

## **Nesting Phase (People to Alien Broodmothers TFTG Preg)**

**By FoxFaceStories**

### **A Commission for KillerMonkey**

*Two couples out camping are awed when they see a bright blue meteor shower, and even get to see and touch an asteroid piece that lands near them. Unfortunately, it crumbles after they touch it, and the two couples return home to their apartments. Little do they know they have been infected with an alien virus, one that shall soon turn them into alien broodmothers destined to make their entire apartment tower their hive. Perhaps the changes won't be all bad, however. Perhaps they might even be pleasurable . . .*

## **Nesting Phase**

### **Part 1: The Colour from Outer Space**

Mick could scarcely believe it.

“Sharon! Sharon, come look! Get out of your tent and see this! Pete and Lily, the same for you guys! Check it out!”

The other three figures staggered out of their respective tents. Pete and Lily had been hoping to get some personal time in, which was the reason they'd pitched their tent further away than necessary from their friends. But when they emerged, the annoyance on their faces quickly evaporated as they took in the beauty and majesty and sheer awe of what they were witnessing.

“Holy shit,” Pete gasped. “Is that a comet?”

“A meteor shower,” Lily said, correcting her husband. The group deferred to her immediately; she'd always been quite the science nerd.

“Yeah, looks like a lot of them forming a great tail,” Sharon said. She put a hand around her husband Mick's waist, resting her head on his shoulder. “It's amazing.”

The sight was indeed something to behold. Raining down from the sky, eclipsing the already-magnificent sight of the glimmering night sky, was a great meteor shower. Great streaks of luminescent blues and greens burned in the atmosphere above, soaring down again and again, seemingly right above them. It left an effect upon the sky somewhat like the Aurora Borealis, a pattern of shifting, bubbling translucent green and blue with brief flashes of violet purple, enough to truly give it an alien feeling.

“I've never seen anything like this,” Lily said, clinging to Pete, her own eyes wide with amazement. “I didn't even know meteor showers could look like this.”

“Are you sure it’s a meteor shower then?”

“It has to be, it has all the other signs.”

“It’s amazing, whatever it is.”

Silence fell but for the light echo of the outer space rocks burning up upon entry, forming great luminescence tails as they did so. Pete couldn’t believe they’d nearly skipped out on this couples’ camping experience. It had taken a lot of convincing to get his wife Lily to come along. A lot of people were often surprised to learn the mid-twenties pair were high school sweethearts, or that they were together at all. Pete had the look and charisma of a total ladies’ man, and was a traditionally masculine fellow all around. With his smartly styled brown hair and square jaw, along with his tall, athletic figure, he was certainly quite attractive to the female side of the species, and more than a few of the male side as well. He loved his sports - football most of all - and drinking beer with his buddies during poker and pool night. And, of course, he loved heading out camping, especially with his best friend Mick.

Lily, on the other hand, looked like the wilting flower librarian type. In fact, that’s exactly what she was. Where Pete ran his own towing business, she worked as a librarian in town, and appeared exactly the type to do so. She had honey-blond hair and rounded spectacles, and a sharp, cute face - not beautiful or sexy, but *cute*. She was much shorter than her husband, and quite frail-looking, and it was a miracle the two were together given that she preferred to be inside reading a good book by the fire or sorting systems or puzzles instead of what Pete liked. Still, the two got along very well, even if - though he would never admit it - Pete sometimes wished he was with more traditionally sexy, voluptuous women who wore outfits. He wished he had a trophy wife, secretly, despite how much Lily supported him.

“You were right Pete,” she said, holding onto him. “This was worth coming. I’m sorry I was such a stick in the mud.”

“It’s okay,” Pete said, captivated by the magical-looking meteor shower. “It’s one hell of a view, isn’t it? And the good thing is there’s not even a game on this weekend, so I don’t miss out on anything. But there sure is beer. Chuck me one, Mick! This is a sight to drink to!”

Mick threw him a beer, then went back to holding his own wife, who was in his arms, standing before him. Mick and Sharon were far less of a mismatched pair. In fact, Lily sometimes envied how much they were seemingly made for each other. They were both free spirits, often travelling around in a camper van three months out of every year so they could haul up at a national park or camp space and see the sights, take in the local flavour, and then get moving whenever their curiosity was piqued by the road once more. Mick was a big bear of a man, hairy as hell and with an impressively bushy beard. He was bald on top, but had never cared much, and his love of flannelette shirts left him looking like a wild, rugged lumberjack. Ironic, given his love of forests and preservation.

His wife, Sharon, had a very unique look. One could simply look at her and know she was an out and proud hippie vegan. There was something about the way she had her hair in long braids, about her very colourful clothing and love of tasselled jackets and skirts, and her proclivity towards ruby red sunglasses that just radiated modern hippie. She wore the label proudly, and appropriately enough she and Mick had met just six years ago at a protest concert and been together ever since, utterly inseparable.

“I’m really vibing with the universe right now,” Sharon said, adjusting the purple ends of her braids. “I’m really feeling it, hun.”

“Me too, love,” Mick said. “Me too. And after the best burgers I’ve ever made, too.”

There was a chorus of agreement. Dinner had indeed been delicious: Mick had an insatiable desire to feed anyone who was near him, and his cooking skills more than made that okay by any guest or companion or acquaintance of his. He ate meat, unlike his wife, but sparingly, and only what he hunted. It had led to a great meal indeed, for all four of them.

“Maybe this is the universe’s way of rewarding you for your great chef skills, Mick,” Lily joked.

“Eh, mine was a bit burned,” Pete said. “Besides, it’s not like-”

*WOOOOMSH*

The group of four ducked, the two women letting out involuntarily squeals and Pete a rather loud set of expletives as the sky *exploded*. One of the meteors was failing to burn up completely. Instead it barrelled down from the atmosphere, a streak of fiery blue, getting lower and lower until it was tearing overhead, roaring from its sheer speed as it detonated the sound barrier. It passed overhead so close that they could feel the intensity of it, but it wasn’t hot, much to the surprise of the scientific Lily. No, instead it was *cold*. It radiated *cold*. A thrum of power rippled through the four of them as it passed just several hundred feet over head, and then as quickly as it had come, it passed.

Mick’s jaw hung open. “Do you think that thing is going to land anywhere near-”

*KWA-KOOOOM!!!*

An enormous explosion of turquoise light emanated from the near horizon. Trees were torn asunder, dirt flung into the air, blacking out the stars and falling meteors above. It was loud enough to nearly burst an eardrum, but in the aftermath things fell to silence again, except for a low hum that clearly was echoing out from the impact site. It flickered, still glowing bright blue as if it were a comet in outer space. Like the light of a great fire, it flickered as if growing and receding in warmth. No, it was too regular for that. Like it was *breathing*. At least, that was Sharon’s perspective.

“I have to see it,” she said.

“Love, are you kidding?”

She grinned at her husband. "Are you telling me you don't want to be there, hun? We can get a picture! We can be the first to declare it. We can even name it after ourselves."

Lily blinked. "It would - it would be scientifically important, perhaps. But we should be careful."

Pete slapped Mick on the back. "You're not gonna be a coward are you, wild man? I didn't imagine you of all people would back down from this."

"I'm just worried it's irradiated or something."

It was then that Lily withdrew a small item from her bag and grinned. "Geiger counter. Never go camping without it. Just in case."

Mick chuckled, but Pete looked a bit annoyed. He'd tried to get her out of 'overprepared mode' and this wasn't helping, especially since it seemed she actually was right to bring it in the end.

"Fine, you take that," her husband said. "But I'll forge ahead with Mick. Gotta take care of the ladies, right Mick?"

"Please, Sharon can take care of - oh for goodness sake, don't run ahead Sharon!"

But the keen nature woman was already laughing with abandon like the pagan-worshipping hippie she was. The others followed in her wake, desperate to see the glowing shard from space.

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The crater was large, shaped like a teardrop where the meteor had impacted and carved through the tree line. It was intense to look at, and even though the blue light was slowly waning it was still very bright, requiring each member to cover their eyes a little as they descended into the crater to get a closer look.

"No radiation, as far as I can tell," Lily said. "Maybe just a little, but not much above normal. In fact, there should be more, which is weird. Space is radioactive. Quite radioactive."

"Maybe it's not working?" Sharon suggested.

"No, it's working. I tested it before we left. I like to keep all equipment up to date when Pete drags me out to camp."

Sharon shrugged. "Then let's go investigate."

"Just don't touch it love," Mick reminded her.

Pete stayed at the back as the four advanced. Despite his earlier claims of bravery, something about this was unsettling him. He couldn't exactly say what, just that the strange thrumming in the air was pulsing more heavily the closer he got to the rock, and it just felt unnatural. Wrong, somehow.

“Hey guys, maybe we should-”

He stopped at the other three turned to him. None of them would ever truly admit it, but when the two couples got together, it was often Pete that took the lead, simply due to his charisma and confidence. Even Mick, the camping extraordinaire, found himself sucked in by that sometimes.

“Yes, honey?” Lily asked.

Pete still had that bad feeling, but far more important than acknowledging that was upholding his social standing and manly pride. He puffed out his chest a little.

“I’ll go first,” he said. “You just behind me, Mick. Just in case the ladies need protection.”

Mick agreed, and the two headed forward, moving closer to the glowing blue rock. It wasn’t as large as they had imagined, perhaps the size of a beach ball, maybe smaller. That still made it plenty big, though, and plenty valuable. Pete soon forget his sense of foreboding and began to see dollar signs, while Mick was simply fascinated by the material, which didn’t look like any metal he knew - and he was quite the craftsman!

“It looks like it’s glowing,” Mick said. “Actually glowing. Not just on fire.”

Pete nodded. He found it hard *not* to look at the meteor. It was as if it *wanted* to be looked at. The ripple of power was so much stronger now, and it was coursing into his system, practically *urging* him to touch it.

“Is it safe?” Sharon asked.

The two men stated that it was, and soon their wives joined. They were fascinated for different reasons - Sharon was already thanking the gods of nature and the elements for bringing such a divine blessing, while Lily was taking numerous photos and examining its exterior, which looked to be marbled and patterned in a way that was deeply strange.

“Should we . . . touch it?” Sharon asked, who was itching to do so.

“I don’t think so,” Lily replied. “I know it feels kind of cold, but you never know if-”

Pete reached out and placed his palm upon the rock. He turned to the group and grinned, still touching it.

“See?” he said casually, despite his frowning wife. “Nothing to fear! Just a funny rock with a light show.”

“Well, if he can touch it, then so can I!” Sharon said. She placed her hand upon the rock and giggled.

“What is it?” Mick asked. “Are you okay?”

“It - it tickles! Ahaha! Sorry, it feels like little electric pulses passing into me. Are you getting that too, Pete?”

“Sure am. C’mon babe, don’t be scared. I’ll take care of you. We can all get a selfie together.”

Lily nervously bit her lip in response to Pete's comments. He was always pushing her, trying to get her out of her comfort zone. Mick placed his hand upon the rock and began conversing with his wife, who was already formulating spiritual musings about its significance, while he was hoping to get part of it and make a nice axe out of the strange material, if possible. But Lily stood on the threshold, uncertain.

"I - I don't know if it's a good idea," she stammered.

"Oh, don't be a scaredy cat," her husband taunted, gesturing for her to join. "I had my reservations for a moment, but now I can see and feel that it's awesome! Seriously, it's great, isn't it, you two?"

"It's the magic of the universe," Sharon murmured.

"It's something alright," he rugged husband said. "It's certainly the coolest find in nature I've ever come across."

In truth, the three of them could barely stand to remove their hand from the stone. Despite the cold emanating from its blue glow, the rock itself had a comforting and contradictory warmth. It sent little electric shivers through their body, and it was like a series of dopamine rushes, little endorphin hits that had them smiling and giggling like idiots as they clung to the rock, massaging its pebbled surface. It was addictive. It was calming. It was making them *whole*, and every new pulse of energy from the rock felt like a message from the heavens right to their bodies. It was, in a way, though it would take them some time to realise just how transformative that message would become.

Still Lily hesitated, unsure and a little disturbed by the dream-like state of her husband and her two best friends. She was about to ask them to snap out of it, or even use their long-range radio to call for help, out of fear that something was deeply wrong with the asteroid, when suddenly she felt the thrum in the air concentrate around her, as if *she* were being radioed to, her brain acting as the receiver.

*Strength strength strength you possess hidden strength and wisdom and intelligence and knowledge knowledge knowledge for strategy you will be defender you will be warrior you guard for trouble you recognise it even now you will be warrior defender of the hive*

Lily gasped, blinking. She hadn't even noticed that her hand was now upon the rock, receiving those same pulses of energy. Had the message been real? Was it just in her imagination? It was difficult to tell, the electric pulses were so overwhelming, and yet they descended upon her to drown out those thoughts, making them impossible to interrogate.

She was not the only one.

Mick groaned as an alien message instilled itself in his head.

*You feed you make food you are perfect for designation feeder you will feed the hive you will produce the jelly as you make the food now and you will make the hive grow grow grow the queen will depend upon your sustenance you will keep the hive fed*

Sharon gritted her teeth, hearing her own message.

*Eggs eggs eggs you will be broodmother you will lay the eggs and serve the empress  
your wisdom and appreciation for the universe will make you wise counsel wise counsel  
indeed you will birth many eggs and help expand the hive and aid the empress in all things  
for the hive for the brood*

It was like a religious experience for her, but Pete was decidedly confused, his own message far more passionate than any other's.

*First to touch first to touch first to be blessed first among equals first and final  
empress immortal and glorious your eggs shall be legion you shall swell and grow and birth  
swell and grow and birth swell and grow and birth you will be a most beautiful queen for the  
hive be thankful for your selection celebrate your honour you are chosen to make this world  
a hive with you as its ever fertile head!*

Pete grinned wildly, not understanding what was happening but overwhelmed by the sheer resounding *pleasure* that the rock was giving him. He gasped, moaning aloud along with the others, their own bodies aroused by the strange light of the meteor.

"Yes!" he cried. "Yes! I accept the blessing!"

"As do I!" Lily shouted!

"And me, moon spirit!" Sharon shouted.

"I'll take this nature's blessing!" Mick added.

The light reached its crescendo, and all four wailed as an alien orgasm hit them. They cried out as one, their voices in a perfect, hive-like pitch, and then all was silent as their voices gave way and the rock's blue light finally left it. The thrumming ceased, and in the aftermath it was difficult to remember exactly what had happened, or why they had shouted.

"That was - that was crazy," Lily stammered. "I think we should go to a hos . . ."

She didn't finish the sentence. It didn't feel right to go to a hospital. It didn't feel right at all. She amended her sentence.

"I think we should take this back to our apartment complex, and not tell anyone about it."

"Lily's right," Pete declared, speaking authoritatively. "It's our little secret. I'll put it in my room. Any objections?"

Mick wanted to, so did Sharon, but Pete's charisma was even greater than usual. He was dominant, and they felt a strange urge to obey.

"Of course."

"Yes, it's only right."

They each placed a hand on the dormant meteor once more, and began to lift.

## Part 2: Signs from Beyond!

The strange experience of the meteor shower stayed with the group, even as they returned to their lives at their shared apartment complex. Mick and Sharon still had some time off work, but despite their love of travelling they actually opted to stay home. It just . . . felt right to do so. Pete and Lily felt much the same, but his towing business required him to be up and about, while Lily had a shift at the library. They went their separate ways for their respective jobs, but all the while there was an innate sense of *wrongness* they both experienced. Both simply felt the urge to nest up with one another in their apartment, holding one another, naked in their arms.

*Nest.* That word reverberated around Pete's skull as he drove around town. As he towed a vehicle for the city after receiving a call, he almost lost focus completely on where he was even meant to take it, which was back at the lot.

"God, I just want to go home and *nest*," he said aloud to himself. "Just fucking *nest*. With Lily. Jesus, I want that woman."

He'd been thinking a lot about her, too. Pete had always fancied himself a manly man. He liked to be the dominant one in the relationship. He worked out, cultivated an alpha-male image, and loved sports and the outdoors and all things that were traditionally masculine. Yet despite this, his sex life with his wife had become strained at times. He loved her, he truly did, and something about her quiet, fastidious, and nerdy nature appealed to him. But he would be lying if he said that he didn't secretly fantasise about having a trophy wife: a woman who wasn't lithe and thin but curvy and sexy, with a big pair of tits and a sultry nature, obsessed with pleasing him and dressing up in the hottest of outfits. It had made him less enthusiastic for sex at times, or otherwise less attentive to Lily's needs.

But now he wasn't lacking enthusiasm at all. In fact, his desire for Lily was skyrocketing in her absence, and just the thought of her was making him hard as iron. It was a good thing that most of his job involved him driving, because otherwise he'd be mighty embarrassed.

"Just nest up with Lily," he mumbled to himself. "Fuck her brains out. Let her fuck me. Make a baby together, or more babies."

He blinked for a moment, even as he delivered the towed vehicle to the city lot. Had he just said out loud that he wanted babies? It had always been a matter of discussion between them, but never ironed out. Now . . . now the thought of them making a *ton* of babies seemed so very hot.

"I really need to get home and get laid," he said, smirking. "Hope Lily is ready to handle all this manliness coming her way."

The statement couldn't have been more ironic. Pete hadn't noticed yet, but his face was softer today, his shaved chin looking like it had never grown any hair at all, lacking even the thin stubble. His hair had grown a little. He liked to keep it short, but now it was snaking down to fall past his ears. The rest of him had also changed; he was getting thinner overall, more petite. The macho man's physique was still muscular, but it was becoming lithe muscle, and this was coupled with a growing softness in his chest and hips and rear. It was all too subtle to notice so far, but he *was* feminising. The alien comet was having its effects. It wanted its glorious broodmother empress, and the foreign programming was racing through his system.

Pete's stomach growled, and he patted it, not noticing that some of the hard-earned muscle had melted away.

"Jeez, I'm hungry," he said. "I might grab a burger on the way home. Or two. Or three."

Or perhaps four. He was quite hungry. His body, without him knowing it, needed fuel for further change.

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Lily was utterly red with embarrassment. She'd never done that before, had never conceived of doing that before! But the simple fact was that she was hornier than she could ever remember, even worse than her fantasising teen years, and it had become impossible to serve at the desk of the library as a result. It didn't help that her nipples were so very stiff and swollen, aching for her husband's touch. And so she'd done the unthinkable: she'd actually snuck off to the bathroom for a brief moment and masturbated in the privacy the stall offered.

She still couldn't believe she'd done it, and yet it had been *wonderful*. Her desire for her husband was just that great, and she'd never been the most libidinous individual. It was like something had changed after finding that strange meteor, the one they'd put on their shelf for display. Certainly, her breasts seemed fuller today, and she could have sworn that her hips were wider, giving her a more hourglass figure. Even her face seemed just that bit more pretty; several of her coworkers and even some older female customers had complimented her on this.

"It's just so bizarre," she said aloud to herself. "It's like the whole camping experience rejuvenated me. Ugh, I wish I could go home and *nest* with Pete, though. Mick and Sharon are too lucky. I bet they're making so many babies right now."

She paused, not quite knowing why she had said that. Her hand went automatically to her stomach, which was flat as ever, though feeling a bit more trim and . . . toned,

perhaps. Did she want babies? She knew she did, but they planned to wait another year or two, right? Pete was always so noncommittal.

“He shouldn’t be,” she mumbled to herself as she cleaned up and got ready to head back into the library proper. “He should want babies just as much as me. Even more, in fact. God, I want him to have babies. I mean, for him to give me babies.”

She shook the thought from her mind, and headed back out. Her absence would be noted, and she didn’t want that. Of course, her present was *also* noted by various figures in the library, especially men. Lily didn’t realise it, but her form had become just a little taller, her body more athletic. Combined with a more impressive backside and a whole cup size growth in the chest, and she was looking quite lovely.

Lily had no idea, but she’d just become a sexy librarian.

Of course, her stomach proceeded to growl quite loudly, and she made a quick detour to purchase a sandwich from the in-library cafe. Well, four sandwiches, and a wrap. And a soft drink. She placed these, somewhat unprofessionally, at the desk, snacking away as she helped customers find books and order new ones for them.

The sexy librarian phase would not last long. She didn’t know it, but she was feeding future growth with her intake of calories, and she would be very surprised at just how different her body would become. Totally inhuman, in fact.

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Sharon struggled to regain her breath.

“Oh my God, Mick,” she panted, clutching her man. “That was something else. Has something gotten into you?”

“Gotten into me? What’s gotten into you? Other than me, of course.”

She giggled at that as they clung to one another’s naked forms in their bed.

“I mean you were ripping my clothes off, woman,” Mick said. “And all that talk of babies . . . seriously hot.”

His hippie wife bit her lip as she smiled. “I think that was the Earth Mother speaking through me, or something. I swear, my eggs are going off now, babe. I know the doctors said we couldn’t have kids. I don’t want to get our hopes up, but . . .”

Mick nodded. “But you think we can have them. Something’s changed. I’m feeling the same sensation, honey. I have no idea what kind of revelation we’ve both had on that camping trip, but it’s like my whole perspective has changed. I really do think that if we tried, we can get you pregnant. I don’t know how I know, but I do.”

“Exactly,” Sharon said. She placed a hand on her flat belly. “I can feel it, I swear.”

“I really want to put a baby . . . I want *us* to have babies.”

Mick wasn't sure why he'd refrained from saying 'put a baby in you' to his darling wife. Perhaps it was that *just one* baby didn't seem to be enough. He wanted . . . well, he wanted a lot more than one, suddenly. But it also didn't seem right for Sharon alone to bear them. His thoughts didn't go very far beyond that; he simply wanted to be part of the process too, somehow.

Sharon reached out and touched her husband's face. She blinked.

"Honey, your beard is gone."

"Oh, yeah. I, uh, shaved it this morning. It just didn't feel right."

"One good razor. The skin was so smooth. It changes the angles of your whole face. You seem almost . . . beautiful."

Mick wasn't a macho man type like Pete, but he still was a burly fellow who worked in the trades. He exuded masculinity in a more self-assured, less showy way. And yet he was only just now realising that his quite hairy body was now almost entirely hairless, and that his powerful physique had slimmed. Even his hair had lost its coarseness, growing longer and shining a little.

"Am I changing?" he said, momentarily self aware."

Sharon began stroking his chest with her fingers, playing with his slightly swollen nipples. "No more than me," she purred. "I think the forest blessed us. I felt such a great aura while I was there. I mean, just look at these babies."

She shook her shoulders, letting her breasts wobble. She was normally very flat chested, but now they had to be C-cups at least. It was an impossible change, but then so was her broader flanks, her longer hair, her more curvaceous backside - that in particular was getting quite prominent.

"Mhmm, I think I want to taste them, my queen," Mick said. He'd never called her 'queen' before, but it felt so natural before. As did what came next.

"Then let's get pregnant, husband," Sharon declared. "Another round or three should do it. God, I can feel the need!"

They adjusted, her clambering on top of him, and soon he was hard inside her, she bouncing on him aggressively, taking all of him inside her. When he came it was purest ecstasy for both of them, and his seed flowed into her. But something passed into him too, without either knowing it. And now he too, had another seed of change ready to bloom.

In the aftermath, both of their stomachs growled.

"You stay, love," Sharon said, kissing him on his smooth, hairless face. "I'll get us some food."

But he reached out and grabbed her hand. Her brown, braided hippie hair swung about dramatically.

“No,” he said. “I’ll cook up some food for us. I can’t explain it . . . but it’s my role. I need to feed my queen.”

Sharon smiled. “I feel it too. Feed me away, my glorious servant.”

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The following day, Pete and Lily invited Mick and Sharon over for dinner. They hadn’t intended to catch up with their friends so early, especially given that they were probably planning for another trip while Pete and Lily were back at work. And yet . . . something had compelled the invite, and Mick and Sharon had readily accepted so quickly. Moreover, Mick had *insisted* on being the one to make all the food, and while Pete normally would have pushed back on this a little, the notion of their resident ‘feeder’, as he’d started thinking of him, serving their cohort was rather wonderful. And so the night was on, and Mick and Sharon were nearly ready to come over.

“How do I look?” Lily asked, spinning about in her new dress. She’d bought it on a whim, and it was far outside of her usual dressed-down demeanour. This thing was a rather tantalising black dress with a starlight pattern. It clung to her form, showing off the new curves she’d impossibly developed. Her breasts were now double-D cups, and Pete couldn’t stop looking at them, or occasionally giving a light, playful slap upon her *rondure* behind.

“You look ravishing, my dear,” Pete said. “Seriously, I want to ravish you. Again. So many times.”

She giggled, tossing her blonde hair. She put her glasses on, and then . . . took them back off. Her vision seemed fairly normal without them, for once. Incredibly sharp, even.

“Oh, but we’ve had so much sex. So much hot, babymaking sex, honey. God, I really hope I’m - *we’re* - pregnant.”

“I know. We will be,” Pete said. “And then I can be your mighty protector.”

Something about the comment stung Lily in a way it never had. “Actually,” she said. “I think . . . this time, I’ll be protector. Your warrioress. I mean, I’m looking fitter lately, right?”

She flexed her muscles, and indeed she was athletic. The alien programming and all the additional meals had already strengthened her, and Pete marvelled at this.

“Yes, wow. Holy shit, you’re getting . . . I would be more than happy for a beautiful creature like you to protect your empress. Sorry, I mean, emperor. Obviously.”

The doorbell rang before they could push past the mental blocks keeping them from realising what was happening. Mick and Sharon entered, and they too had changed dramatically. Both men embraced in a huge, but separated due to the sensitivity in their chests. Both had longer hair and feminised faces, and were less bulky than before,

especially Mick. Pete had a moment of humiliated awareness, but it faded as he smelled the food.

“Oh wow, what’s this!”

Mick beamed with pride as he and Sharon brought the steaming tubs of food in.

“Pork ribs with a whole host of steamed vegetables and mashed potato, a classic! I’ve also done up some lovely sticky date pudding and Sharon here has the ice cream. And, I hope you don’t mind, I took the liberty of making some salmon roll hors d’oeuvres to snack upon, and some lovely red for us to enjoy across the whole meal.”

This received a wonderful reception, and the four relaxed in the lounge, snacking straight away with great enthusiasm. All four were very hungry, but Pete and Sharon especially, who were itching for the main course to be served almost immediately. Praise was heaped upon Mick for the great food, and he was surprised to find himself quite emotional in response. Being praised for his cooking was always a good feeling, but now it felt like . . . a life purpose, somehow. The reason for this was the alien programming from the meteor, which was situated above the fireplace before them.

“It’s so beautiful,” Sharon whispered. “Truly a gift from the forces of the universe.”

“I don’t know about that,” Lily said. “I’m a woman of science myself. But it truly is beautiful. Does anyone feel . . . stronger, in its presence?”

“A little,” Pete said. “Honestly, I feel just a little puffed up. Bloated. Not in a bad way. Just kind of . . . bigger.”

“Wow, me too,” Sharon said. She gestured to her body, which had become lovelier and certainly fuller in all the right female ways. Mick put an arm around her as they lounged on the couch, grinning.

“I’d say you’re bigger alright! In fact, if you don’t mind me saying, Lily, you’re looking a bit bigger in the chest too!”

They had drunk some wine by this point, and everyone was all cheery. Even Lily, who normally would have been aghast at this point, giggled. “Pete certainly doesn’t mind. I swear, ever since that camping trip, it’s like we’re totally in synch.”

“In the bedroom?” Sharon asked, grinning. “Because I swear Mick and I have the same energy at the moment. Total primal earth energy.”

They all chuckled, lounging up against one another and swapping stories. As they did so, the calories and nutrients they had just consumed began to nudge their changes further. Each of the members present began to remove outer garments as a sense of heat rose, the warmth of changes being fueled. Lily breathed a little heavier as her muscles began to develop further. She didn’t even notice, but her bicep muscles were now visible even when relaxed, and her thighs had become quite muscular. Her stomach, which had always been so thin and petite, appropriate for her nerdy nature, now began to develop muscles - actual

visible abs, not that they could be seen just yet, until she raised her shirt a little without thinking, letting Pete stare at her stomach in admiration.

“I didn’t realise you’d been working out, hon,” he said, a tiny bit disturbed.

“I haven’t, I - oh! I guess . . . I guess the camp did me some good after all!”

Pete nodded, and Mick and Sharon admired her increased musculature too. No one comments on the fact that there was a slight pale blue tinge to Lily’s skin; they hadn’t noticed that yet. But then, Pete’s skin had a slight purple tinge, and Mick’s a green colouration, as if slightly sickly, and Sharon - appropriate given her love of auras of this hue - had developed a pink tinge. She did not develop much in the way of muscles, but her breasts did begin to surge forth, and her ass swell in her shorts, becoming a little uncomfortable as the night proceeded. Mick was also swelling, and his rear even more than his own wife, to the point where it seriously looked like he’d had an over-the-top big butt lift surgery. Pete continued to scratch his chest. It was getting weirdly itchy, and Mick was much the same in this regard. But Pete had also developed two annoying pumps beneath his arms, which he attributed to some rash, without giving it much thought.

All of them were now in the second stage of change. The mental configuration towards their ultimate roles was becoming more and more hardcoded, while the growth of their future broodmother body parts was in its initial stages. Pete and Mick were both developing breasts, but also pairs of nipples below said breasts, which would also soon balloon. The women of the group were only getting bustier, but they too were developing extra pairs of breasts. All present were experience strange growths to their behinds, but simply being in the presence of the meteorite above the fireplace affected them in strange ways, making it almost impossible to realise fully what was going on, and to wave off any bizarre changes. In fact, despite her normally thin nature, Lily was becoming oddly proud to have a very prominent backside. She continued to rub her skin, yearning for it to change texture, for reasons she wasn’t sure of, and soon everyone was doing the same.

“I think - I think we should pack up,” she said.

“Aww, really?” Sharon said. “We’re having so much fun.”

Mick placed a hand on her shoulder. “She’s right. We can head back to our place. We’re just down the hall, babe. We’ll break out some more food. Trust me guys, from now on I’ll be feeding all of you, I insist.”

Sharon assented, stroking her hand down her husband’s chest in front of their friends. “Very well. I guess we could . . . continue breeding. I want you to breed me, remember?”

She blushed a little at how forward she was being, but rather than find this revolting, Lily grabbed Pete in an uncharacteristic display of dominance and pulled him against her muscular form. She was as tall as him now, and for a moment it surprised him.

"We need to breed too," she said.

Pete shuddered, his arousal great - not just in his cock but his nipples too. And two spots below them that would be nipples shortly.

"Yes," he said. "God yes. I want you to fuck me, honey. I want your babies."

"I guess we'll leave you to it, then!" Mick said, laughing. He shook Pete's hand, and the two women embraced, Lily now taller and bigger than Sharon.

"Take care, Mick," Pete said. "And try to keep that excitable wife of yours in check, if you can!"

Mick, who still maintained a laid back attitude, simply winked at his friend.

"And you take care of that wife of yours. She's got a lot more energy than I remember. She's turning into quite the warrior."

"She better, this empress needs protecting!"

There was a slight pause of confusion.

"What did you say?" Matt asked.

Pete clutched his head. "I don't know, I think I said . . ."

He trailed off as he looked up to the meteorite. Both men did, briefly entranced. The women were looking at it too.

"Never mind," he finished. "I lost my train of thought."

"Me too. Good night, dude."

They parted, and both couples separated. Mick and Sharon headed back to their apartment and gorged themselves on food prepared by him, while Pete and Lily devoured what the generous leftovers that Mick had insisted they keep. Then, fuelled not just by their transformations but their terrifyingly powerful libidos, both couples mated and bred and *fucked* wild abandon. Lily and Sharon dreamed of producing babies, and even Pete found the idea of carrying a child enticing, no matter how impossible that should have been. Mick was the only one not interested in having a baby himself, but the idea of nourishing a child, of nourishing everyone with his food - his *produce* - made him buzz with sexual desire.

It was only after repeated rounds of this breeding that the two couples finally went to sleep, their bodies still absorbing the energy of the meteorite.

And that was when Stage Two of their transformations really took off.

### Part 3: It Begins

Pete woke up feeling bloated. His body was bigger, his stomach larger, and his chest felt kind of achey, as if the tissue had stretched and filled out there. Warily, he pulled himself up a little, finding this more of a struggle than usual. Something was different about him that morning, but before he could even inspect the changes that had occurred, he realised he was not in his bed. He was in the apartment living room instead.

Beneath the eerie blue light of the meteorite.

“What the - ughhh!”

He clutched himself, gripping his chest as it began to expand. To the changing man's astonishment, he had actual *breasts* now. They must have filled in overnight, complete with large nipples and wide areolas, the kind you would see on a pregnant woman. They were small, perhaps only modest B-cups or so, but suddenly the light of the meteorite seemed to inflame the changes, and his mind was gripped by the strange message again.

*‘You will will will be empress will birth will create will spawn will law will produce will form the centre of the mighty hive you are royal you are spectacular you are woman you are female you are mother to all mother to all and SHE will protect you mate with your warrior mate with your warrior MATE WITH HER’*

“Ngnh, stop it!” he cried, his voice much higher than it should have been. He clutched his head, and to his surprise, dark hair spilled down nearly to his shoulders. “What the - how have I - ahhh!”

His chest grew out further, becoming full C-cups. Other parts of him were changing also. His groin became numb as his member pulled inwards, shrinking along with his testes. His skin shed its body hair, even upon his pubic, and his hips creaked and groaned as they widened.

“What's h-happening to m-mee!?”

Something stirred beside him, moaning and grunting as much as he was. Pete looked to his right, and there was his wife! Lily was writhing, murmuring in a state of half-sleep, half-wakefulness as her body changed as well. She too was naked, her breasts blooming larger to full D-cups, her hair spiralling out longer, her skin looking like it was covered in small denticles like that of a shark. It disturbed Pete, but only for a moment, as he realised he too was changing in such a way, his skin even taking on a dark purple sheen to it.

“Lily, something's h-happening! Wake up!”

Her eyes opened, and to his surprise they were larger than usual, with a greater blackness to them, as if her pupils were threatening to envelop her irises.

“Pete? How did we get h-here? How did - eeeuugh!!”

She gripped her breasts, squeezing them together and writing as more changes continued beneath the brilliant blue light of the meteor. Like her husband, a message crept into her brain, frenetic and glorious.

*Protect your empress she is glorious she is perfect she is to be mated again and again and again you must become tougher you must protect her your muscles will grow and your senses sharpen none shall hurt the empress you are her bodyguard and her mate breed her breed her BREED HER BREED HER*

Lily shook her head. It didn't make sense. She was always so demure. She had always deferred to her husband. He was the man of the proverbial house, and she the shy librarian. Now though, she wanted to be the protector. The powerful figure who could *breed* her husband, as crazy as it was.

"I just h-heard a voice, I think," she murmured. "It's like it wanted me to - nnggh! Ahhh, yesss!"

Her muscles *swelled* as surely as her husband's form was growing. Her thighs, once so slim and ordinary, suddenly stretched with new muscle, ready to spring into action. Her biceps swells, her arms becoming those of a professional female wrestler, while her core ached and burned as it developed a noticeable six-pack within seconds. She squirmed, her skin becoming bluish in tint. Her scalp continued to push, and soon the development of what would be insectoid antenna was undeniable. They pushed out from her head, and seeing this, Pete was overcome by the same set of changes upon his head. The stalks extended, long and thin and insectoid.

"Nghh, yes!" he groaned, body becoming even more feminine, his hips wonderfully wide like those of a woman who had birthed many children. "Yes, k-keep changing! M-make me an empress!"

He had no context for what that meant or why he should want it, but want it he did. He twisted, pressing his flesh against his wife. She was taller now, at least a foot or more taller than she should have been, but he had grown also. But where his wife was all hard muscle like he liked to brag about possessing, his own body had become paradoxically soft and curvaceous. It should have horrified him, and perhaps a small part of his mind was screaming, but a much bigger part *wanted* her.

"Lily, I don't know why this feels so okay, but I want you. I - I need you to breed me."

"I know you mean, Pete! My love, I feel the same!"

She clambered on top of him, running her hands over his belly. The ends of her digits had hardened and the same was true for his own hands, but that seemed right too. She fondled his manhood even as it began to shrink back within him, coaxing it to return to his body and become something new. Pete moaned, willing this to happen.

“Make me the empress of the hive,” he whispered as she began to rub his new opening, already sensitive as it formed.

“I will. And I will be your warrior and bodyguard, my love. Your protector.”

The two began to make love, their tongues snaking into one another’s mouths as they pressed their busty forms against one another. There was no insemination left to be had, or at least so they thought.

But then something began to unfurl from Lily’s larger-than-normal opening; a set of male genitalia that was no longer humanoid at all, thin and tube-like. For a moment she was terrified.

“What are we - ohhhh . . .”

But then the arousal, that alien programming, set itself into her mind again. And then, slowly, she inserted her long male member from her hermaphroditic body into her husband’s new vaginal passage, and the two of them groaned with all-consuming lust.

It was only the beginning.

But it *had* begun.

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In the aftermath, the married pair had changed more than they could have imagined. Their skin was rubbery and beautiful, almost like that of a dolphin’s, with a slight sheen to it. Pete’s appeared to be a dark purple in colouring, while Lily’s was a turquoise blue with a slight white patterning, almost like a set of warrior’s stripes. Both had larger eyes with far more prominent pupils, and both had antenna stalks pushing from their heads, the same new colour as their changed skin but even darker in tone to set them out. They were small, only two inches long at most, but significant already: the pair felt a strange connection to one another that hadn’t existed before; an awareness of what the other was doing and even some surface emotions, even when they were not looking or concentrating on the other.

There were other changes too. Pete only noticed in the blissful aftermath of receiving Lily’s alien seed that his hands and feet had changed. Two fingers had disappeared from each hand, leaving him with just three digits, one of which was, thankfully, still a useful thumb. Their feet were even more drastically changed; just two toes on each foot, which spread in V formation outwards. There was also something strange growing out of their backsides, like their spines were extending out to become tails, only fatty tissue surrounded them. Pete’s in particular was quite large, being almost the size of a volleyball already.

But there were other changes that marked them out beyond the colour. Pete was bigger. Fatter. This was undeniable. The proud alpha male’s body was now soft and doughy, his thighs thick, his stomach more rotund, his hips wide and shockingly maternal looking. His

breasts were almost as large as Lily's, and they were shockingly sore. He couldn't stop grasping them, squeezing and groping and moaning in response to their sensitivity. It was as if his body demanded they grow bigger. There were a number of points below those breasts that were also sore, like pimples in need of further growth as well. Pete wasn't sure what was going on there, but he rubbed them too, willing them to grow if that was what was needed.

Lily, by contrast, had become a fit titan. She was easily over six feet tall, but where her husband had grown vertically *and* horizontally, she was only beefier in the sense of her impressive fitness and strength. Her muscles were like those of a wrestler, a boxer, an olympian gymnast; powerful yet lithe, strong yet elegant. Her hips had widened a little, but overall there was not nearly so much dramatic change to her body structure as her husband's, at least externally. Internally, she now knew she possessed both male *and* female genitalia. Something about that freaked her out, but not as much as it should have.

"Pete," she whispered, clinging to her husband's larger former and feeling his maternal softness. "What's happening to us? This is wrong, right?"

Her husband grimaced. He couldn't stop touching his breasts, nor feeling his new womanhood. It was alien - literally! - and all kinds of wrong. And yet . . .

"It is. It's a mutation, or something to do with that meteor, I just know it. I'm not meant to be a damn woman, let alone some freak alien. But . . . oh God, Lily, I can't help myself. I need to change more. I need to be-"

"Our empress," Lily finished, and her husband nodded. "Just like you need me to be your protector. I think . . . I think I'm becoming a warrior. Whatever alien species that accursed rock is making us, it's turning me from a shy woman to this tough, buff, confident warrior. One who keeps her empress safe and-"

"Pregnant," Pete finished. It was hard for them not to finish each other's sentences; the antenna was feeding so much into their synchronicity.

"We have to fight this," the former male continued. He coughed, trying to clear his voice, but it was female now, like the rest of him. It had a low, contralto quality, like that of a powerful queen. Or an *empress*. "I should be strong enough. I'm meant to be a man, for Christ's sake!"

Lily was about to try and reassure her empress - it was hard not to think of her as such - when suddenly the door to their apartment crashed open, the lock breaking off. Instantly she was on her feet. Her back ached for just a moment, and she realised that two points were developing there, pushing forward to aid in her manoeuvrability. She automatically flicked out her arm and gripped part of the back of the living room catch. Her three-digit hand gripped the wooden beam in the back of its construction and easily ripped it forth, allowing her to brandish a sharp stake weapon against the possible intruders.

*Protect the empress protect her protect her be her warrior keep her safe for the eggs for the hive for the expansion of the hive!*

But just before she could throw the stake like an improvised javelin - a knowledge she somehow now possessed, muscle memory and all - her antenna flickered, shifting on her head. Instantly, a friend-foe identification recognised *friend*.

“Mick?” she asked, her voice possessing an edge it never had before. “*Sharon?*”

Two figures entered, both enlarged from their usual selves, both differently coloured and shaped and yet somehow recognisable.

“I’m sorry!” Mick declared, stepping into the light. “I just had this - this *need* to be with your guys! I brought food. Something weird has happened to us overnight, and we needed the meteor’s light, and - oh God there it is!”

“The moon spirit is calling to us!” Sharon said, almost in a daze. Both were discoloured - Mick looking green and his hippie wife looking appropriately pink. They were both larger than they should have been, with wider hips and swollen breasts, and they too had the antenna-like stalks that Pete and Lily possessed. As the outdoorsy pair basked in the blue light of the meteor, praying as if in worshipful congregation, it was also obvious that nubs were growing above their behinds as well. Both were still adorned in clothing, but that situation did not take long.

“I’m so sorry!” Mick said. “But we need to be naked too!”

“The spirit of the stars is calling us!” Sharon exclaimed. “At least, it feels that way. I’ve never felt so *in tune* with it all before. Mmhmm!”

Right before Pete and Lily’s eyes, their friends’ changes exaggerated further. Mick’s breasts became fuller, and his hips wider. His shoulders lost their manliness, and his body shed its hair, gaining that same rubbery smooth exterior that the others had. Sharon followed suit, but whereas her skin was going pinker and pinker, Mick’s was becoming a lush forest green. The sensations finally left them, and the meteorite dimmed once more, looking like inert - albeit fascinating - rock.

“Oh my God,” Lily whispered. “Did you just see that, my empress? I mean, my love?”

Pete nodded. “Guys, you just stormed in here naked and changed in the light of that thing!”

Mick clutched his head. Sharon groaned, running her hands down her front. She looked as if she had a number of mosquito bites down her front, parallel to her breasts.

“D-did we?” she asked. “I thought it was just a dream . . . wait, what happened to the pair of you? Mick, what’s happening to us?”

Her husband, formerly bearded and now smooth-faced, clutching his chest. His hair was longer, and his fingers were now only three-digitated, but his greater horror seemed to be

more centred around his female attributes rather than his male ones: like Pete, he too had seemingly lost his genitals. An empty passage waited between his legs.

“F-fuck! Shit! I think I’m losing my cool here. I even sound like a woman.”

“We all do,” Pete said, “especially us guys. My own wife is sounding tougher than me.”

“That’s because I need to be,” Lily said automatically, before rubbing the back of her head. “Or at least, that’s what the meteor wants me to be, I think.”

“You have a role?” Mick asked.

Pete and Lily affirmed this.

“She’s . . . a protector. A warrior, or something,” Pete said. “God, this is so crazy. That should be me, or you, Mick. Instead, I keep thinking of myself as some damn *empress* or something.”

Sharon gasped, and all eyes turned to her. She was starting to try and clothe herself again, and the fact that *Sharon* was doing that, the same woman who liked to frequent nudist beaches, made them all realise their nakedness.

“I’ll grab us some clothes from my wardrobe,” Pete explained, moving away. “It’s the only stuff that will be big enough for . . . this weirdness.”

“Why did you gasp, Sharon?” Lily asked.

“Because Pete said he was thinking of himself as an empress. He has this aura now, I can detect it.”

“We all can love,” Mick said. “It’s these damn antenna or whatever they are.”

“Whatever it is, can’t you feel it? Pete is our new earthmother. Our leader. He - *she* - is the centre of the hive this meteor wants us to make. And I’m . . .”

“His queen,” Lily finished, the antennas helping connect them in a sort of light hivemind. “I can sense that too. My first duty is to protect Pete, but you are priority two. You help my husband produce for the hive, and if something happens to him . . .”

“I become the new empress. This is a lot to take in, even for me. This goes way beyond my own hippie knowledge. But Mick, what does that make you?”

Mick gulped, remembering the words of the comet. Even thinking about it made them return in his mind, a new message to remind him of his cause.

*Feeder you are feeder you produce nectar goo for hive you produce and all will feed it will be as ecstasy ECSTASY you will be engorged with nectar and all shall drink and royal jelly flows from YOU to nourish the empress and queen and strengthen the warrior!*

Mick exhaled. The others could almost feel that he’d received a message, thanks to their mind link.

“Um, I think I feed you. I make meals. I, uh, need to make a lot of meals. Is anyone else starving?”

“Desperately,” Pete said, returning with loose clothing to pass to everyone. They all got changed, mindful of their sensitive new bumps and bits. Both men contended with their breasts, trying not to agitate them, but a large part of themselves wanting them to grow further. It should have made them terrified, but the mental changes were getting stronger, and the pull of the hive was strong. Now that all four were present, particularly their future empress, it was getting hard to push back against the transformation.

“We should alert the police,” Lily said, summoning her warrior spirit to fight the programming.

“That . . . is that a good idea?” Mick asked. “We could be hauled away.”

“And I don’t have a good history with the feds,” Sharon added.

Pete knew that’s what they should do. Call the police, the ambulance, hell, even the government leadership directly. Whatever they were becoming, it could be a threat. His visions alone . . . and he knew that Sharon was also feeling that same message. The one that told them to *breed and mate and produce*. It was scary stuff. Scary as shit.

But it was also enticing, and his hormones were giving him a near-instinctive need to continue them forward.

“M-maybe we should see where they go, first,” he said. “It might be like a disease. It might go away on its own.”

“We’ve turned into women,” Mick said. “I’ve got a damn pussy, no offence to the ladies of the room, which is all of us now, I guess.”

“The empress has a point, babe,” Sharon said, clutching her husband. “We should see where these changes lead us. We should stay together—”

“As a hive,” Lily added.

“Exactly! We can help each other.”

“We’ll need more space though,” Pete said, already envisioning it. “Lily, you could knock out that west-facing wall. The apartment at the end of the block that is still empty, and it connects in a U around to you two. We could have our very own lair. Our place to figure things out and . . . proceed from there.”

The others took this in. Mick didn’t know what to think, but when Pete declared something, it sounded right. Pete himself wasn’t so sure, and his desire to become a true empress was humiliating to say the least.

But in some ways, it was already too late. As much as he wanted to fight it, the changes were making him a female broodmother. And he’d just given a plan for them to create their own centre of the hive . . .

“Let’s get started,” Lily said.

## Part 4: The Hive Takes Form

The next few days saw the brood empress' lair take shape. Despite the weirdness of their entire situation and their occasional horrified awe at what was happening to their bodies, the two couples nevertheless were constantly overridden by their new impulses and instincts, not to mention that rush of endorphins that came with obeying their new hierarchical nature. Constructing the beginnings of their shared lair gave them purpose, and in that purpose came further changes, slowly but magnificently surely.

Lily, formerly so petite and weak and shy, was coming into her own as a future warrior and protector of the hive. She was the one that did the heaviest work smashing down the walls that separated their apartment from the vacated central one that divided them from Mick and Sharon. Mick, being quite the hardy wilderness man himself, also helped out, but it was obvious that Lily was outpacing him, her muscles growing with each tearing away of plaster and frame, board and strut. Lily had never felt so alive except for when mating with her husband in his new form. She delighted in the way her skin was now entirely turquoise in colour, and even more with how her skin was becoming chitinous in spots; it was as if, being the warrior, she was also developing strong armoured plates. Like everyone else, her antennae were growing longer, allowing her to read the positions of others and work better as a shared, almost hive-minded team. But even more exciting was the development below her arms. New matter was starting to protrude from them, and as the days passed while they worked to unify their lairs and clean away the mess, it was obvious they were developing into a second set of muscular arms beneath her first.

"A second pair of arms, my empress!" she declared to her husband, bowing before him almost ritually. "All the better to fight and protect the hive with!"

That desire to protect did not just extend to her husband, either. Increasingly, Lily was finding Sharon to be a subject of fascination. The hippie former-human had always been her closest friend, but now that Sharon was swelling, her skin turning a salmon-pink and her rear bulge expanding like her husband's, a recognition was growing: this woman may not be an *empress*, but she was still a royal *queen*, second only to her husband in the new hive hierarchy. And it also made her very attractive, even as she moaned from her expansion, as a second pair of plump breasts formed, and her hips widened. Sharon, like Pete, was becoming a little overwhelmed by these changes, and her mind increasingly delved into her pagan beliefs to cope: she thanked the 'holy celestial rock' - the meteor - for bringing her a 'royal blessing.' Her nose was the first to begin flattening, forming two longer slits, but the others were following suit as they renovated their space into a large lair. She was at the forefront of other changes: Sharon's antennae were the first to reach over a foot in length,

and she was also the first to experience hair colour change too: overnight her hair had grown to twice its length and turned a dark pink to match her smooth yet alien skin.

“I just want to keep changing,” she cooed, opening her four arms outwards as she soaked in the light of the strange meteor. “I wish to become my final form. I want the holy rock to reveal my ultimate self and allow my essence to transcend!”

Even Mick was a bit weirded out by his wife’s enthusiasm.

“Babe! Babe! Please, come away from the rock. We know it’s ch-changing us. I’m g-getting bigger. But we should try to fight it as much as we can!”

But then she turned to him, grinned, and pressed her breastflesh - all two rows of it - against her lover.

“Or, you could breed me beneath the rock’s light,” she purred, pressing her full lips against his and tracing over him with her four arms. “While you’re still man enough to do so.”

Mick couldn’t resist her. His manhood had not completely slid away, but it would soon. His womanhood was there, and his member was disappearing inside of it. But he could still get his wife - no, his *queen* - pregnant. That was the point, wasn’t it? He didn’t even notice that Lily was present, having climbed up on the ceiling as he gave over to his passions. Nor did he notice that Sharon and Lily were exchanging a lustful gaze as he spent his final seed inside his wife. All that mattered was finally having the children they’d previously never wanted.

Besides, it would add more hive members for him to *feed*. And that wasn’t even counting the life that would surely flow from the empress!

The empress ‘herself’ was clearly coming more into her role whether he/she wanted it or not. At this point, Pete could only survey his own changes, feeling much more hesitant than Lily despite his incredibly strong urges. His skin was becoming a deeper purple, a truly *royal* purple colour, in fact, but whereas his once-petite wife was becoming an Amazonian warrior, now easily 6’3 in height and still growing, his mass was only increasing in ways that were far, far more feminine. Far more *maternal*, in fact. He too was growing a second pair of arms, but a more prominent development was taking place on his chest. None of Lily’s expanded bras could possibly give him support as his new tits continued to expand, growing full and rounder and strangely *tighter*. His nipples, larger and surrounded by wide areolas of a darker purple colouring, were distending and stretching occasionally, making him ‘ooh!’ and ‘ahhh!’ in response to the uncomfortable yet seemingly *appropriate* pains. The bulge just above his backside was rapidly growing, far faster than his wife’s or anyone else’s for that matter, and his lower half was likewise growing; hips wider than even the most maternal of women, his buttocks large and round and unable to fit into any clothing, not that clothing felt right anymore. And that was to say nothing of what was happening below his breasts!

“I think I’m g-growing m-more tits,” he stammered, feeling them with his nascent lower arms, where two prominent, fatty bulges were growing.

“Mhmm, you are indeed, my empress,” Lily said, caressing them and causing her husband to moan.

“I’m n-not an empress! I’m not even m-meant to be female, except I have this d-damn vagina! But I - oooh - I want this at the same time. I want more breasts, and b-bigger ones! It makes no sense!”

But then Lily planted her lips upon his lower nipples, suckling at them one at a time and urging them to grow yet further, and the utter bliss it caused pulsing through his being made those concerns die away. He could feel more tissue and fat developing upon his chest, and the hunger pains that went with it, and his stomach growled, desiring the fuel for further growth into his hive queen role.

It was a need met almost instantly by Mick, who had become utterly *obsessed* with feeding all four of them as they worked. He had always taken pride in his barbeques and his cooking, particularly when it came to his classic pork rib special, but now any means of getting food into his wife Sharon and his friends was necessary. He too was growing, his rear sac-like bulge expanding to the size of a basketball and then beyond, and while it was only half as big as Pete’s it still excited him. Something about it was connected to food, though he couldn’t explain it. All he knew, courtesy of the messages from the meteor and his own antennae-driven instincts, was that the more it grew the more he could effectively feed the hive, and his empress and queen most of all. His skin was now a forest green, and he seemed to be growing more breasts than anyone! Whereas Pete was starting to develop a third pair of nipples and Sharon and Lily had four tits, he was up to his *fourth* pair already, and a fifth pair of nipples were already expanding too. It was wonderful, and terribly, and humiliating and glorious. So long as his body became larger and rounder and *fuller*, it didn’t matter. He was a feeder, and while he didn’t understand quite how his body played into that, he considered his increasingly rounded gut a good sign. It was distinct from the empress and queen: they were thicker up top but still pleasingly feminine, their breasts large on their gorgeous frames, their arms petite and slender, though surprisingly strong. No, it was their lower torsos that were swelling further, their rear sacs growing larger, their hips widening, their legs thickening and extending. But Mick alone was getting chubby up top, his belly expanding like that of a pregnant woman’s, though instead of life, he could feel it becoming increasingly pressurised and *sloshing* with liquid inside. It freaked him out, but those feelings disappeared the moment he retrieved the ordered food or cooked up meals for the group.

“You’re getting bigger,” Pete said of him at one point, jabbing his belly. “You used to be such a burly man. Now look at you, at us.”

“I know. I should hate this, buddy. But . . . it helps me feed you.”

“How?”

“I - I don't know. I think . . . I think with *these*.”

He raised his four arms to cup his breasts - all of them were D-cups by the end of the third day of renovations, and they were flushed and hot and had a slight sheen of sweat upon them. Pete licked his lips, trying not to stare at his best friend's nipples - all ten of them stacked atop each other. It was too weird, and yet . . .

“Can I t-try?” he said, hesitating. His own breasts were ripe, but they weren't for his own pleasure. Mick's, on the other hand . . .

“Feeding from me?” Mick asked excitedly.

The two wives watched this exchange. Neither former male noticed, but Lily was sliding her three-fingered hand up and down Sharon's thigh, working up the courage to mate with her. She was the only one left with male genitals hidden inside her now, and she was desperate to use them, to exercise her warrior's *strength* for her queen just as she had for her empress.

“Yes, p-please,” Pete said. “I can't resist. And it feels right.”

None of the four knew it, but Pete's broodmother body was now secreting pheromones that would bind the hive together even more tightly, encouraging them to further embrace their roles even through the shame and fear and discomfort.

“D-drink,” Mick said, stepping forward, carefully judging the weight of his own dangling bulge, which was now almost the size of a mini-fridge. “There's - ahh! - a tightness there! I think this is m-meant to be, buddy. I'm f-feeding you, as I was always m-meant to. Mhmm!”

His voice was pure woman as he pressed all of his tits against Pete's body. The empress was unable to help himself: he gave one apologetic look to his wife, but she simply nodded in encouragement, and through their antennae network they could each feel the pulse and vibe of libidinous desire. Pete lowered his lips to his friend's upper right breast, the largest pair of them all, and began to suck, drawing the enormous dark pink nipple in.

“Ohhhhhh!” Mick moaned, four arms squeezing and playing with his other tits and urging them to grow. “I can f-feel it! My m-milk!”

But it wasn't milk, and Pete knew it. It was . . . sludge. Goo. Far too thick to be milk. He withdrew, sliding an elongated tongue around his chin as the surprisingly bright green goo dripped down his features.

“It's the most delicious thing I've ever tasted. God, I'm s-sorry Mick. This is so fucked up. But I need more. I need so much fucking more. You need to make me grow!”

“Just drink from me, dude, I can't fight it either! All of you, drink from me!”

Pete continued, imbibing the delicious sludge down his gullet and giving fuel for further changes. His nose shrank away, the nostrils becoming diagonal slits like those of a

snake's. His pupils swelled, going dark and becoming his entire eyes, which also grew in size. His own chest grew, as did his rear sac, and his hair finally changed to a dark purple that cascaded longer down his naked back. It was a perfect sight, and enough to finally bring Lily and Sharon to the point of unbearable lust. They began making out on the couch, overwhelming it before they shifted to the mattress. Mick and Pete saw this and felt humiliation, but could not stop their own sensual exchange. The urge to feed his empress was too much, and Pete had a mighty hunger for his friend's goo-like produce.

"Delicious," Pete moaned. "F-feed me. Make me b-bigger."

It was, too. The more he ate, not only did his changes accelerate, but something else was going on his belly as well. It began to subtly expand and tighten, filling with contents that was not just the goo, but harder and rounded. Pete moaned, continuing to suckle from his friend, from *The Feeder*. He placed a lower arm upon his belly, which was pressurising and becoming more dome-like. The surface was taut, unlike Mick's more chubby belly, and it increasingly gave the newly feminised, newly *alien* being a quite pregnant look.

This was appropriate, of course, because that's *exactly* what Pete was becoming. Eggs were developing within his churning womb, their development sped up by the transformative goo. He switched breasts, drinking from Mick's lower right, then his left, trying to drain him completely. The would-be empress knew something was wrong, but was helpless to the delicious taste and wonderful expansion. And it was not just the belly that expanded, but the bulge at his backside. It grew and grew, filling with fat and tissue until it began to press against the floor. The underside was ribbed but soft, like that of an ant queen's ovipositor, and perhaps this should have given a clue to Pete what was going on, were he not lost in the pleasure of his expansion.

"Mhmmm . . . ahhhh . . . nnggh! B-bigger! Bigger!!!"

He had to release from Mick, gasping as he clutched his pressurised belly. It expanded, inch by terrible inch, until he looked like he was halfway or more through a pregnancy, unable to hide it. His lowest pair of breasts - his third, now - were also expanding, and all six were beginning to seep their own fluid, which was pale pink in colour, unlike the rest of his purple skin. He groaned, rubbing his nipples.

"Wh-what's h-happening to m-me!? It feels - ahhhh - s-so right!"

Mick looked at his friend with astonishment. *He* had helped increase his friend's size. He had helped grow him to his role. He had *fed* Pete, allowing those children to swell.

"I think - holy shit - I think you are, *my empress*."

The wives had finished their own copulations, Sharon bent over on all fours and lifting her heavy sac while Lily thrustled into her from behind. The benefit of having a set of male genitals nestled within her female genitalia was divine, she found, as it allowed her to fulfil all the roles the hive needed. This woman, her best friend in the world, was now also

her queen, second only to the great empress that was her former husband. She needed to seed her, and so when she cried out and ejaculated within Sharon, the two of them experienced the greatest bliss, a sensation that was transmitted across the entire hive.

“What are you d-doing?” Pete groaned, slowly turning around, his powerful legs helping him adjust to his increasing weight. “Lily, you’re my w-wife!”

“I can’t help it!” she announced, still inside the moaning Sharon. “I’m sorry, empress, but a warrior must attend to queen and empress alike.”

Pete tried to argue back, but something in her words was right. He may be their leader, but Sharon had an important role. He could sense with his antennae that life was growing within her as surely as it was developing in him. Aghast at this, a flood of endorphins papered over his concern. He looked to Mick, still compelled by alien instinct.

“Mick . . . my feeder . . . see to her. We need her to grow too.”

“Of course, buddy,” Mick said, pleased to return to the familiarity of his wife. “My empress. Sharon, come here. Your husband will feed you, love. Just like he always does.”

And so it continued.

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By the time the three days of mating, feeding, and renovating had passed, things had indeed changed dramatically. The curtains were all pulled shut to avoid onlookers, and the furniture was largely cleared away, but for that which could support their weight and size. Pete was now the largest among them, a royal purple empress with bulging, glistening breasts - six in total - and a huge pregnant belly that was matched only by what was obviously now an ovipositor that dragged along the floor behind him. Sharon wasn’t far behind. It was obvious that she was inferior in status - the pink-skinned queen had four breasts and a smaller belly and ovipositor - but she was gleeful to be growing with life as well, her skin tightening with expansion. Mick’s body was softer, chubbier, bloated not with pregnancy at all but more of the goo. It was remarkable: he now had eight breasts with two more on the way already, but his actual body, massive sac and all, was seemingly swelling with an enormous amount of goo, as if he were a living tub of toothpaste. It should have given him nightmares, but filling up with that life-nourishing nutrient goo just felt too right: the ultimate execution his true purpose, to feed the hive through his body. Lily kept watch over them all. She was getting closer to seven feet by this point, and knots were developing on her shoulders, the beginnings of *wings*. She knew it had to be the case, to be more mobile and defensive. She too was pregnant, but developing more slowly. Her four breasts were smaller, and she could feel that her eggs were hard and large, but few in numbers.

Warriors for the hive, they had to be.

Their space was minimal but connected, and the light of the comet was upon them. But they were getting stuffy in their small area, and increasingly could sense suspicion from the other human minds in the apartment complex. When would the landlord come knocking? When would there be an investigation?

“What the hell are we g-going to do?” Sharon asked.

Pete swallowed. He knew. His instincts were to lead, and he still wanted to, just as he always had as the alpha male.

“I can’t believe I’m saying this,” he said, rubbing his pregnant belly and hefting his egg sacs, “but I think we need to make more eggs as quickly as possible. We need to expand the lair.”

The others looked to him, and Mick’s over full body wobbled in excitement.

“We need to bring others into the hive.”

## **Part 5: They’re Changing Her, and Then They’re Going to Change Me!**

The first to be introduced to the hive was, appropriately enough for Pete’s purposes, their landlord. There had been numerous complaints and concerns about the developments going on in their apartments, particularly, no doubt, how Lily’s warrior-like form had knocked down the walls separating their apartments from the empty absent one at the end of the corridor. Their new U-shaped hive space was much bigger, but removing all the dust and debris had consisted more of simply stuffing it in bags and hiding it away, or requesting through the door that the food delivery man take some of the trash with them and deposit kindly for a tip.

There was no doubt in any of their now-shared minds, however, that time was not on their side. Their forms were still changing: Pete becoming an empress and Sharon a lower-ranked queen broodmother, Lily a protecting warrior-class alien, and Mick their bulging, many-breasted feeder. This left them vulnerable, being only four members and stuck within a city of humanity, let alone a cramped apartment block.

But it also represented opportunity, when Mr Ladlow, their landlord, came to finally address the complaints. He was an older man, bald and perpetually red, prone to angry outbursts. Pete had dealt with him a few times using his usual charisma, but now *she* could sense his mind as he approached, furiously knocking upon Pete’s door.

“It’s time,” he said, instructing the others. He gestured for Mick to get back. The formerly burly man wanted to help, but *she* was now a feeder, crucial to the survival of the hive. Now, it was Lily’s role to be the strong defender. And, when necessary, the attacker too.

“Come in!” Pete bellowed, her voice nowhere close to what it had been, and accompanied by an insectoid trill to boot. She could sense with her antennae the location and confusion of Mr Maxwell Ladlow.

“The door is locked! I’d rather not have to go to the effort of using my keys, thank you very much. Hurry up and open up - we’ve got major issues to address!”

Pete sent the signal via antenna to Lily, and she went into action. She surged forward on her powerful legs, her nascent wings flapping, desiring to give her flight. They were not fully developed yet, and so they instead had the beneficial effect of springing her forward, her six arms outstretched. She unlatched the door and opened it.

Maxwell Ladlow looked up at the seven foot tall hermaphroditic insect alien, at her four breasts and long antenna and lack of nose and ears, at her fertile figure and rippling muscles beneath the expanding chitinous plating.

And he screamed.

Lily acted quickly, her reflexes like lightning, her actions aided by the new instincts that the strange alien meteor had granted her. She grabbed Ladlow with four pairs of arms and silenced his mouth with her remaining pair, pulling him inside and locking the door with her lowest left hand, all in one simple stroke. From there she carried Maxwell into the centre of their little hive. Maxwell tried to scream and pull away, and his panic only increased as he took in the strange menagerie of alien figures who had once been human, especially the large broodmother empress Pete in all her purple-skinned glory, her ovipositor getting now so large that her mobility was quickly disappearing. The struggling human was brought before the leader of this alien hive, and only when he was beneath the light of the strange meteor, its alien and unnatural glow shining upon him, was his mouth uncovered by Lily.

“Oh God! Oh God, no! What are you? What the hell are you!?”

*“We are the hive,”* Pete said. *“We were once like you. Now we are more. And we have need of you, Maxwell Ladlow.”*

The man swallowed. “N-need of m-me?”

*“Yesssss,”* Pete said, the empress’s voice now female and authoritative, with an insectoid trill hovering around it. *“We must keep the hive safe, and expand it. We are making many eggs - mmmm, so very m-many - but suspicions will rise. You must help us protect the hive. Don’t you agree, Maxwell?”*

The man was terrified, sweating so much that even Lily was having trouble holding onto him, even with her muscular arms. He nodded eagerly, and the four transformed individuals could easily sense through their antennas that he was only show obedience out of fear; the moment he was free, he would go straight to the police.

“Yes, yes of course! I’ll do anything to help, just don’t eat me!”

Mick laughed, her enormous breasts wobbling. More were developing, even some along the sides of her huge egg sac - though for her, it was more like a 'gel sac', there to excrete the life-nourishing jelly her entire existence revolved around now.

"That's for me to do!" she explained. "I am the feeder of the hive."

"Then don't kill me! Just let me live and I'll help the hive, I swear it!"

Still they could sense the lies, but the obsequience he showed was most . . . useful. Perfect for the hive. Without even needing to open her mouth, Sharon sent a mental message to Pete via their mental link.

*"He would be a perfect attendant for us, empress. Able to help us birth our children and care for our eggs."*

Pete smiled. Her body was expanding, her purple colouring only becoming more vibrant. She could feel her body readying to become larger, and it made her flex her four arms out. The notion of laying eggs with attendants to help her was most useful. She would need more breeders eventually, but Ladlow was too . . . weak for that. She wouldn't like to be inseminated by him. Lily would do for now until more appropriate company was found.

*"Agreed, good queen,"* she uttered.

*"Thank you. The light of the meteor illuminates us all."*

It was amusing how much of Sharon's personality still shone through with her love of deeper meaning and mysticism, just as Pete's desire to dominate and be in charge now made *her* the broodmother leader. She loomed over the captive Ladlow, her long tongue spiralling out from her mouth. She could sense something, a new power only she could perform. She had assumed the light of the meteor would be enough, but this man needed her pheromones within him to kickstart the change.

"Bring him forth," she said out loud to her wife-turned-warrior. "I will change him."

Lily held him up, even as Ladlow began to panic. "Change? What change!?"

But already Pete was roaming her hands over him, spreading her pheromones across him from the light sheen of sweat her body developed quite naturally now. It was enough to make his pupils dilate, and he automatically opened his mouth.

"What . . . are you . . . ?"

She slipped her tongue deep inside him, right down his oesophagus. Something pushed forth, through her tongue, sliding down its length like a pebble. Or an *egg*. Ladlow groaned as it was deposited from the tip of her tongue, down his throat and into his belly. He trembled a little.

"Don't want to . . . change . . ."

He slipped into a dreamy unconsciousness, his eyes still open, his pupils impossibly dilated, as if he were on drugs. Just to judge from his slight moans, it was indeed exactly like that, and not a bad trip either. Pete alone had the power to reach far enough into his mind to

sense what he was feeling: Ladlow's mind was a kaleidoscope of pleasure, as if he were on LSD. He was experience change, first his mind opening up to accept it, and soon his body as her organic 'gift' fused into his stomach and began to change him.

"That was incredible," Mick said. "You *fed* him that? I'm so - God, I'm so jealous."

Sharon smirked. "You can always try that on me, husband," she teased. "I want more of that sweet nectar of yours anyway. To make my baby eggs *grow*."

Pete moaned. Her hunger too was riling up, but she took a moment to embrace her wife. They kissed, but also nuzzled together in a new fashion, minds connecting.

"*You are magnificent*," Pete said to Lily through their mind link.

"*As are you, my empress. I cannot believe we ever feared this. Ladlow will come to understand.*"

Pete grinned. That sensation of dominance and power was growing, melding with her new maternal need to grow and breed and care for her young.

"*They all will, Lily. They'll all understand in time.*"

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The hive began to expand even faster than expected from that point. Emboldened by how they had so easily ensnared Ladlow, Lily took the incredibly bold step to knock upon the door of their other nearest neighbour, this time bordering what had been Mick and Sharon's original apartment. It was rented by Miss Darley, a lovely dark-skinned woman who was a practising nurse. Her knowledge would be vastly useful in regards to their condition, and so she too - after a brief scream and incapacitation - was brought before her new empress and turned. She took her place besides Ladlow, resting on a lush carpet they had ordered to be delivered online, alongside the deliverer himself, who had been quite the bonus. Ladlow, after just two days, was starting to resemble his future form: he had grown two breasts, was developing a second set of limbs, and a pair of membraneous wings were expanding from his shoulders. Coupled with the loss of his manhood and the growth of a small insectoid abdomen, along with his surprisingly bright yellow colouration, it was clear that he was becoming an attendant to the broodmothers - a future handmaid, one might say. Miss Darley would be the same, her future duties to aid the birthing process. The delivery man, who's name was Eric Stadley, was instead relegated to a warrior caste like Lily, thanks to his stolid build. Like her, he would end up hermaphroditic and strong, but would no doubt identify as female; such was the nature of their alien hive.

Slowly, this was how the hive expanded across the block. As Pete's form grew, her belly swelling further with eggs and her ovipositor with the future promise of them, so did the effects of her pheromones. The risks of 'recruiting' others into their hive began to diminish as

her pheromones began to attract them willingly to come see her; they arrived in a slightly trance-like state, drawn to the mysteriously enticing scent in the air. It was a good thing too, because Maxwell Ladlow's wife turned up, demanding to know where her husband was, only to lie down next to him. For just a moment she pulled out of her delirious state, even with the stone of change from Pete inside her stomach, lulling her to change.

"M-Max? What did . . . they do . . . to you . . . ?"

By this point her own husband was, by good serendipity, just beginning to wake. Her body was svelte and beautiful, obviously female, complete with wider hips and obvious breasts. Lily, still retaining her powerful intelligence, shared her suspicion with the hive that handmaidens might have the power to become future broodmothers should the current ones be lost or pass. Pete and Sharon agreed, sensing the same, and Mick was excited by the prospect: she already wanted to feed so many, and the sensation of her current hive members drinking from her many breasts only increased the ecstasy.

Still, Maxwell was quite petite for now; all the better for wings to lift her into the air, not that this could be done in such cramped spacing. Yet. She stirred at her wife's words.

"Chandra? My - my love . . . I - oh God, I'm a member of the hive. I've changed. I - I need to serve the hive. I must s-see to my empress. What's happening to m-me!?"

But Lily brought her forth to Pete, who was struggling with mobility as she grew, and the pheromones helped lull her again, calming that panic but keeping her thoughts running.

*"Don't be afraid,"* Pete said into her mind. *"I was terrified as well. Remember me? Pete, your tenant? We golfed once together. I can't golf now, but I can make a new world. And you can be my first handmaiden, Maxwell."*

Maxwell made a submissive trilling sound. Her face was a little more insectoid than theirs, with larger eyes and smaller mouth. But she bowed before her empress, with only a slight hesitation.

"Oh - oh God, yes! I can't explain it, but I need this! I need to s-serve you!"

Pete smiled. *"First, build your strength. Mick will feed you. She is most ready with her sustenance."*

Mick groaned from the corner, huffing and puffing, her rear gel sac so full of produce she looked fit to burst.

"P-please. N-need to feed you. Please, d-drink from meeeee!"

Moments later, Maxwell was doing exactly that, the cute handmaiden insect girl moaning from the joyful taste of the alien nectar, and Mick in even greater throes of joy. She was the first new member of their hive, but they were only beginning. The other members of the apartment floor was transformed, some into handmaidens, others into warriors, and others into a new caste: the workers. These had four-arms and, quite interestingly, four legs as well. They were strong, though not as much as the warrior caste, but instead were able to

use all eight of their limbs with great utility, and their mid-sized ovipositors, which were the size of a small mini-fridge, produced a sticky good that hardened easily, allowing them to create new stairways, platforms, pillars, and doorways. The roommates Alex and Tyrone were terrified to change initially, but the two tradesmen buddies were now perfect female workers for the hive, drawing upon their experience and adding it to the hive. They added stability to the lair, helped knock down the right walls and strengthen load-bearing ones. They could even alter the chemistry of their gooey excretions to make soft, rubbery cushions for Sharon and Pete to rest upon. Much like all the others, they felt a strong desire to serve the hive righteously, expanding it.

This expansion went well over the week that followed. Even as the changes of the original pair of couples finalised, the expanded hive members were able to expand the hive lair to the floors above and below them. Soon they were knocking out ceilings and floors, giving a much greater space for the broodmothers to, well, *breed*, and for the handmaiden and warrior castes to fly up and down, seeing to their mistresses' needs. Debris was also no longer a problem: as much as Mick was dismayed by it, the worker drones devoured plastics, concrete, wood and even *metal* to convert into their construction jelly. The end result was that in the centre of this tall apartment block, there were now three entire floors which had been converted into an insectoid hive, with only the stairwell and elevator kept clear, and their floors simply barricaded off with warning tape; the absorption of more construction and safety workers into the hive had helped with this.

Everything was going well, and this only made Pete, Lily, Sharon and Mick dive ever deeper into their new roles within the hive, incorporating their mental changes into their existing personalities. Pete was starting to grunt and groan occasionally, her large pregnant belly experiencing a tightness to it. There was pain, but as her body finalised its internal transformations, this lessened, and the twinges of pleasure followed instead. Sharon was experiencing much the same, only on a slightly smaller scale. Whereas Pete now had *eight* full, flushed breasts upon her humanoid torso, each engorged with pale purple milk, Sharon had three pairs of breasts with lighter *pink* milk to match her skin colour. And while the empress was larger with eggs, Sharon too was feeling those early desires to push. Lily was not there yet, but the chief warrioress and personal bodyguard for the empress now had a swelling belly also, a result of their earlier union. She could sense that more warriors were growing within her, whereas the queen and empress were developing a mix of numerous castes and potential new ones as well. They occasionally trembled, resting upon their comfortable daises, glancing over at one another in their increasingly large lair.

“S-*soon*,” Pete said across the mental link to Sharon.

The latter rubbed her belly, breathing heavily. She motioned for Mick to move towards her, and the feeder did so, undulating in a way using the more powerful muscles of her gel

sac. She angled a breast up to her former wife, and Sharon suckled upon him, drawing deep.

“Mhhhhmm,” Mick groaned out loud, but her mind was more active. “*Keep drinking, my love. It’s just like when I cooked you food in the past, only - ohhhh - so much more intimate, right? Will you birth soon?*”

“*We both will,*” she said upon the mental link. “*I can feel - mhmm! Ohhhh, it’s happening!*”

“*For myself as well!*” Pete proclaimed. She sent out a message via her antenna, and the handmaidens - now six of them in total, led by Maxwell dutifully - all gathered around the empress and queen. Another woman, a former hot shot lawyer named Darren, aided Sharon directed by Yasmin Darley, the nurse. In the corner was Chandra, Maxwell’s former wife. She had been identified as a creature worthy of further uplifting, and was in the stages of becoming a bloated pink queen. Her mind was still panicking - broodmothers were less pliable to the pheromones, and thus would take longer to bring into the fold. Still, she was forced to stay in this room to become accustomed to her fate. One of the handmaidens, a teen girl named Lisa, was sent Chandra’s way to comfort her, and perhaps stir the future broodmother to accept her fate.

“N-no! I can’t b-become like that!” Chandra said, clutching his head. “I don’t c-care how much I f-feel a need to do so! I shouldn’t w-want this! I don’t want to m-make so many eggs all my life. Mhmm . . . so many eggs. No!”

Pete and Sharon ignored her murmurings. Their bellies were tightening, the first contractions of many to come. It was wonderful. It was time to push their eggs down into their ovipositors, ready to be born into the world through the lips of their egg sacs.

“Ahhhhhh,” Pete breathed, sliding her now *three* pairs of arms over her flushed breasts. “Yessss . . . time to b-become a mother.”

The pressure rose, and rose, and rose, and then it hit its apex. Instinct took over, and Pete and Sharon both allowed it to take the wheel.

It was time to push.

It was time to *birth*.

## **Part 6: THEM!**

Naturally, it was the empress’ duty to welcome the very first clutch into the world. Please with their hive’s recent success, her body succumbed to the urges given to it by the glorious alien meteor. Her ovipositor, massive as it was, literally rippled with movement, the numerous interior muscles ushering forth her brood towards her exit.

“Ahhhh,” Peter moaned, writhing a little, shaking her many bosoms upon her chest. Light purple coloured milk seeped down her naked chest, and she grasped and groped her breasts with her multiple arms, savouring not just the pleasure of the moment but ensuring the stimulation of yet further milk production. “It’s h-happening. Mhmm. Maxwell, be ready.”

The lithe former landlord-turned-alien-handmaiden flickered her wings, vaulting into the air and landing behind Peter, and buzzing several quick orders to other handmaidens to aid her. She and Chandra, who was continuing her transformation into a broodmother, shared a brief glance. Both were aware that their married status was now gone, and that they could only serve the hive. They were also just human enough to be filled with embarrassment over this fact.

“Mhmmm,” the empress whimpered, feeling the next contraction. There was pain, yes, but not nearly so much as she had assumed. Instead, there was a glorious pleasure that was only just beginning to rise. For just a flash, the mighty, hyper pregnant empress was aware of just how much she had changed. How had she gone from being a charismatic, go-getter alpha male to an alien bug broodmother? Her mind and gaze connected to Sharon, and the two shared an intimate moment of awareness, with Sharon’s mind similarly shocked at her own state.

*‘But the meteor willed it,’* Sharon thought across their connection, rubbing her breasts and readying to push. *‘And that means we must embrace our new future in the hive, my empress.’*

Another contraction, the urge to push was there.

‘Yesssss,’ thought Peter, taking a great gasping sigh. *‘You are right. Lily, my sweet, protect us from any disturbances.’*

Lily was already doing such, commanding her troops across her telepathic connection, gathering them to guard any entrances to the lair and prevent any of the new transformees from pushing too hard against their programming. Mick, meanwhile, was experiencing her own preparations: her enormous ovipositor had swelled to the size of a small car, and she was seeping her nutrient goo from every teat and nipple.

“I’m r-r-ready,” she managed, barely able to talk from how much her body was producing food for the hive. “P-please be quick, my queen, my empress. N-need to feed you all!”

The empress was quick to follow her subject’s request, for when the next urge to push arrived she gave herself fully over to her instinct and used every new muscle in her swollen rear.

“Aahhh! Yesssss! Mhmmm! Come into the w-world, my wonderful d-darlings! Ohhhhh!!”

Her rear lips distended, widening as the first of her brood began to arrive. More shocks rippled through her rear, and then to her own astonishment the eggs within her *cracked*. She hadn't expected this, but the sudden miniature hive of activity within her churning womb was a true bliss to experience. Another push, and the first spawn arrived: a writhing larva with translucent skin and writhing limbs, crying just like a human baby, albeit with an insectoid trill. The empress orgasmed as the first of her children exited, the soft shell fragments reabsorbing into her body within her. The child landed into the arms of Chandra, who immediately moved her to the empress' arms. For a human, perhaps the sight would have been ghastly, but to the empress, her first child was the most beautiful thing she'd ever seen. Her body was still not fully formed: her carapace segments were soft and her antenna mere nubs, and her own rear abdomen was but a small bump. But in all other respects, she was an alien like Peter, a combination of human and otherworldly elements.

And she was hungry.

"Feed, my darling," the empress said, holding her against her ripe upper left bosom. Immediately, the child latched, drinking from her royal produce, and the sensations it produce lit up the comforting, maternal sections of her brain. She immediately sent a signal to Lily, who responded warmly across the mindlink.

*'The first of millions, my love,'* Lily responded. *'I am proud to be mother and father both to our children.'*

At that, she rubbed her own distended belly, though she merely looked like a woman pregnant with twins, rather than so deeply pregnant as the broodmothers were.

But the dams were now broken, and soon the contractions were upon Peter once more. The urges to push were continuous now, and she eased herself into them, pushing again and again, her eggs peeling open inside of her enormous ovipositor to allow her larvae to emerge into the world. Each birth was an ecstasy unto itself, and each child was heralded into the mindlink of the hive the moment it began to feed from her. It was wondrous, the total fulfilment of the hive's purpose, and even the worker drones and still-changing Chandra looked upon the sight with celebratory awe.

Even as this happened, the rumbling within Sharon reached its fever pitch.

"Yes! Thank you, oh mighty Meteor! Thank you for giving me the h-hive!"

She pushed, and the first of her clutch arrived, though unlike the royal broodmother, hers were indeed a clutch. Round eggs the size of entire volleyballs pushed out from her ovipositor's exit, distending the lips and causing a mingling of sweet pain and even greater ecstasy. For a former hippie like Sharon, the experience of birth was practically a spiritual one, and linked to the hive as she was, that connection was made all the stronger. Her various handmaidens attended to her eggs, helping situate them in piles of clutches, ready to be hatched at a later date.

“Mhmmm, w-wonderful!” she cried. *‘Mick, my love, come here. I must feed from the effort. See to our empress too!’*

A number of worker drones had to literally shift Mick to their location, but once there, the feeder sighed in perfect relief as empress and queen both suckled from her. Peter grabbed her friend’s ovipositor, and in a move neither would have imagined just a few weeks ago, she suckled from it, drawing in enormous gulps of her sweet, nutritious produce in order to maintain her bodies endless, pregnant effort.

“I n-never want to ch-change back,” Mick grunted, her voice high and whining. “All glory to the hive.”

The hive responded as one, their expansionist mission clear: *‘All glory to the hive! All glory to the hive!’*

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Several days later, and the expansion of the hive had now taken the entirety of the apartment block, from its basement level to its highest floor. Peter had never stopped producing during this time; her body was now entirely immobile on her ‘throne,’ constantly attended by Maxwell and the other maidens, various members literally massaging her pregnant abdomen just to help usher more of her brood into the world. Not a single hour had passed without Peter pushing a new life into the world, her alien spawn erupting from her ovipositor and into the waiting arms of her attendants, before being given to one of her eight mighty breasts to feed from. From there, they would feed from milk, though the occasional larvae with a more pink hue remained at her chest, still feeding. She knew already, thanks to the meteor’s influence, that these were other broodmothers like Sharon and Chandra.

Those two broodmothers were doing very well indeed. The former celebrated her status as a queen of the hive, subordinate to her empress but endlessly producing eggs. Whereas Peter had the power to make more queens and likely even empresses, along with various other castes, Sharon only produced workers, handmaidens, soldiers, and construction drones. Being of lesser status in the hive, her children were less fully developed than Peter’s, whose womb functioned at a more rapid reproductive rate, but this was just fine by her. It was her place within the hive, after all.

*‘So long as I can serve the hive,’* the messaged to her empress who had inquired about her feelings as such across the mindlink. *‘That is all that matters. I never want to be without you, my empress, nor my feeder once-husband. Nor our chief warriorress Lily. We started it all, our minds should never be apart.’*

And indeed, they weren’t. While, as originators of the hive, they had the power to separate themselves from the link, they never did. It was as much a home to them in the

space of the mind as their physical lair was home to their bloated bodies. Chandra was slowly coming to accept this as well, even if she was still hesitant: she had birthed her first clutch just the other day, and the sweet orgasmic ecstasy it brought her was too much to resist. Embarrassingly, it was her former husband Maxwell who serves as her birthing attendant, receiving volleyball sized egg after egg and helping her former wife feed their children.

*'This d-doesn't mean I accept it!' she shrieked telepathically. 'Even if it f-feels sooo good! Ohhhhh, m-more eggs! N-need to b-birth more eggsssss!'*

Maxwell just massaged her broodmother's egg sac.

*'You are doing well, my queen. So very well. The lair looks so much better under new management, don't you think?'*

But in many ways, it was Lily that was in charge of said 'management.' As much as Empress Peter was in charge of the hive, Lily saw to its security. Her warriors had adeptly abducted more humans to join the hive, and now the entire apartment block and numerous visitors were converted, most of them now happily so. She had given birth to twin children just recently - egg births, naturally - and was pregnant once more with more to add to the warrior/protector class. She had mated with Peter many times more since, impregnating her former husband and empress yet again, and though she knew that she would have to 'share' the empress with others for genetic viability, she still swelled a little with pride to see Peter so huge with her spawn.

*'I was your first, my empress,' she purred happily across their link as she entered her leader once more, her male genitalia having folded out from her body. 'We are of the hive now, and we are all one. But part of me will always be proud of this.'*

*'So you should, my protector,' Peter whispered across the mindlink, moaning in pleasure as the impregnation began. 'I am proud to bear your young. So many young. So many, forever. Mhmmm!'*

Meanwhile, Peter's best friend Mick was finally very busy. In many ways, her existence had been the one with the most agony, given that she had bloated up with her nutrient sludge well before the hive was big enough to sufficiently drain her. Now, however, that was finally not the case. Her body was able to absorb almost any substance - wood, metal, glass, the sticky webbing of the construction drones - and convert it towards the production of the good. She was practically more goo than person at this point, being the size of an entire van at all times, though her size fluctuated with how many larvae and workers attached to her. Always there were numerous alien spawn drinking from her, but all the workers and broodmothers also required her services. It was a good thing three more feeders were growing in the hive, including the former health inspector who had come to visit and received quite the shock! Now, instead of ticketing the residents for unsanitary

contaminant goo, the once-male would *be* the one producing such goo, all to further an alien foothold upon the planet.

In so many ways, the hive was expanding perfectly. Peter dreamed of their race finally becoming known once they had infiltrated enough of human society, and even moving their lair underground or perhaps to a mountain range in order to be better fortified. Soon the apartment would not be enough to contain them, and they could not cannibalise it much further without harming its structural integrity, even with the sticky webbing that hardened from the construction drones' efforts. Besides, the light of the meteor was starting to fade, its messages now hardcoded in their DNA instead of the rock. Still, it gave one last flash of inspiration to the original four it had changed before it began to wink out fully.

*'Breed breed breed and feed and grow and protect and expand and link bring all to the link so that all may be linked as one and more broodmothers are needed and more hives multiple hives across the world to ensure the safety of the hive. Local native populations must join the hive and become one with the hive that the mighty empire may be reborn and the ships rebuilt and the worlds reconquered across the great expanse of the stars the hive will never end the empress will rule over all, Peter will be Palara the centre of all hives the one that bounds them all together. You four will be honoured as the eternal heart of the hive. Glory to the hive, the hive is glory!'*

From that moment, their destiny was assured.

*'I will become Palara,'* Peter declared to the hive. *'The meteor has spoken, and now it is dead. There is none but I to lead the hive to the future. And I accept this great honour; it is my eternal role.'*

She turned her attention to her lovers and friends.

*'Lily, you will be Laresh, immortal leader of my personal guard, and remain the lover whose young I shall cherish the most.'*

Laresh bowed at this honour, her various warrior protectors buzzing with approval across the mindlink.

*'I promise you will always be safe, my empress.'*

Palara smiled, pausing just a moment to birth her next larvae, dutifully handled by her handmaidens.

*'Sharon, you shall be my broodmother sister, always by my side. You shall be Shanari.'*

Shanari moaned almost sensually at this new title, and she too began to lay her next clutch of eggs, readily accepting her charge. Palara extended a pair of her upper arms and ran them across the enormous body of her best friend Mick.

*“And you, my feeder, will be Mirath. You will be an eternal food source to our hive, yes, and will always bless us with your portions, but you will also be my closest friend, advising me as much on the needs of our hive as Laresh.”*

Mirath sighed, quivering as more workers and larvae fed from her many, many breasts. *“I knew we would remain friends, my empress, no m-matter what. I will always be there to help you produce more for our hive.”*

Parala nodded. Her antenna extended, straightening, and a momentary alarm ran through her even among the accolades and dreamy excitement for the future.

“Ah,” she said out loud, “I see. It seems we have run out of time.”

She sent out a warning to the hive, illuminating them as to the threat that was now mounting outside the apartment. The reach of her psionic gifts was far beyond that of any in her hive, even her warrior protectors, which was why she was able to notice the threat first: numerous vans, trucks, and military-grade vehicles were only several blocks away but rapidly converging upon the apartment block. She could sense this from the minds of their drivers and occupants, many of whom were ready to enforce a federal quarantine upon the site. Parala could sense that the agents had no true knowledge of what they were dealing with, but that after all the disappearances and silence from the block, not to mention the strange reports from humans in adjacent buildings, clearly enough warnings had been thrown up to lead to this significant manoeuvre.

The hundreds of drones, workers, handmaidens and breeders in the hive all buzzed with a collective, hive-minded fear. Even Sharon stirred with individual worry, and Mick had to comfort her, letting her feed out of panic. Laresh flew to Parala’s side, readying her strong arms. She carried a sharp hooked staff made from the hardened webbing of a construction drone, but already the gift new brain-class specimens were devising new, more advanced weaponry.

“My empress,” she whispered. “I will protect you with my life, as you protected me when I was just your wife. I will lay down my life for you and our young.”

The trucks were closing in. Civilians were already being shuffled away, removed by the military level forces. Her scouts could see them assembling outside the building now, setting up quarantine, screening tents, barricades, and numerous other containment protocols. Most of the forces were in Hazmat suits or wore gas masks. Several men in more official outfits barked orders, and radios crackled with signals that were entirely inferior to the hive’s psionic mindlink, but still presented a threatening united and organised front all the same.

“No,” Peter said. “We will not allow ourselves to be quarantined. My young will not be studied and dissected. We will thrive. The meteor and its creators gave us this task, to remake an empire across the stars and fill it with our young. One harmonious hive bringing

balance from the chaos of the humanity we once were. We will not have a final stand, Lerash.”

Immediately, her mind worked in overdrive, sending orders across the mindlink at a rate no human could possibly match. Construction drones were sent into the basement to begin their tunnelling and construction, all while warriors barricaded the building to buy them more time. Handmaidens and worker drones collected the eggs and larvae, readying them for transport, all while the feeders and broodmothers, Mirath and Shanari and Chandra included, were born aloft on makeshift litters to bring them to the lowest levels of the hive. Palara herself took priority, of course: this was no selfishness, but pragmatism. Laresh and her warriors helped carry her, along with her larvae, down to the basement, lowering her on cranes and webbing all while the quarantine was rapidly established outside. Her ovipositor quivered, desperate to birth more young into the world, but she willed her endless labour to stop, holding it off through sheer will.

*‘Soon, my children,’ she told them psionically. ‘First, we must make a new hive. Deep beneath the earth. Beneath this city, until we are ready to emerge far stronger.’*

The workers and construction drones were already carving out immense tunnels, their acidic compounds and hardening goo working in concert to make new paths to collapse behind them. Palara did not know if they would be quick enough, but she reassured the hive anyway. The link had to survive. They simply had to.

As the agents began to descend upon the building, the tunnel widened before her, ready to receive the empress to an even greater lair. As the clock ticked, the hive rallied behind her, all of them scuttling into the dark through which their alien eyes could easily see.

If they escaped successfully, this would be their true nest.

And she and her hive would fill it with so very many young.

**The End**