow become subtly larger, and the pupils had grown to overtake her irises, so that only a thin ring of blue surrounded them. Her nose had shrunk significantly, her nostrils retreating into her face to become two small holes on an equally small bump. She raised her hair with her upper pair of arms, and saw that her ears, too, had flattened inward.

Tears began to stream from her dark, enlarged eyes, and she sniffled through her strange new nose. The weight of her mutating body was all too much to bear in that moment, and she collapsed to her knees, still sobbing and beating her four fists upon the ground.

"No no no no NO!!! WHY IS THIS H-HAPPENING TO ME!?!?"

She continued to cry, her long ovipositor resting on the cold tiles, the sore, bulging spots on the underside feeling very sensitive against them. Theo came to her side looking somewhat alarmed and agitated, and she tried to hide her face from him with her extra arms.

"Hey, it's, uh, it's okay Ives. We'll, um, we'll sort this out okay?"

She cried even more, before feeling the strange sensation of being patted on the back, which for some reason made her stop. She turned to look at him, her antennae swivelling in his direction.

“Are you - are you patting me on the back?” she asked.

Theo paused. “Uhhh, yeah. Sorry, I don’t have much experience in this kind of thing. Am I doing something wrong?”

She couldn’t help herself; she giggled, and he looked momentarily relieved. He really wasn’t too bad looking. If she wasn’t turning into a strange bloated insect woman.

“No, no,” she said, still chuckling as she wiped her tears, “it’s just . . . you do know how to give people hugs right?”

Theo looked shocked. “Oh, um, of course! Here you go!”

He shifted forward and encircled her with his arms, and she couldn’t help but squeak in surprise as he did so. It was like he held no disgust for her whatsoever, and just saw the person beneath. It made her feel somehow warm on the inside, and she hugged him back with all four arms. They parted after an awkward few seconds.

“Thanks,” she sniffled, “can you, uh, can you help me up?”

Theo extended a hand and helped her raise her bloated form. She shuddered as the strange bulges on her extended abdominal growth left the tiles. She was getting so damn big that her breath felt thin, and it was as if a great weight was pressed against the centrepoint of her pelvis. She could only guess that her twisted transformation was increasing the strength of her spine, and her back and leg muscles, just to cope.

Theo led her back into the kitchen for some food, helping her remove the IV feeder tube at the same time. She knew she ought not to eat, but if her passing out from malnutrition was any indication, she could well harm herself even further than her strange mutations if she didn’t intake enough calories. So she ate, her bulbous belly stretching to accommodate her intake. It was as if her body *needed* to keep growing, keep mutating, and it needed as much energy from food and drink as it could get. She imagined herself looking like a horrific, deformed insect, barely identifiable as human, her body at its unnatural end state.

Finally she finished gorging, devouring the last morsel of food - a stick of pure butter - with a wet, embarrassed swallow. She sat there, the stool nearly buckling beneath her accumulated weight, panting heavily. Theo couldn’t help but notice the way her four bulging breasts stretched the fabric of her shirt to near breaking point, a seam giving loudly. Her nipples were like bottle caps, pressing through the material over her overfull bras that were now clearly too small for her. Her large pink stomach - for it was now clearly white-pink in

colour, bulged out in a great dome beneath the hem of her shirt. Her belly button had popped outwards. He raised an eyebrow, and her antennae somehow sensed a theory forming within his head. Ivy clenched her eyes shut as she struggled with the overwhelming tightness in her various mounds.

"Are you okay Ivy?" Theo asked. He placed a hand on her shoulder, accidentally touching one of the sensitive nubs developing there which made her shiver all the more.

"Nnggnnggh! T-there's just s-so . . . much . . . pressure! Ooouughhh!"

She cradled her stomach with two arms, while the remaining pair moved without shame to her upper pair of breasts which must have easily become EEE or even F cups by this point. They were heavy, sore, immense, and her nipples had become rock hard due to the sheer pressure and strange sense of arousal within them. Then she gasped.

Her breasts were visibly expanding, enlarging in her hands. She groaned even louder, unable to hold in her discomfort . . . or the way she felt a developing wetness between her legs. And worse, a wetness at the open tip of her insectoid abdomen. She gripped the chair as the tip of her tail-like growth began to *seep*.

"Aarrgghhhh sooo much p-pressuuure ooouuoohh!"

She leaned back as far as her gravid-looking form would allow, squirming as her aching breasts bulged out of their cups, plump and sweaty and full. Her nipples were hardening, and unhardening, becoming tighter each time and making four sharp points through her shirt. It was like they were trying to accomplish something, trying to deal with the overwhelming pressure behind them.

Theo looked on in shock as the insectoid girl dripped with sweat, groaning and crying out, until finally she arched her great belly and froze, eyes clenched shut in silent agony. And then:

"Nnngghhhnnaaaaaahhhhh!"

All four of her nipples tensed, and all of a sudden four streams of fluid flowed painfully, then with great relief, from her breasts to splatter against her shirt. Smaller streams passed through the fabric to splatter on Theo's face and chest, and on his floor. They pumped again and again, the produce of her plump chest having been stored in for too long, and there was a great relieving of the pressure as their contents emptied, the streams dying down into steady drips. She sat, panting and overcome, her shirt positively soaked in her milk. Already she could feel her slightly reduced breasts preparing to make more of it.

"Oh God, oh God," she murmured as her milk spurted from four sources at once, now intermittently in time with her breasts as her supply ran low. "Oh God, oh God, oh God . . ."

A somewhat sizeable puddle had formed on the floor. Theo scooped a drip from his face using his finger and inspected it. Then, to Ivy's exhausted shock, he lapped it up with his tongue.

"W-what are you doing?" Ivy gasped, but Theo showed little concern, and she was too preoccupied with her own aroused, seeping ovipositor, and taut belly to stop him.

Theo's eyes went wide, and for a moment Ivy was terrified something awful was going to happen. But instead his mouth split into an ecstatic grin. "Wow Ivy, that's delicious!" He licked a little more from his hand. "Wow, that's really addictive. I can *taste* the nutrients in your milk!"

The fog in Ivy's head cleared for a moment, and her antennae, which had grown to be over thirty centimetres long and a centimetre thick, twitched in realisation.

"My . . . milk? This is milk!?"

She clutched at her breasts with her four hands only to realise the mistake she had made. She groaned as yet more milk squirted out from her nipples and into her hands.

"Ohhhh . . . whyyy . . . why am I making *milk*?"

Theo stopped sampling her milk and grimaced momentarily. "I've, uh, I've got some theories about that Ivy, but I think it'd be best to wait until your bloodwork and samples come back. I don't want to give you information that may be false."

Ivy looked up from her sweat and milk-soaked shirt. In the mirror surface of the metal dish plate that had once house a lot of ham on it before she'd consumed it, she could see her irises now no longer existed at all. They were all black and oily.. Her skin was flushed an inhuman pink, and at the base of her neck the skin seemed slightly scaly, almost plated, like an insect's exterior.

"I'm making goddamn milk Theo! My body is turning into some . . . some mutant *thing!* I need answers. What can you tell me?"

Fat tears rolled down from her eyes, and Theo was clearly enormously sympathetic, something her antennae picked up also. He eyed the great, bloated mount of her stomach, his suspicions about what may be inside continuing to solidify.

"Get showered and cleaned up first Ives," he said. "The test results will be ready by then."

He placed a sticky, milk-soaked hand on her shoulder. The poor girl was shaking, looking at him with doleful eyes and shaking antennae.

"I promise you, I won't hold anything back."

Ivy wasn't sure if she was ready for the news.

## Part 7: The Truth

Ivy luxuriated in the shower, feeling much better for having removed her too-tight bras and milk-stained shirt. Her yoga pants were an increasingly hard fit as her hips had expanded, and so she found it wonderfully freeing to allow her transformed body to be utterly unrestricted by clothing as the warm water soaked over her. Her antennae twitched automatically, and she found she could sense when the water was just right to step into without needing to even check.

"I guess these things have a use after all," she muttered as she felt at the stem of one. As a nice steam cloud from the shower rose up, she took the time to manoeuvre her four arms, manipulating them before her and attempting to consciously direct them in different ways. She wasn't perfect at it, but it was clear that she was almost becoming used to them, as if they were . . . well, a second set of hands, she supposed.

The warm water was wonderful on her large double row of breasts, and even better on her bloated belly and distended rear abdomen. She sighed, feeling almost content, before reminding herself that she was now a freak, and she needed to reverse her transformation. She'd just *lactated* for god's sake! She looked down at her double pair of enormous breasts, only slightly reduced in size from when they'd spurted their produce. She swore she could almost feel them beginning to fill with milk again. It was an odd milk too. Slightly pink, almost. Ivy suppressed the urge to cry. Why was this happening?!? Was she even human anymore? Wasn't growing an extra pair of boobs, some antennae and a rear abdomen enough? Why a second pair of arms? Why did she have to lose her cute nose? And now to find out that the reason her four huge boobs have been so achy was because they were filling up with goddamned milk? Was she just going to keep on making it!? Would she need a pump for her apparent udders? She sobbed again, overwhelmed.

Worse, the nubs on her shoulder blades had become even bigger, as had the bony protrusions below her lower set of arms. She scratched absent-mindedly at the skin beneath her lower breasts. It was becoming itchy again, and she didn't even want to think about why.

Looking at the mirror as she finished up she saw that she was so very, very changed, and she could only take some small consolation in the fact that despite her facial changes and now non-existent nose, her face was still unmistakably hers in some undefinable way. Her mane of red hair, while much longer now, had not yet altered. Indeed, despite her enormous double pair of boobs, insectoid ovipositor, and bloated, pregnant looking stomach, she felt as if her good friends and her parents would still recognise her, however shocking her 'additions' were.

She was soaping her body over, avoiding her four nipples and especially the inner folds of her rear abdomen's tip (as they were particularly sensitive) when the bar slipped from her hands.

"Fuck. Shit."

She struggled down into an awkward squat, using her fat ovipositor as a counterweight to avoid toppling forwards. Suddenly she felt a horrifying new sensation at the base of her belly. For one shameful moment she felt a pressing need to push, worsened by the squat position she was in, and she was terrified she was going to defecate in the shower. Instead:

"Oh!" she squeaked, as something inside her seemed to *plop* from between her hips through and into her ovipositor.

What the fuck had that been? She awkwardly raised her heavy form and tried to look for signs of any embarrassing . . . matter she may have just deposited, but it was almost impossible to tell with her enormous double-pair of breasts and even large stomach in the way. Her rear abdomen made it difficult to tell what was behind her. This stupid freak body had too many blind spots!

In the end she finished up and waddled out, musing idly that her ovipositor seemed a little heavier for some reason. There was nothing on the shower floor. That, at least, gave her some relief.

Getting dressed, she frowned as she looked over clothes. It had been nearly a month since her body started changing, and in that time she had gone from little A cup bras to EEEs. They were literally the size of cantaloupes now! Her stomach had outgrown even the most oversized of her dresses. It was getting to the point where she would have to ask Theo to go pick up some new clothing for her, unless he could reverse her changes fast.

So, with great effort, she managed to put on a pair of her Mom's underwear she'd taken with her, followed by a larger set of yoga pants that stretched very tightly around her wider hips and expanded bottom. Her rear abdomen hung out from over the band. The stem connecting it to her spine was even thicker than before, around the size of her neck. After some internal debate, she opted to go without her bras for now. Theo had already seen most of her grotesque body, it was doubtful that four nipples outlined against a dress would scare him off. She just hoped they wouldn't be too sore by the end of the day without some support. The area beneath her lower pair of breasts was already itchy.

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Theo was in the lab, his eye on some results. Ivy approached, waddling as a result of her various mounds. She was idly munching on a pack of chips as she did so.

"How do you feel?" Theo asked as he looked over her bloodwork and DNA samples.

Ivy took an awkward seat, adjusting her ovipositor so that it laid out over the surface of a nearby stool, relieving the weight. It was *definitely* a little heavier now.

"Better . . . embarrassed. I'm sorry for . . . splattering you. I didn't know my body was making milk. It explains why my boobs were so sore."

Theo flicked a glance to her chest and went bright red. Ivy looked down and felt equally embarrassed. Her nipples were long and hard, erect against her loose dress. Already there were four small stains at each one where she had lactated a little.

"Ugghh, this is so gross."

"Is wearing your bras not an option?"

She shook her head. "They're too uncomfortable now. I need new ones, but I can't go out looking like this." She gestured with all four arms at her figure.

Theo gave a sympathetic smile. "I did notice from the photo before your changes that you were a lot . . . smaller, before."

Ivy flushed red. "Can we not talk about how big my boobs are getting and more about what's causing me to have four of them, along with everything else?"

"Sorry," Theo said. "I'll grab some bras for you in town if you can write down what you need. For now, let's talk about test results."

Ivy perked up for the first time in weeks. She felt at once hopeful and nervous. "What have you found out about my . . . condition?"

Theo adjusted his glasses and took in a heavy breath. "It's complicated. Fantastical really. Your blood isn't even remotely human anymore, and your DNA . . . it's still mutating! Well, that's not accurate. Mutation implies randomness, but this . . . it's like your body is altering to conform to a set design. It's *adapting* to a new role, though I've not much idea what that role is. Your health isn't at risk though; in fact, I doubt you've ever been healthier despite your . . . uh . . ."

"My weight," she grumbled, gesturing to her increasingly pregnant-looking stomach.

"Yeah, uh, that. You're getting bigger, but apart from some noticeable gains in your, well, your breasts and your behind, you're not getting fat."

Ivy gestured to her heavy, rounded stomach. "What do you call this then?"

"I'm not sure yet. I've ordered some equipment to find out, but it will be a week or more away I'm afraid."

"A week!?"

"Or more," Theo added.

"Who knows how much I'll be changed by then? I might not even be able to speak, Theo! Isn't there anything you can do now?"

He shook his head. "I'm afraid not, Ivy. Your DNA is in flux, which means it's still being altered. Any attempt to correct its path may end up making things worse, or even kill you."

The stray tears were coming again, but Ivy rallied against them this time. "Isn't there anything you can tell me, Theo?"

She placed her two left hands on his, pleading with her black-on-black eyes. He considered them for a moment, before squeezing both gently. He really was kind to her. He hadn't even reacted with disgust for even a moment in her presence, though he must feel it so. No, that wasn't true. Her antennae could pick up disgust, and they weren't doing so now.

"There is one thing I have identified with certainty," he said. He paused, took a deep breath, as if readying himself. "It concerns *why* your body is changing."

A shiver ran down Ivy's back and went all the way down her ovipositor. It really did feel heavier this morning. "Am I . . . am I an alien?"

For a moment Theo was confused. "Oh, no. No! Sorry, you're definitely human, Ives. Well, technically, you're something altogether new now, but you were human before. I'll explain. My work at the university is quite well funded, and I've made a bit of a name for myself in genetic engineering and tailoring. In my lab, we experiment with all sorts of non-humanoid DNA compound mixtures, attempting to tailor them together to form a consistent new genemap. I haven't succeeded yet, but I've gotten quite a lot of funding and findings published purely because of what new knowledge my experiments bring in. Over a month ago, a woman from campus named Delia - Delia Anward I think? - came into my lab. She . . . well, she claimed to be interested in what my lab was doing, and, well, she seemed to be interested in me."

Theo flushed red as he talked, fiddling with his collar. Ivy's heart just beat faster, terrified of what he was going to say next yet unable to stop listening.

"Anyway, she was flirting with me and looking over the various vials when she accidentally bumped one. Cow DNA mixed with a chicken's. It smashed, and I went to fetch a mop, and when I was finished cleaning she gave me a peck on the cheek and left. I . . . well I thought the magic was gone or something. I tried to say hi the next day but she blew me off. It was only seeing your changes when you fell asleep that I became curious if she had an ulterior motive. So I went back to the lab while you were on the couch and . . . one of the vials was unaccounted for. The insect queen DNA mixture."

Ivy croaked. "Delia did this to me?"

Theo nodded, grim. "I don't think she did it knowingly. She didn't seem very scientific, which was why I thought she might have been . . . well, she wasn't interested in me, so clearly this was the reason. I think she just wanted you sick or something."

Ivy's head fell, her chin resting on the soft pillows of enormous boobflesh she had grown. "She knew Daniel was into me and not her. She turned me into *this*, all because she was *jealous!* ALL BECAUSE OF A STUPID LOVE TRIANGLE!"

She screamed in frustration, beating all four of her fists down on the table before crying once more, two hands covering her face as the other trembled on the table's surface.

"I'm a freak," she wailed, "a monster. I can't go out in public ever again. I'll never be able to play sports, or go to the beach, or just be a normal person in a crowd. I'll never find a man who can love me, or raise kids. My parents are coming home in a couple of months and I won't be able to face them!"

Theo stood and came over to Ivy, hugging her tightly. "No, no, Ives, don't think that way. I'll help you anyway I can, I promise. You'll find a way through this. *We'll* find a way through this."

Ivy continued to sob. "She made me a freak, Theo. A stupid bug-girl with four giant boobs and four arms and this stupid *thing* growing out my ass! I look revolting. I don't want to live like this!"

Theo ripped her hands from her face and stared directly into her inky black eyes. "Ivy, don't talk like that, okay? I told you we'll figure something out. I don't know if I can change you back yet, but you know I'll spend every moment trying to help you. This is as much my fault as Delia's."

He placed his hands on either side of her face, his fingers resting over where her new ear-holes now were. Against her wishes, her antennae twitched downwards, touching at his scalp.

"And you're not a freak. And you don't look revolting, at least in my eyes. Not at all. I know it sounds strange, but . . . well, you're a marvel. And I don't just mean in a scientific way, I mean the way in which you're handling this. If this was happening to me I'd be handling it so much worse. You're stronger than you think."

A shock ran down her antennae and sent her eyes wide.

"You're not lying."

Theo smiled. "No, I'm not."

Ivy shook her head, her antennae flinging back up and her immense boobs wobbling on her chest. “No, I mean I *know* you’re not lying. It’s strange, it’s like my antennae can *sense* that you’re telling the truth.”

Theo thought for a moment. “Put them back on me again.”

She complied, her strange insectoid additions pressing against his scalp this time. She’d never felt so truly alien, and yet experiencing a level of intimacy she had never thought possible. “Okay, what now?” she asked.

“You’re still beautiful, and I know you can handle this,” he said.

She went bright pink - pinker than her new colour tone her body was slowly adopting.

He was telling the truth.

## **Part 8: Even More Additions**

Over the next two weeks Ivy waited anxiously for news of the arrival of Theo's equipment he'd ordered. The mystery of what was causing her to swell up and her condition to advance was now solved, but now they needed to find out how to reverse it. To do that, Theo claimed, he needed to find out more about her changes.

To that end, Theo continued to prod and poke and examine Ivy's changing form each day, recording observations and taking professional photos to track the progress of both her odd changes as well as her overall weight increases. Both were still altering, much to Ivy's chagrin. Each morning she struggled to get her lumbering form out of the guest bed Theo had organised, having slept uncomfortably on her side due to her enormous, rotund belly and breasts making sleep on her stomach impossible, and on her back borderline crushing. Since those first immense spurts of milk, her breasts had continued to become engorged with that pink-white substance, and so she would often wake to soaked bras and sheets. She would spend the first few minutes of waking simply clutching her gut with all four arms and groaning at both the drum-tight pressure over overfullness, and the simultaneous need to sate her hunger. God, she was getting so big.

Theo kept the kitchen well-stocked, which was a good thing, as her hunger continued to skyrocket. She didn't seem to be putting on any weight in her face or arms though. Discounting her grotesque additions, she was still remarkably lithe in her non-bloated areas. No, all the growth went straight to her enormous mound of a stomach, which continued to stick out even further as if she was overdue with twins or even triplets, as well as her four

large breasts and ovipositor. Whenever she walked - waddled, really - her upper and lower pairs of breasts wobbled constantly with every movement, milk sloshing heavily within them, and her insectoid abdomen swayed from side to side in response to her gait. The ovipositor was only getting bigger, particularly the bumpy underside which was getting sorer and more bloated as it developed. The whole thing was almost the size of a two-year old now, and it was *attached to her*. Not to mention that sometimes it *seeped*. It was disgusting to even think about it, but in some ways it felt like a second vagina; slick with fluid when aroused, and possessing inner and outer folders leading into her form. She had examined it in the mirror before showering one day - the thick stem connecting it to her hips was surprisingly flexible, which made going to the toilet at least a little easier - and was disturbed to find it even *looked* like a vagina, only bigger and more loose. She had to be careful when cleaning it; the tip was very sensitive, and sometimes left her seeping even more and feeling strangely aroused. Sometimes she couldn't help but moan with arousal when she touched it in the shower, much to her embarrassment. The same could be said for her nipples, which seemed almost permanently erect, barely managing to keep from releasing the torrent that was building up behind them. They sat uncomfortably in her bras.

Progress, at least, was being had there. Ivy refused to leave the house most of the time, even located out in the woods as it was, and so it fell to Theo to buy new clothing and supplies for her. Which meant a very awkward and protracted conversation about the nature of bras, particularly maternity ones with absorbent pads, and the need to get comfortable ones that would provide her incredibly busty chests with a lot of support.

"So my upper boobs don't crush my . . . lower ones," she explained.

Theo tried to jot down these notes.

"Don't write that part down Theo! I don't want anyone knowing I'm out here, let alone that I've got four of these - *these massive tits!*" They wobbled heavily as she indicated to each one with a hand, and Theo clearly found it difficult to meet her eyes with the display in front of him. "Just say you're buying them for your pregnant girlfriend or something."

"But I don't have a girlfriend."

Ivy went to shout something in irritation, but had to calm herself down. Her bloated form was becoming increasingly slick with sweat, and she was getting more lethargic every day. Instead, she took a couple of long breaths, and slowly lowered herself down onto a seat, adjusted her heavy ovipositor as she did so. She ran her multiple hands across her bloated waist. "Ngh - ooohh. *I'm your girlfriend* in this scenario, Theo. A normal - ahh, ahh - average pregnant woman who doesn't have four giant boobs and four arms, and fucking antennae."

“Oh, uh, yeah. Sorry. I was just caught off guard.”

Ivy rested her chin in her two lower hands while the other two rubbed at her gravid-looking belly. She was so damn overheated. “You and me both Theo. You and me both.”

Theo returned late in the afternoon, and a scantily-clad, flushed and overheated Ivy was astonished at how well he had done. He had exceeded expectations, having purchased several large sets of EEE and F-cup maternity bras with absorbent pads, along with matching panties that she could wear far more comfortably on her hips, and which could sit low enough for her ovipositor to hang out over the top easily. He had also purchased several large maternity dresses intended for . . . larger women, and a number of XXL singlet shirts and smaller sweatpants for her to wear as well. The shirts had enormous holes that extended well below the armpit, providing tons of space for her additional arms rather than having to cut itchy holes in the sides of her existing clothing. But there were plenty of other thoughtful purchases on top of these; a sun hat with just the band and cap but no top, so her antennae wouldn't be uncomfortably squished in. He had also bought some lotions, conditioners, and skin products she had been complaining about not having several days ago. As her mounds continued to grow she had become worried about stretch marks - a silly thought, but one that tethered her to whatever remained of her humanity. Theo had remembered.

He had also purchased something else, an item that made her at once incredibly irritated, angry, embarrassed, and thankful. A set of milk pumps, used by pregnant women to ‘relieve excess milk’ according to the package. Theo was bright red as he showed it off.

“I didn't want to be presumptuous, but all the tests confirm that your, well, your milk production is only increasing. If we don't get on top of it quickly, you're going to keep . . .”

“Leaking,” she muttered, “you can say it. I'm *lactating*, at least twice as much as any woman. Goddamn these stupid mutant tits.”

She could already feel them becoming overfull with liquid, seeping into the absorbent pads of her large double pair of bras.

Theo gave her a sympathetic smile. “It'll get worse, I'm afraid. Which is why you need to pump.”

He left the pumps with her, providing her with the dignity of privacy. At first she refused to pump them, that was for pregnant women, damn it! But in the end she had to; the discomfort was too much, and her great heaving breasts were sleek with sweat from the sheer arousal of being so constantly engorged. It was as if her bloated mounds were being actively pumped with contents. Worse, all four were filling up faster. Three days ago it took

the whole day for them to become full, but soon it was only a matter of half a day before she felt the need to go into the bathroom and begin squeezing each nipple to release her build-up in turn. So she used the pump, suppressing a moan at the arousing sensation of her large nipples being tugged, and her breasts being slowly relieved of their sloshing weight.

The days dragged on, and further, more unsettling changes followed. At first Ivy was overjoyed when she waddled her jiggling body to the shower one morning and saw she had pupils again. They were a dark pink, and were slightly comical and surrounded by her otherwise totally black iris, but it made her happy.

That was, until she saw her other developments. The knots on her shoulders were now undeniably extending, pushing the skin upwards as they threatened to break through. But it was her sides and chest that made her stop in her tracks. The developments there she had been trying to ignore were now too prominent to do so.

It was undeniable now. She was growing a third pair of breasts. Which could only mean the sore points growing out from her sides were *yet another* pair of arms.

“What the fuck, I’m . . . ugh . . . I’m growing *more* boobs? *More* arms? How many more will I grow? When will this fucking nightmare *end!*?”

Couldn't Theo do anything?

She initially tried to hide the developments, despite the stupidity of doing so, but soon they could no longer be hidden. Over the next couple of days, her third row of breasts rapidly grew in. Beset with aches, her lowest pair of boobs grew to a B-cup in just a few days, then to sizable C-cups just a couple after that. She felt hot and flustered on her chest, particularly as it meant that once more her weight out front was increasing, causing her to rely more and more on her ovipositor to maintain balance. That too was changing. The bumps on the underside of her fat, tail-like addition were becoming larger and more well-defined, with noticeable pinkish-red points extending from their outer middle. It was when Theo inspected the developments and she shuddered at their sensitivity, each of those points stiffening, that she realised she was beginning to develop even more grotesque mammaries. Only these ones existed on the underside of her abdominal extension.

“I can’t believe it,” Theo said. “You’re not only developing a third pair of breasts on your torso, but an additional six breasts on the underside of your ovipositor, for twelve in total.”

“Ngghhnnnn ooohhhh,” Ivy moaned in horror and reluctant pleasure as he took a moment to squeeze and rub her individual nipples. It was impossible, it was so utterly alien, and yet she couldn’t help but feel aroused and teased, feeling the same bliss as if her forward breasts were being played with, only these were *hanging behind her*.

"Pleasssse," she groaned, looking at him and trying not to bite her lip, "I don't want to keep growing breasts Theo. You have to help me stop this."

Theo took a moment to pat her rear abdomen. God, it was getting so heavy now. But then everything was heavy now. Everything was overheated and sweaty and so. Fucking. Full.

"The equipment should be here in just a few days. You'll just have to hang on till then, Ives."

She looked at him, aghast, feeling even less human now than ever. "I don't know if I can wait that long! I'm growing *more* arms. I've got fucking *tits* on my tail . . . thing! Are they going to make milk as well?"

"Most likely, I'm afraid."

Tears ran down Ivy's cheeks. "God, they're already so heavy. How will I even pump them? I can barely reach them."

Theo paused in thought. "If it comes to that, I'll help. If it isn't too awkward. I'm sorry Ives, really. I'll do everything I can for you, but I just don't know how much that is. I'm sorry." He gave her an awkward side hug - god knows hugs from the front or even from behind were now impossible due to her massive growths - and gave a sympathetic squeeze of her lower left hand.

Soon to be her middle left hand.

Over the next few days her various appendages continued to grow even as the rest of her swelled up more and more like a balloon. Theo did his best with her, and she was astonished at how much of a gentleman he was, even helping her fit three large pairs of bras around her ovipositor just to contain them and stop them bouncing on the underside, as well as ordering some custom clothing to fit over her prodigious bosoms and belly and accommodate her six arms. Apparently he ordered them from a furry website, though Ivy wasn't one to look a gift horse in the mouth.

As they waited, he continued to conduct tests on her developing 'condition' as he called it. He tried to cook meals she appreciated, and even did some work widening some door spaces to allow her to fit through easier, which took some effort. At night she would curl up on the couch and watch Netflix just to feel like a person again, even if it meant curling her large ovipositor over next to her. Theo would sit beside her and they would both laugh at the comedy or get invested in the drama and just talk like two people, almost as if they were on a romantic date. Occasionally Theo would glance her way, but never in disgust, and something about that flattered her. As if he alone still saw her as a human woman capable of being cared for and listened to. Comforted.

After too many nights of growing, changing, altering, of becoming less and less human, he was her one comfort. He helped her down into bed as she grew tired, and drew the blankets over her bulbous form, despite the fact that her six arms were easily up to the task. They had joked and played around just earlier that morning of the advantages of her extra limbs as she made herself a coffee while playing a videogame and eating her breakfast. Now, just letting a man tuck her in and bid her goodnight was enough to make her feel normal, if only for a moment.

Ivy woke the next morning after one of these calming nightly routines in a state of discomfort (a near-constant state for her now). More than usual she was feeling quite wet and sticky. She realised with horror that her new, third set of arms were now fully developed as she lifted herself up with six pink-white arms, only to witness the bulging breasts of her ovipositor - all six of them - leaking her inhuman milk onto the sheets. The six breasts on her chest were the same - all of them now F-cups and perennially lactating.

"Uuhhnnnggghh," she groaned. "Oohhhh ah-ah-ahhhh mmhmm."

Everything was pink and swollen and sweaty and so. Damn. Full. Her bloated body felt like a furnace, and her six rows of teats ached from being so engorged. As she rose the pressure in her stomach was borderline unbearable. Ivy groaned, antennae twitching to sample the damp air, when suddenly a frightening urge to push deep in her hips came over.

"Ahhh, aaahhh . . . I don't - aaahh!"

She barely paid attention to the ripple of movement on her back. Ivy barely registered that she had grown a pair of insectoid wings with thick pink membranes. All she could focus on was this near-instinctive *need* to push.

"Nngghhnn mmmhnm uuugghhh!"

She braced herself, sitting up as much as she could, when she felt something round and large shift within her.

"Oohhhh!"

The object sat painfully at the centre of her hips, pressing up against an opening that was too small to accept it. Again the pain came, the frantic urge to push. Ivy groaned and strained, clutching her mound even as her many mammaries continued to lactate in response to her struggle.

"What - ohhh - is h-happening! Th-Theo - nggghh! - I n-need your hellllp!"

A mighty push, and somehow the object within her squeezed through the tight passage. She felt like a bowling ball was being pushed through her vagina, only it wasn't her vagina, it was the tube connecting her hips to her ovipositor. She grasped at the connective

stem with her two lowest hands, and felt it *widen* as the object squeezed through. She felt it pass all the way, until finally:

\*plip!\*

It plopped out from the tunnel to rest in the larger expanse of her rear abdomen.

"What was - ohh!"

Before she could even get her bearings, again returned that feeling of pressure as another object within her stomach - within her *womb?* - shifted downwards to press against the tunnel.

"Nnyaaahhh!"

Again she gave into the urge to push, the ovoid object *squeezing* through her inhuman tunnel before being released into her ovipositor to join the other. She gasped, her six upper limbs tensing in response to the strange process, her new wings flapping weakly and helping to cool her flushed form.

And then it began again.

By the time Theo heard her and burst through the door, her ovipositor *bulged* with new contents pushed in from her belly, which was still enormous but less overly-taut than it had been.

"Theo! Help, I - nnyanngghh!" She tensed as another of the bulging shapes descending into her insectoid abdomen, the eighth in total.

"My god," he said. "Are you okay?"

"Do I look - Nnnghh - okay?"

Her insectoid wings, now at least a metre long each while extended, flapped even harder as she pushed. Rivulets of milk poured from her twelve nipples, each of them long and hard and extended like teats, occasionally spurting while she bucked her wide hips in an attempt to dislodge the latest object into her ovipositor.

"I mean are you injured?" Theo asked. "Is any part of you bleeding?"

"N-no," she grunted. "But it huurrts, and my tail-sac is filling is with something from my stomach and I don't know what it is!"

Two arms rubbed at her sore stomach, a second set massaging her increasingly enlarged ovipositor which was still being pumped with the heavy contents of her belly. The last set were struggling to hold her weighty body upright, held slightly to the side to avoid her stomach crushing her innards.

"You just need to push it through," Theo said. He took a towel and began dabbing at her bare breasts, but she was lactating faster than he could soak it up at this rate. She

squirmed as the ninth object failed to shift, pushing instead painfully up against the inner tube's lining that connected her stomach or womb to her sac.

"It's s-stuck!" she groaned. Her wings beat faster. Sweat dripped down her forehead onto her breasts, which were just as sleek with it. She cried as she strained, gasping with relief as her connective tunnel finally dilated wide enough to accept the object, which slid slowly and uncomfortably through the stem before squeezing out into the much more elastic space of her ovipositor. It must have been at least ten to fifteen kilograms heavier by then, or more.

She lay back on her side, her three arms splayed out awkwardly over the side of the bed, waiting for the next strange object inside her to descend.

Thankfully, it didn't.

She raised her head above her torso of massive, quivering breasts.

"What - what was that?"

Theo bit his lip. "I think I have an idea. Come, the equipment has finally arrived and we can find out for certain. Do you need help getting up?"

She shook her head to say no, but quickly found that even with her additional arms her mounds were simply too big and in the way to get up. She struggled a few seconds before looking up at Theo, filled with shame and embarrassment. "Actually I do need help, these stupid fucking milky tits are all in the way."

Theo acquiesced, and for the first time she was glad at the unnatural pink hue her skin had taken on; it covered up the fact that her cheeks were reddening with embarrassment.

Theo helped her up, and with even further humiliation she realised he had to put his back into it. Even her stronger, more muscular legs - thanks to her mutation - nearly buckled under her weight. She was used to thrusting her stomach forward and using her ovipositor as counterbalance, but now her rear development was swollen much larger and carried a lot heavier, and it took her some time to find her footing. Her dripping rear breasts hung low, nearly touching the floor. She could still feel her overfull developments dripping their pink-white milk behind her.

"This is getting too much Theo. I need a cure. I don't know what I was just pushing out but it fucking *hurt*, and I'm scared if it keeps happening I'll die or something. I'm already a huge, bloated freak. My organs can't keep taking all of this - this growth!" She threw up six arms in frustration, when suddenly her slightly-smaller belly gurgled loudly.

"And now I'm fucking hungry again! God, when will this end?"

Theo held out a hand and caressed her cheek. Without wanting them to, her antennae twitched down over his head as he looked her in the eyes. "I don't know Ives, but I won't leave you. I promise."

The truth. She knew from the strange buzzing of her antennae that he was telling the truth. Her heart fluttered and she did her best to steady it. There was no way a good looking and intelligent man like Theo would ever be interested in a bloated seeping bug girl like her. No nan would be, ever again.

She pulled away from him. "I'm going to shower, then eat. You can show me this equipment then."

## **Part 9: Full With Eggs**

Ivy Hartridge emerged from the shower and waddled as fast as she could to the kitchen to devour as much as she could. Her engorged breasts were still lactating, but for now at least they were supported in her F cup bras, and the same for the six engorged teats on the underside of her ovipositor. Milk sloshed within them, slowly soaking into the nursing pads of the bras, and she could only hope she wouldn't have to change them more than once a day. The only saving grace was that her belly was less burdened by the pressure she had been feeling the days previous, with some of its immense weight transferred to what she was increasingly thinking of as the 'sac' protruding behind her. It weighed heavily, swaying from side to side, and the surface on top of it had grown harder and almost plated in appearance, the pink colouring noticeably darker. That same plating continued up her spine and ended just as her hair began. Theo had theorised it was strengthening her spine to help her gait, but she still felt like walking was a struggle with the enormous minifridge of an ovipositor behind her.

"So what can this equipment do?" she asked as she scoffed down eggs and bacon. Her stomach trembled. She could already feel it slowly inflating back up to its previous size with every bite.

"It's an ultrasound machine," Theo replied as she finished up. "To see what's going on inside your stomach and ovipositor. Why you're swelling up."

"You mean it's not going to cure me?"

Theo pinched the bridge of his nose in frustration. "Ivy, in order to cure a condition we need to know what kind of condition it is. Blood tests and DNA samples can only get me so far. We need to find out what's happening inside you. We need to find out what's happening in here, too."

He patted her stomach lightly for emphasis, and she felt the strange, heavy contents within shift slightly in response to his touch, before sliding back as his hand retreated. Even her stomach was changing now; horizontal bands like the underside of a reptile's belly had formed. The skin was still pale pink and soft, but she could already feel that the development meant that her stomach's surface had a lot more thickness, all the better to hold the objects being produced inside.

Her wings fluttered nervously behind her. Ugh, she'd have to be content with bras and panties until new clothes with wing holes in them could be made.

"Fine, let's do the damn scan. I'm sick of being such a freak whale and not knowing why."

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Not too long after, Ivy's mutated form lay back on a hospital gurney, threatening to overwhelm the available space. Her ovipositor, now heavier than ever, hung off the edge between her increasingly muscular legs. Her wings, also larger in size, had flopped to one side as she rested at a funny angle. This left her many arms awkwardly without much place to go. Still, her position had the advantage of providing the enormous dome that was her stomach, and her six bulging breasts, some space to protrude and be scanned.

Ivy's entire form was flushed more pink than ever, the colour now clearly an unambiguous result of her mutation. Her skin had a light sheen of sweat, and she groaned lightly at the building pressure in her six rows of breasts, as well as whatever was expanding inside her belly.

"Ohhhh," she groaned, as the last of the space provided by the recent strange evacuation of objects into her ovipositor was taken up by new growth. "I'm still - ohhh - growing, Th-Theo. P-pleassssee tell me what's wrong."

Her black eyes with their pink pupils looked up at him with desperation. She was so overburdened, she felt as if she might die. She thought again of Delia and what that bitch had done to her. She'd never hated anyone so much in her life.

Theo rubbed the ultrasound jelly over her stomach, going back several times for more of it due to the sheer expanse of skin needing to be covered. Ivy tried not to squirm in growing discomfort, and there was a lot more to squirm now that she had gone from four limbs to ten. Eleven, if her 'sac' was counted, and it was tail-like in a way. Her rear breasts dripped milk into the awkwardly fitting bras around her ovipositor, and the six atop her stomach weren't far behind.

"Not long now Ives," Theo said as he readied the scan, "just be patient."

Ivy clenched her many fingers. "It's hard to be - ohh - patient when you're s-so f-full."

"We'll find out why that's the case in a second."

Ivy groaned, growing increasingly impatient. More than two whole weeks of waiting for this, and in that time she had developed two more arms, eight more breasts, a pair of useless wings, and grown even larger and fuller, with what she didn't know.

Theo scanned for what seemed to be a long time. His brow furrowed occasionally, as if he was unsure or even concerned by a development. Ivy laid there, flushed and full and lactating almost constantly into her bras. A familiar pressure was increasing in her stomach, a growing desire to push that she tried to keep out of mind.

"W-what is it Theo? Just tell - ah - tell me!"

Theo locked eyes with her, and for a moment a chill ran down her spine, all the way to the end of her fattened ovipositor. Her antennae were picking up something from him . . . almost like hesitation, if an emotion could be 'tasted' like that.

"I don't know how to tell you this Ives, so I'll just come out and say it, and hope that maybe you suspected it all along."

Ivy gasped, and in that moment she knew, even as he said the words.

"You're pregnant."

Tears welled in her eyes, and the shock of it was enough to surrender to the incredible need to push down in her womb. She did so, and -

"Ohh!"

She clutched her large, *pregnant* stomach, and whimpered as yet more objects pushed through that narrow pelvic tunnel before squeezing out into her ovipositor. There were another few plips and plops, and these ones *audible!*

"I'm - nnnngghh, oh God! - I'm pregnant!?"

"Very, I'm afraid."

Another urge to push, another painful pressure. The lips at the end of her rear abdominal growth were starting to seep.

"Mhhmmnnnggh, oh God . . . pregnant with what!?"

"It's hard to tell, as they're still in their eggs at the moment. It appears the insect mixture has altered your DNA so much that your body is designed to lay eggs rather than perform live births."

"EGGS!?!"

Theo coughed, looking a little sheepish. "Oh yes, they're all eggs, and they appear to be fertilised too. Likely a result of mating during your changes, or maybe even the serum itself. It did contain insect fertilising agents."

Another urge to push. She squeezed awkwardly, desperately aware of how heavy and large her stretched ovipositor was becoming.

"These are - ngghnn - *eggs* going through me? Ohhhh . . ."

"Fertilised ones, yes. There's definitely lifeforms in there." He poked her stomach gently. "And when they reach a certain size it appears your body develops an instinctive urge to push them down into your ovipositor." His hand traced its way down between her legs to the fat, heavy growth that continued to swell out behind her while standing, and was now uncomfortably wedged downwards to allow for the sonogram.

Ivy squeaked, spreading her legs further to allow passage for the next of her eggs to descend. She gasped as it passed, and while her mammoth belly and enormous chests kept her from seeing, she could tell by Theo's shifting gaze that the transfer from belly to ovipositor was *visible*.

"Nnggghnn . . . ohhh. H-how many?"

Theo held her hand. "Now Ives, this is going to take a bit to, uh, digest. But you have to understand that -"

"How many?! HOW MANY?!? HOW MANY OF THESE FUCKING - ahhhh - these f-fuckinh things have I got inside me?"

"Dozens," Theo replied, "more than thirty at least. Perhaps upwards of fifty, it's hard to tell." He placed the scanner slowly over her ovipositor, and pointed at the screen. "Your body is still growing them all, there could well be *hundreds*. They start small and begin growing, but they're all at different intervals. When they reach enough maturity they descend into your ovipositor. Right now you have at least twelve or thirteen in your egg sac alone."

"My what!?"

"Your egg sac. It's what 'ovipositor' means. Oh my God, Ivy, did you not know what ovipositor means? I'm so, so sorry!"

The world was beginning to become foggy. Her thoughts slurred together like the horrible pastry mix she had consumed earlier that day . . . all to help her bloated, mutated, insectoid body produce its eggs. She struggled to rise from the hospital bed, her far-too many limbs flailing about as she rolled herself off and stumbled to her feet. Hands caught her - Theo - but already her stomach was gurgling and her growing lighter. Nausea was rising. Theo was saying something but all she could do was waddle forward, six arms reaching for a surface to cling to, wings beating behind her, her ovipositor so fat and full it

dragged across the floor. She was nearly to the toilet. Nearly to the bowl. Information from her antennae funnelled into her mind like crackling white noise.

And then suddenly she was tumbling forward, straight toward the bowl. Four arms instinctively caught her fall and strained beneath her weight. Her six engorged F-cups wobbled painfully from the fall, and her remaining two arms - her original pair - managed to pull herself up just in time as she vomited up half of that morning's breakfast. She coughed it up, and moaned in irritation and sheer horror at not just the foul taste remaining in her mouth, but the way her large, lactating breasts and pregnant body slumped against the bowl.

"Why me . . . why me . . . Why - aaahhh!"

*Again*, the need to push. She squatted, curling her knees as much as she could towards her mound-filled chest, and groaned as yet more eggs descended. Her egg sac swelled even more, and she grunted in response to the pain of her ovipositor's bra straps cutting into the increasingly heavy sac. She tried to reach back to remove them - remove even one - but a jolt in her nethers told her that her broodmotherly job had only just begun. She gave a ragged scream as more and more eggs squeezed through her hips and into her sac, one after the other so that there was not a free moment from the agony and discomfort and deep, unwanted *arousal*. The pain was there, but the fact that part of her body took pleasure in it, was *turned on* by it, made her feel even sicker. As if it was telling her that this is what she was always meant to be; a big, pregnant, insect broodgirl.

*As if making and pushing out eggs was her instinctive purpose.*

Theo arrived after this moment. But her egg sac continued to swell, and she couldn't communicate this to the scientist. Theo tried to hold her hair, not realising the pain of the bra straps around her ovipositor, which only got worse. It grew and grew until finally three loud snaps rang out, as one by one in quick succession the straps pulled apart. She sighed in pure relief, even as her six underbreasts began to tighten and squirt what must have been litres of milk all over the floor. She groaned in pain, in pleasure, and in relief, until finally it all ended.

"Ohhhhhh, nnhn, ughhhh."

Theo helped her wash herself down, and she retreated to her room to brood, her egg sac now so big that it dragged on the ground behind her. She curled up as much as her body could, her sac so full of eggs she had to use four of her six arms just to heft it up onto the bed, whereupon it sagged slightly, the eggs pressing up against one another.

"God, I can feel them," she muttered.

How had she been so blind as to not notice? Had she been in denial the whole time? Even before she started sprouting extra limbs and breasts and the fat egg sac currently

sticking out from behind her, her stomach had grown large and domed, and her breasts grew bigger and sorer. Both were big clues to pregnancy, and yet it had never entered her mind as a possibility.

And now, here she was, pregnant with dozens of eggs, and her body still making more. Was Daniel the father? Or some weird insect thing the DNA was taken from? Both options horrified her. There was even a third: that her eggs had *two* fathers, fertilised by a human male and by insect matter, creating weird hybrids like herself.

"It's all so wrong," she said, wiping her dark eyes.

Ivy gazed in the mirror, amazed by her heavily pregnant belly, her six throbbing F-cups piled upon one another, her increasingly large translucent wings, and the near-refrigerator sized egg sac sagging down an entire corner of the bed. Her increasingly pink skin astounded her - it was more white around her soft parts, but became a vibrant shade where the malleable plating that helped support her form was most evident. Her pink eyes *glowed*, her face so changed and yet so familiar. She hadn't even noticed amongst all the insanity, but her nose was completely gone now, just two vertical slits remaining, and her eyes were definitely larger. Almost half again larger than a human pair. The roots of her hair were growing out pink as well. Weirdly, as wrong as it was to admit to herself, her face actually looked kind of . . . cute. Alien, yes, but cute.

"Big, pink, and pregnant," Ivy muttered to herself. She shifted slightly enough so that three of her arms could grab her milk pump, and she managed to manoeuvre around her enormous womb enough to attach the pumps to her six ovipositor udders. She was full enough down there after all.

She lay back, spreading her wings enough to be comfortable on her back, even with the crushing boulder of a belly and all her milk-filled breasts atop her. She breathed a sigh of overwhelming exhaustion, and tried to simply find some small comfort in the slow but steady *pump-pump-pump* of the milking devices sucking rhythmically away at her tail-breasts. She was basically daydreaming when the door knocked several times. It was Theo, of course, but her antennae sensed him anyway, as if trying to offer up their usefulness.

Ivy opened her eyes, unable to see past her mounds, but knowing it could only be Theo. She had taken off her underwear and was lying naked on the bed, but at this stage she had no shame remaining; it was like she was a prisoner to this body, and she couldn't even remember what she had felt like having just four limbs, two breasts, and no antennae constantly feeding her information.

"What do you want?" she muttered.

Theo moved forward and sat by her. He reached out a hand and held one of hers

"I wanted to see how you're doing. I know it's a lot to take in."

She scoffed. "Yeah. A month ago I was just another girl, now I'm a big fat milk-filled insect full of eggs. I'm going to be a Mom, and to who the hell knows what."

She stroked her profound belly absently, another two arms reaching to stroke her egg sac. Her upper pair ran through her hair. She didn't even register how much her brain had changed to expertly deal with three sets of arms at once.

"I'm never going to be human again, am I?"

Theo gave her a look of absolute empathy. "I'm sorry, Ives. I had hoped. But there's nothing I can do. Maybe if there's a big leap in genetic engineering technology. And perhaps some elements can be mitigated. But, well, you've become a new species now."

"The first of many," she moaned, as the pressure started again. She arched her back, or at least tried to, as another large egg descended and was slowly squeezed from her womb and into her egg sac, which plumpened visibly.

"Ooohhhh . . . ah, ah, ah!" she groaned as she bucked her hips to dislodge the egg into her ovipositor. It went through after some huffing.

"Soon I won't be able to walk," Ivy continued. "I won't be able to do anything but grow these stupid eggs. When am I even due, Theo?"

"I'm not sure. It's impossible to tell. But there's something else I need to tell you, Ivy."

She groaned, so bloated with eggs and milk she didn't think she could handle another revelation. "What now?"

Theo paused. "The eggs . . . the babies, there's a good chance that they're mine."

Ivy huffed, and her six engorged torso breasts rose and fell as if by an earthquake.

"What? H-how?"

Theo explained. When he'd created the serum, he'd used some of his own DNA, with the hopes of crafting a genetic hybrid. It was never intended to be used on a person, nor even to literally create a new life - just to form a baseline genetic template to offer as proof of concept. Never in his wildest dream could he imagine the effects it had had upon Ivy's now-hyper pregnant insect body. No, the intention was that it would be placed into the system of a specially grown insect, to see if humanoid traits could be passed on. It could even help make mosquitoes avoid humans, for instance, or to train swarms to avoid particular farmlands so they could survive insecticide issues.

"So you see," Theo said, "there's a good chance it isn't your ex, or an insect's children you're carrying. They're very likely mine."

Ivy tried to absorb this, but it was as difficult as absorbing the last stack of waffles her body had nevertheless demanded the previous week.

"I'm sorry," he said.

Ivy folded all three sets of her arms, each of them raised to place themselves over her gigantic sets of mammaries.

"Leave. Now."

Theo nodded, gave another quiet apology, and left. As soon as the door was shut, Ivy began to cry. She cried silently, deeply, and for a long time, her breasts wobbling and jiggling with each movement, her low moans only interrupted by the occasional need to manually push yet another egg through to her swelling rear sac.

She cried and brooded and fell in and out of anxious thoughts and moments of daydreaming for several hours, until finally her stomach groaned, demanding yet more food to sustain her remarkable hyper pregnancy.

"Great. It never ends."

## **Part 10: Adjusting**

Ivy rose with great difficulty, aided by her six strong arms and slightly plated legs, and nearly overcorrected thanks to her heavy egg sac. But as she stood her tears dried, and she felt somehow . . . better. None of this was Theo's fault, she knew. It wasn't even entirely Delia's, who she doubted would have ever known the effects of the serum. She had been dealt a horrific, strange, confusing, and frankly highly embarrassing hand, but as she thought about Theo's treatment of her, compared to how she'd treated him back, she realised she had no right to treat him as she had. He couldn't have foreseen these series of events, and there was also the fact that he had been honest and open with her, and continually treated her like a human being.

As heavy as she was, these thoughts gave her the extra energy she needed to exit the room. Her heavy egg sac was over the size of a small refrigerator now, and while the sensation of her engorged rear nipples sliding over the wooden floor was discomforting, she was pleased at least that she could still drag the egg-filled mass. Also, her rear breasts were beginning to be situated more to the lower *sides* of her ovipositor now that it was continuing to swell. The underside was noticeably more plated between the breasts. Ivy suspected this was to help her manoeuvre more easily now that the sac would likely remain weighed to the ground for the foreseeable future.

"God, the future. A long, long future like this. Ugh."

There were other changes, too. Her nipples were more like teats on her chest now, tensing occasionally on her chest and begging to be relieved of the milk being stored behind them. Her bosoms actually *sloshed* as she waddled out of the room, clothed only in an overstretched satin night robe Theo had gotten her.

*Pregnant.* Pregnant with eggs. It was almost impossible to imagine. Even as she walked she had to pause to push another two eggs through her inner cervix, down into her sac. She grunted as she did so, but the sensation was not altogether bad. She didn't know if that was worse or not, that she derived a small bit of pleasure from it. Her antennae twitched, identifying Theo's heat signature outside in the wide backyard.

*Pregnant.* And even once she gave birth to - or was it laid? - her eggs, she'd still have this alien, insectoid body for the rest of her life. Still have her antennae, which she had to admit she was growing fond of. Still have six arms - she could find plenty of convenient uses for those, at least. Still have three enormous pairs of breasts heavily adorning her chest, bouncing, wobbling, and shifting incredibly with each movement. She would always have this enormous fat ovipositor extending behind her. She could only pray it would diminish in size once she laid her eggs.

*God,* she was going to need so much custom-tailored clothing. What would her parents think when they saw her? How would she even tell them? Would they tell others? Her relationship with them wasn't bad, per se, but it was distant. They were always travelling away and leaving her by herself. Perhaps this time they would fly away all together.

She wiped some further tears from her cheeks as she slowly manoeuvred her uncooperative mass through to the backdoor. She breathed deep, and felt the still-strange sensation of her nostril slits opening like vents to receive oxygen. That made her snuffle, and even that sound was alien to her. That was what she would miss most of all in some ways. She would miss her lithe body, her flexibility, her ability to play sports and go for a run, all things her body was no longer suited for. But for the changes to have robbed her of even her nose? Her cute little nose that framed her face so perfectly and made her such a petite little catch? Now even that was lost to her.

All sense of petiteness was gone now: as bloated and massively limbed and pregnant with insectoid eggs as she was. What would the contents of those eggs even look like? She shuddered to think of the inhuman monsters growing inside her gravid form. As repulsive as it was to think that she was now some insect broodmare, at least she was spared the feeling of them writhing and squirming about inside her.

As Ivy continued to hold herself deep in anxious thought, she passed a tall mirror near the backyard exit. She paused, unable to keep from looking at herself, at how much

she had changed. Her skin was now very pink, with darker shades around her exoskeletal parts, and occasional white spots. The spots were almost like freckles, perhaps even a little cute? Perhaps she was clutching at straws. Her hair had sprouted much longer, and was also a pale pink, all the better to match her pink-on-black eyes which gazed into her strange reflection.

"I'm enormous," she muttered to herself, looking over her many mounds, and she yelped as she realised her voice had altered further. It still sounded like her, but now had a strange reverb to it, like an echo of her own voice trailed just a few milliseconds later.

"What the hell?"

She grabbed at her throat, and spoke again.

"Hello . . . testing, testing, Ivy's new voice. Geez, it sounds like I'm buzzing. Because I wasn't already enough of a big insect broodmare carting all these fucking eggs around."

She looked at herself one last time, still seeing the cute, petite girl with all her life ahead of her. And now, because of a freak prank played on her by a rival, she was doomed to live as a bloated, milk-filled, egg-laying bug girl. She twisted before the mirror to view herself side-on. It was astonishing, she was even bigger than she thought. Her pregnant belly stretched so far forward she looked like she was due with quadruplets, and her three stacks of enormous boobs were outlined heavily against the thin satin robe. Her hair had grown longer, and her antennae too, they now jutted out from her skull nearly two feet long. Out the back of the robe, through two slits in the fabric, her wings were folded. She opened them experimentally to see their width, and was amazed when they unfurled even larger than previously, and now adorning colourful pink patterns on the webbing. She flapped them several times, and sighed when she realised they were still cosmetic; she was far too full with children to get off the ground.

She couldn't help but frown as she saw what this strange pregnancy had done to her body in so little time; her ass was much bigger, and her hips quite wide, as if stretching just to store all the little bug children growing in their eggs within her. But it was impossible to ignore the dominating mass of the egg sac. It was huge, and bulbous, and oddly bumpy in places where more eggs had been packed.

She wiggled her hips experimentally, and managed to slide the weighted sac side to side across the smooth tile floor. She shivered as her underboobs, as she was beginning to think of them, ejaculated yet more of her pale pink milk. A cursory glance and it was easy to see she had left a thin trail of milk all the way from the room Theo let her stay in.

All in all, her body had more curves, many of them inhuman, than she knew what to do with. She shuddered as another egg released, felt it pass with a stinging yet weirdly

pleasing pressure through down into her sack, and continued on outside. It was harder to move about on the grass, even on the fine clear day that it was; her ovipositor dragged on the grass and dirt, and she had to use more of her increasingly powerful leg muscles to press forward. Once she nearly toppled over, and she felt a strong tug in her shoulders where her wings unfurled instinctively to beat several times and lift her back. She was grateful they had some use, at least.

She found Theo out in the distance looking over some bushes, and moved towards him. He was fully engaged with whatever he was doing, so she decided to get closer and peer over his shoulder. He was picking flowers. Some daffodils in fact; her favourites.

“Who’s the lucky girl?” she asked, still getting used to her new buzzing voice.

Theo practically *leapt* into the air. “Jesus, Ivy, you scared the shit out of me!”

She giggled, her voice still emitting that strange buzzing reverb. It was the most flustered she’d ever seen him. “Sorry Theo, I just wanted to see what you were doing. You never told me you had a girlfriend. That’s who you’re picking those flowers out for, isn’t it?”

Theo went bright red. Ivy recognised the look; she’d been just as, if not more, embarrassed of events before her in the last few weeks. She began to feel as if she’d trodden onto awkward ground.

“Oh shit, I’ve done something stupid haven’t I? Do I need to cover up more? It’s basically impossible but I can try. I know I shouldn’t be out, I’ll go back inside.”

She began the arduous motion of trying to turn around; it was easier to take a wide circle and let her egg sac pivot around instead of trying to lift it. Theo stepped forward.

“No Ives, don’t go. Sorry, I just didn’t expect you.”

She looked at him. Out in the day, his forearms bare, his muscles on slight display, she couldn’t help but be more than a little aroused. It wasn’t fair that he could look so attractive while she was stuck as she was, forced to simply watch him. Worse too that it wasn’t just her nethers that seeped when she was turned on now, but the lips at the end of her ovipositor as well.

“It’s okay Theo, I’ll head back in.”

“No, stay!” He shifted awkwardly. “I’m just surprised to see you out here; the last few weeks I’ve been trying to get you out of the house and into the sun. Y’know, get out, stretch your legs.”

“And my wings?” She opened them up before him, unfurling to their great expansion, before tucking them back behind her shoulders again.

“Wow, well, yeah, definitely those two. Gee, those have gotten bigger, haven’t they?”

She raised an eyebrow. Well, she didn't have eyebrows anymore, but she *did* have a darker pink mottled pattern that outlined a *sort* of eyebrow. "All of me has gotten bigger." She gestured with each set of arms; one set pointing out her engorged chests, another at her orb of a belly, the last set jabbing back to her increasingly problematic egg sac.

"Still," Theo recovered, "it's great to see you out. I honestly didn't expect it. Especially since, you know, the uh, the news."

Both sets of eyes drew to her stomach. Ivy became painfully aware once more, not only of how huge she was, but also that she could practically *feel* more of her insectoid young gestating in egg form within her. Like she was some damn freak factory.

"I don't want to talk about that now," she said, and then sighed, "I'm . . . dealing with it. It's a shock. A fucking big one, on top of everything else, but I was wrong to blame you Theo. You've done nothing but help me since I came to you, and I've been acting like a total bitch to you. Blame the pregnancy hormones I guess."

"No one would blame you in your situation, Ivy."

"I know, but I'm still sorry. I'm a fucking freak Theo, and it terrifies me that this is my life now. I can no longer do so many things I once took for granted, and I have no idea what I'm going to say to my parents when they get back from overseas. But you . . . you never stopped treating me as a person. I wanted to come out and say I don't blame you for this. I hope Delia rots in hell for what she's done to me, but I don't blame you. You've been nothing but kind to me."

Theo smiled. It was a warm, genuine smile. "Thank you Ives, that means more than you can imagine. I know I keep saying it, but I'm going to do everything I can to help you."

She placed an arm on his shoulder, and was again surprised at the firm muscle there, before withdrawing it. Her antennae twitched, and all at once she felt a strong emotion within him.

It was *compassion*. *Empathy*. And perhaps something more . . . something like romantic interest, perhaps?

"Okay, I'm sorry to be freaky, but thanks to these additions I can *definitely* sense what you're feeling right now."

"Oh, well, I-"

"You have *got* to tell me who the lucky girl is Theo. Or guy, if you swing that way."

He smirked. "I don't, trust me. Well, you remember when we sat up watching movies the other night?"

She nodded, wondering where this was going. "Of course."

“Well, you mentioned flowers, I can’t even remember in what context. And later, I couldn’t help but think about this girl I’ve developed a bit of a strange crush on. I’ve been wanting to tell her for a few weeks now actually, but it’s something I’ve always struggled with. So I thought, maybe give her some flowers.”

Ivy tried to ignore the screaming part of her brain that told her she’d ever be lucky enough to have someone be like that for her anymore.

“That’s fantastic Theo! Is she from work?”

He turned the thought around in his head. “Sort of. I don’t think she realises I’m even into her, even when I’m staring her right in the face.”

“You should compliment her, tell her how beautiful she is in your eyes. That line always worked on me before I mutated and grew a fucking eggsace.”

Theo scratched his chin. “That’s just the thing. I think she’s beautiful, but she has a lot of body image issues, especially lately, and I’m worried that if I tell her she looked gorgeous to me she might think I’m some sort of weirdo.”

Ivy placed four of her knuckles on her hips, and the other two hands over her belly. “What, is she fat or something?”

Theo nearly snorted, then held back a chuckle. “She’s a . . . bigger girl. Definitely, though it’s not really her fault. She’s been going through some changes lately.”

“Yeah, I can relate to that. Stop being cryptic and just tell me Theo, I’m dying for some new news here!”

Theo sighed in exasperation, picked up the flowers again, and pressed them into Ivy’s hand. For a moment she was confused, and then before she could even register what was happening, he had stepped forwards, grasped the back of her head gently, and begun kissing her deeply.

Ivy’s eyes went wide with shock - and they were very wide following her changes now - and she was near-instantly overwhelmed with that same astonishing, overwhelming feeling transmitted by her antennae and into her brain. Love. From Theo to her, she could feel love. His love for her. His other hand found her cheek, and he kissed deeply again leaning forward so that her belly did not come too much between them. Her flushed breasts began to warm considerably, her milk production increasing as he held her, and slowly five of her arms not counting the one still holding the flowers moved to encircle him. She kissed him back.

And then they parted, and Ivy took a deep breath, her satin night robe opening up to reveal three sets of cleavage. Her nipples stood out, hard with arousal and tenting the fabric. She felt exposed, and confused, and somehow, despite it all, so so *wonderful*.

“Theo, I - you . . . I never realised - even when I look like this? I don’t understand.”

Theo caressed her cheek, his other hand embracing one of hers. "What's to understand Ives? I'm head over heels for you. I know so many things are so terrifying for you right now, but I can't help but say it; I like you. I want . . . I want to be with you, if you'll have me."

"You want me," she breathed, her voice buzzing with warmth. "Wow. I don't know what to say Theo."

"You don't have to say anything."

"That's just the thing! I want to! You're the only comfort I've got, and I know I feel so many things for you, but I don't want you to be stuck with me, or feel some duty to me, I told you I don't blame you."

"And I'm telling you, it's not that. You have a beautiful soul, Ives, and a wonderful mind, and I feel so comfortable with you, even when you're not comfortable with yourself."

She could feel tears forming. "But - but I'm a freak!"

Theo smiled. "Not to me, Ives. I don't mind how you look. To be honest, and at the risk of making you uncomfortable, but I think you still look very attractive. Beautiful. Even a little hot, if I'm being honest. And I mean it; just because you're changed doesn't make you a freak. Because you're not; you look radiant."

She knew he was telling the truth. Her antennae could feel it, including when he thought of her as still being attractive.

"You really think I'm pretty?" She'd never imagined anyone ever could again.

"I do," he said. And again he was telling the truth.

Ivy beamed, and then her expression turned to horror as that low pressure in her gut returned. She leaned against Theo with two arms, clenching his shirt as her other hands all leapt to her swollen mound. "Ooooh . . . oh shit. Shit. Wh-why now!?"

She tensed, clenching her eyes shut and pushing like a pregnant woman in labor - which, she supposed, she basically was - until not one or two but *three* more eggs descended, pressing firmly against those already taking up the space inside her elasticised egg sac.

She relaxed some, still panting slightly, her six engorged breasts now seeping milk into her night robe to her embarrassment.

"Goddamn this stupid fat insect body. I'm so sorry Theo, I couldn't help it. I just can't get a break from these goddamn eggs inside me."

But much to her relief Theo only gave a soft-hearted chuckle, and placed a hand on her taut belly. "It's okay, Ives, it's okay. It doesn't bother me, really, it doesn't. I'm the one recording your condition, remember?"

She flushed red with embarrassment, only to realise one upside of her new pink colouring was that no one could quite tell when she was humiliated.

"I know," she said, "and . . . thank you. I'm not sure how to deal with all this, but I'm glad I met you Theo. I'm . . . I'm glad I'm with you."

She shuffled forward slightly, until her great dome of a belly rested against his stomach and crotch. She might have been mistaken, but she swore she could feel a distinctly hard bulge in his pants. There was no denying she was seeping slightly, from a number of orifices, both traditional and new. She leaned forward, her antennae twitching in joy and bewilderment, and kissed her caretaker again, this time letting the flowers fall to the ground and placing all six of her arms around his waist tightly.

She giggled awkwardly as they parted. "Oh God, this is going to take some getting used to Theo, I don't even know if I'm capable anymore of . . . I don't know how half my own body works and I . . . I'm still scared about being pregnant and this all being too much and -"

Theo shushed her, embracing her back so that her fulsome F-cups squashed up against his chest. She had no doubts his chest was getting soaked in her milk, but he didn't seem to care. "Hey, hey now," he said, "we'll take it slow, okay? I'm sorry, Ives. You've been through so much. You're so strong."

She began to cry. "Sorry, all these damn hormones, half of them aren't even human probably,"

He consoled her, and asked if she wanted to go back inside. All she could do was nod and wipe at her tears. If she still had a nose no doubt it'd be all phlegmy. Small favours, she supposed. Theo began to lead her back inside when a more external pain erupted from Ivy's ovipositor.

"Oh shit! Ouch ouch ouch, sorry, my sac is stuck on that branch! Ah, can you help me?"

Theo couldn't help but laugh. "Of course Ives, now and always." He struggled to lift her large ovipositor, so full of eggs filled with life formed from the two of them, and after much effort and a lot of embarrassment on her part, they began to move back inside.

"So . . . what did you mean by a *bigger girl*?" she teased.

## Part 11: The Act

The next few days were so very different from the weeks before that Ivy wondered if she was in some strange fever dream. Despite her condition, despite no longer being human, despite her absurd pregnancy or the fact that she was carrying eggs for God's sake, she somehow managed to be happy. Content, even. Disturbed by her pregnancy, yes. Fearful over her future, yes. Anxious over seeing her parents and friends again. Tearful over being stuck in this bloated, milk and egg-filled form for her life, of bloody course.

But somehow Theo made it endurable. At times she even forgot that she had sprouted wings on her back and five extra pairs of massive mammaries. As she had requested, they were taking things slow. She could barely believe she was even entertaining the notion of a relationship, as completely overburdened by eggs and her overall changes as she was, but then again, didn't pregnant women lean on their spouses? Wasn't this just more reason to take solace in someone's arms, even if they had four less than you? Even if she was now a completely different species?

The facts that her loins still tingled in his presence told her that some things, at least, were still compatible.

They spent time together, still doing check ups, still doing sonograms - the latest did in fact, confirm she was pregnant with at least fifty eggs, likely more - and generally just playing the awful waiting game. Theo tried his best to keep her mind off of the inevitable . . . event that was coming. They watched soppy romance movies that she had always liked, and played video games from their respective youths. They would pile up on the couch together, her taking up a lot more space, her enormous egg sac positioned so that she was seated slightly atop it, the great mass resting between her legs and sagging onto the floor. It occasionally made squelching noises. Theo ignored them, and she pretended to have not made them. Other times they would simply go on walks - Theo had come up with the great idea of using a flatbed trolley to rest her ovipositor on, and it was a terrific help to her mobility - and together they enjoyed the outside air and the blue of the sky.

These walks would never last for long; Ivy was more easily exhausted as she continued to grow in size, and her many mounds were more often pressurised. Most mornings she now woke up soaked in her own milk, her over-engorged mammaries having swelled in size in just a matter of hours. Increasingly Ivy spent most of her time almost painfully aroused and pressurised, a strange mix of utter discomfort and seeping wetness in her loins and ovipositor. She was no longer dependent on Theo just for food and care; soon she needed closer relief from him.

She was lying in bed, flushed, slightly sweaty, overheated and overfull, when Theo came to say goodnight. She looked at him with half-lidded eyes, and begged him to kiss her good night.

“Please, just once. I want to feel your lips on mine, even if I barely have lips anymore. Just once.”

“Of course,” he said. “I’ll kiss you, Ives.”

Theo did, but in moments she was returning the kiss passionately, rising slightly on her left arms to hold him with her rights, and pressing her immense boob-flesh against his chest. Her overstretched nightgown fell away to reveal six wobbling great tits with incredibly erect nipples, and the six on her ovipositor were just as turned on.

“Ivy, what are you doing?” Theo asked.

“Pleaassee Theo, I n-need this. I need- oohhh - you s-so much!”

Her antennae twitched as her wings enfolded him, picking up his raging hormones. “And I kn-know you w-want me too.”

It was all the encouragement he needed. In moments he was licking at her many thumb-sized nipples, suckling at her sweet pink milk, kissing her smooth, rounded face. She groaned in combined pleasure, arousal, and discomfort as she awkwardly shifted so that he could gain entrance to her womanly folds. He rested against her gravid womb as she did so, and she grunted as another egg descended from the unexpected force, making an audible lurch in her stomach as it did so.

“I-ignore it!” she cried, “j-just keep going!”

He did, gripping her top breasts, his palms sinking into their soft flesh as moved himself into a better possible.

“Nngghh - oohhh Theeooo,” she groaned, teasing at his cock and gripping his waist even as she struggled with the egg. Theo paused for a moment, his large member throbbing hard near her entrance, but remaining still while she struggled with the egg.

“Just - ahhh - ignore i-it Theo! Get it inside me already! Oooohhh!”

He entered her, and she writhed in pleasure at finally being filled this way. God, she had missed sex, even if sex now meant so many more additional limbs and body parts, the feeling of all her nipples lighting up as erogenous zones was beyond compare. Her breasts squirted what felt like litres of milk, but she could only focus on the pleasure at that moment as Theo thrust into her, grunting himself in a way that was so incredibly sexy.

She couldn’t help it, she was *so damn horny*. She needed his cum in her, so badly it felt like she might die without it. What harm could it even do at this point anyway? She pressed her many cleavages against his face, the head-sized mammaries bouncing and

wobbling with every thrust, releasing more squirts of milk as her ecstasy rose. Theo gripped her stomach for leverage, and she couldn't help but unfurl her wings as their shared climax approached.

Another egg descended, and - oof! - it felt like two this time. Fuck, she felt so full, like such a big pregnant insect momma in heat. She gripped Theo's ass with her lowest set of arms, even as she gripped his waist and shoulders to press him against herself.

"Oh God Theo! I - Nnnnyaagghh . . . oooohhhh ah ah ah!"

She bucked her hips, pushing, and the eggs descended. It was almost impossible to untangle the strange pain of depositing her eggs and the sensual pleasure of her and Theo's coupling.

"You're so fucking sexy like this, Ivy!" Theo grunted, her grip aiding his ministrations within her hypersensitive opening.

She kissed him, and the two of them shared a bright-eyed look as her tongue *lengthened*, becoming longer and more prehensile, so that her tongue wrapped around his. She'd had no idea her body was still changing. She pulled her tongue back.

"Do youu still mean iit?" she asked, still unused to her lengthened tongue.

"I do," Theo said, drawing his member almost entirely out of her vagina before sliding all the way back in. "You're still beautiful, Ives. Strange and interesting and totally different to any other girl on the planet - I love you."

She was near. She was so damn near she felt like she was on the verge of it.

"I . . . ahh . . . I . . . lo - mmhhhhnnmm!"

She was prevented from saying it, as the first orgasm rolled through her being. From the tips of her many breasts to the core of her overstuffed womb, she was overwhelmed with ecstasy that rolled through her like a wave of thunder. Her nipples tensed, hardening, and then began to release copious amounts of milk, Her antennae straightened, creating a feedback loop of pleasure as it took in Theo's own nearing climax. More eggs descended from her now quintuplet-sized pregnant belly, and in her groaning pleasure they slid through her as if carried on a current of her own seeping juices.

"Oh God, Ivy!" Theo grunted, and her antennae told her he was only moments away from joining her. She buzzed like a bee in satisfaction, imagining Theo knocking her up even more, so that she swelled in size like a proper insect queen. Wait, where did *that* thought come from?

And then it happened. Theo seized up, his body becoming rigid in her six arms and against the taut dome of her inflated stomach. He pressed his face deeply into her uppermost breasts, and groaned in one final thrust as deeply as he could into her depths.

Another orgasm across her as they climaxed, this time together. She felt his large dick throb within her, and then suddenly there was the hot rush of his semen spurting deep into her womb, warm and sticky and wonderful in a way she had never known it could be in a body such as she occupied now.

They lay there, panting together, covered in pink milk, Ivy collapsing onto her side and simply basking in the post-coital glow. Theo kissed her deeply, and once again she extended her elongated tongue into his mouth, and then further down to lick at his chest.

“That was . . . amazing Ives,” he panted.

She smiled at him, and then the smile faltered as a dreadful pressure almost immediately descended. Theo seemed to notice her reaction.

“Was I not good?”

“N-no, it’s not that, it’s - oohhhh - sooo many damn eggs.” She grunted, and *pushed*, and there was a brief but sharp pain as what felt like dozens of ostrich-sized eggs pressed against the inner-cervix that lay between her hips and her ovipositor, and then with a loud *squelch* they began to pass through, one after the next, and all Ivy could do was lie back and clutch her stomach and groan for dear life as what felt like an entire clutch shifted downwards.

“NNngghhn . . . .ooooohhhh . . . ah ah ah ahhhhhhh there’s so m-many!”

Theo stood, still dripping from her liquids, and marvelled at his immensely pregnant girlfriend pushing and straining with her many, many eggs. She writhed, skin flushed with embarrassment and discomfort, and there were audible lurches as her stomach contracted to squeeze her next egg through, the process repeating itself over and over. After a brief pleasurable experience with Theo, she was back to being a prisoner to her own mutant, pregnant body.

“Can I get you anything?” Theo said, increasingly agitated as the flow of eggs failed to stop.

“NNGGHH! I - ah - don’t - ah - need - ah - anythinnnnng! Just s-stay w-with me okay!?”

He grabbed her hand, and two more of hers grabbed his and she continued to moan and strain and push egg after egg down her tube and into her egg sac, which was now swollen beyond belief. Finally it began to slow down, and Ivy continued to grunt as the last few eggs slowly made their way down.

She breathed heavily when she was finished, her eyes half-lidded as if she was barely conscious. Her stomach was still taugt, and as she rubbed it, she could feel the jostle of developing eggs still within her. She knew she was only finished for now, not for

good, but there was no denying her mound was smaller now, appearing more like a full-term twin pregnancy. The same could not be said for her ovipositor, which gurgled unpleasantly, taking up much of the remaining bed in its sagging, heavy, overfull way.

Ivy and Theo shared a weary, alarmed look. Both of them knew at once that however long it took from that point to finally birth her eggs, Ivy wouldn't be able to move from the bed until she did.

## **Part 12: Time to Start Laying**

Several days had passed since that time, and Ivy was miserable. Her body was no longer changing, and she prayed that her elongated tongue was the last bodily alteration she had to deal with, but now she was rendered completely immobile. Theo did his best to keep her spirits up, but her body was still developing its eggs, and she was feeling increasingly pressurised not just from her womb - which had already surged back to looking like she was full-term with quads again, but also her now-bed sized ovipositor and softball-sized tits. The latter were now *constantly* engorged. When Theo helped her attach the pumps, her flow never seemed to cease, and worse yet the pumps filled and shorted out the machine, causing them need to order a new one, which meant that in the meantime she had no relief but her own milking - impossible for her rear-tits - and Theo's ministrations, which he couldn't always be there to do. So now less than an hour after a milking, her chests reinflated up to F-cups or bigger, sitting sorely upon one another and dripping pale pink milk from her stinging nipples that now looked more like teats.

It had taken a lot of work, but Theo had managed to devise some levers to help lift Ivy from the milk-soaked sheets of the bed, remove said bed, and gently ease her heavy form to the ground. She demanded he never tell her how much she weighed now, and could only groan as her feet hit the ground. Both legs were spread wide almost as if she were giving birth already, pressed to either side by her overinflated ovipositor that left her feet barely touching the ground. She was more eggsac than woman now, like an actual insect queen swollen with brood for her hive, and while she was more comfortable standing she now had no proper way to lie down. She slept leaning back slightly against her own egg sac, its soft walls providing some comfort.

Theo came and fed her constantly, as her hunger had only increased to the point of ravenousness. She felt ashamed of herself once more, even as Theo assured her of his

faithfulness and did his best to please her with his hands, which she needed more than ever in her near-permanently aroused state.

One afternoon he arrived with several piled plates of cooked sausages, eggs, strips of bacon and piles of salad. She scoffed them down eagerly, almost delirious in her hunger, all six of her hands snatching food in concert off of the various plates and stuffing them down her mouth. Her lengthened tongue lashed out to snatch some hamburger patties, and Theo took a step back as the burgeoning insect queen fed her fat belly, her quivering tits full with produce for her nearing hive, and her swollen sac now so large it widened out behind her, easily visible beyond her own bloated stomach and enormous breasts, full with eggs that made indents through the soft, elastic ovipositor skin. Ivy ate as if she was barely human anymore, which was largely true by this point, and afterwards she would moan and groan, clutching her tight belly and writhing awkwardly on the spot from the sheer pressure of her developing eggs developing in her womb, and her own her breasts inflated like great volleyballs full of milk. She was in great discomfort, overheated, and she had no idea when the growth would end. Her belly shuddered, and she swore she could actually *feel* its surface distend, growing outwards by several inches, the skin becoming even tighter.

“Th-Theo . . . m-more,” she gasped, “I n-need - uuurgggghhh - I need m-more.”

Every so often an egg descended, and her moans could be heard echoing through the house as she had no choice but to buckle her knees slightly and push, push, push the next one through. But she could always feel her womb working to create two more to replace the one, her body in overdrive to produce as much young as it could bear.

In those hours without Theo when he had to run errands for her, Ivy could only think back to the thin, perfect, cute little body she used to have, and cry in misery over how much had changed. She wished Delia would die a painful death, and cursed her for what she had done to her body. She was now completely dependent on Theo, from her intake of food to her medical diagnosis to her care and entertainment. At least she didn't have to worry about waste anymore - her body used literally everything she imbibed, leaving nothing spare to clean up. It was the smallest of mercies. But still she just continued to grow, until soon her belly was even larger than when she had experienced her explosive 'birth' after sex.

She was nothing but a factory now. A large, bloated, insect factor with a small pimple of a humanoid appendage attached to an egg sac that was now easily the size of a van. Every constant, waking moment she was reminded that she was producing; her breasts aching and full of milk, slowly pouring rivulets down her chest; her stuff womb looking now overdue with sextuplets or more, her belly button outward and the size of a golf ball; her constant hunger for food that could fuel her reproductive capabilities; and of course the

ovipositor. The six breasts 'back there' were no longer six at all; two more had developed since - one on either side - and with the familiar pointed ache that was budding there in recent days she had a strong suspicion that at least two more were developing. They were even larger than before, greater in mass than even the gigantic teardrop chests adorning her torso. She could barely turn her waist to see them anymore, but judging from when Theo placed his hands around them to help relieve her milk deposits there, they were likely in the H-cup or higher size.

She was making so much fucking milk, and in her overfull state she could only dream she had a dozen or more babies that could deal with this damn problem. It made her almost wish she could finally birth these eggs. And always she would recoil from that thought, fearful of what that might actually entail, but equally terrified that one day she might simply burst.

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It was over a week later that Ivy woke atop her own egg sac, breasts aching for milky release, wings beating automatically to cool her flushed form, that she felt something new. There was an unfamiliar tightness in her egg sac, which had until just now always felt so elastic and capable of taking on more in its interior. Her stomach lurched also, a pain in her nethers that seemed to indicate something was occurring.

She called out to Theo, then cried as the seeming contraction in her sac gave way to a burning sensation at its tip, where the lips were already beginning to leak their aroused fluid.

"Ohhhh . . . ooohhhh Theooo heeelp! Aaahhhh, something's h-happening!"

She bucked her hips, cupping all six of her bloated breasts in her hands to avoid them painfully wobbling. They did so anyway, spurting out milk in thick trails into her palms, as if overeager to feed her brewing young. She called out several more times, but there was no reaction, and soon her body was beginning to sweat as the pressure only increased, boiling to a point where something would inevitably happen.

Was this her end? Was she finally going to burst?

There was a contraction deep in her ovipositor that made her bite her lip and squeak. She felt something descend, but not in the usual way. Muscles she didn't even know she had contracted to press an egg in her ovipositor along, until it reached the very end, touching up against those alien lips that almost drove her body wild with arousal. Through all the pain it hit her like a freight train; she was finally giving birth.

“OOohohhOHhhhh G-GoooOOood WWhhhyhhyYYyy!” she called, clutching her mound desperately, unable to do anything but ride out the shifts and contractions of her large, sluggish form.

So far her body had been on automatic, and she the helpless rider, but as the large egg she had carried so many weeks now sat wedged against her ovipositor’s lips, Ivy realised she would have to push. She grunted, clutching the connective tunnel of her ovipositor as it connected to her backside, and *squeeze*.

“Grrahgggh! G-get out of m-meeeeeee!”

The egg strained, pressing against her sensitive lips, and she gasped at the strange arousal and pleasure the feeling gave her. Then, as she redoubled her efforts, her naked breasts sleek with sweat, there was a fluid-filled ‘plop’, and the egg squeezed its way out into the world, rolling away from her tip

Ivy breathed a sigh of relief, and panted, brushing her many fingers through her sweat-soaked pink hair, which had by this point grown down nearly to her backside.

“Oh God oh God oh God holy shit oh God I actually did it. I just pushed out an egg holy shit.”

She tried to swivel to see it, but her body was simply too large and heavy, and her enormous bloated stomach gave her too little wriggle room to twist and look back. But even even as the relief and joy settled in, the pressure began again. Ivy strained, crying out once more: “Theeeeeeo! I’m giving birth! Please help me!”

And once again, her muscles contracted, an egg descended, and she was overcome with the instinctual urge to push. She could feel the udders attached to her egg sac already swelling in preparation, milk flowing into them like rivers. She pushed at the next egg, and it too squeezed from the tip of the ovipositor with a slight painful pop, followed by an almost pleasurable relief. She sighed as it passed, but already the next was coming, and quicker. She yelled once more for Theo, but didn’t even manage to finish saying his name before she clutched her gut and groaned, pushing as an egg from her overly-burdened hips, through her inner cervix, and into her egg sac. At the same time she was straining to push the next egg from the sac, and even as she accomplished that goal, the next eggs were descending to both her ovipositor’s tip as well as in her womb. Ivy grunted, realising her alien body was now forcing her to push on two fronts; from her belly to her egg sac, and from her egg sac out into the world. Like painful pistons the pressures overlapped and alternated, and sweat poured from her pores as she strained to use unfamiliar muscles in concert.

More eggs poured from her tip, gently rolling across the floor to join the growing clutch of children yet to hatch. But for each victory a new egg descended into the sac to fill

its place, and so it felt like so little progress was being made. She was so big, her womb packed so tightly, that she cried at the thought of how long this would take her. Hours? Days? It felt like there were hundreds of little bumps pressed against the skin of her rear abdomen, and more were joining faster than she could birth them.

"S-s-sooo m-many egggggggsssss!" she cried, before giving in to a harsh wail as *four* eggs plopped free from her birthing point in quick succession, almost as one. Still it wasn't enough. She grasped at her stinging nipples, milked herself in vain as she rocked her jiggling form on feeble legs to dislodge the next egg. She couldn't believe how many had been packed into her, and she was helpless to do anything but birth them.

It was then that she heard the door open. She breathed deep, unable almost to speak thanks to the twin pressures and the sheer effort of birthing her body demanded of her.

"Ivy, how are you today?" echoed his voice.

She tried to call out, to tell him she was in labor, to say she needed his help, that she was terrified. Instead all she said was;

"NnnnyyYyYyyaaaAaaAaaarralHHHHhhh!!!"

Not one or two or even four but *six* eggs squeezed through the seeping lips of her ovipositor. Theo came running into the room, and from the shock on his face Ivy could tell he could already see the situation.

"Ivy," he breathed.

She looked to him with her pink-on-black eyes, even as a mighty and visible tremor ran across her gravid stomach and down to her insectoid abdomen. A wet sop informed him before she could that she was already beginning to lay.

"Th-Theo . . . Oooohhhh . . . H-hel . . . Ah ah ahhhh . . . help m-meeeeuuuggghh!"

Her six breasts seem to swell for a moment, and she clutched each in her six arms, wailing and overcome by her body's various pressures, when suddenly her nipples tensed, elongated, and opened, and six long streams of pink milk jetted in long arcs across the room and soaked his shirt. Ivy seemed barely to notice, already struggling with her next eggs, and sticking out her long tongue in an expression that looked part way between pain and orgasmic pleasure.

Theo moved to her and grabbed her hand, placing the other on her distended belly.

"It's okay lves, you've got this. You just push, I know you c-can."

"S-so m-many," she grunted. She gritted her teeth as another egg squeezed out from her ovipositor's lips. A shiver of pleasure ran through her, followed by discomfort as the next required more pushing.

"You can do it Ives. I still love you. You're so strong, babe. You can do this."

His words echoed in her mind, useless and far away. But her antennae latched onto his feelings, his love for her, his *belief* in her. She centred, rallied, and bore down to push, for as many eggs and hours as it would take.

"S-So b-big," she managed to grunt. But still she pushed.

She birthed and she birthed and she birthed and she birthed. Egg after egg poured from an insectoid abdomen that not only failed to diminish in size but instead seemed only to grow, so full was she with the hive she was now destined to create. With each strenuous push her abdomen pulsated, and egg after egg jettisoned from her birthing tip. She cried out, her antennae twitching with each push, her dainty wings beating to keep her overheated body cool. Her ovipositor rested on the floor; fat, immense, and utterly full of her eggs. And more were joining it every few seconds, the large round objects squeezing painfully and yet pleasingly through the tunnel leading from her womb and through her hips into her large egg-laying organ.

"NGGGGNHHGGG . . . OOohhh this feels soooo w-weird, ahhh!"

It took a long, long time, by when Ivy was finished, it was past midnight, and she was beyond tired. Her belly was still rounded like a pregnant woman's, but one at full term with just one child instead of six or even seven. Her egg sac had diminished considerably; still large, but now devoid of eggs and slowly tightening away the loose skin in a process she suspected would take some days. Even her milk was largely spent; she'd not managed to consume enough food and drink during birth to replenish her supply, and while she was famished, part of her was glad she couldn't leak any further. The whole time Theo had been with her, whispering encouragement and gathering the eggs carefully. She couldn't believe it was possible to be so tired, or feel so ragged, or to indeed feel so light again, even though she knew she was still heavier than she had been as a human.

Theo helped move the eggs out of her way, and then guided Ivy out of the room carefully. It was the first time in days she had been able to walk. As they reached the doorway, Ivy glanced back. She was utterly exhausted, but needed to know how many she had laid.

Even with the agony and - yes - *pleasure* of birthing for over fourteen hours, she was unprepared for the sight before her. An enormous series of piles of white, sticky eggs sat in a large semicircle around the back of the room. There must've been over a hundred of them, each the size of a large coconut. It was almost impossible to imagine so many could have developed inside her, had she not personally carried the burden so long.

"My children," she whispered to herself, unsure of how to even feel about them as Theo led her to a separate bedroom: his. She didn't even think to ask where he'd be sleeping. As soon as he helped her lie down to rest she lost consciousness immediately.

### **Part 13: The Aftermath**

Ivy dreamed she was bigger again, with an egg sac the size of a bus or train car. She was in some great hive, surrounded by insects that nourished themselves upon her milk. She was constantly birthing new eggs for the hive, but by that point was used to it. She was more pregnant than any creature in all of creation, and she was content.

It was what her body needed her to be, and more than that, her children . . .

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Ivy woke slowly, and was struck immediately by how sore her body was. Her womb ached, and the tip of her ovipositor burned slightly. Her chests were full to bursting with milk, and her belly and sac both were now fairly flabby, having lost their inner contents. Despite her deflated egg sac, her rear breasts were still large, and as she carefully rose, cringing at her poor punished body, she could see and feel that there were definitely more breasts back there. She definitely had ten back there now, the new developments slowly catching up in size to the fat H-cups behind them. God, she was mostly just breasts now. Now she could feed sixteen of her young at once.

That thought made her pause. Did she really plan to breastfeed the horde of young she had laid in those horrible hours last night? Could she even? She had waited so long to get rid of these eggs, to at least gain some manoeuvrability back again, and now the terrifying prospect loomed that she might be faced with actually raising these babies once they hatched.

What would they even look like? She imagined horrific centipedal monstrosities with even more inhuman faves than hers, all of them writhing against her terrified body to aggressively drain her milk while she was helpless to resist. The thought sent a shiver through her jiggling form.

A grumble of hunger shook through her belly, and she knew she had to get up and face what she had done. Her breasts were caked in dried milk and sweat, and her loins and ovipositor also with dried fluids. She must have smelled awful.

The mantis mother stood, vowing to never take the ability to walk for granted, and waddled to the shower, trying to ignore her pudgy-deflated stomach and flattened ovipositor. The shower was a warm relief, and she used the time with her six hands to quickly milk her udders, and was oddly overjoyed when she realised she could just manage to twist her rear abdomen and her torso enough to milk most of the breasts back there as well. When she was done, she clothed herself fully for the first time in over a week, with a large pair of underwear, three sets of bras, and a large bathrobe to cover the rest, though it took some effort to get her wings through the back holes Theo had added. She let her egg sac hang free, breasts and all, and she was starting to suspect she would continue to do so for some time, maybe forever. It was just too much work otherwise.

Theo was in the kitchen, already cooking a large breakfast. He looked shocked to see her.

"Oh, ah, morning Ives, I didn't expect to see you out. How are you feeling?"

Ivy looked over herself, unsure herself how she felt. "I feel . . . lighter," she settled on, "freer. A lot better than I did yesterday with all those eggs in me."

"I can only imagine. You look good by the way. I can't believe you're up and walking."

She smiled sweetly. "Well, it's not exactly like I pushed them out my hooch is it?"

Theo nearly splurged out the coffee he was drinking, and she giggled. She sniffed the air.

"Mmhhmm that smells amazing to my nose . . . slits. Whatever. What is it?"

Theo smiled sheepishly, and she realised he was trying to avoid ogling her upper two cleavages showing through the slit in her bathrobe.

"I was, well I was making breakfast in bed for you. It looks like I failed."

Part of her heart melted. Whatever other anxieties she had about her body, her future, and her . . . eggs, she was glad to have met him. She stepped forward, her rear breasts sliding on the cool floor, and wrapped him in a hug, kissing him sweetly on the forehead.

"It's okay Theo, this insect mama is *starving*."

They ate together, enjoying one another's company while he checked to see how she was, refusing to let her perform any taxing task if he could do it for her. She couldn't help but feel he was already acting like a doting husband to a wife that had just given birth, and once

more she found herself leaning into that thought, of staying with this man who atleast found her many-breasted pink form cute, sexy even.

After she was done, Theo finally brought up the elephant in the room.

"Sooo . . . would you like to come see your eggs?"

Ivy paused. "I'm . . . I'm not sure. I've been thinking, y'know, what we should even do with them. I mean, do we throw them out?"

Theo looked shocked. "Ivy, there are children still growing in those eggs, a new species of which you are a part! We can't just throw them out."

Ivy's mood turned dark. "Theo, I never asked to have those children. I never wanted any of this! For the rest of my life I'm going to be stuck looking like *this* all thanks to that bitch Delia, and I have to live with that. Why should I have to be a mom too?"

Theo had no answer for her for some long seconds. Finally, he simply said "I can't force you to see them Ivy, and I know you've been through so much. But these children in these eggs, whatever they are, they didn't get a choice either."

He stood up and began to walk away.

"How many?" Ives asked.

Theo turned. "Pardon?"

"How many eggs did I . . . lay?"

"Sixty five," Theo said.

Ivy struggled to absorb that as he left. Whatever they did with the eggs, whatever happened to the life inside them, one thing would always be true.

She was now a mother to sixty five children.

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Days had passed, and things were getting better for Ivy, relatively speaking. Her stomach was no longer wrinkled, and the skin was once more pert and clear. The same went for her egg sac; it had shrunk down to a far smaller size, roughly equivalent to a large, fat tail sticking out her back side. Her breasts, on the other hand, had only grown, their milk production out of control ever since she had birthed - laid - her eggs. Three massive pairs of what had to be now FF-cups wobbled heavily upon her chest, dominating her torso and spilling over her bra tops. The rear abdomen ones were, of course, now bigger than H-cups. Her tits were now so massive they had 'spill' out either side, brushing against her six arms and visible even from behind her. Her rear breasts were now just as bad; no longer ten but now *twelve* wobbling, hanging tits tugged at her shrunken ovipositor, hanging like swollen

cantaloupes from its underside. Milk spurted in audible streams at random intervals, and it was always enough to tear her from whatever thought she was having.

But . . . she was thinner again. Still full like a woman at four or five month's along in pregnancy, but far more mobile than she'd ever been. Her egg sac no longer touched the ground unless she moved fast enough for it to bob down, and she no longer needed to fan herself with her wings just to keep her flushed body cool. Thank goodness for small favours at least.

In the time that passed she still hadn't visited her eggs, nor spoken much about it to Theo. He brought it up occasionally, but always more softly than he had at first, accepting that she needed time to adjust to her new reality as a mother. They slept in the same bed now; his of course - hers was a bit busted from carrying all that mutant pregnancy weight - and in that time they had rekindled some of the passion that had been put on hold when she became too overburdened to do anything but grow with eggs. They were very careful, still learning what positions worked and what didn't, as well as what her transformed body was capable of. It turned out her rear breasts were extra sensitive, enough to get her off multiple times just by sucking on them. And she had plenty to do for her man with six arms.

One night, after several rounds of passion, they lay together, Theo having lapped up much of her excess milk.

"Ivy, about the eggs-"

She put a stray lower left hand over his mouth. "Shhh . . . not now Theo. I don't want to think about much else at the moment. Can't it just be you and me, for one more night at least?"

He nodded. "Okay, you tell me when you're ready. I love you, Ivy."

She hesitated. "Theo . . . why do you love me? I've been thinking about it. I don't want to be some . . . some science freak girlfriend, or some pity project."

Theo leaned in, placing one hand over her churning domed stomach and another against her cheek. "Oh no, Ives, nothing like that. I'm in love with you. I see past," he gestured at her still-gravid looking broodform, "*this*, to the woman beneath."

Her antennae twitched, and told her something she already suspected. "You're lying Theo. These things sticking out of my head may look dumb but they can read you well enough. You don't *see past this*," she indicated to her mutated body as he had, "you see it very clear. You find this, the six huge sore tits, the antennae and wings, the preggo belly and egg sac, the whole insect girl thing, you find it sexy. Admit it."

Theo flushed red, looking more embarrassed than she'd ever seen him. "I admit it," he said. "I can't help it. I've always had odd . . . tastes. A bit of a fetish for monster girls and transformed women, but I was still attracted to normal women too."

"Normal women."

"That's not what I meant!"

"But it's true isn't it? I'm not normal. This body . . . I'll never be normal again. And now I need you for so much, and I don't have a lot of options y'know, now that I'm . . . but if you like me just because I'm your fetish or something, that's not fair to me."

Theo looked taken back. "Ivy, you know I find your changes sexy. I can't help that, and I also won't be embarrassed by it. But if your antennae can tell you when I'm lying or telling the truth, then they'll tell you that I mean it when I say I love you. I do."

And he did. It was still so much to take in. That someone so wonderful and smart and caring could still view her sexually as he did, and whether she herself found that gross or wonderful. But even as she moved to tenderly lean against him, there was a familiar churn in her distended abdomen, and she panted suddenly.

"Yeah, I just . . . oohhhhhh . . ."

She clutched her gut, unsure of what was happening, her milk production ramping up once more. Theo did his best to care for her, but in the ensuing minutes, she made it clear she wanted to be left alone for the night. For her sake, Theo slept on the couch that night while she spread herself out on the bed, trying to calm her body as it dealt with whatever it was doing now.

Ivy laid there, straining, trying to avoid the worrying thoughts in her head about this next development. *Wasn't one batch of eggs enough?*

She fell asleep, and in her dreams she imagined herself struggling with some great effort, pushing from some great organ that laid between her thighs. And then she dreamed she was thin and human again, with just two breasts, and she was back at university, normal in a crowd.

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The next morning, exactly a week after laying her still-dormant brood, Ivy woke on her back, her six arms splayed out from her sides, her six large breasts full once again with life giving milk. Her stomach was less deflated than before, though at least still appeared around the size of a pregnant woman's belly at six or seven months, though just with one now instead of quadruplets. Her antennae twitched atop her head, and she moaned in frustration at the

heaviness of her insectoid abdomen that extended between her thighs to the end of the bed. The breasts there were full as well, but more than that the egg-laying tip burned slightly, and sure enough, after she managed to prop herself up on her six elbows she could see six eggs lying near it.

She had laid some more during the night.

She patted her stomach, where the familiar churn of more eggs greeted her.

"Uggh," she groaned, resting back and starting to push, "get - nnggh - out of me!

Ahhh!"

She felt them slide through her being. She grunted, trying to squeeze the muscles in her ovipositor. With some groan-filled pushes, another three eggs distended her abdomen's tip before falling out onto the bed. Some more eggs from her stomach squished through the tight connection between her womb and ovipositor, and not too long after some more eggs joined them. As each passed, they stretched the sensitive lining of her ovipositor's folds, causing her to elicit small gasps.

Ivy sighed as she struggled to get up and collect them. Thirteen more eggs in total. She hoped these were the last of her inhuman batch.

She was in for a rude surprise.

## **Part 14: Hatchlings**

"I laid more eggs last night," Ivy muttered as she downed another spoonful of cereal. "Some in my sleep. When is this going to stop?"

Theo gave her a wan smile as he passed over a second bowl he had prepared. Her hunger had subsided a great deal ever since she had laid her enormous clutch, but the six engorged breasts on her torso and six similarly productive mammaries on the underside of her ovipositor were still rapidly creating sustenance, and so she was still much more voracious. Not to mention her overall body was much . . . bulkier than before. Between her heavy FF-cups, her still-rounded dome of a belly, her additional four arms and the large abdomen that nearly rested on the ground behind her, there was a lot more Ivy than there was before. Not to mention that the light insectoid plating along her abdomen and up her back weighed somewhat heavier, on top of her stronger back and leg muscles just to support her brood-form.

"I'm not sure Ivy, I could have sworn the scanner showed you were clear of eggs . . ."

His voice trailed off as he became lost in thought.

"What is it?" Ivy said.

"Huh?"

She smirked, trying to mask any worry. "You're thinking about something. That's the face you make when you've got a theory, particularly one about my condition."

Theo looked a bit concerned over something. "I'll be in my lab today for a bit, Ives. I've just had a thought about your condition that I hadn't considered before you, well, laid your eggs."

Ivy cringed at the sentence. It was true, but that only made it all the weirder.

"Okay . . . should I know anything?"

"I don't know anything yet, and I don't want to alarm you. Trust me, your antennae can tell you that it's not life threatening or anything, I just want to confirm if your body - your insectoid form - has stabilised. I had assumed from earlier that the insect DNA had found a synthesis with your human DNA and resulted in a new species. I need to confirm that in full now."

Ivy felt he was holding something back, but was already discomforted enough by her wanton hunger and the sensation of her six torso breasts becoming increasingly full of her milk, while the rear ones were already aching with fullness.

"Sure, okay. I'll come visit you if I need anything? Or if you need anything?"

He smiled, and gave her a quick peck on the cheek. "Thanks Ives. Love you."

He patted her on the bum as he moved past. It was nice, at least, that her ass - as big as it was - was still appreciated by somebody.

Ivy had just finished devouring her breakfast when a strange sound echoed from within the room she had not entered since she had squeezed her body empty of eggs there. It was the sound of a loud *crack*.

At once Ivy stood. Her antennae flickered, going crazy, and she yelped as they twitched in the direction of the room she had not entered since she had laid her brood within it. At once she could sense it, another sensation granted by the twin growths from her forehead.

Her babies were beginning to hatch.

"Oh my," she said. And despite her fears, despite all her hesitation over what her children might look like or be, she instantly began to move towards them.

Her heart pounded, and she arched her back as her breasts were overcome with a warm flush, already beginning to work overdrive to produce even more litres of milk.

"MMhnnhmm," she moaned as she waddled forward. Nervousness filled her at what she was about to see, but some part of her was unable to do anything but investigate and

see exactly what her young looked like, what they were. She clutched her stomach, putting the familiar churning out of mind as she pressed forward into the room.

Ivy gasped.

Evidently Theo had done an immense job of cleaning the room of the various fluids and milk stains since she had squirted her juices every which way while struggling to push out her brood, but the egg piled had been also neatly distributed across the floor, so that none were crushed beneath the others or buried within their piles. There was barely much room on the floor as it was, but Theo had clearly put a lot of thought into keeping them shored up against the walls, so that there was no real danger of crushing any.

Sixty five eggs, not counting the thirteen in the other room, *or* the ones she knew were still developing inside of her, the ones she was trying to ignore. The eggs were pink-white, and ovoid in shape, some still covered in the sticky fluids that had helped aid their passage through her being. And one was beginning to *open*. She moved to see - it was only behind two other rows of eggs - but then hesitated.

She wasn't sure if she was ready. Wasn't sure she would ever be ready. But then, who was ever ready when it came to having kids?

She leaned forward, trying to still her heart, and peeked in as the top of the egg cracked open and something unfurled from within.

It was small, and pink - almost as pink as herself - and as it cracked out from the shell it stumbled, and her hands shot out with a speed she never knew they possessed to catch it. It was just like her; female, with six chubby little arms and a tiny little ovipositor developing, and there were six pink nipples that ran down its front. It had her eyes - not her old eyes but her new ones: pink pupils on inky black sclera - and it also had her 'nose' or lack of, two adorable little slits that widened with each intake of its breath. Tiny little joints at its shoulder blades would one day become wings, and the two near-imperceptible points on its forehead would eventually become antennae, just like hers. The creature, the girl, squirmed in her hands, grasping out for something as it softly mewled.

Ivy exhaled as her nipples throbbed, tensing and lengthening in impatience, the milk building up behind them like fountains about to erupt. She knew then what she had to do. She placed the newborn up against her chest, and helped it latch. Ivy gasped as its mouth found suction on her nipple, and began to suckle with a force that was surprisingly powerful . . . and surprisingly pleasant. The rest of her nipples began to dribble milk, but all she could focus on was the ritual *tug tug tug* of the insectoid little baby curled gently against her massive chest, sucking at her milk.

She crouched down onto her knees, gently resting her ovipositor on the ground so that the twelve fat breasts wobbling on its underside parted, the sensitive nipples splayed out on either side. Still the child drank from her, and she caressed it gently, overcome with emotion. Tears pooled in her eyes and flowed down her cheeks and she considered the small precious thing she held.

“My daughter,” she whispered lovingly, as it closed its eyes and continued to suckle.

She stayed there for several minutes of beatific breastfeeding with her daughter, when suddenly another *crack* sounded from a nearby egg, followed by another. She gazed around at the two hundred plus eggs around her, as one by one a number of others cracked opened, and mewling little children began to struggle around. With her six arms, she collected them; a beautiful set of four boys and another girl, and, with each one in a separate arm, held them against her chest to drink.

“Ooohhhhhh . . .” she moaned, overcome with bliss from her feeding children. She could feel her enormous udders being drained of their contents, even as she felt her just-eaten breakfast being converted into more milk for her immense brood.

She could barely believe it, but she was a mother. The circumstances were unreal, her body and species no longer human, her children just as odd . . . but she was a mother to them. To her many, *many* sons and daughters.

Others began to hatch, mewling and occasionally crying like newborn babes, albeit with a somewhat insectoid trill. Ivy gasped as her rear breasts seemed to almost visibly swell with nutrients in preparation for her young. She guided herself down, shifting her ovipositor around so that it sat on its side, and carefully set down the now-sleeping babies against her chest as she latched the remaining newborns to the twelve enormous udders at her rear.

“OOohh . . . ahhhhh that feels goood,” she groaned. “*Finally* all these boobs have some damn use.”

More babies hatched, and more latched onto her elongated nipples, suckling at each of her milk-filled mammaries until all eighteen of her milk ducts were busy. And as each baby had their tum full of her milk, she gently laid it down in a spare space, adoring at its wiggling little hands and shifting egg sacs - the latter of which the boys clearly lacked - and moved to the next.

Whether it was the chemicals and hormones flowing in response to breastfeeding, or simply that despite herself she was falling deeply in love with all her children, Ivy had never known such peace and wonder since she had first begun to change. Maybe even ever.

Her belly churned, and she placed a spare hand atop it as something descended in her womb, and an urge to push came over her. One of her baby boys grabbed at her middle

left breasts, his tiny fingers sinking into the soft skin, and she smiled at him as she helped him latch.

“Feel that?” she asked, “you have some younger brothers and sisters who are waiting to meet you.”

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It was hours later that Theo left his workstation, now sure of his results. He had run the tests half a dozen times, and each had come back with the same conclusion: Ivy’s pregnancy wasn’t finished. In fact, it had only just begun. The changes to her DNA had been far more extensive than he had imagined, and he cursed himself for not thinking of it. Ivy still had the intelligence of a normal human, but her body had become as hyperfertile as a real insect queen. One impregnation was all it took, and her body would retain the remaining sperm, keeping it from dying, and using it over and over to continue growing her brood. The initial tests had not shown this because her body had not drawn upon true spermatozoa; but now that they had had willing sex since . . .

Theo shuddered. *He* had done this to her. Changed her, altered her, even if it was by Delia’s action it was his experiments that had altered his now-girlfriend’s form. And because of his actions since . . . now she was going to be perpetually, permanently pregnant by his own careless seed. Ivy would always be swelling with eggs, always laying them intermittently, always squeezing them out from her heavy ovipositor.

She would be a true insect broodmother for the rest of her life, all because of him.

“I have no idea how I’m going to break the news to her,” he sighed, overcome with guilt as he entered the main lounge. But Ivy was not there, and when he checked his bedroom and even outside she wasn’t there either. It was only when he heard what sounded like giggling coming from the spare bedroom where Ives had struggled for hours to lay her enormous clutch - the first of many now, he sadly reflected - that he realised where she could be.

Theo approached slowly, uncertain of what he was hearing, and when he saw it, nearly unbelieving.

Ivy sat upon the ground, her powerful legs folded, her large belly resting atop them, and her large ovipositor curled around slightly like a fat tail. All around her lay sleeping insectoid infants just like their mother - boys and girls both - and in her six arms she held an equal number of her brood against her chest, feeding off her milk. Ten pudgy little insectoid babies were nestled against her ovipositor, also drinking hungrily. All around her were

sleeping little insectoid angels, cute little six-armed babies. Ivy had her wings fanned out and gently covered them, like a warm blanket of love. Her eyes were closed, and her breathing slow, and Theo couldn't help but think that her expression was one of utter bliss. She opened her eyes, those beautiful pink-on-black eyes that took all of him in, and she blushed slightly.

"Theo," she said gently, "look at them, they're beautiful."

And he couldn't deny that they were. He hadn't really considered just how fully this moment would mean to him, now that he was a father. A father to more children than he could have imagined. But even as that occurred to him, his thoughts darkened, and he knew he had an obligation to tell Ivy what he had discovered.

"Ivy, I ran the tests. I ran the tests six times over, and . . . I don't know how to break this to you, but -"

"I know," she said, nodding sadly, yet also paradoxically looking somewhat pleased, "I'm still pregnant, aren't I?"

Theo nodded wanly.

"I'm going to remain pregnant aren't I? For life, I mean."

Again he nodded, and Ivy seemed to take that in.

"Can you hold your two daughters for a second," she said suddenly, and before he knew it, two children were thrust into his arms. Ivy rubbed her stomach, a stomach he then realised was noticeably bigger than it had been that morning, and she buckled down, gritting her teeth as she grunted. There was a shift in her womb of more eggs descending, and another in her ovipositor. In moments, two eggs released from the tip of her eggsac, and rolled to a rest upon the floor.

"There's more . . . ah ah . . . where that came from," she said with an embarrassed and slightly startled grin.

Theo was startled, not knowing what to say.

"It's okay, Theo," Ivy said, drawing him close to kiss him as she placed two more children at her breasts with her other hands. "As wild as this is . . . we're parents now."

She stroked her fertile broodmother roundness with a pair of arms, another pair stroking her ovipositor behind her.

"I'm a mother."

## Part 15: Epilogue

It had been some time since that day when Theo came home and found his now-wife pushing out the next of her brood, her hatchlings already drinking from her many breasts. It had been quite the shock to both of them, but something had lit up inside Ivy that day, something maternal. She knew that her body was now like that of an insect broodmother; her mantis form would continue to grow with eggs, which would then push into a bloated ovipositor, which would then finally enter the world, to be hatched days later. She would forever make prodigious amounts of milk to feed her enormous clutches, and therefore require significant calorie intakes to sustain her bodily needs, and this would be her form for the rest of her life.

Six arms.

A pair of fanning wings.

Eighteen breasts.

Pink-white skin.

Sensitive antennae.

A huge ovipositor and belly.

A inhuman but cute mantis girl face.

And, as it turned out, quite the strong breeding instinct.

This would be her now, and there was no going back. Even if a change to her genetic condition could be found, it would take decades or longer to find. Far better to accept this life and lean into her maternal instincts, and find ways to deal with it, and even embrace it.

Now, was over a year since that fateful day. Ivy's never-ending pregnancies had long since become a fact of life for the two of them, and the insectoid broodmother was well-accustomed to recognising the signs of an impending clutch ready to be laid. She was laid out upon a custom-made couch, extra long and catering to the ground so that her ovipositor could recline upon it and push out eggs without them falling from a height.

"H-hi h-honey," she said weakly as Theo entered. She clutched her stomach as she strained to expel four or so fertilised eggs that had developed within her. She grunted slightly as the first of them squeezed out from her ovipositor's lips and rolled a little catchment set up for this purpose. While Ivy had thankfully never again approached the size of her initial birthing, her pregnancies still resulted in her bloating up constantly. Currently, her stomach looked to be full-term with twins in size, and her egg sac was noticeably full.

Theo moved to his wife, and planted a loving kiss on her mouth. "Sorry for the long day in the lab. How are you doing, my love?"

She gave him a flushed grin. “W-well - aha ahh ahh - enough! Just getting the new babies - oohhh - out!”

She gave a pleasurable squeak as two more were expelled from her body. Her abdomen then shifted slightly as an egg passed through her inner passage, leaving her to grunt, and then made its way into her ovipositor. Another one on its way to replace one that had just left. She gestured with her antennae at the six little insectoid babies in her arms, which were nuzzling at her breasts, which had remained at their immense, wobbling sizes since her first laying. Twelve more babies were breastfeeding from her rear breasts.

“Another busy day of laying?”

“As always.”

“Well, at least I have a few days off from the lab now to spend time with you.”

“When do I get a day off?”

Ivy snorted through her thin nostril slits. “When do I get a day off?”

“Sorry, that’s my fault, I know.”

She just placed two hands on his thigh as he sat down, then nestled against him.

“No, it’s hers. And I accept it now. Not like I have much of a choice, right? Besides, look how cute my little babies are?”

She returned her hands to her chest to make sure the six feeding there were well-positioned. As alien as they were, they really were quite adorable.

Theo smiled. Despite all the initial horror and anxiety and fear over her now-permanent condition, Ivy had taken to motherhood like a pro. She loved all her babies, which now numbered over a thousand, and did her best to take care of them and raise them. Her only regret was that she couldn’t get to know them all as well as she wanted.

Once Ivy finished pushing out her latest additions to their vast brood, Theo helped her clean herself. While her body had to constantly feed her young, they were able to store enough of her excess milk in automated feeders to take care of them for a spell, and that gave them some . . . private time. Ivy still had a powerful libido, and Theo was more than happy to rise to the occasion. She often rode him, but being careful of her weight there were other positions they managed, usually with her rear abdominal mass resting on a raised surface so he could take her from behind.

“Ohhhh, yessss!” she moaned in her trilled mantis mother voice. “I’ve b-been missing this allll d-day! B-breed me, sweetie! Fill m-me with your y-young! Ahhhh!!”

It was the kind of talk that turned Theo on, she knew, but it also aroused her greatly, thanks to her breeding instincts. There was always a trade off, of course: though she was permanently pregnant, after a passionate act of intercourse with her husband, there would

always be a much larger clutch on the horizon, enough to overburden her at times. She knew the risks she was taking though: it was important to keep the passion alive, and knowing it would make her so hyper pregnant for a spell, even more than usual, turned her the fuck on. It was a far cry from her old attitude, and no doubt spurred on by her insectoid nature, but like many things it was easier to embrace it.

Afterwards, the two snuggled up on the couch in front of the television. Theo ate his more regular dinner, and she had a much, much more piled series of plates to devour. He ate little, and she ate a great deal - her permanently pregnant state and constantly lactating breasts meant that her intake was much higher these days - but they continued to snuggle up against one another.

After her first clutch, and despite their shared love for the children they had created, Ivy and Theo quickly found themselves overburdened by the responsibilities of raising over a hundred children, especially since Ivy continued to lay more of them every few days after. In the end, they had to have the discussion over when to go public, and appeal to the government for aid in managing their brood. Ivy was reluctant at first.

“But what if they take our babies?” she had asked, tears in their eyes. “They’re all I have now, them and you, Theo. What if they try to experiment on me, or put me on display? I don’t want that. I never wanted any of this.” She gestured to her stomach, which had already expanded since that morning as her next batch of eggs developed. “But now that I’m stuck like this, I don’t want to lose what I have left.”

Theo assured her, as he often did. “That won’t happen Ivy, you know it won’t. There are other people out there who have been transformed due to different circumstances as well. Like that woman you’ve been chatting to, the one who is part-cow, or the scientist in Australia who keeps giving birth due to fusing with the reproductive particle experiment. None of them have been experimented on, have they? I mean, apart from the accidents that created them.”

Ivy sagged, her wings fluttering nervously. “I know, it’s just a lot to take in, knowing I’ll be going public. I still haven’t told my parents. As far as they know, I just sort of . . . went low contact. I’ll have to explain everything to them, God. I want to see them, even if they are a bit distant, but at least talking over text keeps them from knowing I’m a freak.”

“You’re not a freak,” he said, holding her.

At that moment, her ovipositor gurgled, as did her belly. She had to push from both ends, sending two eggs through her inner passage and two others out into the world, her rear lips distending almost pleausurably, causing her to coo.

“Evidence A that I am,” she joked, breathing carefully. “Delia doesn’t know how successful she was. I’m embarrassed about what Daniel will think. How embarrassing is that? He’s my ex, and I love you, but it’s weird knowing your ex will know you became a pregnant bug gal.”

“I get it. I mean, as much as I can.”

“I know we’re going out now but it’s so awkward knowing your ex will see you that way. All of them will know I’m some insect broodgirl, who’ll be continually pregnant from now until . . . I don’t know, I hit menopause I guess? Do insects have menopause? Will I?”

“They don’t,” Theo responded, “but you might still.”

Ivy rolled her eyes and sat her chin into two of her six palms. “Great, because then I’d only have to deal with, what, thirty more years of being constantly preggers and laying eggs? Not to mention I’d be making milk that whole time.”

She sighed heavily, her large pink breasts wobbling in their enormous maternity bras.

“Fine. Let’s do it. Rip the bandaid off before I regret it.”

“Only if you’re sure.”

“I am. So long as I’ve got you, I can do it.”

It had been a long and awkward process. For a brief time Ivy Hartridge was all the rage in the news; the cute former university girl transformed through scientific experimentation gone wrong into a constantly pregnant insect mom. Ivy tried to stay clear of public appearances and reporters, but inevitably crumpled to the pressure and provided a single interview to a respectable news source that honoured her request for non-invasive questioning. She showed up wearing a custom made dress that did its best to professionally cover her form without concealing it.

Still, it was embarrassing to suddenly start grunting and moaning during the interview as her next clutch came early. Thankfully that was edited out of the broadcast, and the reporter and her camera crew even got a kick out of entertaining the eldest of her many children, who clung to her saying “Mommy mommy, who are they?” and giving their names to the new people. There had even been a shared laugh when Piper, one of her girls, became visibly confused at how strange the female humans looked, having never seen one before.

Dealing with the government was a long process she never wanted to repeat, but in the end an accord was struck; she agreed to occasionally be studied in order to advance the field of genetic engineering, and in response a large compound not unlike a protected town would be created to house her and her young, with staff and services to aid their development. She and Theo were satisfied by this arrangement, as it meant they could raise

their many, many children helped by others, and Ivy also had other humans to be in contact with. It was around this time that Ivy's parents came back into her life. Things were very awkward as expected, but if there's one thing that holds true for all parents of adult children, it's that they want grandchildren. Neither of the Hartridge pair imagined they'd be getting bug grandchildren, of course, but once they held a few, there was a connection.

Life wasn't perfect: Ivy occasionally became freshly irritated or sombre over opportunities she would no longer have, and her constant bouts of laying and endlessly engorged breasts brought no end of burden to her form. When she watched the Olympics on TV she became quite jealous of the sheer level of physical action possible that she would never achieve, and America's Next Top Model was basically a taunt to her: here was the feminine ideal. She even watched Mommy Blogs online for a while, often cackling at how 'hard' some of these women had it.

"Try giving birth every third day then!" she announced. "And breastfeeding eighteen kids at a time and still having more of them wanting to get on the boob!"

But Theo was always there for her, just as he was now.

In the present moment it was easy to reflect on all that had changed. The two of them rested on the couch, the various maids having given them privacy, while they watched an important trial on television. Ivy had been trying to keep her thoughts off of this all day, and Theo had wisely said nothing, but now the moment was here.

Delia, the one who had unintentionally but maliciously altered her into the brood mother she was today and forever more, was being sentenced. Delia had been shocked at how successful her prank had been, and claimed utter remorse, but Ivy didn't find it too convincing. She'd seen the bitch actually *smile* when Ivy was called to the stand two weeks ago to provide testimony, and Ivy experienced the embarrassment of having to halt just to lay three more eggs and shift two others downwards. This wasn't even to mention the wet patches all across her shirt. Her lawyer claimed the performance had actually helped the case against Delia when Ivy was forced to contend for two awkward minutes with a particularly large egg. Ultimately, she'd been allowed to watch the proceedings from home, due to her constant 'condition'.

"Here comes the sentence," Theo said as she helped one of her latest children latch onto her lower right breast. Her wings fluttered anxiously as the judge proclaimed Delia's punishment.

"WHAT!?" she cried, startling their children, "FOUR YEARS!! THAT'S IT?"

Theo helped calm her, and in her irritation she nearly squeezed through another egg just out of frustration.

"I know it's not the outcome we hoped for, Ives, but we were told this was likely."

Ivy folded her uppermost arms over her uppermost breasts, skin pinker than usual. "Yeah, well I don't have to like it. She spends just four years in prison and I get to spend the rest of my life looking like this, feeding my kids, and laying more of them every day. That's justice for you."

"Things will get better, Ives," Theo said. He leaned over and kissed her lovingly on the cheek. "The compound is expanding, we've got our own place built by the government, lots of space to raise the kids, no matter how much we end up happening. And your parents are visiting this weekend! Your brother too."

Ivy placed a left hand on his thigh and a second on his chest as her upper pair of hands brought his lips to hers. She was glad that after some time, and as embarrassing as she could be, her family still loved her. Her brother John even was a pretty cool uncle to her many, many little children, though it was understandably awkward to occasionally have to give birth to eggs in front of her sibling, and just generally be a big, super-pregnant insectoid gal in front of him. Particularly since he'd grown up ribbing her for her waifish, stick-thin figure.

"Thank you Theo," she said as she pulled away, her pillowy breasts still pressed against him, "I just worry that - ohh!"

There was a familiar 'plop' sound as Ivy clenched her eyes shut for a moment. She sighed heavily.

"Another one?" Theo asked.

Ivy nodded, still concentrating. "T-two, I think. Nngh! Oohhh . . . make that three. I think that d-date night two w-weeks ago really d-did a number on m-me! Ahh!"

The stem of her ovipositor swelled slightly like a cartoon hose, and then suddenly three large eggs passed through into the egg sac. Her daughters and sons continued to suckle greedily away at her rear abdominal tits, shifting only slightly as the ovipositor swelled a little.

"Ahhh," she sighed as it squeezed through the entrance to her egg sac. "God Theo, you really knocked me up good."

He smiled sheepishly. "Sorry."

"It's too late for the blame game anyway. I'm knocked up for good, and from the looks of things I'll be pushing out eggs for the rest of my life - ohhhh! Ah-ah-ahhhh . . . and there's another one. Exhibit A, again."

Theo gave her another peck on the cheek. "You're amazing, Ives. You're strong. You're already a terrific mother." He gazed at the two adorable little bug-girls nestled up against their mother, feeding at two of her three right breasts.

Ivy scoffed. "Ha! I better be. After all, I'm going to have a *lot* of kids. I can already feel more of them growing inside of me, and my eggsac weighs a *ton*, seriously." She gestured at her swollen ovipositor upon which six of her latest clutch were currently suckling, even as she picked up another three children with her other arms and set them against the milk-filled F cups on her torso. "Not to mention I'm making at least nine times more milk than any woman in history."

Theo felt himself stiffen, and Ivy's antennae twitched in response.

"Oh my god, are you *turned on by me being pregnant?* You pervert!"

It was not actually new information, but it was fun to tease him about it.

Theo laughed. "I can't help it! The thought of you being so full of my kids is just so hot. Call it Pavlovian response or something."

She snorted. "That's just because you're the one that doesn't have to carry them all, or push them out of an eggsac you're still not even used to dragging behind you."

"Fair enough."

"Still," Ivy smiled, even as she pushed yet another egg through, "it's nice that someone at least still finds me sexy." She smirked. "Admit it, my insect body turns you on. You love having me as your big, pregnant, milk-filled insect queen."

"Gods I do," Theo sighed, caressing her swollen dome of a stomach.

"Even if it means we're going to have a really, really big family?"

"Especially if that. Lots of little hatchlings."

Ivy smiled. "Then I guess I can have a bit of fun with this. Y'know, the whole being always hugely pregnant and birthing constantly thing. Mmmhnnhhh . . . speaking of which, can you be a dear and catch this one - aahh - coming through! Oohh!"

The uni student-turned-insect broodmother squirmed slightly as the lips of her egg sac parted to allow a large egg to pass through. It stretched the tip, slowly for a moment until it reached past the halfway point and began to slide more easily out. Ivy shuddered with a blissful moan, and Theo moved to grab the egg, placing it in a protected pile with a number of others.

"God, it's so fucked up that I enjoyed that," Ivy sighed.

"I'm glad you do. You deserve to feel good about what you're doing."

She grinned. "Not like I have a choice. This momma is going to be popping out kids for decades to come. At least it's - oooohhhh - p-pretty n-nice at times."

Theo grinned, and began massaging her breast. "How about I make it even nicer for you?"

Ivy moaned in pleasure, slowly lowering the many babies from her breasts.

"Mmhmmn okay . . . I'm sure we can fit in a quick one before - ah - I lay this next lot.

They didn't quite manage, but then orgasming always made Ivy unintentionally squeeze new life out into the world these days.

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Ivy continued to lay her brood for many years to come. She and Theo remained together, raising their enormous horde of bug-girls and bug-boys from infancy under the support of the state in their private compound. Ivy would always be pregnant, and there would rarely ever be a moment where she wasn't pushing eggs into her ovipositor, laying, or simply growing with more children to come. She and Theo always found moments to be intimate, but at all other times, Ivy always had at least two or more of her children attached to her many breasts and suckling away at her continued milk production. She was, and would always now be, a bloated insect broodmother pregnant with thousands and thousands of young yet to come.

Until, of course, one of her own girls became the new mantis mother queen. Then, Ivy finally got her time to have a break. But that took quite a few decades to happen.

**The End**