

The Life Aquatic, Part 1 (Aquatic Giantess TF Preg)

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Commissioned by Jorgamund

Irshad Khan is a researcher working in a top secret biolab that contains alien artefacts, and obsessed with learning their secrets. But when the funding to her research is cut, she takes matters into her own hands, kicking off a transformation that will leave her utterly changed, and utterly gravid with alien young.

The Life Aquatic, Part 1

Entry 1:

The funding has been shut down. That idiot Johnson pissed off the wrong politician and now we're being mothballed. I could kill him: we were so close! We've managed to translate much of the assembled fragments, even decode some of the technology. No, it doesn't appear to have any defence applications, but the cultural worth alone, not to mention the potential advancements in bio-engineering! We're sitting on top of the only known alien artefacts in the entire world and some short-sighted suit could end our discoveries to fulfil some grudge.

Typical.

I asked Johnson what we should do and he just turned to me and said, "what even is there that can we do?"

Coward. The bastard even had the gall to tell me that maybe this could be a wakeup call, that I was "working extreme hours" and not "focusing on personal matters." He even said "I wasn't getting any younger."

Fuck you Johnson. I'm thirty six years old. Still plenty of time to have kids. I know what he was referring to. He thought Arturo and I were dating or something. The kid is lovely, but it's just a fling. Some nice steam. If he is smitten with me then that's on him: I made it clear to Art at the beginning that this was just a 'friends with benefits' thing. He doesn't even know I'm already in the process of 'going it alone.' The IVF enlistment has already started. But this hasn't helped my stress levels.

We've got only a few months before we're shut down completely. I'm going to have to find out what I can from these artefacts, and hopefully save the program. There's going to be a lot of sleepless nights to come, I imagine.

The Project

Irshad Khan had made the study of the artefacts her life's work. She was of Pakistani descent, with brown skin and a long, finely sculpted nose. She was taller than average for a woman, standing at 5'7, and she had a slender build. Her hair was jet-black, and always tied back in a tight ponytail that gave her a severe look: appropriate, as she was generally regarded as a pretty intense and deeply focused individual, particularly when it came to her work.

Ever since she had been a girl, bioengineering as a concept had fascinated her to an unusual degree; the idea that in the future one might have the power to sculpt and change one's own body, remake it into something new. It was exciting beyond measure, opening up new possibilities of what a body could be. She had enrolled in a top university with the highest of marks, and after graduating was involved in several high-paying research projects before being snapped up by the government. She was offered an incredibly high clearance with high pay to work on a top secret project at a reclusive biolab. The offer was too good to resist and, after uprooting her life for the mission, it was there that she would work for over five years until the present day.

Once the powerful NDAs and contracts were signed, and her background heavily checked, she was given access to the project directly, and what she was shown astonished her: alien artefacts. Real, actual alien artefacts, recovered from a dilapidated wreckage subsumed into the Arctic wastes. Much of it was destroyed, and the remaining shards of broken technology and alien scripts were almost impossible to decipher. But enough had survived to study, and alongside linguists, physicists, engineers and other scientists, she got to work: her job was studying the devices of the alien species referred to only as Species Gamma. They had a part-organic structure to their metallic sheen, and contained a number of foreign biological agents that were kept highly secure.

The research was known as Project Gamma.

And so she had worked, and worked, and studied, and worked. It gave her joy, despite her inability to share these amazing discoveries, to be able to plumb their depths and slowly understand them. It was the greatest scientific find ever, and one day when it was released to the public, her name would be upon them. But as rewarding as it was to slowly uncover more about Species Gamma - which were seemingly an aquatic species that somehow made it to the stars - it was also often a lonely life. Dating was difficult: who wanted to date someone whose professional life was under lock and key and couldn't even be discussed? Not to mention that whoever she dated would have to be checked over and cleared by the government. That meant no foreigners, no tourists, no one with family under

investigation, no one with a history of anti-government posts, or drug records, or a criminal offence on their record, no matter how minor.

It cut the dating pool down quite significantly, which was a shame, for despite her intense nature Irshad was a quite libidinous woman. She enjoyed casual sex quite a lot: it was a good way of getting rid of the latest work anxiety or celebrating a new advancement in discovery. But it was difficult to partake in a little night time pleasure to destress herself when every partner had to be personally vetted, and as such she ended up finding it much easier to sleep with coworkers instead. She was not alone in that regard: nearly half of the researchers and staff were unmarried, and many experienced the same stumbling blocks in finding relationships as her. It was generally an accepted agreement that it was all fun and casual, and despite her beauty none took her advances as anything but what they were: a desire for a one night stand to relieve some tension.

That was, until she met Arturo Diaz.

Entry 2:

Only a month to go until we're mothballed. They're making us sign NDAs soon, another batch of them. Seizing out equipment, even our journals, the bastards. They're burying the past ten years of our hard work just to appease a man who wants to advance his own political career without a care in the world for the advancement of the human race! It boggles the mind. But then this is always the way: anti-intellectualism is a tide that we must continually buoy ourselves above, or be sunk into the depths.

We have little time. Already Johnson and the others are packing away our greatest finds from Species Gamma. We had a working language basis! A solid understanding of their chemical processing and use of entanglement waveforms has already been developed, and I was so, so close to cracking their use of biological agents for genetic engineering. They undoubtedly used it; even the brief language we've been able to decipher indicates they modified themselves for local environments, hence how they were able to leave an ocean environment and take to space.

It makes me furious, and the truth is it also makes me deeply sorrowful. I have given my best years to this project, and during that time I have neglected other prospects. I have always loved children - Arturo often jokes they're the only type of people I actually get along with and can be cheerful for - but I have none of my own.

And now I never will. The doctor's have confirmed it. I have a form of early onset fertility. My window closed nearly five years ago. IVF treatments will do nothing. My eggs cannot even be properly harvested for surrogacy. Adoption is always an option of course, but it is not for me. I wanted a child of my own - I still want that.

To have the prospect of a baby taken from me - as well as my own 'baby' in this project - it makes me feel powerless and desperate. It also makes me contemplate courses of action that would be radical and deeply unwise.

I do not intend to turn this journal over to the government.

Arturo Diaz

Within a couple of years into Irshad's role within Project Gamma she was provided with a lab assistant. Arturo Diaz was a full decade younger than her - twenty three at the time of joining - and fresh out of grad school. He was of Mexican descent, with orange-brown toned skin and short brown hair. He was tall, around 6'2 in height, and his build was a little lanky. He had a moustache and goatee that he was a little too proud of; always trimmed and neat. Despite not being her usual type, she found him attractive, in a cute sort of way. Perhaps it was his energy: despite his brilliance, he was a very laid back and calm individual, happy to wait for results in their own time and talk philosophy, life, and fishing - so much fishing. The man truly loved fish, and would often visit the nearby lake with his silly kit and tackle hat just to sit back in a foldout chair and catch very little.

"A good haul," he would often say, even when he caught nothing. To Arturo, a good haul could often mean soaking in the sun, taking in fresh air, and enjoying the ambience.

She was not sure of him at first, but the two quickly found themselves to be capable partners. While Irshad was constantly working, often stressed and severe, her intensity proportionate to her lack of progress on the artefacts, Arturo on the other hand - though he preferred to just go by 'Diaz' - gave a relaxed atmosphere to the proceedings, and always had the materials and tests ready exactly when she needed him.

"You read my moods well," she said.

He just shrugged, gave a smirk. "That's what a good lab assistant does, right?"

It was, and he continued to be an excellent lab assistant, even passing up offers of work elsewhere in the lab. At first, Irshad was too busy with the latest breakthroughs to realise why that was. She just assumed he was cleverly hedging his bets upon her discoveries as being the major ones to crack the Gamma mystery.

The truth was far more pedestrian and chemical: Arturo had developed a liking for his older boss. And slowly - perhaps a little embarrassingly slowly, given her advances on more equal members of the wider team - she came to realise this. It was the occasional glances, the look in his eyes when he brought her coffee, the way he laughed a little harder in her presence, defended her theories a little more persistently when in the company of others. Irshad wasn't an idiot - she knew she was attractive: she may be approaching her mid-thirties but she possessed an ageless quality that was aided by her Pakistani ethnicity:

wrinkle lines gave her a look of wisdom, not decrepitness. And Diaz was attractive too: he had a magnetic charm that made others like him quite easily, his work efforts having quickly reversed the perception that he was not driven enough. He simply managed himself well, and possessed the unique ability to make her intensity lessen.

Still, it was a question of ethics. But then what ethics were there when dealing with alien technology in a remote lab while hiding from the world?

After a year of subtle glances, the two of them had finally gotten together for the first of several flings. They were staying late - later than even the rest of the crew - as Irshad tested the reactivity of some of the strange chemical particles from the orb-like artefact.

“Another coffee, doctor?”

She nodded. “Thank you, Arturo,” she said.

“You can call me Diaz, you know,” he said in his relaxed, almost musical tone.

She turned to him. “I prefer Arturo. Everyone else calls you Diaz.”

He beamed. “Well, ain’t that a thing. I’ll take it. Anything else I can do for you, doctor?”

“If you can get me the samples from the -”

“The centrifuge? Already in front of you.”

She looked, startled. They were indeed. She sighed and gave a slight chuckle.

“It *is* late. What would I do without you, Arturo?”

A shrug. “A lot more running around trying to find the latest test results, I’d say.”

“Hmm,” she responded. She stared into his eyes a little longer than she normally would. He returned the gaze. Their bodies were quite close.

“Doctor, maybe there’s something I can -”

“Arturo, I’m tired.”

“Oh.”

“Let’s just go back to my place, okay? I feel the need to destress.”

The shock in his eyes was palpable. “Oh, um, wow, okay-”

“If you’re comfortable with it. It’s just a one night stand.”

He spluttered, clearly shocked. “I’m more than okay with it, doctor!”

“Irshad. When off duty, call me Irshad.”

“Okay, doc - Irshad.”

Less than an hour later their bodies were entwined upon the bed as they made love. She was pleased to find that Arturo was a kind, selfless lover, and not a bad one at all, if a little inexperienced when compared against herself. Still, he was certainly well endowed, and that went a long way to pleasing her. She moaned in pleasure as he thrust his hard penis into her passage, and she gripped him with her thighs. He kneaded and sucked at her breasts and nipples, prioritising her pleasure above his own.

“You’re so beautiful Irshad!” he exclaimed, as their lovemaking became faster, more animalistic, “I’ve wanted you like this for some time!”

“I kn-know!” she replied, on the cusp of orgasm, “I c-could tell - eventually. Now make me cum, and I’ll let you do this again s-sometime!”

He did. And she did.

And then they did, again, several times.

It was a steamy relationship lasting several months. It wasn’t dating, but neither was it entirely a ‘friends with benefits’ situation either. The two were exclusive, not dating or having relations with anyone else inside the workplace or outside it. But dates were not on the cards, despite Arturo hinting at it several times. Irshad was too insistent on her research, too captivated by the possibilities of Species Gamma.

And then, almost as quickly as the ‘relationship’ had started, it cooled off.

“I’m sorry, but it was just a fun few nights of de-stress, Arturo, nothing more. I don’t want you to think it was getting any more serious than that. We’re making progress now, and I don’t see as much reason for it.”

“Oh, okay Irshad.”

“Doctor.”

“Doctor. I - I understand. I’m sorry if I thought it was something more.”

“No offence taken. We can get back to work now.”

Still, things were never quite the same between them after that, and on the rare occasion that they did wind up in the same bed together after a late night of working and tests, it had an air of clinical pleasure-seeking to it. Both were aware that it was just sex, and only sex, though sometimes his eyes lingered on her, clearly hungering for more. She felt bad at those times, not wanting to lead him on.

Entry 3:

The project is officially dead. My notes have been seized, my data taken, my journals locked away in a secret filing cabinet somewhere. Project Gamma is over, and I have wasted my life and fertile years on this mission, which has come to nothing.

Which is why I have done what I have done.

This entry is not a confession or an exercise in criminal pride. It is simply a record of my own thoughts; an explanation for why I committed the unthinkable. So I shall put it here plainly as part of the record: I have tampered with the records in the last month, altered files, and mislabelled artefacts, all for the purpose of stealing what I believe to be the most significant relic of Species Gamma and absconding with it.

And I have been successful in this reckless task.

To my knowledge, the fool-headed authorities responsible for the seizures have no idea what I've accomplished. The sphere is perhaps the central technology of the Gamma species, at least from what we have discerned - thankfully, we only discerned this late enough that it was easy to misapply the label to another artefact.

And now it is mine. I don't yet know what to do with it. But I believe it holds the key to both understanding the Gamma species, as well as solving my infertility issue.

After all, the alien species were exceptionally talented at bioengineering.

But I will need time.

Time and help.

The Request

The project had been mothballed, and Arturo went his own way. He was talented, a skilled lab assistant who by all rights should have been a lead researcher, even at the mere age of twenty six. It wasn't long before he found a job with a biotech company and had a stable income once more. It was a shock at first to suddenly have a social life, to no longer have to go through security scanners and have his social life investigated. Of course, he couldn't tell anyone what he'd been up to the last few years, but his credentials spoke for themselves. He even got a little back into the party life again, though he felt he was already aging out of it.

Still, he missed the calm life of Project Gamma. The secrecy had been irritating, and the fishing wasn't great, but there had been something intensely exciting about being with a small group of dedicated professionals, working on the greatest discovery of their lifetimes, even if they couldn't share it. And, of course, he found that he deeply missed Irshad Khan. He'd never been into older women until he met her, but the intensity of her being struck him, and she was indeed very attracted, being just as intense in the bedroom as she was in the lab. And he got the sense she rather enjoyed him, even if there was that perpetual somber realisation that she did not view him the same way he viewed her. It had been a foolish notion, and one that he needed to get rid of, but he'd already turned down several dates with prospective girlfriends, and he couldn't deny that he felt like he was just that little bit still in love with Irshad.

Which was what made him astonished when he received an email from her.

Arturo,

Need your help with something. Little side project I've been cooking - been looking into residual specimens of interstellar explosions and their warping effects. If you're interested,

I've got a cozy cabin on the Olympic Peninsula right now. If nothing else, we should reconnect. If you want to come visit, it's a wonderful stay with an exciting view of things. I've attached the address below.

*Sincerely,
Irshad*

"Well, I'll be," he said, a massive grin spreading over his face. "The Olympian Peninsula? A cozy cabin? I hear Washington is rather nice this time of year."

He had just gotten a new job, but screw it, he wanted to see her again. There were other jobs, and besides, he'd be okay working as a humble high school lab assistant the rest of his days if it came to that.

"Wherever the wind blows me," he chuckled to himself, as he often did. Words to live by, and thrive by.

He was already booking plane tickets before he'd even answered Irshad's email.

"Worse case, we can just have some good old fashioned fun together. Though why the hell is she into astronomy all of a sudden?"

A number of confronting facts were staring Arturo directly in the face. For one, the cabin was very isolated, located near the heritage landscape preserve along a mountainous pass, utterly secluded. For two, it was not a cabin at all. It was an old laboratory, long disused but recently fixed up. Almost reminiscent of Project Gamma's hideout, in fact. And three, the facility was ringed by a large steel gated fence that was *electrified*.

"What the fuck, Irshad?" he said to himself.

There was the sound of the steel doors of the facility opening, and Irshad Khan emerged, wearing a labcoat.

"Arturo! Glad you could make it," she said, her voice hurried. "I see you still have that moustache."

"And goatee!" he said proudly.

She clicked a button on the doorway, and the gate he was in front of opened. He got back into the car and drove it in, and she directed him to a garage. She sprinted, shutting the garage as he left, and ushering him back inside.

"Irshad, this isn't a cabin. What is going on here?"

She shushed him.

"Inside first. I trust you deciphered my email."

"I - what?"

She raised an eyebrow and cocked her head to one side as she folded her arms. It was a common look she gave when he didn't understand something or she thought he was being silly, and it made him feel a little stupid.

"Oh. I thought you would have figured it out."

"I take it you're not looking at distant galaxial explosions then?"

She sighed. "Come in. We'll talk . . . elsewhere."

Feeling oddly nervous, he followed her. All his things were in his hired jeep, but he was more invested in whatever this place was and what his former colleague and lover was up to. The complex was massive, and it descended into a large series of study bays and chambers that must have been used for military testing. It looked like an old Cold War military bunker.

"It is," she confirmed. "Long abandoned. It was a site for retreat in case of nuclear war, but a crack in the foundations made it useless. But it is an excellent location for hidden experimentation away from the rest of the world. I've managed to jury rig some generators, install lights, and get a lot of the basic features functioning. Some solar panels on the roof - most of the power comes from hydroelectricity, however - there's a large river and lake nearby that also provide our fresh water.

"Um, our?"

She gave him an exasperated look as they stood in the great grey chamber. Her voice echoed through its expanse as she spoke.

"My God, Arturo, you really did think this was a romantic getaway, didn't you?"

"Well, you advertised it as such. Sorta. I'd just assumed . . ."

She gave a brief smirk before falling back into irritation.

"Arturo, what are galaxial explosions called?"

He thought for a moment. "Gamma ray bursts," he said.

It clicked.

"And you said residual specimens - artefacts! Holy fuck Irshad - artefacts of Gamma? And 'reconnecting' and 'exciting view of things' - oh my God, how did I not see it. You're - the program is running again?"

Her face told him everything.

"It's not?"

"No."

"But *you're* still studying them."

"I am. *We* are, if you're interested."

"I would be. You know I would be, doctor," he said, falling back into his term of address for her while on the job. "But we don't exactly have an actual artefact since -"

Irshad pulled a cloth from over a table she was standing next to, and Arturo gasped.

An alien sphere sat upon the table.

“Tada,” she said flatly.

Entry 4:

It's called, in the words of the Gamma species, the 'Seed of Desire.' I believe it is the key to rejuvenating one's own fertility, thus allowing a species to produce young even after they are rendered fertile by the radiation of space, the ravages of time spent crossing the void, or simply to induce a pregnancy by some fashion.

Yes, I admit my own purpose with the device is somewhat self-interested in nature. I want a child from my own body. I wish to be nurturing, even if I have never particularly come across that way to others I know this is a deep want that I possess. I truly believe I would be a good mother, a loving mother, one who would teacher her teachers and raise such wonderful, brilliant minds. I have not told this to anybody, not even Arturo.

The Seed of Desire may contain the cure for my infertility. I believe it will cause the changes in my body necessary to alter its genetic code, and remake my reproductive system, perhaps even make it self-fertilising! The prospects purely from a scientific standpoint are fascinating, but I require an aide. Someone I can trust. As such, I have invited Arturo to the new biolaboratory I have found. Working closely with the government for over half a decade has allowed me access to some forgotten secrets, and this place is one of them. I have done all I can to get this bunker running - it even has a pool.

But now that it is running I can bring my old laboratory assistant here, and he can help me in my quest for both understanding and motherhood.

I just hope he won't think I'm insane.

The Seed of Desire

Arturo looked at her like she was a crazy person when she explained her plans.

“You're insane!” he said.

“I thought you might think as much, but I'm committed, Arturo. I truly believe this is the best cause of advancement for scientific achievement. It is the last avenue left for our experimentation - there are no more clues from here. The worst case scenario is that it doesn't work.”

“No, the worst case scenario is that it kills you.”

“Hmm, true. But I doubt it. Highly doubt it. Besides, I believe you were meant to be the calm, laid back one in this relationship. Professional relationship, I mean.”

Arturo sighed. She wasn't wrong. He was feeling quite highly strung and *she* of all people seemed more relaxed, albeit still with that low-level intensity that she exuded.

"Fine," he said. "It's not like I can convince you out of this. And you're not wrong; it is the last thing we haven't tried, though I imagined actual tests of exotic matter upon the human form would be far more . . . controlled."

"We don't have the budget or staffing for that. It's just us, Arturo."

He sighed. "You're really going to insert that thing into your body? It's not exactly small."

The Seed of Desire was roughly the size of a closed fist, perhaps a little bigger. It was perfectly rounded, and it exuded a sort of lubricant gel continually, with no recognition of the laws of conservation of mass. It oozed it in an endless supply instead. It was composed of a strange metallic substance that was not truly metal but instead - as far as they could determine - partly organic.

Irshad's gaze was level as she regarded the round alien device.

"It is indeed large, but it is to be placed in my womb if this is to work. It will not be entirely comfortable, I imagine-"

"That's understating it!"

"-but I will cope. We will administer pain medication, as well as muscle relaxants to help ease the . . . insertion. Naturally, I'll need you to manually dilate me."

Arturo spluttered the coffee he'd made from the nearby machine. He was already back in lab assistant mode, making the coffee for his superior and being shocked at her audacious proposals.

"I feel like I'm repeating myself when I say the following: *what?*"

She explained it matter-of-factly. "I won't be able to do it all by myself. It's why I need you here. I'll also be . . . distracted, so you'll need to watch the instruments and monitor the readings we get from the Seed. It makes logical sense, Art."

It was manipulative, she knew, using the short form for his name. Like a puppy, he seemed to swing his head with affection towards her in response.

"Okay, okay," he said, "that makes sense. But . . . this is very weird Irshad."

"I know. But I trust you, Art."

"A good thing too, anyone else would say you were crazy."

"You already did."

"Yes, but I didn't say I wasn't crazy either. Let's get to work on this before I change my mind. Is there good fishing in the nearby lake?"

"I haven't thought to check," she responded.

"Of course not. Well, I'm going to unpack my things, and organise to extend the rental on this jeep. I get the sense I'm here for the long haul - and there's no fighting me on

this, doctor. I was promised a cosy cabin, and I intend to cose, even if the cabin is a nuclear-protected bunker.”

Irshad was not one for a great deal of smiling. She tended towards the wry smirk instead of the beaming grin. But just this once, she did smile.

Arturo tried to ignore how it beautifully it lit up her face.

The insertion was prepared for the next day. To Arturo’s disappointment, there was no one night stand fuelled by anxiety and last-second affection. Instead, Irshad seemed actually excited to get to the procedure the next day. Instead, he slept in his own room, and decided that given the grey of the walls it would be better to hop into town at some point and grab some posters. He still had the suspicion he would be here a while.

The bunker was indeed massive, and he’d given himself quite the tour when not helping Irshad set up. There was a massive swimming pool - it was incredibly deep, and was originally used to testing marine vehicles when the bunker had been expanded to contain secretive defensive technologies. As far as he could tell, the pool actually fed into the lake itself if the shutters were opened. There was also an exercise room, a gym, a large cafeteria, various sleeping quarters, an address room, a mail station, a war room, and an overgrown field that had clearly once contained a training yard. There was more than that, but he didn’t have time to explore it all, because Doctor Irshad buzzed him.

Procedure ready to begin, the message said.

“Okay, this is crazy,” he said to himself. But as usual, he was a ‘go with the flow’ kind of person. The scientist in him was interested in the results, and the male part of him was interested in pleasing Irshad. He was there to make sure it all went well.

Irshad lay on her back on a hospital ward bed in the medical bay. She was dressed in nothing but a semi-transparent hospital gown, and her feet had been placed far apart in stirrups with Art’s help. It put her feminine parts on full display, but they were nothing he hadn’t seen before. Still, it did make him think of times of enjoyment. She had her head rested comfortably against a pillow, and several monitors and keyboards were setup to track their progress and the energy and matter of the Seed of Desire. Several lights were expertly set up, and Arturo himself was adorned in a surgical mask, doctor’s garb, and surgical glove.

“Are you sure about this, doctor?” he asked one final time.

Irshad nodded. In her mind, she knew she wanted this. It was certainly . . . audacious. But she truly believed from her research that they could gain much knowledge from human experimentation, and she was happy to risk herself in the name of science. Especially if it meant she could bear children.

“Let’s begin,” she said. “Put this thing in me.”

Arturo took a steady breath, and together they began the operation. The pain sedatives were administered to nullify all feeling in her lower half. Then the muscle relaxant was locally applied.

“Oh, that feels strange. Just a tingle,” she said. “I can barely feel anything.”

“That’s good, Arturo said. He kept a feed on her vital signs, but switched several monitors to track the Seed of Desire. It seemed to shimmer slightly, like a localised star, radiating mystery instead of light. Irshad gasped inaudibly - somehow, she could *feel* that warmth too, despite the anaesthesia.

“Beginning manual dilation,” Art said. He placed his fingers between her thighs, took an awkward glance at the woman he still had a crush on, and set to work. It was awkward at first, but he got into the rhythm of it, gliding his fingers over her feminine lips and using subtle pressure to glide them apart. They responded as the biologically should have - even with the anaesthesia applied, there was still a sensitive reaction causing her tunnel to begin lubrication.

Irshad breathed a little more heavily. At first she couldn’t feel anything more than the slightest of pressures, but then suddenly she felt more and more sensation creep over her private parts. She went red as she felt Art’s gloves fingers, themselves coated in lubricant, coaxing her vagina further and further into dilation.

“OOhhhhhhh,” she moaned.

Arturo pulled back. “Irshad? You - you can feel this?”

She nodded, breathing a little more heavily. Her nipples were becoming hardened in response to the pleasure.

“Aahhh . . . it’s - oh, it’s odd. It’s like the - mmmh - it’s like the sphere is doing something. I can feel it’s warmth. It’s a good sign!”

Arturo looked to the Seed. He carefully took it in his hand - something he’d never done before. Even through the protective glove he could feel its strange warmth, the pulse of alien energy within it.

“It is doing something. It’s somehow stopping your anaesthesia. Irshad, we should stop.”

“No, keep going. It only shows that it’s reacting to what we’re doing.”

Art shrugged, but moved his way back to manipulating her genitalia. He massaged her entrance, causing her to groan in response to his ministrations.

"I-ignore me," she stuttered. "It's j-just a . . . b-biological reaction. Nothing you haven't h-heard before."

"Indeed," he said, a little amused. To his embarrassment, he was also starting to get a little turned on. It was those wonderful moans that revealed the occasional tigress hiding within the doctor that did it.

"MMhhhhmphh - don't stop!"

"Is that a request or just part of the operation?"

She glared at him.

"Sorry. Continuing manual dilation."

He began directly inserting her fingers, eliciting yet another exclamation of unintentional pleasure from the doctor. Slowly he parted her, and using a lubricated rod - a modified sex toy, in fact - he began to work in and out of her entrance, spreading her ever wider.

"F-FUCK!" she exclaimed uncharacteristically. The bliss was extraordinary, the heat incredible. She felt a desire to be expanded, to be filled. It felt as if the Seed of Desire itself had some part of this, like its mysterious exotic manner was detecting her entrance, and willing it to dilate further and further to take it. "Ohhhh - OHHHHH!!!"

She quaked a little.

"Use your hands!" she begged. "Take the damn gloves off!"

"I don't think - that's not a good idea, right?"

"The Seed - I think it's interacting with me somehow. It recognises, like a machine, a compatible 'part.' But - it's giving me needs to accomplish that compatibility. Now be a scientist and use your bare fingers Art!"

"Okay, but you *have* to know that's not a scientific sentence right?"

"Just - MMHhh - do it!"

He peeled off his gloves and used his fingers directly, prying her vagina wide, causing her vulva to expand. The muscle relaxant was working, but more than that her body was behaving as if it were actually experiencing contractions, added by the massage of his fingertips.

"NNGGGHHH!!! F-FUCK! OH GOD FUCK ART THAT FEELS GOOD!"

He tried not to chuckle behind his mask. He remembered those words in an altogether more sexual context. Though, how was this situation not sexual?

Her vulva widened further, over twelve centimetres dilated. Irshad writhed in pleasure, overcome by it. She'd never experienced anything as sexually exciting as this. She'd never even intended the experience to be like this. But even overcome by pleasure as she was, the dawning need to have the device placed within her grew, budding like a great flower within her womb.

As she hoped new life would bud there soon.

She trembled again, nearly on the edge of multiple explosive orgasms.

“Ready for insertion,” Arturo said, pulling his fingers away yet again.

For a moment Irshad was disappointed, until suddenly she felt the approach of a wonderful and odd heat. Through the series of mirrors they had set up she could see Art holding the Seed, fingers once again gloved. Her body shivered in excitement, and she licked her lips before adopting a steely gaze. They had decided to film this, but perhaps they would edit it down - this moment could be preserved with dignity.

Except it couldn't, because the moment the seed was pressed against her lower lips, ecstasy as powerful as a tidal wave swept through her body.

“OOHHhhhh! NNGGHH! YES! YES! PUT IT IN! SQUEEZE IT IN ARTURO! PUT IT IN MY DAMN PUSSY!”

Arturo pressed it against her folds, shocked at her response. The spherical Seed of Desire glowed, its gel acting like a lubricant and allowing it entrance. It pressed against her vulva, clearly stimulating further nerve responses from the normally stoic doctor, and then it passed the point of no return, squeezing into her tunnel proper. Irshad fell to whimpers and moans, orgasms washing over her like endless tides, her cries of delirium causing Art to become increasingly hard with arousal. It was the oddest thing he'd ever done, and yet he couldn't help but be turned on by her pleasure, and the act of inserting this alien device within her.

Irshad herself felt utterly invaded. The sphere bulged the inner walls of her pussy, pressing slightly painfully against them, but also deeply pleurably. It squeezed into her, guided by Art and pushed ever closer to her cervix. It hit the wall to her uterus, and she groaned in pain. One last shove, and it opened them, almost too easily, as if a single pulse from the alien device had broken down the last of her body's defences.

Finally, it nestled in her womb, feeling hard and heavy and round, and stretching her uterus tightly, unnaturally. She grimaced at the feeling - it was not good at all, and put a quick end to her incredible orgasms.

And that's when the monitors observing its spikes of energy and biological dispersal suddenly went off the charts.

“The charts - oh G-God - Art, look at the ch-charts!”

“I am!” he said, astonished. The Seed of Desire had apparently activated immediately, the moment it had fallen into place within Irshad's womb. Spikes of exotic matter readings were streaming forth, as if the seed itself was dispersing, firing all manner of biological agents directly into Irshad's womb. She grunted, clutching her stomach which was slightly bulged by the device. To their astonishment, that bulge slowly shrank away, along with her discomfort. The ongoing ultrasound showed the device to be miraculously shrinking,

its outer lining shedding and becoming particulates. Her blood readings altered, becoming flooded with alien matter. Irshad shook, her body spasming beyond her control. Fear swept over her like a storm cloud, and she looked to Arturo with fear. He reached out and grabbed her hand, preparing for the emergency extraction procedure they'd organised.

"Art, I -"

And then everything stopped.

The readings returned to normal, the device within Irshad's womb stabilised at roughly one quarter its previous size, and her own levels slowly came down from their agitation. All feelings of pleasure, pain, and arousal ceased, though a slight ache in her vagina and womb remained, an ache that was purely natural and likely to disappear soon.

The two looked at each other, astonished at what had happened. There, on the monitor, the Seed of Desire remained, smaller and inert but present.

"Well, *something* happened," he said.

Irshad nodded, her face impassive, even if a slight red blush came to her cheeks.

"Now we wait and monitor, and see what happens."

Entry 5:

It has been two weeks since the device was inserted. I still feel a slight embarrassment from that episode. I was so anxious to have the Seed experiment conducted that not enough countermeasures and considerations were taken. It was very unlike my usual scientific mind, and to be corrected by Arturo was a humbling experience, which is not to dismiss his own brilliance. To put it bluntly and crudely, I sounded and felt like a 'whore in heat.' While it is nice to know that Species Gamma used their technology in such a . . . pleasurable way, it is certainly not something I expected. As such, I found myself overcome, and the feeling of being stretched to receive its entry was unexpectedly arousing also. Arturo, at least, is familiar with my 'bedroom voice' as I have come to think of it, but to have it on camera during a significant experiment is something I'd prefer to edit around.

But the results have been tangibly felt.

Four days ago I experienced morning sickness. Two days ago it was more volatile, necessitating a quick trip to the bathroom upon waking and later a scrubbing of the toilet (thankfully, Arturo took one for the team there, citing my health concerns regarding infection). This morning I have also felt that same nausea, only it was accommodated by a slightly soreness in my nipples as well, and a dull ache in my breasts. All these are signs of a coming period, yes, but given what we know of the Seed, it is far more likely they are signs of pregnancy.

I could be pregnant.

I could be pregnant.

I know I am pregnant.

Just writing it still doesn't feel real. I am a scientist, my life is built upon fact, and yet I now cite instinct instead of factual evidence. But the instinct - a mother's instinct - is something I have always craved. It's why I began this admittedly hairbrained scheme in the first place: I won't deny that grief and frustration played a heavy role. So I will cite my instinct now, and place it on this record, and hope that my instinct is simply a biological one, and thus based on real evidence, particularly given the other evidence. After all, there is one more change I have begun to experience today.

My hunger has grown in leaps and bounds already. In fact, I'll end this entry right now, because my stomach is growling so loudly it is distracting me from my thoughts, and I need to eat.

Growing Pains

In the aftermath of the insertion of the Seed of Desire, the relationship between Arturo and Irshad began to normalise. As strange and wild as it was to have conducted the experiment, there was no going back now, and both scientists were incredibly curious about what would happen next. Irshad's intensity returned, and as Arturo became used to the drab interior of the bunker and the inherent craziness of what they were attempting, he slowly returned to his more laidback and calm self.

"*Que sera, que sera,*" he said to himself whenever he pondered just how radical inserting an alien device into a woman's uterus was. "Whatever will be, will be."

It didn't mean that he wasn't worried for his friend, lab partner, and former lover, simply that he refused to worry without cause, and instead focus on how he could help in the now. As such, he got to work on ensuring that Irshad's vital signs could be continually tracked, her protein intakes measures, data from the seed within her perpetually fed into their many computers, and so on and so forth. He also took the liberty of determining bed rest for her, which she resented with her usual furrowed gaze.

"I do not require bed rest," she said. "We have just conducted a brazen violation of a hundred ethical codes in pursuit of science, and now you wish to ensure I rest properly?"

"I'm not hearing it, doctor," he said, "you're sleeping, or watching a good ball game, or listening to relaxing whale sounds while I fetch you food. Because you want this

experiment to be successful, *si?* So, wouldn't it be the proper thing to actually try for that outcome?"

She huffed, but recognised he had a good point. Besides, she was still feeling quite sore, particularly between her thighs. Over a couple of hours, her vulva had contracted once more, its artificial dilation reversed. Still, it left the area quite sensitive and a little red, though the lingering memory of the pleasure was enough to make her view it with a little arousal as well. Her stomach was also a little crampy - more accurately, her uterus. The Seed of Desire had reduced greatly in size but still distended her somewhat, and whatever it had fed into her body and bloodstream was affecting her energy levels: she was feeling unnaturally exhausted lately. Exhausted, and hungry.

"Fine, fine, I'll stay on bed rest for a few days while we monitor things. You never used to be this insistent Arturo."

"Well, you were never experimenting on yourself like a mad scientist."

"Hmm, touche."

"Now, is there anything I can get you?"

At that very moment her stomach growled with an intensity belonging to large aquatic mammals. There were few things that could make Irshad blush awkwardly, but this was one of them. Arturo chuckled.

"Hungry?"

"Incredibly. I need food. If you could - oohhhh - yes, food please. A lot of it."

"Anything in particular?"

A sudden thought sprung to mind.

"Fish," she said.

"But you hate fish. You called my quest to catch them 'exercise in inedibility.'"

"Blame the Seed, it's what I want. Please, Art."

Once again that use of his shortened name was a touch manipulative. Both of them knew it, but the lab assistant didn't hold it against her. He hesitated, then took the chance to pat her hand gently. She didn't refuse it, though she did not take it either.

"Fish it is. I'll get you something to snack on while I begin cooking."

'Something to snack on' turned out to be the understatement of the century. Irshad found herself utterly voracious, in need of sustenance beyond all measure. Poor Arturo had to continually shuffle back and forth from the kitchen to her bedside. She devoured pastries, rations, fruit, vegetables, even boiled pasta with nothing else upon them.

"Ohhhhhh - I d-don't know what's c-come over me! But it's - Nngghh! - definitely n-not natural!"

She squirmed holding her stomach as the need to eat came over her. It was the strangest hunger she had ever experienced, because at no point was she feeling empty. It

wasn't like usual hunger where it came from a place of lack; she felt *full* the whole time. Instead, there was a deeper, almost bestial instinct making her body crave more, more, and more. Like a bear putting on fat before hibernating for winter, she was driven to pack on the pounds and overeat. And so she fed that alien appetite. It was just a good thing that the kitchen was incredibly well-stocked with months of supplies, courtesy of her overpreparation.

"Still," Art said casually as he delivered a plate of dry cookies, "you're going to eat through that in weeks, not months, if you keep it up like this."

She grimaced, wincing as her stomach felt incredibly taugth, overly full, and yet desiring more. "It's p-probably just a brief b-burst. A result of the S-Seed. It'll trail off."

He shrugged, hoping it was true but not worrying about it now. The Seed was only showing its usual amount of activity, and her vitals were stable.

"Fish is just about ready," he said.

"Then b-bring it! God, I'm hungry for it, you've got no idea Irshad."

"Finally, you've developed a sense of taste!"

He retreated to fetch the food under her withering gaze. Moments later he brought out a platter of cooked fish, still wrapped in aluminum foil and smelling of lemon and potato mix. She sniffed, and her stomach growled for it, hungering for it even more deeply than all the rest of the food combine.

"Oh! OOHHhhh! NGNghh! N-need it! F-fucking neeed it!"

Arturo actually *stepped backwards* as she snatched the large platter from his hands and almost upended it over bed-ridden body.

"*Dios mio* Irshad, calm down!"

"C-can't!" she groaned. The fish smelled too good. More than that, they smelled *exactly* like what she was *meant* to eat. She couldn't explain it, and part of her didn't want to. She began to devour them, not even bothering with utensils. Her stomach was incredibly tight, and she grasped and groaned at the inherent discomfort of her overeating, but the need was too great. She needed to feed, in readiness.

In readiness for what exactly, she did not know. But even among the tight pressures and feeling over being far too full, there was an internal excitement. Something indeed was happening to her body, and whatever it demanded she wanted to give into. It was her best chance for success. Her best chance for becoming a mother.

When she was finished, she gave a loud and embarrassing burp.

"Pee-yew," Arturo said, waving away the air dramatically. "Are you finished?"

"NNggghhhh," she groaned. It was all she could say. Words were beyond her, so instead she opted for nodding, and simply gestured to the orange juice by her bedside. She gulped down a litre right in front of him, uncaring of how greedy and ridiculous she probably looked, and then a wave of exhaustion hit her, and she fell right back down to sleep.

Art was astonished, but chose not to wake her. Instead, he simply checked her vitals, ensured she was healthy, and carefully removed any crumbs or bits of fish that had fallen on her clothing. Once that was done, he placed a blanket over her, adjusted the bedding so she would be more careful, and checked her signs over once more to be safe. He didn't want to pry or be pervy, but he couldn't help but notice before he put the blanket over her that her breasts looked just that little bit bigger.

"Well, that's a good sign, right? Her stomach had visibly expanded, just slightly, from the sheer intake of food.

"I think I'll need to catch more fish," he mumbled to himself. "Good night Irshad."

She looked beautiful in sleep, her body calm even as her stomach gurgled slightly.

Irshad's freakish hunger did not dissipate in the following days, and in fact seemed to only expand. It was a source of embarrassment for the stoic scientist: not only did it result in her constantly demanding food from her poor lab assistant, but it also left her on much more bed rest than she wanted. It also led to her producing all sorts of animalistic groans and moans as she hungered, as she ate, and finally as she dealt with the incredible tightness of the aftermath of her eating. She would grunt, whimper, squirm in response to the pangs of discomfort, and yet her body and altered instincts continually affirmed to her that she was doing what was *right* for her body.

Unfortunately, it also made a fool of other instincts. She had been *certain* she was pregnant, but apparently that was not the case. Even as her breasts became further sore, her nipples slightly expanded, her morning sickness a regular feature, there was still no evidence of any foetal development within her distended womb.

"It doesn't make sense," she muttered in frustration, "I have all the other signs, Art. My breasts are sore, my areola expanded, I'm experiencing damned morning sickness, and I've got quite the hunger, if you haven't noticed!"

"I have, hence all the fish nets and lures I've been buying lately."

"Mhm, I could almost go for more fish if I hadn't stuffed myself so much."

It produced a chuckle. She wasn't much one for joking, but it seemed to lighten the mood.

"We'll just have to see how things develop, Irshad. It's only been three weeks, and things are clearly happening."

"Yeah, there certainly have been some changes."

Art tried not to look down, but Irshad noticed his wandering gaze with a slightly amused smirk. She was precisely aware of the things that were 'clearly happening' that he

was referring to. So much eating in so little time had left her with an identifiable potbelly and slight chubbiness to her form. It hadn't reached her face or limbs yet, but her rear had certainly expanded. Furthermore, her normally lithe A-cup breasts were now freshly bulging B-cups, and quite sore for all the growth too. She was wearing a simple button shirt and pants today, and it meant the changes to her physique were more noticeable than usual.

"Please Art, we can approach this from a scientific standpoint. It's a little embarrassing, but I can admit I've gotten a little fat as a result of the changes."

"No! No I didn't mean that at all Irshad!"

"It's okay, Art. We're not sleeping together anymore, even if you . . . came here with that belief. You don't have to act shy around me. I'm well aware I'm 'plumpening' up and looking worse for it. It's simply something to acknowledge."

Arturo laughed, drawing her confusion. He teased the edges of his proud moustache, wondering exactly how to say what he wanted to say.

"What the hell, I'll just say it. Irshad, if I can be so bold, the changes are making you look very . . ."

"Fat? Overweight? Pear-like?"

"Cute."

It managed to surprise her. "Cute?"

"I call 'em like I see 'em, you know that. You look cute. And because we *have* slept together before, I feel like I can say that. More meat on the bones suits you. Anyway, I'm off to fish, and order some decorations to go pick up. It's time we started making this place a little more lively and homey."

"It's a laboratory, Art," she said, trying to regain some ground.

"Yeah, it's that too, I guess."

He walked away, leaving her dumbfounded, and a little shocked.

"Cute?" she said, regarding herself in a nearby reflective surface. She pulled her shirt tight against herself, observing the pudge of her belly and the increase in mass in her breasts.

"I guess I *do* look a little cute . . ."

She blushed, and couldn't say why.

Entry 6:

Arturo thinks I'm 'cute.' Was that a romantic gesture, or simply an observational one? He has always carried a torch for me, uncaring of our ten year age difference. Of course, I'm not exactly a spinster. The comment simply took me off guard.

I'm getting off topic. This journal is meant to be a list of changes, so I will try to keep it that way. So, the one month update is as follows:

My body continues to expand, driven by my frankly voracious hunger. It is inescapable, and I can only thank my wonderful assistant Arturo Diaz for his aid, or otherwise I wouldn't know what to do. The man has cooked, baked, grilled, fried, fished, and shopped for the foods I crave, which certainly lean inexplicably towards seafood, despite my usual dislike of that particular food type. Still, I have to listen to my body.

Still no signs of actual fetal development. It's as if I am experiencing a phantom pregnancy: my breasts are still irritatingly sore, and are verging on C-cups now. Clearly Art likes them - I keep catching his wandering eye. As punishment, I made him track down and purchase some new bras to contain my . . . growth. Unfortunately, he was fairly happy to do so. The man has no shame, and is far too calm about everything! Even these changes in my body he takes in stride, admiring the 'cute pudge' of my belly. It feels fat. Yes, fat. No the round tautness of pregnancy, but the soft belly of a woman who eats far, far too much.

I shouldn't be this shallow, but in truth it was a fact that I was beautiful. A small part of material pride still pervades me, that I worry about losing that beauty.

No shifts in the Seed's signal. If nothing more happens for a week, we shall have to take it out and call the experiment a failure. The only worth it has proven to possess is as a weight gaining device.

The Need

Exactly one month since the insertion, during which Irshad had put on quite a few pounds in her breasts and stomach combined, she woke with an altogether different feeling.

"Ohh, oh!" she exclaimed as she rose from her bed. Her body was flush with a strange excitement, the space between her thighs wet with anticipation. She'd had such a lovely dream during the night, and while she could never tell him, it had featured Arturo in some wonderfully erotic positions, her beneath him.

"J-just a dream," she stammered.

But instead of dissipating, her arousal only strengthened. She gasped as her breasts tingled, her nipples hardened into thimble-like points, throbbing just slightly with need. Her breathing quickened, and she bit her lip in order to prevent a spontaneous moan. She was incredibly horny, more than she could remember in a long time, even more than those moments of need during Project Gamma. She waited, trying to ride it out. Was it a symptom? Was it related to her change? Was it just a side effect of her hunger?

But her hunger, for once, was not present. Or if it was, she couldn't feel it beneath the enormous weight of her arousal.

“MMhhmmmm.” she groaned, as she placed her finger between her thighs. Her vulva was incredibly sensitive, more than it should have been, and it was slick with need. It was the true hunger she felt right now, and from the blue came an understanding of that hunger that shocked her to the core.

Her body didn't just crave stimulation. It needed a man's *seed* inside it.

She needed a man to cum inside of her.

“Oh, oh God. Fuck. I need to get Art!”

She rose out of bed, a little uncertain on her legs. She wasn't used to her new weight, which while not extreme had certainly altered her centre of balance. She was in her light silk robe, one she often wore comfortably to sleep, and her larger nipples were poking through the fabric quite visibly, clearly aroused.

“Mmhhmm,” she groaned, rubbing her crotch instinctively before recoiling her hand away. “Oh - this is . . . I need to record this.”

She fumbled with her audio recorder, needing to get the information down while she was still able to record other things.

“Doctor Irshad Khan speaking. Date is . . . God, I can't remember. I'll add it later. I'm - oohhhh - I've woken in a deeply sexually aroused state that is unnatural in origin. I have just experienced a dream that c-could be described as - ahhh - sexual, but my arousal has not ended or diminished in the minutes after waking. The b-best I can - uhhh, God, - the best I can describe it is as a deep and controlling sexual urge, as if I *need* to engage in the sexual act with another man. No, I need to say it outright. I need - oohhhh, just thinking of it is increasing the stimulation of my vulva, among other aroused erogenous z-zones - I need to have a man cum inside me. Specifically, his issue - his semen - in me. It's like - it's like an urge to *breed*.”

She dropped the recorder.

“Hell it *is an urge to breed*. An urge to breed.”

Her excitement raced. Her desire bloomed. She was still shaking in the knees but she forced them to behaviour as she staggered to the door. It explained everything! This was why she was presenting all the pregnancy symptoms but not the actual pregnancy, it was obvious now! The Gamma aliens must have had mating cycles, entered a type of oestrus like many non-human mammals. Her body wasn't pregnant, no, but it was *preparing* her for pregnancy, *telling* her to reproduce.

“It's happening!” she said excitedly.

She regained control of her legs, picked up the recorder, and flung the door open. Her breasts bounced on her chest a little heavily, and she winced a little at their continued soreness and discomfort, flushed as they were with arousal.

“Further changes to the b-body,” she noted as she ran down the hall. “Continued breast growth - estimated cup size at 32Cs, if not D-cup. Will require new bras. Breasts are h-heavy and warm. Much more sensitive - could be evidence of further sexual need? Nipples certainly *very* erect.”

Her belly trembled a little, gurgling slightly, causing her to groan.

“No continued hunger other than s-sexual. But stomach also expanded. Limbs slightly thicker around thighs and upper arms. Feel h-heavier. Dislike this particular change: makes me feel bloated. I’m unsure of its intersection with current need to reproduce.”

She continued to record her various symptoms and changes as she paced down the corridor. She felt buoyed by energy, and driven by bestial urge. Arturo was at the end of the hall, likely still sleeping, having done his best to decorate his room. She practically *burst* the door open, still speaking into the recorder.

“Feel particular attraction to lab partner. Only male in vicinity - he’ll be necessary and hopefully willing for this next part. Arturo? Art?”

She was crestfallen to realise he was not there. The room, which was now covered in posters that included some beautiful, curvaceous women and Mexican seascapes, was empty. The smell of spice was in the air, and it made her even more sexually excited, as if she were a creature lured by her mate’s scent.

“F-fuck! Where is he?”

She’d never felt so utterly agitated. So lacking in logic. She needed him to hurry up and return and *fuck* her.

“The lake! He’ll be fishing at the lake!” She withdrew the recorder. “Pursuing my m-mate to the lake. Will attempt sexual c-congress - oohh, it’s arousing j-just to say - at location. Hopefully the ground will be acceptable!”

She ran, cupping her swollen breasts and whimpering a little at the delightful feel of her palms upon her nipples. It felt like hours to reach him, but in fact it was only minutes. She exited the compound, bouncing on the balls of her feet as the large steel door opened in response to its button. She pressed through before it was even fully open, and set out at a fast pace down the forest track. The morning was beautiful, and she guessed she must have slept in, for it must have been around 9am. The sun was warm upon her skin, the wind cool in that wonderful way that mingled perfectly with the summer air. She began to call his name.

“Art! Art! I need you Art!”

She ran to the lake, some of the branches pulling at her beloved silk robe, tearing it. She didn’t care. She didn’t care if she was completely naked. She preferred it. All the better to entice him, to make him cum within her.

“Art! ARTURO! I NEED YOU!”

She burst through the tree line, the silk robe pulling apart a bit at the front, causing her bosom to become almost exposed. She realised she now had a sizeable amount of cleavage. All the better to seduce him.

“Irshad? Irshad, is everything okay? What’s gone wrong?”

She looked up at her lab assistant. He was in his dorky fishing gear, a rod in one hand, a tackle hat upon his head. Under the gleaming sun he looked beautiful, more than she had ever realised he was. Even his moustache and well-trimmed goatee was stylish, attractive.

“Art!” she cried, beaming into a wide and uncharacteristic smile.

She ran to him, and before he could even formulate a response she bowled him over onto the cool grass.

“Irshad? What - I don’t understand?”

She stopped his concerns with a kiss, a deep and passionate one that quickly moved to his cheek, to his neck, and back to his lips again.

“Art! Art! I can’t - body is highly aroused, tension increasing - have identified male known as Arturo Diaz as my mate.”

“Um, the fuck?”

“S-sorry - it’s for the recording! I - I need you Art! I fucking need you!”

She kissed and nibbled at his neck. Her expanded chest rubbed against the fabric of his orange jacket, and she felt an inner frustration at the fact that he was not naked at that exact very moment.

“Damn girl, calm down a moment,” he said, placing his hands on her hips.

She gasped just at his touch, and she began to straddle him. She could feel a hardness developing in his crotch.

“I can’t!” she whined, “I can’t calm down. I woke up with this - this need! I can’t think of anything else but sex with you right now. It’s the S-Seed of Desire, don’t you see? Status of body is increasingly I-libidinous. Craving the insertion of partner’s penis into my sexual organ. Nipples increasingly sensitive, difficult to breath properly. Yearning for his touch.”

“What the - oh, the recording again.”

“Mm-hmm,” she responded in the affirmative, kissing and caressing him. She began to unzip his jacket hurriedly. “I need you Art. It’s for the experiment. It won’t be anything we haven’t done before. Only I n-need you to do it without p-protection. I need you to *cum in me*.”

Art felt himself become uncomfortably hard. He had yearned for Irshad’s body for some time, but had never expected her to come on to him like this, and certainly not so aggressively. She had been a tigress in bed before, sure, but this was an almost submissive desperation that spoke to outside influence.

“Are you sure, Irshad?”

“I want this! I want it, and I need it! Please fuck me, Art! For science!”

Neither were convinced of *that* particular sentiment, but as befitting his personality, Art went along with it. He nodded, and she unzipped his jacket, pulling free of him so he could stand. He began to move to the bunker but she stopped him.

“No! No! Here! We have to do it here, by the lake.”

“Why?”

“Because - because it’s right! I can’t explain it!”

There was indeed an instinctive ‘pull’ towards the lake, and she didn’t want to fight it. Art just shrugged, seemingly accepting this new and random detail. He removed his shirt and pants, and she admired his tall, slightly lanky form. He was lithely muscled, but muscled all the same, and his moustache and goatee were cute. She wanted to feel the brush of his facial hair upon her breasts.

“OOhhhhhhh,” she moaned, whimpering just at the sight of him. She moaned harder again when he removed his trousers and pants, revealing his impressive cock standing at full attention. It was a large pillar of manhood, and she bit her lip in response to her excitement.

“F-fuck that’s hot. I want that in me!”

She scrambled to remove her clothing. As embarrassed as she was by her body’s ultra-horny state, and her own pudginess, she revelled in his look of awe as she revealed herself. She had more flab around the middle than she’d ever had, but her breasts were large and firm, topped by wider nipples that had darkened slightly. They tense, desperately demanding his touch. They didn’t have to wait long.

“Fuck me,” she said.

He smirked, shrugged, and then he was upon her. Their two bodies writhed and shifted, their mouths interconnecting, kissing deeply as they ran their hands over each other’s bodies.

“God, I love your new body,” he said, rubbing her belly, holding onto her new ‘love handles.’ She blushed, not knowing what to think, but then his hands raised up to her breasts, squeezing them. “And these wonderfully big titties of yours, Irshad.”

“They’re t-too big! I’m t-too big!”

“Please, you’re not that big. And besides, I, I like big women.”

He lowered himself, caressing her ass as he placed his mouth over her left nipple. She seized, overcome with passion and excitement as he licked and then sucked upon it. It was incredibly sensitive, sending lightning forks of pleasure throughout her body, and causing her vagina to become even more damp with need. She wanted him inside her, but the foreplay was so good, and her body so responsive.

“Get inside m-me!” she groaned. “I want your cum! Please!”

“I kinda like this desperation,” he said with a chuckle. “Sure you don’t want to beg a little more?”

She glared at him, even if that glare was reduced in effectiveness by her own incredible need.

“Please fuck me Art. I really, really need you. And if you make me beg one more time I’ll do horrible things to you.”

He gulped, only half jokingly. He adjusted his position, and she reached out to stroke his long cock. She gripped the head, rubbing it a little just to make him squirm, and then she positioned it at the entrance to her tunnel. She leaned back, presenting her breasts to him and spreading her thighs wide, allowing him the greatest possible entrance.

He eased himself in, and her world exploded.

Soon they were no longer making love, no longer engaging in foreplay. Now they were *fucking*. He thrust into her, his balls slamming just below her entrance as his long rod slid in and out, in and out. She took all of him inside of her, only for him to exit just far enough to push all the way back in again. She bucked her hips like a wild woman, embracing the need, gripping his shoulders. She loved the way his chest rubbed against her nipples, and the way her new breasts trembled. Why had she been so reluctant to embrace them?

“OOohhhhhh Art! Cum in me! I’m so close! I’m so f-fucking close. Subject - me that is - is incredibly aroused! Am experiencing incredible lust and increased sexual drive to an extreme degree. C-currently in the act of sexual intercourse, about to extra lab assistants - Nggngngh!!”

Art smirked as he squeezed her breasts and kissed her neck, shutting her up. The recorder could wait; he wanted to enjoy this. He increased his pace, and she bucked her hips more rapidly as well, each partner driving the other to increasing heights of ecstasy. Soon it was all too much, and they were both on the cusp of orgasm. Irshad cried out, lying back on the cool, comfortable grass like a nymph from ancient myth.

“I. Want. Your. Seed. Inside. Me!”

And with that he came, pouring his sticky substance deep inside her, all the way to the entrance of her womb. She groaned, clutching him, and they held together for sometime. Art gushed more of his seed into her, and she grinned at the wonderful feeling of his warm cum seeping pouring into her with each gentle throb, throb, throb of his penis.

It was a long time after that he pulled out of her, causing the two of them to gasp at the residual sensitivity.

“Ohhhhh, that was good,” he said. He turned to her. “Satisfied?”

She was still on her back, limbs spread like a starfish.

“Uh-huh,” she said, still quite out of it, floating in a post-coital bliss. The need for sex had dissipated entirely. It was as if in that one act, she had accomplished what she had wanted all along. The Seed of Desire had taken in another kind of seed, driven by a different kind of desire. Or perhaps that was its intent all along. Either way, she felt her old self returning, her own analytical mind.

“I appear to have lost my animalistic impulse,” she said. “Thank you Art. Sorry for surprising you.”

“Don’t be,” he laughed. “Even if I did lose a fish, I think I caught a better one.”

“Please don’t compare me to a fish. This was just part of the experiment, you realise? It wasn’t . . . it wasn’t a genuine lust.”

He grinned. “Seemed pretty genuine to me, but okay. I won’t lie and say it wasn’t worth it.”

She rolled her eyes, standing up. She rubbed her naked, fatter stomach with one hand, still a bit annoyed at her new form, though less so at her more perfect breasts.

“Is that it, then?” he said.

“It is,” she replied. Her instincts had been wrong before, but she knew they were utterly right now. There was no way they weren’t. She had experienced the symptoms, but now some core part of her just *knew*.

“This time I’m pregnant,” she said.

Art’s jaw dropped.

Entry 6:

I am pregnant.

This time I am certain. I will be fulfilling a dream I have had for a number of years, one that for some time seemed like it was out of my reach. Where before I did not listen to my biological clock, now I can feel it within me, and thanks to the miracle of the Gamma species aliens, I am able to reproduce.

I am able to carry the child of Arturo Diaz.

I had not intended it to go this way, it all happened much faster than I had imagined. I had hoped the Seed of Desire would heal my body, perhaps even de-age it, and allow me to be fertile again, free of the condition that has left me unable to bear children. Instead, it gave me some sort of instinctive urge to procreate, though evidently the ability to do so as well.

It is only a week since I was impregnated by Arturo’s sperm, but already further exciting changes are occurring in my body. My breasts continue to swell, and once more I have had to send Art into town to purchase some larger bras - I am sure he gets the side eye at the clothing store now, but I wish to remain a recluse while I research my ongoing condition. I am a full D-cup now, and my thoughts on this development are mixed. On the

one hand, it demonstrated a strong fertility; larger breasts for child rearing, and potentially greater milk production also. On the other, these darn things are heavy, cumbersome, and constantly moving about. How do larger chested women stand it?

Of course, Art doesn't mind. I have to tell him to 'look me in the eyes' when he talks to me. As a woman in science I am not unused to sexism and the male gaze, but Art was always one of the good ones, despite his attraction to me. Still, I cannot deny that his occasional ogles make me feel . . . good. Wanted. I chalk this up to my altered instincts, perhaps some pregnancy hormones making me attach myself slightly to my 'mate.' Very occasionally I wear something that little bit tighter or more revealing, especially when the weather is warmer. It is a small compulsion, and one I can live with.

Other changes are occurring too, and more rapidly than expected. To my surprise, my hair has taken on a very impressive shine recently, and seems to have grown longer. My rear has expanded - not atypical of a woman in pregnancy, but certainly larger than I am used to. My belly remains fatty, but there is a tautness beneath the flab as well. I am experiencing a strange tingling in my tailbone, as well as in my feet. They feel a little numb lately, I assume from my increased weight.

Still, it is something to keep an eye on. I have had difficulties walking a few times during these strange experimentations, and I want to ensure it doesn't become a problem. The important thing is that I am pregnant. As greedy and silly as this course of action was, I have taken science to new heights, and can finally become a mother.

I just hope Arturo never realises why I've done all of this. It would be humiliating to be thought of as so desperate for children.

The Growth

More supplies were needed, despite all of Irshad's hard work. Her appetite had returned, and while it was not as crazed as it had been before, it was still clearly superhuman in nature. She woke with a fierce need to consume fats, protein, nutrients, anything that could aid the growth of her baby. It was embarrassing, but once more Art came to the rescue, continually using their shared credit to purchase goods. Apparently the locals several hours away simply thought he was one of those prepper survivalists for an apocalypse, and he had a little too much fun playing into the stereotype.

"OHhhhhh - f-food! N-need more!" she would groan.

And as always, he would be there to feed her. It was a good thing that they had been so well paid, really. The government hadn't skimmed on their contracts, and so they were not in danger of running out of supplies.

What Irshad was in danger of, was running out of *clothes*. It wasn't just her bust that was expanding rapidly, but her belly as well. Where there had been pudginess, a flab that suggested the results of her overeating, now it was being overtaken by the roundness of pregnancy. It was developing unnaturally fast, her belly, but then nothing about her pregnancy was natural anyway. The Seed of Desire was showing renewed activity in her form, and to their shared surprise it was getting even smaller, sinking into the side of her uterus as if it were an egg itself. But even as it shrank, her stomach expanded, getting tighter and fuller and rounded every day, until two weeks after her successful impregnation by Arturo she was looking like a woman easily four months along. She looked haler in health at least, and to their astonishment had grown a full inch in height. They reasoned that it might be a 'correction' in her health, to better carry the baby within her.

"Art, I need you to go shopping for m-me again," she said at the two week mark.

"Are you sure?" he asked back. "I purchased you some clothing just two days ago."

She turned, showing off the diamonds of skin revealed by the overly tight button top.

"P-pretty s-sure," she stammered, stomach gurgling from her latest 'feed.' "I think it'd be w-worth getting some larger sizes in advance. Bigger bras too."

"I got you some Double-Ds, I think."

She blushed, not used to talking about her body so openly with her partner.

"I've, um, outgrown those too." She straightened, focusing her mind towards scientific endeavours, and away from emotional embarrassment. "I believe I may be an E-cup, but we can't rule out further increases in size. Make sure they have good support too: they're getting heavy."

"I bet. They look real nice though."

And as was increasingly common, his little compliments made her feel quite warm and fuzzy inside, in a way she never had. She chalked it up to mood swings, and continued her research upon the seed. As Arturo left for the nearest town, she idly scratched at her foot. It was getting quite numb lately, and her upper leg too.

"Side effect?" she wondered aloud. It was likely so, but it was worth recording and looking over. She made a reminder to herself to get Art to help her with some blood tests, just to make sure everything was safe.

The sound of the bunker door shutting informed her that he had left, and it was then that she unbuttoned her top, letting her now-large breasts sag a little, overflowing their cups. They were cramped and in need of a good massage, but it was her stomach that concerned

her. It was large, wonderfully so, and while it frightened her with its rapid growth, it excited her far more.

“I can’t wait to meet you,” she said lovingly, cradling her belly. “My little one.”

Something was wrong. She was growing too fast, too big. Her belly was now like that of a woman nearly six months into pregnancy. The fat had dissipated, having provided the necessary fuel to burn for her rapid expansion. It left her belly heavy and rounded, her navel popped outwards. Her breasts too had continued to surge forward: they were now fat, ripe E-cups that bobbed and jiggled with the slightest of movements, looking utterly maternal. She was often sleek with sweat simply from the strain of growing and expanding, but despite her desire to hinder her growth, to reassess her mad undertaking, her own unnatural instincts were pushing her forward to consume more and more.

Irshad continued to eat, and increasingly it was fish and other food of the sea that dominated her diet. She had even started to enjoy swimming in the bunker pool rather often - the one that connected to the lake. She joked that her pregnancy was making her feel like ‘a creature of the sea.’

Arturo was beginning to set nets and numerous rods, and even looking into other automated fishing technologies to draw from the large, plentiful lake. It was, after all, a very large body of water, teeming with life. The only problem was keeping on top of Irshad’s increasingly focused diet.

“F-fish,” she said one morning, as he tried to offer her some bread and jam. “N-need fish. Nngghhh!”

Her belly trembled with need, and to their astonishment, it *visibly expanded* before them.

“Ohhhhhhhh - NNgggghhhh!!! OOhhh Art! UGGGhhhhh . . .”

She clutched her gravid dome, trembling as it surged forth one inch, then another, *then another*. Sweat poured down her forehead, and her large breasts grew as well, pushing against her now overly-large cups. Her nipples strained, indenting against the material, and despite everything - the discomfort, the unending pressure - she also felt an incredibly horniness.

“Oh God! Art, I need you again. It’s - ohhhh - it’s s-starting.”

“Again? Are you sure?”

The incredibly pregnant woman looked to him, her eyes revealing her mixed confusion, anxiousness, but also an underlying, intense desire.

“Now. I n-need you to fuck me. It’s the Seed. It - ohhhh - it needs it! It’s making me need *you!* Please, cum in me again!”

He did exactly that. They rested her upon a bed, her gravid form still a little sleek from sweat. Her bulging breasts were free from her top, and he massaged them, banishing their soreness temporarily. She groaned with need, spreading her legs like a woman in the act of birthing, and despite how expansive her body was, Art found himself just as turned on as her. Well, nearly so. He’d always had a thing for pregnant women, though he’d kept that on the down low all his life. But now here was the love of his life - even if she didn’t reciprocate that particular emotion - and she was unbelievably pregnant, and with his baby no less! Whatever the alien technology had done to her, it had also given him a chance with her, and he wasn’t wasting it.

“Get iiiinnnnnn mmmmeee!”

He’d never seen her so desperate, it was even worse than her first pangs of desire. He rubbed her belly, taking in its size and firmness, and then he positioned his hard cock and slid it within her.

“Ahhhh - yes! Yes! Art! I need you! Yes, yes, yes!”

She thrashed wildly, clutching her dome and rubbing her nipples. To his astonishment - and hers - a small stream of white fluid burst from her right nipple as she teased it, then from her left.

“Holy crap Irshad, you’re making milk! You’re lactating!”

“D-don’t stop! It’s a normal b-biological response. Important for ch-childrearing. P-perfectly normal!”

But nothing about it was normal - it had only been three weeks since their coupling which had produced this baby, but now it was like she looked almost eight months along. She had also grown another inch in height, and was drawing close to becoming equal to him if it kept up. And yet her body was intoxicating to him, and he loved the way she pleaded and begged for him during the act, while at the same time dominating him with her orders. She was still the Irshad he knew, just with a skyrocketed libido.

“K-keep going! N-need more c-cum!”

He thrust faster. Art leaned forward to grope and knead her breasts, causing her to squirm. In a moment of spontaneity he leaned over her rounded dome, using his height to place himself over her and suckle at her breasts. Instantly his mouth filled with sweet milk, and he down it, gulping more. He switched breasts, drinking from that one. Irshad cried out in response - it felt so strange and yet so wonderful, and accompanied by his thrusts it made her feel pleasure beyond anything she’d known.

“OOhhhhhhh - yes, baby! I’m carrying your baby, Art! We’re doing this!”

“Oh God, I love you!” he declared.

She froze a moment, and the two of him realised what he had said. But at that point his balls tensed, and her body quivered, and they came together as he shot his seed deep inside her. His hard manhood throbbed in her tunnel, causing her to spasm, and it was a long few moments before he could pull back. She gasped, clutched her dome. Once again that powerful numbness returned to her limbs. She assumed it was simply the aftereffects of orgasm, but it felt far stronger this time - almost impossible to feel her fingers and toes.

“You - Art, did you just say you *love* me?”

He tried to be his usual calm self. “Um, look, so you know I’ve always had a crush on you, right? So, when I said that just now -”

“UGGGHHH!”

Irshad held her belly. She pushed herself up awkwardly, toes still numb, and nearly fell forward due to the lack of feeling in her feet. Art managed to catch her, astounded by her heaviness.

“Doctor, what’s going on?”

Instantly he was in medical mode, and so was she.

“I - I don’t know. Pressure, though. Lots of p-pressure!”

They both looked at her belly, which began to expand further. She whined in a high, reedy voice as her dome trembled and pushed outwards another several inches. The pressure was incredible. Milk poured in streams from her nipples, dripping over her belly and soaking into the bed. There were more strange feelings, too. A tension in her tailbone that felt like a different kind of pressure, and a tugging at her ears. Art looked in astonishment as her ears seemed to flatten a little further against her head, and the tips of them expanded slightly.

“What the-?”

But her belly was her main concern - it felt heavy and full, and there was a thrum to it that she had first felt when the Seed of Desire was implanted in her body. When it had dumped strange chemicals into her system. It was accompanied by a feeling of extension in her spine: she realised she was growing upwards as well, her height lengthening.

“I’m getting taller again! I think - ohhhh - I think I just hit six feet!”

Her limbs shook, her spine stretched. Arturo gasped her body expanded right before his eyes.

“*Dios mio* Irshad, you just grew again!”

“M-make that 6’1!”

W-we need to track this,” he said. “Can you stand?”

She just groaned. “M-my feet aren’t responding. I need you to wh-wheel me to the medical bay! Quickly!”

Arturo ran to get a wheelchair while his partner squirmed. Irshad cringed as the feeling in her toes dissipated entirely. She felt a strange burst of energy as it occurred, and in response her belly expanded yet further, just an inch or so, but enough to make her wince and clutch her expanded dome. That tugging in her ears repeated, and the strange pushing sensation in her tailbone that made her shift in discomfort. It was becoming more powerful there, but she was too distracted to try to shift awkwardly and look.

"T-too much," she groaned. She didn't even have the desire to get the recorder. It was all going wrong. It made no sense: everything indicated a normal pregnancy so far! A simple boost in fertility from the Seed of Desire! But then, perhaps she'd taken too much as an article of faith: after all, it wasn't like the ultrasounds and scans were working on her belly at the moment. The Seed of Desire was causing interference in some strange way.

"B-but it had f-felt - oh God!"

Arturo ran in, pushing a wheelchair. He quickly helped her bulging body to the wheelchair, during which another inch of growth occurred - this time vertically. She must have been 6'2 by that point: exactly equal to Arturo in height. She was briefly beyond words while it happened, and only when it was over did she realise she was still utterly naked.

"H-help me p-put my panties on at least."

"Sorry doctor, but I don't think anything will exactly fit you right now."

She looked over herself, and realised what he meant: among all the chaos, her hips had expanded considerably, enough that putting on her panties would strain their fabric beyond what they could take. But more than that, a strange protrusion was pushing out from her backside, a lump of flesh that was almost conical in shape.

"A tail? Is that a tail?"

"H-have to remain scientific," she muttered in response to Arturo's shock. "Make observations. Pregnancy is experiencing complications - oohhh - and different changes are manifesting. Appear to be growing some sort of t-tail. Toes are n-numb. Height - getting taller. As tall as lab partner now, m-maybe an inch taller."

Another groan, another inch of height growth.

"Definitely t-taller now. There are concerns that mutation is resulting f-from Seed of Desire's influence on h-human biology. Ngnh! B-but possibility of balancing effects could remain. Simply have to d-determine cause and effect."

Art sighed, unbelieving that Irshad was still clinging to her scientific mindset even with everything going on. Her ears looked like they had extended somewhat, thinned as well. He managed to wheel her to the medical bay as fast as he could, though he had to occasionally stop as another burst of growth occurred. The formerly lithe doctor now looked due to give birth, if not a week overdue, and her height was astounding. She'd always been

tall for a woman, now she was just a couple of inches short of an NBA player! Much of that growth had occurred in just the last two hours, and there was no telling where it would end.

“Are you okay?” he repeated.

“F-fine! Just keeping calm. Can’t feel my feet though.”

“Numbness?”

“I think. Can you - ohh - check for me?”

He got her to the medical bay and placed her near their scanning equipment. He was preparing some of it, getting ready to check her blood pressure and blood results and get another potentially futile ultrasound of her belly when he suddenly stared in shock at her legs. Irshad must have noticed his surprise, because she looked up at him, clutching her belly as it rocked.

“What - UGGGNHH - what is it!?”

It took a moment for him to get the words out.

“Irshad, I don’t want you to freak out.”

“J-just tell me! I can t-take it.”

Another inch of growth height and stomach-wise, another expansion of her breasts. They were coated in sweat from the effort of bulging out, and were nearly a size larger than Es, sitting heavily upon her distended womb.

“Your feet. Irshad, the reason you can’t feel your toes is because they’re *gone*.”

There were few things that could shock Irshad Khan’s mind, but this was evidently one of them. Her eyes went wide, and she tried to shift her seating in order to put her legs up. She couldn’t see them beneath her life-filled stomach, but with enough effort she could extend them, however number they were.

“Oh. Oh God.”

Art had told the truth. Her toes were gone, and her feet were oddly flat, like slightly bony paddles. They were just smooth, slightly longer. At that very moment, she felt another pang of hunger, and it was instantly followed by a sweeping numbness upon her feet. She watched - and felt - in terror as her feet literally *shrank*, the excess flesh melting back into her body, leaving her with thin, almost fin-like ends to her legs now..

Another inch of growth. Then another. Her strange tail-like growth pushed out from her ass, changing the shape of her backside. She poured sweat as it burst from her, pressing against the back of the chair. With a great crash, the sides of the wheelchair came apart, and it was only thanks to Art’s timely intervention that he was able to grab her lumbering form and shift it to the lowered hospital bed. It was just low enough for her to sit upon, but even sitting was stranger now: her tailbone pushed outwards, her ass expanding as a strange new limb continued to form.

“Oh God, Art! My feet! Art, please hold! Art, I’m fucking scared!”

He did, not knowing what else to do. He held her trembling body as the lumpy tail expanded. She groaned, gritting her teeth, grasping her sore breasts and rubbing her overly full, 'past-due with baby' stomach.

Suddenly, yhe sensations ended.

The two were silent a long time, waiting for something else terrible to happen, but thankfully it didn't. Irshad's feet were utterly changed, now looking more suited for travelling through water than walking. She doubted she even *could* walk properly now. The parts of them that had disappeared had melted back into her own body, further fuelling her grotesque changes, including her bizarre, fat tail growth.

Something had gone very wrong with the experiment, and it was causing her to transform. To grow, in largesse as well as height.

"I think . . . I think I might have rushed past the testing period," Irshad said.

They both looked over her tall, 6'4 swollen body, the both of them silent in astonishment.

Entry 7:

Things have gone wrong. Very wrong. What is happening to me?

End of Entry.

To Be Continued . . .

The Life Aquatic, Part 2 (Aquatic Giantess TF Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

Commissioned by Jorgamund

Irshad Khan is a researcher working in a top secret biolab that contains alien artefacts, and obsessed with learning their secrets. But when the funding to her research is cut, she takes matters into her own hands, kicking off a transformation that will leave her utterly changed, and utterly gravid with alien young.

The Life Aquatic, Part 2

The Reflection

Irshad tried to approach her situation from the clinical point of view of a scientist. She had been rash, she knew that now. She had inserted the Seed of Desire into her body with Arturo's help with only a rudimentary understanding of its biological possibilities and power, and now she was paying the price for it. She had intended to become pregnant, overcoming her infertility by harnessing the power of alien genetic engineering, but in her impulsive desire to beat the tick-tock of her biological clock, she had inadvertently caused her body to change more than she could ever have imagined.

She regarded herself in the mirror, appraising herself not as a scared human woman but as a calm geneticist and analyst. She was seated in a wheelchair, one modified courtesy of her lab partner and recent lover, Arturo Diaz. She was deeply thankful for the work he'd put into it, because it allowed her to remain mobile despite the absence of her feet following her latest transformation. That had been two days ago, and she was still getting used to wheeling herself about awkwardly.

Irshad sighed, her heavy breasts rising and falling significantly, and her belly seeming to expand against her bathrobe. It was a fluffy pink colour that completely failed to suit her, particularly given it was Art's. It made her chuckle slightly, to think of him wearing it. The younger man had no real sense of shame. No, that was too mean a way to put it. He was not ashamed of the things that others cared too deeply about that didn't matter. For him, hot pink was just a colour, who cares what others think of it? All that mattered was the comfort. And she had to admit it was indeed quite comforting. Still . . .

Another sigh, and she parted the robe as best she could, revealing as much of her naked body beneath as was possible before the large mirror upon the wall. A small moment of hesitation and bodily anxiety overcame her, but she quickly clamped down upon it. Irshad the woman, who was fearful for what was happening to her body, had to be silenced. Irshad

Khan the scientist had to be in control right now. She activated her recorder as she stared at her body, and began to speak.

“This is Irshad Khan, recording on the date of the 30th of April, 2017, regarding the current state of the Seed Project. I record this entry as an unofficial, highly *illegal* extension of the Gamma Project, which involved the arctic discovery and analysis of technology of extraterrestrial origins. I do not intend for these recordings to serve as anything but evidence of knowledge and understanding in the event that I am caught. But they are also a form of confession, and perhaps a form of coping mechanism as well. With that in mind, I will discuss the latest results of the insertion of alien technology into my body.

“I have . . . changed. The Seed of Desire belonging to the Gamma Species has had unexpected effects upon my body. I had projected that it would boost my fertility, allow me to create a child either through parthenogenesis or by way of later insemination. The latter proved to be the case, where not long after insertion I became unnaturally aroused and craved the injection of semen into my womb by way of penetrative sex.”

She blushed a mere moment, thinking back to that wonderfully arousing, utterly needy sex with Arturo. She'd had no control over herself, and yet it remained a good memory to her, especially since her state of arousal, while reduced since then, had not returned to pre-insertion levels. She continued to find her fat nipples stiffening in Art's presence, her feminine tunnel becoming unexpectedly moist when he moved in a manly way or shifted something with his strength in her presence.

She coughed, realising she had awkwardly paused.

“Ahem. Since the successful impregnation my bodily growth has been significant. It is as if I am advancing through pregnancy at an alarmingly rapid pace. In the three weeks since our . . . coupling, I have advanced to what seems equivalent to nine months along with child. My belly is h-heavily distended. I have also experienced . . . I have experienced extreme breast growth. I have always been lithe - my breasts were 32A-cups in size - but now they appear to be 34 EE cups, which is . . . alarming, to say the least. I admit I am unused to being so . . . top heavy. Arturo has been wonderful, always going into town and purchasing new bras for me, I am very thankful for him and all he has done, and I -”

She cut short, blushing a little as she realised she was once again thinking of her younger partner. She placed a hand on her naked stomach, rubbing it lightly as she got back into the role of scientist.

“But other changes are more unusual and highly disturbing. My hunger has been extreme, though it has slowed as of late. I crave fish and seafood most dominantly, and having them raw has been increasingly appealing. But far more significant is the fact that non-human characteristics and alterations have begun. My ears have begun to elongate, and my feet have shrunken, leaving the ends of my legs almost spade-like in shape.

Moreover, I have a large growth that is tail-like. It is only a couple of feet long, but it is wide and heavy, and Art has had to modify the chair to accommodate it. It is barely flexible, but I can feel cartilage there, and . . . I swear I can feel more forming. These are the changes I am experienced, but I worry there may be more mental ones as well. There is an immense pool that links to the nearby lake here at the Olympian Peninsula, and lately I've been feeling the desire to . . ."

She took another heavy breath as she looked at herself in the mirror.

"This is ridiculous," she said. She switched off the recorder and threw it across the room in a fit of pique. She placed her head in her hands. "Goddammit, what the hell have I done to myself? How could I be so stupid?"

She regarded herself in the mirror. Irshad Khan the scientist had fled the building, and only Irshad Khan, scared woman who was terrified over what was happening to her, remained. Her form in the mirror was incredibly pregnant, looking perhaps a little past due. Her belly was rounded and pronounced, the sides swollen out a little with amniotic fluid so that her lithe waist was not so lithe anymore. Perched atop her rounded mound were her breasts. They were big, *very big*, and quite flushed. A deep curve of cleavage formed between them, even without the restraint of a bra, which she sorely needed. They had a slight sheen from overnight sweat, likely a result of not only her increasing core temperature but also potential further growth. Just the notion of them getting even *bigger* made her feel weary. They were far too big, and this was matched by how much her nipples had expanded in size, becoming darker brown and fat, surrounded by a wide areola. Perfect for feeding babies.

"God, am I even making milk yet?" she grumbled. Part of her hoped so. At least that would mean they wouldn't get much bigger. If they weren't making milk yet, then they could go up a whole extra cup size, a daunting thought.

But then everything was getting bigger. She was 6'4 in height now, having become much taller than her normal 5'7. She felt more muscular too, and indeed her legs and arms did seem to have developed further strength, perhaps simply to cope with all her forward weight. She shifted her wheelchair around to look at her side profile, tactfully ignoring just how distended her belly was.

"Look overdue," she muttered.

She raised a hand up to feel her ear facing the mirror. It had thinned, expanded, lengthened. It didn't look elven anymore, but perhaps almost aquatic: partly transparent at its edging, and spreading out like a slight fan. Her absent feet were more obvious from this side too: missing entirely, her ankles thinning to a thin plane. She didn't have phantom pain, per se but she did keep trying to reflexively curl her toes, only to find those nerve endings didn't exist anymore. She couldn't even awkwardly stand anymore, even with crutches: Arturo had

done his best and every attempt had only been slippery and dangerous, especially given her lopsided centre of gravity thanks to her rapid pregnancy. The only counterbalance was her tail, which was also obvious in the mirror. It was fleshy, lumpy, wide. Not at all thin and elegant, but instead the width of her expanded pelvis, pushing out from her tailbone but much of the flesh connecting to her rear. It made sitting awkward, as it didn't sit horizontally to her but diagonally, necessitating the alterations to the chair. It made her wonder just what the Gamma Aliens looked like. After all, there was no doubt in her mind that she was adopting some of the traits of them. What else could possibly explain her changes?

All in all, she felt like a bloated whale of a woman, and all the worse for her decreased mobility. She didn't feel any movement or stirring in her stomach yet, another concern, but in a greedy way she didn't care as much for that. Despite wanting to be a mother so badly, she was becoming more concerned for herself. As if reminding Irshad of her maternal duties, her stomach growled loudly. She rubbed it, groaning, the pangs of hunger returning once more. She needed fish. God, she needed fish to eat. Raw, if possible.

"Art, I really hope you return soon," she said as she covered herself in her bathrobe. "I'm so darn hungry again. And . . . damn it. I don't like feeling lonely like this."

She tried to ignore the way her nipples stiffened at the thought of her lab assistant, but it was too late. She was all alone, and she wasn't recording herself. She remembered back to the way Art had thrust into her on the day he'd impregnated her, over and over again. God, he'd been so big. His penis was certainly impressive, and he'd known exactly how to push her buttons, especially in her highly aroused state courtesy of the Seed of Desire. She panted a bit more, groaning slightly as her nipples throbbed. They ached at the slightest thought of his touch, and her nethers tingled at the notion of being probed by his manhood.

"Mmhhmm," she grunted. "Oohhhh . . . so fucking horny again. God, are normal pregnant women this aroused?"

She bit her lip, but was unable to hold it in. She regarded herself in the mirror, and for whatever reason, was not as disgusted with her body as before. Now, a slight fascination remained. A desire to have her lab assistant grope and squeeze her body, and fuck her all over again.

Yes, fuck. A crude word for her logical mind, and yet so deeply appropriate.

She wanted to be fucked again.

Her strange, stubby tail shifted on its own, undulating a little, and she tried to curl her toes pointlessly as she pulled back the bathrobe. She began feeling at her tender breasts, stroking her sensitive areola and squeezing her fat nipples. She immediately moaned like a woman out of a porno, and as much as it embarrassed her it also turned her on all the more.

“OOhhhh . . . Art,” she said, closing her eyes and imagining him. His youthful, adorably lanky twenty-six year old body all over her older one, his young vigour and enthusiasm. She continued to squeeze her massive boobs with one hand, fingers sinking into the sensitive flesh, even as she lowered the other to her vulva. Slowly, she began stroking her clitoris.

“Mmhhm . . . yessss, ohhhh. F-fuck. Yes, Arturo, fuck me. Right there. I n-need you.”

Faster and faster she rubbed her clit, and she began not only feeling her fat, round breasts but also her rotund stomach. She felt so damn big, not only in her pregnancy bloat but her expanded height as well. She felt like a giant, which she certainly was for a woman. She hadn't grown lanky like Art in his height, but instead grown in proportion to all her body parts, and in that mirrored reflection she appeared like a powerful goddess of fertility, like some heathen subject of worship who possessed animal parts for some mythic reason. She continued to masturbate, her pleasure rising, almost as powerful as with Art but not quite approaching that high.

“Oh God! Even my belly is s-sensitive! It f-feels good. Rub my belly, Art. Feel the ch-child we made. I want you to cum inside me again. Fuck me Art, f-fuck me!”

She trembled as an explosive orgasm came over her body, her breasts wobbling heavily as she shook in her seat. Her tail automatically shifted a few inches, trying to curl on its own, and in turn she moved her legs, uncaring for the moment that she couldn't curl her toes. To her astonishment, the fin-like ends of her legs curled instead, just slightly, but then she was lost in orgasm again.

“OOhhhhhhhh Art! Art, YES!!!”

Entry 9:

I have begun having sex dreams and day dreams about my lab assistant. I don't know how to feel about this, but they are very powerful. This is shameful to write, but many of these strange fantasies involve him getting me further pregnant. Some even involve us swimming naked together in the bunker pool.

Note to self: possible to get him to retrieve vibrator sex toy without involving too much awkwardness? Will consider.

Pool Girl

Arturo did indeed return with raw fish, by which time she had done her best to clean the smell of sex off her person. He offered to cook it, but instead she scooped it down almost greedily, the contents of her stretched womb needing it to be raw.

“C-can’t help myself,” she grunted as she accepted the sashimi he had purchased, along with raw fish.

“Um, do you need the head?” he joked.

She exchanged an awkward glance with him for a moment as she realised that it was only partly a joke, and partly a genuine question. She shook her head, even though the head *did* look suddenly tasty.

“No . . . at least, not yet.”

He smirked, and set to cutting them properly and serving them up on a plate. After all, even if her hunger was unnatural and strange, why be uncivilised about it? She thanked him, as she had many times before, and shifted slightly in her wheelchair, wincing.

“Everything okay?” he asked.

“Yes, *fine*” she said, a little coldly. “Sorry. I think it’s the hormones.”

“Well, you always were a bit of an ice princess, Irshad.”

She chuckled. “And you have always been far too relaxed, though I could do with more relaxation now.”

“The chair is uncomfortable? Has your tail grown again?”

She grabbed the arms of the chair and wriggled her expanded rear as best as she could. “I think - yes, I think so. Darn. I had hoped . . . but that would be foolish. Of course it continues to grow. It moves on its own, sometimes.”

He showed interest, even as he cooked up his own fish in the kitchen before them. “I’d have thought it was too stubby for that.”

“There’s definitely muscle there, not just fat. And cartilage. I swear sometimes I can feel vertebrae forming.”

Art seemed to consider this, in his own relaxed way. He teased the end of his thin moustache in a way that looked adorable to her eyes. The hormones were clearly affecting her again.

“Hmm, I’ll modify the chair further. I’m no engineer, but I have a good idea of how to add some padding and widen the space at the back.”

She grunted. “Thanks, but I’m afraid it soon won’t be enough. I’m turning into a damn whale.”

“No you’re not. You’re turning into an *alien* whale.”

“Gee, thanks.”

“Anytime,” he said happily, turning over a flathead fillet. “But you know I don’t actually *think* of you like that, right? You’re still the same Irshad in my book.”

“The same one you carry a torch for?” she blurted out. Her eyes briefly went wide when she realised what she’d said.

Art hesitated a moment, before breaking into his same laid-back smile. “The very same.”

In that moment, she felt something in her heart flutter. Her nipples hardened, and a warm flush burned in her core. She locked the feelings away as quickly as she could.

“Well, thanks, Art. But I shouldn’t have said that.”

“Blame the hormones.”

“Pardon?”

“The hormones! You’re not only pregnant, you’re *alien* pregnant, right? So whenever you do or say something you regret, just blame the hormones. It’s what I would do.”

“What you would do and what I would do is very different, Art.”

“True, true. For instance, if I were you, I’d be relaxing way more on a big hammock, and feeling my big boobs.”

She rolled her eyes. “You’re such a lech, sometimes.”

He shrugged. “I’m a red-blooded male. More fish?”

“Please, anything to sate this annoying hunger. God, will I even fit in this wheelchair soon?”

“We’ll come up with a solution. Something to help you relax. Maybe we should get serious about that hammock? We can get a big one - you’d be taller than me standing up now, after all.”

She considered it for a moment. She did need a better way to be comfortable - it was important during pregnancy after all - but a hammock wasn’t what her body told her it needed. Quite the opposite in fact. It needed to be *submerged*, on a deep, primordial level.

“Actually,” she said. “I think I need a bath.”

She looked over herself. Even if she wasn’t looking overdue with child, her incredible height would be another factor of difficulty.

“Hmm, a big one. Can’t use the bunker pool, I’ll just sink. But something that can hold all of me.”

Art took a bite of his fillet, and made a satisfied sound.

“I’ll get right on it.”

“It was just a hypothetical Art, I don’t want you to -”

“Hey, I said I’ll get right on it. I’ll head into town again tomorrow and start shopping around.”

She couldn't help but smile, and unlike her usual demeanour, this one stayed plastered to her face.

"Thank you, Arturo," she said. "Thank you deeply."

He shrugged. "No problem. Need anything else?"

She blushed heavily. "Bigger bras. I think - I think I'm growing again. And if you could get another bathrobe and some large maternity bathers?"

"Easy done. Anything else?"

She thought of the vibrator, but put the thought away quickly. She could cope without it. It was too embarrassing for someone as stoic and private as her.

"That's all," she said. "Thank you again."

"Just don't run off while I'm gone," he said.

It took her a moment to realise the joke, and then she groaned.

Entry 10:

Arturo Diaz is the perfect laboratory assistant. In fact, with his contributions, I am happy to label him as my partner in full, an equal in this fascinating and frightening scientific endeavour. His care has been more than I could have asked for. He answered the call to aid me, and stayed when he realised the full extent of this undertaking. It is therefore understandable that I am developing feelings for him. I do not believe these are legitimate romantic feelings - I cannot say I have ever felt such in all my life. Instead, they must be a byproduct of my alien pregnancy, as well as an emotional fallout from my changing body and reduced mobility. I shall have to keep on top of this, particularly since other changes are occurring.

I grew another inch last night, and my ears are longer. There is a rash that has developed beneath my arms on either side, adjacent to my ribs, and that is of concern as well. As usual, Art is meeting all my requests and requirements without complaint. He has even played some of that infernal music of his to settle me. To my surprise, I've found some of his 'Mex-beats', as he calls them, oddly soothing to listen to. I have to contain my feelings around him, however.

I should have gotten that damned vibrator.

Over the next few days, Arturo worked to install a properly-sized hot tub within the bunker. It was hard work, and took a great deal of his time, which made Irshad feel quite guilty. He

didn't mind: in fact, he relished the work, enjoying the honest freedom of using his newly purchased toolkits for good, practical creation. Irshad hovered about in her wheelchair, occasionally asking questions, occasionally ducking off to be alone. He didn't begrudge her - he couldn't imagine the changes she was going through, and while he didn't often say anything too explicitly out loud, even with her alien pregnancy and weird changes he still carried a strong torch for her.

In fact, in some ways she had only gotten more beautiful in his eyes. As a self-admitted red-blooded male, he often found himself peeking at her expanding bustline, which by now were among the largest he'd ever seen on a woman, pregnant or not. They were often a little flushed, but perfectly rounded and wobbling, and he got a little red-cheeked also when he was caught looking. Even her pregnancy was beautiful, in a way, though he certainly didn't voice that aloud. He'd always thought pregnant women looked gorgeous, elegant, almost divinely beautiful in a way. Seeing the usually stoic Irshad, frightened as she was of her changes, occasionally stroke her belly lovingly made him feel like he was falling head over heels for her. She didn't even seem to recognise what she was doing, and somehow that made it sweeter. She'd clearly wanted a baby for some time, and her maternal instinct was outpacing her own adaptation to her new role. But he knew she'd get there in the end.

What else would happen at the end, of course, he had no idea of guessing. She was still growing in height, and at last measure had expanded to 6'6, as tall or taller than many professional basketball players even! Her belly was expanding too, though slower now, and her ears were increasingly fan-like in shape, developing three points that were like fish fins, thin membranes stretched between them. He'd purchased some F-cup bras to contain her ample bosom, and for now they contained her incredible bust line, though she claimed they were still growing. Inwardly, he was a little excited by that prospect. Ever since their passionate sex that got her pregnant in combination with the Seed of Desire, he'd been fantasising about having sex with her again, even with her changes.

But the big ones were her legs and tails. The former had melted away even further. Her legs were becoming thinner, and now they ended about a quarter of the way up her calves, rather than at her ankles. The fin-like shape at the end remained the same, and like her ears now had three cartilage-like bone structures that spread out, joined by a membrane of skin. Irshad found them oddly sensitive to the touch, as if they were new limbs just forming, instead of old ones rearranging. Nevertheless, she didn't like them touched, particularly since she had thirty six years of experiencing human feet, and now was having to adapt to something altogether different.

But her tail was the big one. It was undeniably a tail now. In just a couple of days it had grown out another foot and a half, and was still pushing its way further from her body. It

was heavy, not just for her but the structural integrity of the wheelchair, stretching its limits, particularly as it thickened even further. It was subsuming much of her lower body, gradually becoming more vertical in parallel to her spin as her legs withered away, and merging with her hips entirely. Art tried to avoid asking, but he was occasionally curious as to if her . . . well, her ass, had been subsumed into it as well. She insisted these days to leave her while she showered in the bunker changing block, even if it was quite the effort for her. Irshad was well aware herself that her asshole had shifted, pulling backwards into the underside of her tail, and the only consolation she had was that she was expelling nearly zero waste these days, as all of what she imbibed was evidently fuelling her changes.

Still, Arturo Diaz continued, wanting to get his lab partner comfortable as her body swelled. It was hard, sweaty work, and he found that he was taking his shirt off and wearing shorts as he dealt with the setting of the foundations within the bunker, the welding of necessary equipment, the setting of the large tub. Irshad watched his tall, lanky body, even if he was shortstuff compared to her now. Even sitting up, she was nearly equal to him in height, and yet she couldn't help but still see him as wonderfully manly. It meant she had to wheel herself away repeatedly just to 'take care' of herself, often in isolated, sound-proofed areas so he wouldn't hear her crying out his name in pleasure as she rubbed her breasts, belly, and sensitive genitalia.

"Mmhhmm . . . A-Art," she would moan, her tail beginning to waggle a little more. "N-need you s-so badly!"

And afterwards, she would awkwardly pull herself out of her chair, using the hanging loops Art had kindly installed, and lean against a railing as she showered and dried her enormous, naked body, feeling like some strange giant.

"As if he'd even be attracted to me anyway," she mumbled, rubbing her bloated womb as she took a heavy breath. She tried to avoid scratching the rashes on her sides. Whatever was happening there, she didn't want to interfere. She didn't even want to think about it.

Finally, the hot tub was finished, and Irshad couldn't be more excited, in her stoic way. Her body in the days following the idea had continued to develop and change, the Seed of Desire giving off strange energies within her, even in its reduced and shrunken state. Her legs had shrunken further, not just in width either; they now ended mid-upper calf. Furthermore, her height was now 6'7 and still growing. As before, she was not becoming lanky: the rest of her body was growing in proportion to her height, making her appear increasingly like a giant. Her tail growth continued, now at least three feet long and more and

more vertical in relation to her spin, forcing her legs at a strange diagonal angle. It had also slowly changed colour: it was getting darker and darker than her usual olive skin tone, its surface was beginning to develop what seemed like smooth denticles, akin to a shark, though without any sandpapery texture whatsoever. In fact, it felt pleasantly smooth. Its end was no longer cylindrical, but instead developing horizontal flukes like those of a whale, which only increased her self-deprecating remarks and Arturo's own jokes. It made her incredibly eager to get into her bathers and into the water.

"Are you ready to enjoy a nice hot tub?" Art said with a smile.

"Please, just fill it up already," she groaned, rubbing her stomach. Her tail flapped a little, positioned now where her legs would normally be, over the edge of the wheelchair's seat. "I n-need to get in the water. Oohhhhhh . . . it's like it's instinct."

Indeed, just being near the much larger adjacent pool was making her desperate to enter the water. Some instinctive need implanted by the Seed, by the Gamma Alien instinct, made her need to get in the water. She was almost frustrated by Arturo's insistence on bringing her out here just for the 'inaugural opening' of the hot tub.'

As it was, he simply smiled and turned it on, and the tub began to fill with lovely warm water. But it was taking, much, much too long for her tastes, and it made her incredibly impatient.

"Is it done yet?"

"No."

"Is it nearly done?"

"Irshad, you can literally see that it isn't."

"God, these stupid Gamma Alien instincts. When will it be done?"

"Hmmm, how long is a piece of string?"

She sighed, laying back in her chair and rubbing her rotund stomach, which now looked quite overdue, almost as if she were six months pregnant with twins instead of about to drop with one baby. It felt good, at least, to stroke and rub her belly, and she was doing so more and more casually as she listened to the pleasant sound of water running. Her ears seemed more sensitive to sound now, and so she closed her eyes and just listened, occasionally flapping her tail and trying to ignore a nonexistent itching in her nonexistent toes. As she waited, her mind floated to more sensual matters. To her impregnation. Once more, she found herself smirking a little, imagining that sensation upon her once again. She tensed, pulling her brain away from such primal needs, and thought of her baby, or perhaps even babies, within. Nothing could properly scan her womb yet while the Seed of Desire messed with their instruments, but she was beginning to feel a little tenderness to the contents of her bizarre belly. Would her young be all they imagined them to be? Would she be a good mother to her young?

She opened her eyes. Why had she just thought of her baby or babies as her 'young'?

"All ready!" Art said, snapping away her attention. He gestured to the finished tub, which looked utterly spacious and *luxurious* to her eyes. He too beamed, outwardly and inwardly, pleased at himself for going to all this effort to make her feel better. To Art, a beaming smile from Irshad was as rare and valuable as a diamond itself.

"Please get me in there," she said with a straight face, suppressing the smile. But it was hard to suppress the joy exuded just by her body; the squirming anxiousness to get into the full tub.

"Do you need help?" Art asked.

"No, I think I should - yes. Yes please."

He cracked a grin and wheeled her up a ramp he'd constructed beside the tub. Very careful, he worked his tired muscles to hoist her heavy, increasingly large body out of her chair.

"C-careful!" she gasped, clutched her arms around him.

"I w-will be - Nggh! Did you p-put on some w-weight recently?"

She gave him a sharp look. "Don't even joke."

Irshad felt her full breast squish against his chest, and her nipples harden with arousal. She had never noticed how, despite his tall and lanky figure, Arturo was also quite muscular and manly. He smelled wonderful, like a strong labourer after a day's hard work, and as he gripped the underside of her tail for leverage she almost seized up in shock: she didn't expect him to so easily touch her there, nor for her to want him to touch her more.

"You okay?" he asked. He could feel her large, hard nipples against him, and he was doing everything he could to avoid revealing his throbbing erection to her.

"Y-yes!" she said, her voice an almost girlish squeak.

He got her down into the tub, and she welcomed the warmth and comfort of it, as well as being able to part from the feelings of his touch. The latter was too intoxicating to confront just yet. Carefully, Art stepped down, lowering her onto her butt, allowing her fin-like lower legs to rest in the water, and her tail to curl under her and upon the tub floor. He pulled back, looking over the increasingly huge, increasingly pregnant woman he once called his boss.

"So, how does that feel?"

She luxuriated for several moments, almost not hearing him. The water felt so natural, so right, as if her body was *meant* to be in it, meant to soak it up. She rubbed her heavy womb, appreciate how much lighter it felt in the water, and her tail felt all the better for the wetness also. She lay back so that only her head was above water, ignoring the oddly itchy sensations beneath her armpits. Right now she was in heaven.

“Mmmhmmhhhhmmmmmm,” she moaned almost orgasmically. It might as well have been an orgasm; she couldn’t recount a nonsexual moment that felt so sexually charged as this. It was like entering Nirvana.

“Good, then?”

“Mhmmm,” she repeated, nodding, eyes shut. “It feels *right*. God this feels right.”

“Shall I join you?”

She nodded, her breath steady, her mind elsewhere as she simply . . . *existed*.

“You may,” she said, in a voice that was almost a coo.

Art looked at her, fascinated for a moment, his gaze lingering upon her swollen belly. It was heavy and round with pregnancy, and even in her bathing top and swim skirt (the only thing that could reasonably fit her new form) it was easy to see the outline of her incredible bust. She appeared like a pregnant sea maiden, half human and half ancient fae, and something about her exotic nature intrigued him yet further. He stripped off his shirt and joined her, submerging into the warm water opposite his transforming friend and occasional lover.

“You look *very* comfortable,” he remarked, as he continued to ogle her strange, fantastical body.

“Mmmhmm . . . I am.”

“And you look a bit bigger, too. Are you sure you’re still 6’7?”

“Don’t care. Just want to enjoy this. It’s good on my belly.”

“I imagine so. I’ll stop talking now.”

There was a long silence as they both relaxed in the bath.

“Did you want me to leave?”

She shook her head slowly in the water. “No. Stay. I’d like you to stay.”

He smiled, relieved that she had said it outright. Beneath the water, his erection died down slowly, despite his continued arousal. He simply took in Irshad’s form, just as she took in the remarkable calmness of finally being in water, surrounded by it, her heavy body slightly buoyed by it. They stayed there for almost twenty minutes, completely silent, simply relaxed and in one another’s company. Irshad let go of her anxieties, even her need to maintain her stoic facade. She occasionally grunted or groaned, but always in response to some muscle losing its tension, or some part of her body developing just that little bit more. Indeed, she could feel her changes upon her once again now that she was submerged in water, particularly the rashes at her sides. But whereas before that would have panicked her, now she didn’t care. All that mattered was the here and now. On a deeper, instinctive level caused by the Seed of Desire, it also felt like her body was adapting not just to her new environment, but to accommodate her growing young, as well.

“My young,” she whispered to herself, cradling her stomach.

“What was that Irshad?”

She opened her half-lidded eyes, looking at him demurely. “Nothing, Art. Just imagining something.”

“I’m going to get out now. Might make us some food. We’ll, make *me* some food. You’re easy to ‘cook’ for these days, on account of the lack of actual cooking required.”

“That’s nice,” she said, closing her eyes again.

“Do you want to get out as well?”

“No. I’ll stay a bit longer. Relax this tail. I think it’s growing out a bit longer.”

“Oh, is that, um, is that good?”

She took a heavy breath, and she could see her large nipples pressed heavily against the fabric of her bathers.

“I think . . . I think it is. I’ll be okay. I’ll call you if you’re needed.”

Art shrugged and got out. He gave her one last look, and then left.

Twenty minutes later Art brought her fish to eat while in the tub. Irshad stayed in the water or another four hours

Entry 11:

Water speeds my changes. I am continuing to grow at a faster pace while submerged. My tail is now over four feet long, and has entirely subsumed my hips. My legs now end at the knee, albeit with larger ‘fins’ - for they increasingly look like a sort of alien fish fin. I feel very overburdened with young by this point, even more so. I appear to be pregnant with twins in the eighth month or so, merely judging from my perusals online. Certainly it feels that way, though I have yet to feel movement. Still, I sense that life is within me, alive and growing safely, and that my body is adapting to keep them so. It is a frightening prospect, and not one I can entirely approach with an analytical eye. After all, did I not do this to also become a mother?

Yes, the water is indeed wonderful. The Gamma Aliens were most definitely a water-based species for at least part of their life cycle, this much is certain. And I won’t deny that I increasingly feel like a water creature. With the growth of my tail I feel like some sort of half-alien mermaid. No, that is not true. It may just be the hormones making me emotional, but I feel more like a whale. Or a walrus.

And horny. I certainly feel aroused. I should use the scientific terminology. It is difficult not to think about Art - my lab assistant - while I am experiencing such wanton lust. It is even more difficult to be in the presence of him, or to see his gaze at my chest (it is about the only good thing about these overly-large mounds as far as I am concerned, that they attract his male gaze so easily, so wonderfully).

I really, really need that vibrator.

Bathing Together

Arturo was enjoying spending more and more time with Irshad in the hot tub. He even spent some time painting some colourful murals on the bunker walls, and even getting beach-appropriate music that was nice and soothing for when he joined her. Irshad, who normally would dislike such a thing, didn't seem to mind as much. She seemed to have gained a second wind with her transformation, whether from hormones being pumped into her from the Seed of Desire or simply the luxurious feeling of resting her large, pregnant mermaid-like body in the water. He liked to think it was the second one, as it stoked his pride more than a little.

"You know, this really is nice, isn't it?" he said.

"Mhm," she nodded, breathing slowly as she clutched her rounded form. "How do you mean?"

"Well, you're comfortable, for one."

She opened her eyes. "I wouldn't say totally comfortable. I can still feel every part of my body growing and changing into some alien . . . thing. My belly feels pressurised, and my chest . . . well, the less said about that the better. And there's this tail."

"Still, it's sort of nice here, just the two of us, isn't it?"

She nodded again, feeling very much like that was the case. "Like old times, only without all the distractions of the other staff."

"Especially Higgins."

"I hated that man with a passion. His theories were pedestrian. How he ever managed to get onto the Gamma Project is a question I asked myself every - Ngh!"

Art shifted in the water, slightly closer to her.

"Everything okay?"

She waved him off, still clenching her teeth. "It's - ahh - it's okay. My stomach is just so t-tight at the moment. God, sometimes I f-feel like a living womb with appendages."

"Is there anything I can do?"

She worked to control her breathing, still rubbing her taut dome. Whatever was packed inside her womb, it felt like it was growing faster than she could accommodate sometimes.

"It's just v-very tight," she muttered. "Rubbing it helps. Some oils t-too. It feels best in water where I can keep touching the skin, but I c-can't easily reach all of it."

Art's blood raced a little quicker at a sudden thought. He hesitated a moment, before deciding to give voice to it.

"Would you like me to help?"

She looked at him with her usual deadpan expression. "Help . . . how?"

“Well, not to put too fine a point on it, but I have hands too, Irshad. You may recall I’m rather good with them. I can help massage your belly for you. Help you take a load off, in a sense.”

Irshad was about to give some standard sarcastic reply to her friend and assistant, when suddenly she felt a twitch at the lower region of her belly. She sighed; it had been doing that so often recently! Perhaps a nerve or something was being stressed, or given her alien state, she might be developing *new* nerves. Either way, it was another source of irritation, and one she could not easily reach, particularly given she couldn’t exactly sit up with ease between her round belly and developing tail.

“That . . . would be appreciated,” she said, trying to keep her face calm.

“You sure?”

“I am. Just be gentle. The underside needs rubbing. Please.”

With a warm smile, he moved into the water right up beside her. He marvelled in that moment at her height. She would have easily been seven feet in height by now. Or length, given her prone state. There was something beautiful about it that he couldn’t describe, like she had taken on the appearance of some great goddess of the sea, pregnant with a demigod. Which, he guessed, made him the lucky mortal who did the deed. He tried to not think of the pleasurable sex they’d had in the leadup to her present condition, and instead focus on her belly.

“Everything alright?” Irshad asked.

“Just fine,” he replied. “Want me to start?”

She took another heavy breath, her nearly-head sized boobs rising and falling on her full chest. “NNghh! Yes, please do.”

He got to work, placing his hands on her firm stomach and beginning to stroke it gently, cupping the underside and rubbing gently. She shuddered a little at the sensations of his hands upon her, and the strangeness of having another caress her belly. But it did feel wonderful, and not just for her. Arturo marvelled at the smoothness of her pregnant mound. His hands compressed the skin slightly, displacing the immense amount of amniotic fluid that was in there. Her stomach was huge, and tight, yes, but it was also supple, and he was able to find a gentle rhythm that soon elicited a series of low, pleasurable moans from her.

“Mmhm . . . k-keep going,” she grunted. “It f-feels good. Very good. Yes, right there. If you can get the other side too, please?”

He drew closer, so that his topless torso was against her body. She was wearing a loose bathing top, one that fit over her engorged breasts but left her belly bare, and so their skin touched gently as he sidled against her. He wasn’t trying to be flirty, with her increasingly large size, he needed to be right against her to massage her pregnant form. Still, he couldn’t deny that it excited him. Her tail undulated slightly below the waterline,

rubbing against his legs. The denticle-covering was smooth and soft in an alien way, and combined with her beautiful upper half it gave her the appearance of an ethereal mermaid. Her vestigial legs shifted a little to accommodate him.

“Is this okay?” he asked.

She skipped a breath. Her heart raced a little faster, and to her annoyance and excitement her nipples throbbed. She could feel a moistness in her vagina, which was located just above the join of her alien tail. She bit her lip, and tried to concentrate just on the peace that Arturo’s ministrations were bringing her, the way his fingertips brushed her belly and worked away all the tight spots and tense nerves.

But it was impossible to fully put it away. She looked down at him, now so much shorter than she was, and herself so large in other areas. There was something very cute about him, and very lovely, in the deep concentration he showed in massaging her pregnant form. She moaned, perhaps a little *too* erotically, as he continued, pressing further against her. Briefly distracted, Art accidentally brushed against her right breast with his upper arm, eliciting an even more sensual moan from her.

“OOhhhhh - oh, Art.”

“S-sorry!” he stammered, feeling embarrassed. “I didn’t mean to, uh, touch you there. Again.”

“It’s o-okay. Just get back to what you were doing.”

He continued to massage her, marvelling at how large she was. On a regular woman, her belly would be full with triplets, but due to her now giantess-like size of seven feet tall, it was simply proportionate to a woman with twins. Still massive, though. He continued, and as he did, his partner became continually distracted by the need that was growing in her overly-full chest. A need to be further touched there. A minute passed before she bit the bullet.

“Art . . . could you touch me up there, again?”

“Up where?”

She gave an awkward smirk, unable to keep her scientific mindset going while she was so turned on. Instead, she reached her hands around behind her and removed her bathing top, peeling it away slowly and more than a little seductively, letting her breasts go free. They were like two fully ripe cantaloupes upon her chest, and they settled down on her belly a bit, freed as they were from their confinement.

“MNMhmm,” she moaned, “that’s better. Would you massage them too?”

Art tried to avoid looking too enthusiastic, but in truth his penis was now rock hard with a throbbing erection. He stood slightly, making sure to keep his waist below water, and placed his hands on her boobs.

“Are you su-”

“YES! I mean . . . yes, I’m sure. Please. Be gentle, they’re a little sore.”

He began to squeeze and rub her breasts, avoiding her nipples carefully.

“N-no, get them as w-well, please. They’re s-sore. I’d like you to touch them.”

He didn’t fight back. With her increased height, he needed to raise himself over her body. Yes, she was technically ‘sitting’, but at a minimum of seven feet tall, he couldn’t do it sitting down without feeling awkward himself. But it did also give him an excuse to lean against her, and feel her wonderful body against his.

“Yesssss, oh God, that feels m-marvellous,” Irshad groaned. Art was doing everything she needed, rubbing the tension away in her nipples, caressing the sensitive and flushed undersides of her too-large tits. He’d been wonderful in bed throughout their occasional entanglements, but the care he was showing her enlarged bosom now was positively heavenly. Soon it became impossible for her to avoid moaning in pleasure.

“Should - should I stop?” he asked. He didn’t want things to get awkward, but he wasn’t eager to stop.

She shook her head. In fact, she reached a long limb out and pulled him closer against her. She felt his raging hardness against the taut skin of her belly, and it awakened something in her. That primal need, once more.

“Don’t stop,” she begged, and it was truly an act of *begging*. She would have pleaded and promised anything to keep him going.

Art continued, becoming more daring as he pressed her breasts together, forming a canyon of deep cleavage. He rubbed his thumbs over her nipples, pinching them slightly in a way he knew would drive her wild. She began to caress his back, pull him more heavily against her larger, almost-giantess form.

“Yesssss Art! Yes! Oh f-fuck, yes! I want this! I want *you!*”

She lowered a hand and began to tease at her genitalia, stroking her own throbbing clit. Her body trembled with pleasure, and her reduced legs kicked feebly even as her larger tail thumbed powerfully against the hot tub floor.

“Ohhhhhhhhh! Mmhhhhhmh!”

Art groaned as well. He began to stroke his cock with one hand, pressing his face against his lover’s breasts. They were immense and pillowy, and perfectly rounded. Her nipples distended, pushing outwards, as if begging to be sucked upon. He didn’t fight their demands, and began to lick and suckle at her motherly nipples, bringing her to ever further heights. The two pleased one another, and soon Irshad had battered away Art’s hand, taking over its job of seizing his hard cock.

“L-let me t-take care of that!” she declared, her great body huffing and heaving. Her breasts wobbled heavily as he groped them, sticking his face in her deep cleavage. She almost giggled like a woman very unlike her, but managed just barely to hold back.

“Yes! I love that! Right th-there!”

“God, your tits are so amazing Irshad! I’ve been wanting to squeeze these monsters for a while now.”

“You d-did this to me, in a way,” she said, lost in pleasure. “The Seed may have ch-changed me, but it was your *seed* that g-got me knocked up. That started all the rest. Your the reason I’ve got this b-big belly and - oohhhh - these massive mammaries!”

“And I’m so fucking glad,” he grunted. His balls were tensing, threatening to blow at any moment. “Now let me take care of this too.”

He lowered himself slightly, keeping her magnificent chest at eye height, pressing his face into her boob. He pulled away her hand, and began stroking her clitoris expertly.

“OOhhhhhhhh - aaaahhh - ah - ah - AAAAHHHHH!!!”

It was the final step she needed. Her immense body seized up in orgasm, and she stroked even more furiously with her hand upon the shaft of his cock. Art clung to her, holding her belly and motorboating her magnificent breasts, and then he too exploded.

“Irshad - oh fuck, I’m gonna cum!”

“Do it!”

He did. The overwhelming pressure unleashed, and thick wads of his semen shot against her belly and along her side. With the splashes of her increasing tail, the water was low enough that some of it shot onto her beasts as well. They both cried out, clutching one another, a much larger pregnant half-alien woman and her still-human lover.

It took some time to come down from the post-coital high, and then they were silent for a time.

“That was . . . good,” she finally said.

“More than good, I’d say,” Art said with a laugh.

“Fine. Very good.”

“Are we - what does this mean for us?”

She looked away. “It was a need, nothing more. Part of my changing biology.”

“The things you said -”

“Are still all true. I’m carrying half-Gamma babies. My body is half-Gamma. But we know the young in my body belong to you as well. You should have a . . . a right to take part in their development.”

He raised an eyebrow. “What does that mean?”

“Mhm. The same it meant when the project was ongoing. I might need you for de-stressing more often.”

He grinned, though inwardly, he had hoped for more feeling from her than that.

“I’ll take it,” he said.

Entry 12:

The couplings between myself and Lab Assistant/Partner Arturo Diaz have begun once more. It is akin to second trimester restoration and increase of arousal in human pregnancies. I must be truthful in these entries: the pleasure is intense. Far more so than when I was a human. When we come together, I find it difficult not to say things out loud. Things I would rather keep private. I know that Arturo has feelings for me, and I have feelings towards him, but surely just as a friend and partner? But when he touches me.

I find it difficult to write about such matters. Just putting this down to paper is making my growing body heavily aroused. I need to get in the water again, and call him. God, it's getting so hard to leave the water these days, particularly since we have to use an industrial stretcher from the bunker depths.

The rest of the changes continue, and -

Sorry, I need to call him. I need relief. I'm starting to feel a strange instinct for him to ejaculate inside me again, but I'm sure this is just further arousal.

Regardless, I need him now.

End of entry.

Aquatic Creature

Irshad whimpered, clutching her belly and breasts, all her mounds (or as much of them as she reasonably *could* grasp). She was growing again, the pressure was unbearable. For the most part her changes were slow and steady, increasing over the days. They had sped up a week ago when she began soaking in the hot tub, but that was only an increased trajectory. Yet sometimes, without rhyme or reason, she had a sudden onset of what could only be called a 'growth spurt.'

"NNgghhh!! Oh . . . f-fuck. G-God! OOhhhhhh Mmhhmm . . . ah - ahh - ahhh - AAahhHaHHH!!"

Her heavy chest trembled, her overly full F-cups flushed and overheated, weighing heavily upon her distended belly. She could feel the pressure in both of them, the yearning to grow yet further, and it made her grit her teeth in a strange combined mix of discomfort and pleasure. Despite the wrongness of it, despite being frustrated with their gargantuan size, a part of her spurred forth by the Seed of Desire's changes wanted to grow yet bigger, more round and full and capable of producing great streams of milk for her young.

"Why - why does that s-sound soooo goood!?" she groaned, lowering one hand to clutch her pressurised belly. It expanded one inch. Another. Another. "MHhmpfh!! NNGHNGH!! Oh God, h-how much am I g-going to g-grow this time!?!?"

There was no telling: sometimes was mere inches, other times she grew nearly a foot in some places. She could feel her tail stretched outwards even as her legs pulled into her body, fuelling the further growth of her larger appendage. More and more cartilage developed, and her whale-like fins expanded outwards, becoming large and rubbery and magnificent. She bounced it against the pool floor, causing the rest of her heavy body to shudder and shake, and the water of the hot tub to spill out onto the concrete bunker floor.

And yet still she grew.

"MMHmmm . . . ahhhhh, G-God! When will it end, d-dammit!"

All she could do was grasp her belly, willing it both to grow and to stop growing. It was alien instinct and human anxiety warring together, and it was made worse by the increasingly deep rash on her sides that now resembled a series of five deep grooves under each armpit. She focused on not scratching them as she experienced her changes. She grew yet again, her entire form swelling, becoming more giant and heavy, and not just in her belly and breasts either; all of her. It was as if she was becoming a giant: she had crossed the 6'8 mark several days ago, and now she felt several more inches add on. She was taking up more than half the space of the hot tub with absolute ease, and while she couldn't stand thanks to her ever shrinking legs - now just stumps that ended above the knee before fanning out to fins - her tail was swelling to fill in for where her feet could have been.

If her feet were a large horizontal fin.

“J-just end alreadyyyyy!” she cried, sweating profusely. Her hair was matted with sweat, and her breasts were sleek with it, sitting above the water and appearing like large fleshy floatation devices.

Finally it ended, and she spent the next couple of minutes gasping, regaining her breath. It took some time to apprise her new altered self.

“So b-big,” she stammered.

She examined the newest changes, taking in the ‘damage.’ Her belly now looked overdue with twins, and felt as much too. It was enormous and heavy, and felt utterly full with numerous contents that shifted about inside her. When she felt over her belly, it was like many round objects were squished inside her, and it made her think that perhaps she was not pregnant with anything approaching a human child, but instead *alien eggs*. It certainly felt like that now.

Other changes were present. She must have been at least 7’4 in height now, though perhaps it was easier to think of it as length. It was like being a giant, and this was exacerbated by her increasingly large tail, which was like the back half of a walrus. The smooth denticle-like covering that had started some time ago now fully covered her lower half. It was a dark grey, almost black at her fin, though it sometimes seemed to shine in a strangely translucent manner while in the water. Her breasts had enlarged yet again.

“Can’t even fit a bra on this huge body,” she complained. She grasped them both with her hands, but even though her hands had grown with the rest of her, her boobs had bloated up disproportionately in relation to the rest of her. They must have been in the realm of a G-cup, nearly the size of her own head, and incredibly sensitive to the touch.

“Like a stripper,” the scientist said, rolling her eyes. She held up her hands. “But what stripper has these?”

Between her fingers a thin, slightly green film membrane had developed. For all intents and purposes, she now had webbed hands.

“All the better for swimming with,” Art had said the previous day, putting on his best ‘Big Bad Wolf’ voice. It hadn’t amused her, though at least it had helped normalise it. It only added to her increasingly aquatic nature.

“And how are those rashes?” she wondered aloud, shifting as best she could in the tub to examine her side. They had healed over a lot, and now appeared to be even deeper in her side, like five bloodless cuts. She ran her fingers over them . . . and they disappeared within. She immediately experienced something equivalent to having too much food in her throat . . . in her side.

“H-holy shit!” she said. “I’ve got - they’re . . .”

She fell unconscious, her head falling into the water.

Bubbles rose to the surface.

“Irshad? Are you in the tub? I got those books you wanted about - oh my God! No!”

Arturo ran to the side of the hot tub, dropping everything. To his horror, he could see Irshad’s bloated, pregnant, half-alien form in the water, her eyes closed. She was completely submerged. His heart cried out in agony, and time seemed to slow as he vaulted into the water and grabbed her heavy form. She had expanded once more since he’d been out - gone only a few hours and she was already bigger! He heaved at her form, trying to lift her to safety.

“Please Irshad! Stay with me! I love you! Please stay with me, Irshad! You can’t die, we’ll figure this out!”

With great effort, he pulled her shoulders out of the hot tub, her head rising above the water line and slumping over the back. Her enormous bosom was bare now: clearly she preferred being naked when he wasn’t around, though she still had her modesty swim skirt stretched around her whale-like bottom half, at least. Panic raced through his mind as to her state: how long had she been under? His heart pounded, anxiety overcoming him as he tried to feel for breath. He placed his hand on her rather prodigious chest even as he placed his ear against her lips, trying to send lung activity.

“Please Irsha, be okay, please be okay.”

“Arturo, what are you going on about?”

He practically leapt into the air, falling back into the tub and becoming submerged himself. He pulled himself back up.

“Irshad? What the hell! You were underwater! I saw you - you were drowning!”

The increasingly giant woman rubbed her eyes with a webbed hand, a hand that he noticed was becoming slightly darker in tone, almost grey.

“Wha -? The last thing I remember was going light-headed when I realised . . . when I realised . . . oh my God. Art, I fell unconscious only an hour after you left, following another growth spurt. I was underwater for hours!”

“How - how did you live?”

With a blush on her cheeks, she raised her arms on either side, and pointed at what had developed on either side of her body.

“Wow, okay. You have gills now.”

“Fully functioning, apparently,” she said, a little embarrassed. She could still feel the imprint of his hand upon her sensitive breast. “It gave me quite a shock. I guess I’ve been . . . sleeping.”

Arturo laughed, a nervous, still-anxious laugh. “Wow! Okay,” he repeated. “I guess you really are a fish woman now, or a sort. Sleeping underwater, I’ll be.”

Irshad looked down, and realised she was naked, her large breasts showing and her nipples visibly throbbing.

“Um, Arturo, if you could bring me my top.”

He blushed. “Of course. I’m just glad you’re okay, Irshad. I was - I was dreadfully terrified something had gone wrong. Holy shit, I don’t think I’ve ever been so scared in my life. I - how much did you hear of what I said?”

She shook her head again, feeling at her hair. It seemed shorter lately.

“Just something about waking up and not dying. Why, was there something else?”

“No,” he said, almost a little too quickly. “I’ll . . . I’ll get us some food. I’m just glad you’re okay.”

“Me too,” she said, and gave a brief smile.

He walked away, still breathing heavily. When he reached his room he broke down crying, unbelieving how real her apparent death had been.

“I meant every word,” he said to himself, realising in full what he’d told her while he thought she was gone. “I really do love her.”

As this happened, Irshad examined her appearance. She was becoming too large for the hot tub, even though Art had ordered an extra-large one and even constructed it with alterations for further width and depth. She hoped the size growth would be over soon - for all her occasional self-deprecating comments about being a whale, she was fearful that she may end up exactly that, even if it was a smaller one.

“So big,” she mused. She had never been a particularly vain woman, but her pretty Iranian looks and lithe beauty had still been a source of pride for her. There was nothing wrong in valuing one’s looks. But now she was not even human, and with the darkening of her skin along her hands, and her tail, and even the loss of some of her hair, there was a genuine concern that she might abandon humanity entirely.

“Stay like a scientist,” she said. “No time for office romance. No time for fear. Just data. Work out the best solutions, and test your theories. Don’t be afraid when they’re disproven.”

And yet still, she couldn’t escape her anxiety, particularly as the pressure in her body remained.

Nor could she escape the image of Arturo’s face in her mind, his look of abject horror, total eclipsing fear, as he thought she was dead.

And the look of utter relief and love when she had been okay.

Entry 13:

Eight feet today. Eight feet, three inches, to be precise, and still growing. Art had to get the tape measure. It is only three days since the incident with my gills, and yet I have grown a full foot in height since then. The changes are coming more rapidly, and I have experienced another growth spurt in that interim. I feel immense, giant. It would be easier if I were simply becoming overly tall and lanky, though that would not be good for my spine, I suppose. But instead, I am getting bigger all over. I can safely say now that I feel literally like a giant from ancient legend, a Goliath beside my David.

Thankfully, Art has yet to fling a stone my way, though he makes the occasional joke to keep my anxiety low. I'm not sure how he does it: he has always managed to make me smirk at a wry comment directed at me without ever making me feel like a target. Perhaps it is because he so readily jokes at his own expense, or perhaps it is his easy way.

Regardless, I am thankful for his presence, and his renewed commitment to our . . . coming together when my arousal increases, as it does so often. I still feel that strange need to have him impregnate me. I once easily banished those thoughts, but they are becoming stronger. I shall have to approach the matter with some delicacy if I discuss it with him.

My other changes continue: tail longer and wider, breasts a little larger, stomach now looking full with triplets, etcetera, etcetera. My legs occasionally twitch, but I have largely lost all use of them now. I have resigned myself to the truth that I will likely never get them back again without years or even decades of extensive research of the Gamma alien species. In just a few days, I think I will simply have a pair of fins, albeit ones that seem to have increasingly interesting patterns on the membrane, and long 'whiskers' that seem to serve no purpose. No doubt the species were aquatic in nature, this is undeniable now. Or, if they genetically modified themselves extensively, then a portion of the species modified them as such, and the last use of the Seed involved such a transformation. It explains not just the gills and tail but the ears as well; I can hear better regardless, but beneath the water it is as if I am hearing with the most perfect clarity I have experienced. Ever. I have taken to listening to Beethoven beneath the water, and enjoying the crisp quality through my waterproof speaker.

Water continues to hold a fascination for me. As I outgrow my tub, I find myself gazing into the Olympic-sized pool within the bunker, the one that holds such great depth and feeds into the wider lake system. To be free and floating upon it sounds like heaven to me, even if I know it is my new instincts.

Perhaps if I grow a little larger?

But no, that would require -

Perhaps.

Date Night

Art had agonised over his feelings for some time. He had always carried a torch for Irshad Khan, even when he'd first become her lab assistant. He had never been interested in older women before, but this brilliant Persian beauty with her lush dark hair and steely eyes had immediately grabbed his gaze, and never let it go. It didn't matter that she was ten years his senior. In fact, that fact only entranced him further. She had a wisdom and knowledge and confidence he'd never seen in a woman his own age, and her dry wit and stoic manner was similarly enticing. He'd carried those feelings, he'd thought, to fruition, when she called him to her bed to 'unwind', and during the years they worked together they continued to have sex a number of times. A simple compliment from her on his technique felt worth a thousand words; he could think of no higher honour.

But, as he'd discovered when he received that letter from her months ago, he carried a deeper interest in the brilliant doctor than simply lust. And while he had come to terms with the fact that he carried a torch for her, he hadn't expected to realise that he was, in fact, head over heels in love with her. Even throughout the strange insanity of her project, as her body warped and changed and grew, he only fell more in love with this modern day mad scientist who would test an alien impregnation device on herself as a solution to her infertility, and as a way of understanding their technology further. And while it had all gone wrong, and their sex had been more driven by her primal lust than true returned interest, his unrequited feelings only grew. Much like she was, in fact.

"Even as you grow bigger and stranger, you grow more beautiful too," he whispered to himself, as he gazed across the great bunker swimming chamber at her lounging in her hot tub. She was over eight feet in length and still growing, clutching herself as she experienced yet another growth spurt. Her leg-fins were almost fully developed, though their colouration was changing to a dark grey, and her hands were also changing in pigmentation. To their shared surprise, her pupils had grown also, becoming more alien in aspect. This they should have seen coming: if she truly was becoming aquatically-oriented, it made sense to be able to better see through the dark depths. Her hair was receding, much to their disappointment, but strange little bumps appeared to be developing along her scalp, perhaps to replace them.

It was a lot to take in, especially that overdue triplet belly of hers, one that was now almost large enough to contain *him*, given her giantess size. She was clearly overburdened by it all, constantly needing further deliveries of fish and other foods, but he was happy to meet it. Neither knew of any way to reverse or stop or even just temporarily halt her changes. The train was moving, and it couldn't be stopped now that it had left the station.

Certainly, she was understandably anxious, but Arturo felt, as he often did, that things would be alright.

In his mind, she was becoming something beautiful, in order to carry the child or children they'd made together. To him, that was something deeply special. Just as she described dreams of water, he found himself dreaming and daydreaming of what she would look like, and he found himself amazed at the possibilities that lay ahead.

She was a miracle.

Which meant he needed to show her, especially during such a trying time. As her tail darkened to that same dark grey colour, making her more and more like a giantess of a mermaid, Art set about preparing a secret surprise, a way to show her how much she meant to him. They had continued to enjoy their shared sessions in the tub, him suckling at her giant breasts and stroking her clitoris as she groaned. But that was sex, not romance. Not true connection. So while she slept in the hot tub pool, as she often did not thanks to her gills, he went into town and gathered what he needed.

Irshad woke underwater. She stretched, and felt the discomfort of the walls around her. She rolled her eyes, frustrated at the lack of space that was decreasingly available to her. There was so little. Her tail was practically folding over the edge. It had further developed as well: it no longer had a single horizontal set of fins. They had split, arcing to form a thin 'X' that was surprisingly flexible, despite the unusual configuration of unfamiliar muscle. Arturo, in his usual manner, used a pop culture reference to describe it.

"It looks like your tail is an X-Wing from *Star Wars*," he said. "It's got the S-foils in attack position, and the snub nose is ready to fire."

"Charming," she had replied.

Still, it made her given an amused chuckle now. She hauled herself up awkwardly, using the metal bars Art had kindly installed. Her belly had grown more. Gods, it looked and felt like she was pregnant with quadruplets, even though she felt the spherical eggs shift and pushed against one another in her belly.

"Oof!" she exclaimed, as she managed to get onto her 'butt.' She didn't really have one anymore: as far as she could tell, her body didn't excrete waste at all. It was like the perfect bioengineering of the Seed of Desire and the Gamma species had allowed them to refine their bodies to perfectly use all the energy they took in.

"Grown again," she muttered. It was difficult to guess without Arturo to measure her. At a guess, given the length of her heavy, rounded tail and her enlarged upper torso, she

was probably somewhere in the realm of 8'3 or 8'5. Taller and larger than any human being had ever been.

“And more pregnant too.”

She felt especially hormonal today. Art had left her some dried fish while he was away, and she ate it readily while weeping for no apparent reason whatsoever. Evidently, Gamma species aliens experienced hormonal mood swings like humans. Either that, or her half-alien status was simply replicating some of the human symptoms. Regardless, the eating made her feel better, especially since her continued growth required continued eating. As she ate, she realised why she felt so morose. It wasn't just her increased horniness, or her strange desire to feel a man's seed enter her womb again. It wasn't just her discomfort or her lack of mobility and loss of legs.

No, it was something else.

She missed Art. He'd left a note telling her he was sorting things out in town, whatever that meant, and in her more emotional state she simply wanted his presence near hers, to hear his dumb jokes and odd pop cultural references and his discussions on every topic under the sun. She took a breath, steadied herself. Perhaps a little session of masturbation would help her.

After a number of fruitless attempts, she gave up. It wasn't the same without him either.

“He should be back soon,” she said. She relaxed back into the tub, tried to listen to her body and its changes, and ignore the slow passage of time.

She hadn't noticed she'd slipped asleep again until the sound of pleasing Beethoven woke her: *Moonlight Sonata*, her favourite. She opened her eyes, and to her shock the sky was dotted with slowly shifting stars in numerous colours. She lifted herself up, thankful that the musculature of her arms was increasingly athletic, and rose out of the water as best as she could. She clutched her belly, so full of alien eggs and amniotic fluid, and placed her webbed hand on the bar to help prop herself back. It was then that she gasped: the entire chamber was filled with shifting lights.

“What on earth?”

“Just a little light show, don't worry.”

She gave an embarrassing squeak of surprise, causing her heavy breasts to wobble tremendously upon her naked chest. She'd abandoned bras a while ago, especially since she and Art now engaged in their 'de-stressing sessions' quite frequently. Nothing fit her, after all. Still, she hadn't counted on him being next to her. He was dressed in a fine suit that

matched his figure handsomely, and his hair was done up smartly and professionally. He was seated at a table, one laden heavily with all kinds of seafood that smelled wonderful to her senses. It made her wonder if her sense of *smell* was improving also: it made sense, given her aquatic nature. It would help in tracking prey and even members of the same species. Certainly, she could smell a large variety of fish and food of the sea upon the table, each one laid out elaborately. They smelled, in fact, much more delicious and fine than much of what she had been eating, and much of it was delightfully raw: her new preference.

“What is this?” she asked, her voice a little deeper now, given her size.

“What does it look like?” he asked with a mischievous grin. He gestured to the various projectors around the room, each a safe distance from potential splashes, and all of them projecting impressive light displays across the walls and ceiling of the chamber.

“It looks . . . beautiful,” she said, smiling a little. With her enhanced vision, the lights were even brighter and more captivating than they would have been for her partner. She rested both hands on her swollen boulder of a stomach, and caressed it lightly as she took it all in.

“Glad you like it. I was going to have to make it all very obvious, but then you fell quite deeply asleep while I was away. Leaving behind all that food was a good decision.”

“Are you saying you deliberately put me into a food coma, Arturo?”

He laughed. “Well, I don’t think you’re complaining. It looks like it went to all the right places and then some. You’ve grown again.”

She blushed a little. “Eight foot four, I think.”

“Try eight foot six, maybe even eight foot seven. You look marvellous.”

“I look like a gigantic whale.”

“Whales *are* marvellous, Irshad.”

Somehow, the little joke made her giggle. It was unlike her, but then this whole situation was different.

“What is this, then?” she asked.

He stood up, bowed, and gestured to everything he’d set up.

“It’s a *date*, Irshad, if you’d be willing to accept my offer of it.”

“And if I refuse?”

“Well, I’m not one to take away food. But I figure the big dramatic romantic gesture is the sort of thing I’m about. I’m not always deeply laidback, you know.”

She laughed again. God, he was breaking her stoic exterior like he was wielding a sledgehammer.

“That’s two laughs! A new record!”

“You should be proud,” she said with a smirk, as she lifted her tail in the water and draped it softly back down again. “But what is this about Art, really?”

His expression became briefly dashed before he recovered. "I mean it, Irshad. It's a date. I'm asking you out on a date. And because you're confined to the tub at the moment, I thought I'd bring the romance and an evening of pleasure to you."

"Art . . ."

"Wait until you've heard me out. I've got your favourite classical music set to play, and given that you've been unable to appreciate the sky trapped here in this bunker, I've decided to bring the sky to you. And instead of eating all the same cheap tuna and salmon over and over, I've decided to raid the finest seafood shops in the Olympian Peninsula. I've even brought oysters and abalone - the last was expensive, I can tell you. You'll find some lovely lobster, as well as snow crab and proper halibut and sea bass cut finely and left raw - but with a dash of spice layered over!"

"Art, this is all very nice, but . . ."

"And, as you can see, I've dressed myself up nice. I also got something for you, but only if you want to wear it."

At that last comment, she perked up. "Something for me?"

With a smile, he stepped over to a cardboard box and opened it. With a large flourish, he unfurled a great red robe of sorts into the air.

"Had it custom-made," he explained. "It wasn't actually part of this date's preparations, but it was ready for pick up today, so think of it as destiny. It's a waterproof weave that's light, but thick enough to serve as a comfortable covering. It has a number of loose belts that you can tie around yourself to be comfy, like a bathrobe. It stretches easily, and it's designed to accommodate further growth, not that the shopkeeper understood what I meant by that. You can wear it underwater as long as you want; its designed to have a comfortable lining on the interior that'll keep you warm as well as snug. What do you think?"

Something in her heart gave way at that moment. Her hormones hit her all over again, even harder than that morning. She instantly began weeping tears and cursing herself for it. Art moved to her side, the edge of the hot tub dividing them.

"Shit, I've done something wrong, haven't I? Is it too much? I know you're not the super romantic type. This was a bad idea."

"No! No, it's not that, it's just . . . this is all so much Art."

He slowly reached a hand out and patted her arm. With her incredible size, she couldn't help but give a dark chuckle at the ridiculousness of it; she was nearly twice his size - over that if one took the belly and boobs into account. It was like being consoled by a teenager.

Except he wasn't a teenager. He was someone who clearly still liked her - maybe even loved her - despite the literally *alien* changes to her body.

"You know you can tell me anything, right?" he said.

She sobbed a little more, her entire stoic facade crashing down. She felt the familiar pressures of change continuing to develop her body, making her more and more like the Gamma species, but in this moment she felt incredibly human. Flaws and all.

"It's just . . . I don't deserve this, Art," she said. "I'm a fool. I made myself a mutant monster using an alien device I didn't fully understand, all because I was desperate to grow a child. I wanted to be a mother, and now I'm a freak."

"You're not a freak, you know that. You're just . . . different."

She sniffled. "One way to put it, Diaz."

"The fact that you're calling me by my last name tells me that hope is not all lost." He gave that same charming smile, felt the end of his proud little moustache briefly, as was his manner. "Irshad, you are the most incredible woman I have ever met, and I mean that. Not only did you keep this project alive, but you've furthered our understanding of this technology more than we ever did in years at Project Gamma. But more than that, you're also damn fucking brave to be doing it, and I don't think it's foolish, what you're doing."

She raised an eyebrow down at him, and beneath her giantess gaze he broke a little.

"Okay, so it was a little foolish. Probably a lot foolish, actually."

"Very, exceedingly foolish. The fact that I've developed a large walrus tail is evidence of this."

"Could be a whale's?"

Again, she couldn't help but chuckled softly, wiping her watery tears from her dark eyes. "I certainly feel like one."

"The point is, Irshad, you're not going through this alone. I'm here to help."

"You help too much, Art. I wanted a lab assistant, not a lover."

"Well, you got both. I can be just the assistant though, if that's what you want?"

She looked across the vast chamber, at the wonderful lights shimmering on the dark concrete surface like the starry night sky, at the meal he had prepared, at him looking so handsome and adorable in his suit, small compared to her and yet all the more desirable for it.

"I . . . I don't think I know what I want anymore, Art. I really don't. I was mad to do all of this."

"Well, my mama always said that making decisions on an empty stomach was a recipe for disaster. So why don't we eat first, and then we can talk?"

As if sending her a direct message, her enormously heavy stomach growled loudly, the tight surface practically *vibrating* in response.

"That sounds like a good idea," she said.

They began eating in silence, both of them enjoying the ambience. Arturo couldn't claim he'd gotten everything he'd desired out of the conversation, but neither had Irshad

rebuffed him entirely. He felt powerfully for her; not only what she was going through, but the cocktail of emotions that must be swirling through her. Certainly, she seemed to enjoy his company, and as they ate - her rather ravenously, moaning with each bite - Irshad began to talk of other things. Her subjects ranged from favourite books to her latest film disappointment (Art had brought in a TV monitor on wheels a few weeks ago) and even the two of them laughing at old memories of their respective youths.

It was, in its own ambiguous way, a quietly relaxing and romantic experience. Irshad continued to sneak glances at Art's form, and it wasn't just from lust either, though that was always present on a low level. No, she also felt something else, something she couldn't quite quantify and yet she could never claim to have felt before. A subtle warmth in her core that came just from spending time with him.

She was on the verge of exploring what that feeling might exactly be when suddenly her core underwent an altogether different feeling: a rapid tightness.

"UGGGHH!!"

"Is everything alright? Another growth spurt?"

She clutched her form, her large webbed hands running over her wet belly and tail.

"OOhh . . . ahhhh . . . y-yes. It's - mhmm - it's a big one, t-too! Very sudden! A lot of p-pressure!"

She gripped herself as the changes occurred. They were as before, only even more powerful than she was used to. All she could do was hold on for dear life and breath as regularly as she could while her entire form distended and grew. Arturo watched in amazement as her belly stretched tighter and tighter, before finally expanding outwards several inches. Irshad cries out like a woman in labor as what were likely to be eggs within her swelled in size. They were not the only thing that swelled either. Her entire form grew, her arms becoming more overtly muscular even as they grew, akin to a female swimmer's arms, if not a man's in terms of their strength. Her tail also became more powerful, muscles developing rapidly even as it stretched longer. It was not thin, however. Like a great walrus lower half, it fattened up considerably, though not nearly enough to subsume her belly, which was obviously still incredibly pregnant.

"MMhhmmm, stay with me Art! S-stay with me!"

"I'm not going anywhere, Irshad. I'm right here!"

She nodded, desperately wanting to take his hand but knowing she would crush it with her much larger fist. Her fingers extended painfully, her discomfort immense as the digits elongated, spreading further apart to provide a larger webbing. They were still flexible, but increasingly alien-like. She grit her teeth and groaned, thrashing in her increasingly miniscule pool. All of her was getting bigger, from her tail to her fins to even her boobs. To her dismay, they grew yet another cup size in relation to her body. Both were definitely the

size of her head now, perhaps even a little larger. But they were nothing compared to her belly, which was now bigger than the largest size of beach ball, and getting bigger by the moment.

“You can do this Irshad! Just breathe and focus!”

“It f-feels like I’m g-giving b-birth!” she cried.

Art paused, panic in his heart. “Um, are you?”

“N-no. I don’t think so! J-just so much pressure!”

She trembled, pressing against the side of the hot tub. It groaned against her weight, and as she pressed against it, there was an almighty creak. A segment cracked, and water began flowing outward.

“Shit!” Art said. “I’ll fix it!”

But Irshad was already looking beyond the tub to the pool just metres away. The full, deep, enormous body of water that could accommodate her. Something instinctual fired off within her brain. A calling to move, to submerge ever more fully. She could not explain it, but like a bird leaving its nest for the first time, having never flown before and yet taking to the air anyway, she understood a simple truth.

She could swim now.

“DON’T!” she called, her voice further altered, now even deeper in tone. She turned to face Arturo, and shook her head. “Don’t! I need to get out, Art. I need to g-get out - aahhh - r-right now!”

Art looked at her with shock. “But Irshad, the pool is too deep. No offence, but you’re big and -”

“Trust me. These ch-changes are strange. NNhgh! V-very strange. But I know what I’m doing. I’ve g-gotten this far listening to my b-body. The Seed is telling me what to do.”

Art nodded. “I trust you.”

The two got to work dismantling the edge of the hot tub further. With her great thrashing weight, particularly with her tail, Irshad was able to tear the side apart, and Art pulled aside a portion of it to prevent any injury. She fell forward, catching her heavy body with her large arms. They were rippling with muscle, and Art could see that her forearms were starting to develop what looked like little fins as well. Her belly nearly dragged on the concrete floor, and her enormous breasts wobbled heavily, but she managed to pull herself to the lip of the large bunker pool.

“Trust me,” she said again. She closed her dark eyes, and felt a second transparent film settle over first. She smirked - a way to have her eyes open underwater without losing visual quality. It was just further confirmation of her decision.

She pulled herself over the side, and disappeared into the darkness.

Arturo waited with mixed awe and anxiety, hoping she could swim.

He waited. And continued to wait. And waited some more. His heart pounded with tension, his whole being filled with fear that he'd made the wrong decision letting her leave.

And then the water halfway across the pool exploded upwards in a great splash as her enormous form emerged. She was still huge - easily nine feet now in length - and her belly was the largest part of her beside her tail. But she moved through the water with a surprising grace, the fins that were her legs arcing automatically to help direct her movements, and her four-finned tail shifting and altering to carve a path through the pool. She used her webbed hands to direct herself, and while she was not especially speedy, she moved consistently, her body buoyed and relieving the weight of her enormous pregnancy.

Irshad beamed, unable to keep from smiling. She was overcome with joy, her body freed from the prison of the tub. It had served its purpose, but now she had so much more room, and could swim and sleep and eat within this far larger space. She laughed out loud, uncaring how ridiculous it was in that moment. Her stoic self would return in time, but for now she was giddy, and it was easy to blame the hormones brought on by pregnancy and change.

And other hormones were flaring too. She brought herself up to the side of the pool, her loins tingling, her heavy breasts burning with the need to be kneaded and sucked.

"Art, this is wonderful!" she called.

"You like it? You had me scared!"

"I was . . . celebrating. I need you to celebrate with me, now."

"You want me to swim with you?"

She shook her large head. "No, I need you to fuck me. I can't fight it anymore; this body has needs. I need you to cum in me again."

He was flabbergasted. "Um, are you sure? It may be difficult."

"I don't care. I need you right now. I need you *inside me*, Art. I want you to fuck me."

He stared, captivated by the sight of her grandeur as she slowly shifted through the water, finally free and in her new element. And then he smiled, his raging erection rising to the occasion.

"I'll get my snorkel," he said.

To Be Continued . . .

- Date night - water date organised by Art
- Glows in the water
- Bioluminescence

Current State: Irshad Khan (36)

- **6'4 tall**
- **9 months pregnant**
- **Feet gone**
- **Tail begun**
- **EE cup size breasts**

30th of April, 2017

Arturo Diaz (26)

- **Laidback, calm, down-to-earth, loves music and his moustache**

To Be Continued . . .

The Life Aquatic, Part 3 (Aquatic Giantess TF Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

Commissioned by Jorgamund

Irshad Khan is a researcher working in a top secret biolab that contains alien artefacts, and obsessed with learning their secrets. But when the funding to her research is cut, she takes matters into her own hands, kicking off a transformation that will leave her utterly changed, and utterly gravid with alien young.

The Life Aquatic, Part 3

Fun in the Pool

Irshad marvelled at her body as she rotated through the water. For the first time since her changes had truly accelerated, she didn't feel bloated and pressurised and far too heavy. Instead, she felt *elegant*. Her tail took some getting used to, but the Seed of Desire must have imparted some alien instincts in her, because she was able to use it fairly well, the large whale-like fin of her tail pushing powerfully through the water of the immense pool. She was still immense - 9 feet long, at least! - and her belly was huge, even in proportion to the rest of her giantess size. In fact, she looked overdue with twins, if not at full term with triplets. But despite her largesse, she was exhilarated, freed from the confines of the hot tub and able to swim and dive and breathe through the water of the much more expansive pool.

Even the water felt wonderful: it was cool and fresh, connected as it was to the exterior mountain lake. But instead of being cold to her skin, her fattier tissue and soft grey denticle-like exterior warded away any discomfort, so that it felt like she was luxuriating in warm summer water. She moaned loudly as she turned herself over, spinning atop the water like an over-eager dolphin, even if she didn't exactly have the sleek figure of one. Her enormous dome of a pregnant belly rose and fell, splashing back beneath the waves. She was a stoic individual, but no one feeling what she was feeling could be utterly robotic to the joy of sudden freedom. The hesitance and feelings of shame at becoming part-alien, particularly such a large, bloated alien at that, vanished in response to the pure feeling of ecstasy. She giggled as if she were a schoolgirl again, and on a whim she splashed the water upwards with her webbed fingers, drenching Arturo on the side, who was grabbing his snorkel and putting on his swim gear.

"Mmhmmm," she moaned, "Ooooh that's a g-good sight, Art."

It was indeed. The freedom and happiness she was feeling only accelerated and enhanced her growing arousal. She felt unbelievably horny, her alien body practically *begging* to be inseminated. There was no desire to beach herself for the act though: instead she felt a deep and abiding desire to be fucked in her natural environment. It made her smirk, a little in surprise, a little in daring, at how swiftly she'd changed what she considered her 'natural environment.' But it wasn't worth ruminating on: she was more interested in displaying her gravid body in the water before her 'mate', enticing him with her movements. She couldn't say exactly how she knew what to do, but it simply felt instinctual to rotate as she did, allowing him to see her incredibly full breasts flop in response to her movements, and her tail bend upwards to reveal the vertical slit of her womanhood.

"H-hurry!" she called. "I want you inside me. I want you to cum in me."

Art grinned, his own erection massive and throbbing. He wondered to himself if he'd even fit well inside her - she was so huge now, after all - but as far as he could tell, her vulva didn't appear *that* much bigger, and he had a feeling they could work it out. Something about the sight of her was just *magical*, in a way he never could have imagined. He never could have foreseen his old lover would end up like this, a pregnant half-alien aquatic creature, and yet somehow this giantess filled him with desire.

He finished discarding his clothing, and appreciated the gorgeous sight of her one final time before putting on his water goggles and snorkel.

"Okay, I'm ready."

"Finally," she declared. "It's a p-poor lab assistant who's late. Now come here so we can . . . experiment."

He chuckled. "That's a joke worthy of me!"

"I'm not joking. I want you to t-touch every part of me. I need this! The Seed of Desire needs this! Please get that big cock of yours over here!"

It was certainly a big deal if she was using the word 'please' with him, and so with one final, final gaze at her magnificent, whale-like mermaid form, he dove into the water. It was cool on his skin, a little too cool for his tastes, but his movement through the water quickly inured him to most of it. His target was his giant lover, and he swam quickly to her side. Playfully, she pulled just a little further ahead with a great sweep of her mighty tail.

"No fair!" he yelled.

She chuckled in a manner that was a little unlike her. "Sorry! It's . . . I think it's instinct. You have to catch me!"

"Well, that won't be difficult at all. You're only perfectly adapted to swimming! I don't even have webbed toes!"

He attached his snorkel to his mouth, bracing himself for the change, and then took after her. She pulled ahead again, rotating in a circle around him. She revolved in the water

again, her enormous pregnant belly turning over like a mighty rounded glacier. Her breasts trembled as they broke through the water, but he soon dove below it, cutting the corner to get to her. She was much faster than him, but he could more easily stop and turn, or perhaps she was simply letting him do so. He held his breath, and through his goggles he caught her smile almost mischievously as her grey lower half and patches of still-olive skin shifted through the pool. He smiled inwardly: yep, she was definitely letting him catch her. It was all part of her new mating ritual.

Soon they came together, Irshad presenting her immense belly to him. He held another breath as he reached out a hand to stroke her fertile dome, and as he had done previously, he marvelled at his firmness. Its tautness. Irshad shivered in delight at his touch. She reached out with her long arms, placing her elongated webbed fingers around him and pressing Art against her chest. He removed the snorkel from his mouth and gripped her breasts, fondling them beneath the water. They were humongous, soft yet firm, and utterly mesmerising. Her enormous dark nipples visibly throbbed, and he couldn't help himself: he placed his lips in a seal over them and began to suckle. To his astonishment, a milky substance secreted from her, sweet beyond all measure and wonderfully filling. Even stranger, he found his lungs fully replenished, as if her milky produce also contained oxygenated particles that were absorbed into his being.

Irshad's body shuddered in delight as they gently travelled beneath the pool's surface. It was an immense tremble, and Art had to hold on as she powered forth with her tail after a particularly large suck of her left tit. She'd never felt so powerful a feeling in her breasts before: the Gamma Aliens were fortunate to have such . . . sensitive bodies. Even her skin felt flushed and smooth, letting her entire giant body tingle. She felt like a whale as Art pulled away from her breasts and circled over her body, hugging her curves stroking her great tail. But she didn't feel like a whale in the sense that most women - especially pregnant ones - meant it. She didn't feel fat and ugly and immobile; she felt large and powerful and gorgeous, a rare sight to be enjoyed. And so she turned over again, as if placing herself on display for Art.

Beneath the water neither could talk, but they occasionally exchanged glances, her stroking his back with her long fingers, and even running her webbed extension between her thumb and forefinger over his crotch and making his enormous erection throb even harder. The scent of him was in the water, and she couldn't believe how manly he seemed, despite his tall and lanky frame. His scent spoke to some new instinct in her, some new need.

It told her, 'this is your *mate*. He carries the seed you *need*. Let him take you.'

She reached out, stroking him again, but with her other hand she slowly and easily raised him to the surface so that he could hear her. He held to her side like a sailor to his rafter after a shipwreck, and the imagery of it excited her, as if she were his lifeboat. She

pulled him against her breast as she swam backwards on her back, and he caressed her belly with one hand.

“Art, it’s t-time. I need you in me.”

“On the edge of the pool or-”

“No! In the water. It has to be in the water. I don’t know if it’s instinct or . . . it has to be. I want it. God, I’m so fucking aroused Art, you have no idea.”

“Me too!” he responded. He reached up to rub her distended nipple, causing her to groan deeply. A small stream of milk escaped from it, tinged a slight foamy green in colour. He licked it as it spilled down her side. Her other breast leaked as well, and she took an idle moment to squeeze and grope it, biting her lip in response to the bliss. She felt a deep urge to have young to suckle at them continuously, but for now, her mate was all she needed.

“In the water then? Me on top?”

She shook her head, looking down at her beautiful, tiny little man, now easily three full feet shorter than her.

“No, under the w-waves. Take a breath, come up for air when needed, but I want you to cum in me beneath the water.”

Art was momentarily stunned, trying to figure out how to go about it, but his own libido was raging, and the idea of fucking Irshad underwater sounded too sweet to resist. He gripped her shoulder, raised himself to suckle one last time at her enormous, head-sized boob, and drew in as much of that delightfully sweet, oxygen-replenishing milk as possible. And then, with a single nod to Irsha, he clung to her as she dove beneath the water with a powerful flick of her mermaid-like tail.

She used her arms to position him against her, and the two relished the fact that with her increased size, his face was pressed right into her cleavage. Her large breasts floated elegantly in the water, coming together before drifting apart, and slight trails of that foamy green milk leaking into the water like some sort of fey magic. With her domed belly in the way, he couldn’t quite reach her pussy, but instead he gripped her, lowering himself down and kissing her enormous pregnant expanse. He touched her roundness in awe at the alien young they had made together. He wanted to meet them, and the prospect of giving her *more* gave him a vague excitement.

It was a lot less vague for Irshad. She was overwhelmed with arousal, with a deep-seated need to be fucked and further impregnated. Her mind was flooded with imagery of her being even more massively pregnant, her belly a dome that dominated her form, so full and gravid with eggs that the act of laying them alone could take entire *days*, if not longer. It made her shiver, and she became impatient for the feeling of his sperm inside her womb, burrowing into her hundreds of eggs. With her longer fingers, it was difficult to guide him in, but given their size disparity, she could manoeuvre his whole body to where her wet

vulva was waiting. Art didn't take long to find her entrance, because soon he was rubbing it with his fingers, causing further ecstasy. Her entrance was larger than before, and he entered an entire hand, rotating it to stretch her passage further, causing every nerve to light up in delirious bliss. She shook, propelling them further across the pool, and with a spare hand she began rubbing her belly and breasts, teasing out yet further joy.

And then, just when she thought she could take no more, he *entered* her.

She exhaled bubbles through the water as he thrust into her pussy. She had feared she would be too big to accommodate him, but something strange happened after he thrust into her: Irshad's new vagina impossibly *contracted* with rapid speed, clamping upon his member and sucking at it as if it were its own mouth. She seized up, biting her lip hard enough to almost draw blood. She hadn't expected such a strange sensation, but were a woman's genitalia not often referred to as a being like 'lower lips'? Her new body just made that all the more literally, sucking his cock and massaging it in time to his thrusts, undulating against his shaft and licking his head with her own alien muscles. She shook her shoulders, breaking the water for just a moment to give him air, but to her surprise he didn't move, instead continuing to thrust.

Art couldn't believe it. It was like Irshad's vagina was its own living entity, responding perfectly to his cock, its various wet muscles licking and caressing and sucking at it. It was all the best parts of a blowjob and regular sex in one, with the added exotic element of their underwater foray. He still didn't need to come up for air - the slow release effect of her milk meant he'd been fucking her for almost two minutes, his legs spread around the powerful base of her tail. He grinned as he thrust again, and her strange alien passage squeezed his cock, milking it for all it was worth. His balls tensed, ready to expel more semen than he'd ever expended in his life. He wasn't going to last long, but he wanted to drive her over the edge before he came too.

More and more bubbles burst from Irshad's lungs. Still, her gills filtered what she needed, but in her throes of pleasure it was impossible not to gasp and cry into the water. Art managed to hold it in, purely out of necessity, but soon he was reaching out to clutch her dome, feeling its wonderful firmness, the massive mound that contained the life *he* had put into her. She revelled in it also, placing a hand on his, imagining what it would be like to swell up even further with children. She wanted to grow, to change, to become more and more alien, to become a great broodmother destined to lay her eggs on the floor of the lake and birth them endlessly and be continuously reimpregnated with Art's sperm and - and - and - and then it all became too much, and she let out a scream underwater, shaking her head as her hair trailed in all directions. Her hungry pussy squeezed one last time around Art's penis, and finally he gave in to the overwhelming need to cum. His balls tensed, and then he was

clinging to her as stream after stream of his semen poured into her being, right up into her waiting womb.

They held together in that position for some time, him ejaculating into his lover, and Irshad moaning in the water as she received it. Eventually, he had to come up for air, and despite still being in the throes of pleasure, she swam above the surface, lying on the water on her back, Arturo resting atop her. Slowly, he pulled himself out of her. They gasped together, and her vaginal passage drew slowly wider, no longer suckering to his member and drinking up its virile juices. She cooed as she rubbed her rounded belly, admiring its tautness, how it was full with alien eggs and yet possessing a softness at the same time. The Seed of Desire radiated with more energy inside her, and she could have sworn she could actually *feel* herself become further impregnated, Arturo's sperm working to create even more young within her alien, whale-like body.

"MMhhmmmm," she moaned, running her long fingers over her enormous breasts. "Moorre babies. Mmhhmm . . . m-more."

Art pulled himself against her, lying against her dome of a belly, and part of himself wished she was a bit bigger. Perhaps even a lot bigger. He could imagine she would be very comforting indeed.

"That was fucking amazing, Irshad," he said.

She blushed a little, not meeting his gaze as she focused on the wonderful sensation of being further impregnated, of being *filled* with more young, just as the Seed of Desire had changed her body to do so.

"I got a little carried away, but yes . . . yes, that was indeed quite nice."

"Quite nice? I think you would have been moaning to the hills were you not underwater. As it was, it was a good thing I could hold my breath."

She slowly regained her breath, her enormous chest rising and falling, still flushed with a wonderful heat, pressurised with milk she hadn't even realised she was fully producing yet.

"How - oh dear God, I'm still coming down from it all - how did you manage to keep your breath, Arturo? Are you an Olympic swimmer, without telling me?"

"I think the only Olympic swimmer is you now, Irshad. But I'll tell you what happened."

He regaled her with the unique properties of her breasts, even as she held him to the side with one arm so his head was pressed against her right breast. It allowed them to swim on their backs together, even if she was doing much of the work.

"Astounding. You mean to say my milk can oxygenate the lungs?"

"I'm not sure how, but then there's all sorts of things that we didn't know about the Gamma Aliens. How big they were, for example."

“Oh, please don’t start on *that*. I was just actually enjoying being giant for the first time.”

Art just smiled, shifted to kiss her neck as they made it to the edge of the pool. “It wasn’t a joke or an jest, Irshad. You really do look beautiful like this.”

Irshad regarded her increasingly alien, aquatic form. Despite the bloat of pregnancy and milk, of the fatty tissue and strong muscle that made up her tail and trailing fins, she couldn’t help but regard herself with awe.

“I really do, don’t I?”

Entry 14:

I am pregnant again. I just know it. This body’s needs appear to be almost entirely centred around reproduction, and I have been feeling very, deeply reproductive lately. This was intended to be a written record, but as I have grown in size, and am now based in a watery pool which is non-conducive to using ink. This is not to mention that while I still have flexible fingers, the webbing between them and their elongated length makes it difficult to maintain my previous legibility.

As such, this record is recorded, and will be of a more . . . personal nature than some of my previous entries. In truth, I find it almost impossible to maintain an objective viewpoint anyway, when I am undergoing a literal transformation into an alien being of the Gamma Species, or at least some kind of half-alien genetic crossover. Regardless, now that I reside in the pool and am capable of swimming through water and breathing underwater with ease, I find myself overwhelmed with a sense of joy that has yet to escape me. I feel free in a way I have not known since the first introduction to Project Gamma years ago, and though I am bloated, enormous, and now grown to the grotesque height or length of nine foot four, I feel strangely empowered. Empowered in my trailblazing, becoming the first human to cross the threshold of another species entirely. Empowered in my aquatic nature, able to dive and swim and nibble at the weeds that grow in the base of the pool - yes, I have indeed found my body capable of processing such stuff. And, of course, empowered by the very reason I undertook this insane endeavour: my enormous pregnancy, and the dozens of young that reside and grow within me.

I . . . love them. I do not even know what they shall be, but I find myself caressing my belly, even when I rest on the pool floor close to sleep, and wondering what they will be like. I will be a mother, and even if that means spending my life as an alien fish creature, then that is acceptable to me. I still, after all, have my wits, even if I am sometimes slave to my instincts. Chief among them has been my need to . . . couple. Oh hell, I’ll just say it, to fuck my lab partner and now lover, Arturo. He has professed love to me, and while I give these records only when he is out now that they are verbalised and recording, I confess that I

believe I may have feelings for him too. Are they just a result of my new Gamma instincts? I cannot be certain. But it is him my body craves. His presence. His touch. His seed. And in these renewed couplings I feel a certainty that I have been impregnated once again, though with how many more I am not certain. I only know that my breasts are once more fuller, occasionally leaking, and that my womb is increasingly pressurised.

I suppose in coming days, I shall find out just how many my dear Arturo has put inside me.

I confess I cannot wait to know.

Mating Instinct

Irshad's instincts were indeed right: the Seed of Desire's effects were still strong upon her body, continuing to mold it into the perfect alien broodmother form. Her belly surged forth in the following days that passed, and at times it felt awfully pressurised, particularly after eating. She would clutch it and moan, grunting as it expanded outwards, inch by dreadful and wonderful inch. Arturo would be by her side, either in the pool or at its edge, giving encouragement while she cried out in a strange mix of discomfort and pleasure. The sensation of growth was incredible, making her thrash in response to its awkward tension upon her body, and yet it felt so utterly, completely *right* to be growing, for her belly to be outpacing the rest of that growth as well. Every inch her belly expanded, ever new egg that swelled into being within her prodigious womb was like a victory. Not only was she becoming a mother, but the world's most unique, most gravid mother in all of existence.

"Mmhmhmm . . . s-so m-many! And yet - oh God, Art, I need more! I want you to f-fuck me again!"

"Are you - are you sure?"

She gritted her teeth and nodded, turning to the side in the pool and squeezing her immense breasts, letting them spill her precious milk into the water. They'd since discovered the milk was not only useful for breathing and health purposes, but it was also a potent aphrodisiac for her linked mate. Sniffing its sweet scent, Art was already getting hard, wanting to ejaculate inside his giantess girlfriend again.

"I need it! I n-need more young inside me! I need you! I fucking want you so badly, my mate!"

It was as good as 'boyfriend' to him, and so soon their adventures in the pool were a regular proceeding, and the effect was that she was only continuing to grow ever more quickly. She had passed nine foot eight soon, and her entire form was swelling. Not only were her breasts obviously larger than her own head now, but they were constantly

producing their milk. Her tail had grown longer, and both of them suspected it would soon expand much more rapidly given its recent development. Strange patterns - like swirls of tiger stripes - had settled over her skin, which was now completely covered in those grey denticles. Her belly and breasts were a lighter tone, her back and arms and tail darker. But those stripes were only barely perceptible.

Her hair was the other thing that was apparently changing. To her surprise, she found that her hair was clumping and fusing together, becoming thicker and flatter. As a scientist, she was quick to discern what was likely happening: she was developing an attractive mane of hair that did not split apart and irritate her vision underwater, all while attracting mates and, from the looks of it, being able to be disguised as seaweed in its colouration and shape. This change brought Irshad a little less joy: she had always loved her dark, Persian hair with its natural glint and soft silken feeling. But now it was slowly being replaced, becoming Medusa-like tentacles that undulated softly outside of her control, imitating seaweed in the water, and draping over her shoulders when not. They were getting longer, and she suspected by the end they might be long enough to drape to the small of her back. Art believed they were "quite beautiful," but she was of the strong opinion it would take some getting used to.

Still, it didn't stop their regular enjoyment in the pool. At least once each day she invited Art to join her, begging him to fuck her, and each time they revelled in the way her alien genitalia suckered onto his penis. It was incredible, the way it was able to tease and stroke and massage his cock to its fullest, her passage sucking him as if giving him an alien blowjob. Which, in a way, it was. Yet before that very action, the two had begun to enjoy experimenting, their foreplay consisting of Art pressing his hand into her depths, even up to his forearm, so cavernous was her alien pussy. He licked and stroked and even used various rubber items that were most certainly not meant for sex to probe her depths, and each time it brought her pleasure to feel stretched, as if her body was preparing to stretch yet wider for birth.

In fact, she was sure that was it: an instinct to test her vaginal muscles, and prepare for the very long process of pushing her young into the world, egg by soft egg. It was a good thing it was so blissful, as with each growth of her body she couldn't help but imagine what it would be like for him to shove an entire limb within her, to slide his hands along her inner passages, to even place his head within her and lick the nerve clusters along her passage.

But each time, when the moment came for him to enter, her womanhood altered to receive him, contracting wonderfully to tighten around his manhood and suck him dry, and draw his manly nectar into her womb.

"Ohhhhh yes! YES ART! DON'T STOP! I NEED YOUR HUMAN SEED! I NEED TO MAKE M-MORE BABIES!"

She was ravenous for his issue, and he was happy to give it, even if the normally calm, down-to-earth man was starting to feel a little worried. His lover was bloating up, not even trying to fight her new instincts, and she had told him more than once that she was certain each insemination was wildly successful, filling her with eggs that would be birthed as her second, third, and fourth clutches.

“I know it s-sounds crazy,” she said, caressing her belly after another copulation, her breasts seeping green-white milk into the water, “but it’s alright. I can f-feel my purpose now. The Seed of D-Desire has - nnggh! Oh, excellent m-more growth - it has changed me, Art. Made m-me into the kind of mother I c-could never have - ahh - dreamed of!”

She knew when she said things like that, that it worried Art. But she also knew that it was oh-so-right. The rush of endorphins when she was impregnated were simply too overriding, and her stoic demeanour dropped whenever her arousal burst through her. But as wonderful as it felt for her, Art continued to become obviously concerned. He tried to get her to ‘beach’ herself more than once, for instance.

“It’s just for a couple of hours! Just to remember what it’s like on hard ground!”

“But that’s not what this body is for, anymore. I literally can’t move on ground anymore, Arturo. It’s not fair of you to ask me that!”

“It’s just . . . you can still breathe air, so surely you can try?”

“With enough adjustment and your help, I can reside in the water permanently. Besides, I’ll have to get used to it anyway. Not like I can change back, right?”

He conceded the point, but was clearly saddened. The music and romance of their first coupling in the pool had left a vivid impression upon him, one full of hope that their romance could blossom, even across the barrier of their different species, or perhaps because of it. But now he feared that the Gamma part of Irshad was gaining strength: sex was less about connection and attraction and romance, and more about simply ‘seeding’ his partner with the young her body craved to grow within it. He loved those times, but it concerned him that his attempt at a romantic date had never come to fruition.

“Irshad, I’ve been thinking,” he mused one evening as he delivered her another batch of fish to consume, which she now did in the pool environment. “Why don’t we skip the sex today? I thought I could bring a projector screen in and let it play a favourite movie. I’ve got some excellent Mexican films stored on my hard drives, but I know you’ve been wanting me to watch *A Beautiful Mind*, and there’s no more beautiful mind than yours of course, so why don’t we?”

Irshad smiled at his suggestion, feeling a warmth at the notion of enjoying a relaxing ‘pool movie.’ The day had been fraught with changes to the edges of the pool to accommodate her - a computer with water proofing adjustments, a set of disposal trays for her trash, and even further garments like the one she enjoyed wearing that he had made

her. But even as the idea resounded in her mind, the thought of spending the evening with Arturo made her horny mind fill with images of being taken by him. Filled by him. *Flooded* with his seed, *by him*.

“Art, that sounds lovely. But I really do feel like my body just wants sexual intercourse right now. Perhaps another night?”

Art frowned, and Irshad could see he was disappointed.

“I’m sorry, it’s just that, since the changes, I have all these new instincts, and-”

“But should you give in to all of them, Irshad?”

“If it means a healthy pregnancy, then yes.”

Art sighed, gesturing out with his hands. “And what if a healthy pregnancy is all you become, huh?”

“What does that mean?”

Art drew close to the edge of the pool, where his giantess girlfriend - was she even a girlfriend? - drew close. “I mean that I’m getting a little worried, Irshad. Worried that these instincts are changing you more than you know. And I don’t mean the giggling and occasional laughter and the smiles I see, you have no idea how utterly magnificent it’s been to finally see this other, freer side of you, this side that’s been unleashed by your changes. But . . . you aren’t discussing the science of what’s happening to you these last five days. Since we, well, since we first *mated*, you’ve been fobbing off my attempts to take your blood, record your heartbeat, scan your womb, observe your genetic code restructuring, so and so forth. It’s like this amazing, way too stoic scientist is just fading before my eyes.”

She frowned, feeling defensive about his statements and yet not able to fully deny what he was saying. “That is understandable, Arturo, but you know that I performed this quite unethical experiment on myself in the hopes of becoming a mother. And that goal is finally being achieved . . . even if the achievement is slightly different than I’d imagined.”

“And that is wonderful!” Art said, frustrated. “Truly, it is Irshad! Even if it’s all very, very odd, I’m glad that this crazy, mad experiment is bringing us - I mean, *you* - a lot of joy. But you must admit you’ve been acting differently. You’re not listening to those audiobooks you asked for, since reading books is a little . . . difficult. You’re not having the long conversations with me that you used to have. You’re not even asking about the outside world anymore, or engaging in the news. I’m scared that you’re just becoming some sort of . . . breeding thing. A slave to your instincts.”

His words rocked her to her core, but part of her railed against what he was saying.

“I’m not going to become any such thing, Art. Is that how you see me?”

“Of course not,” Art replied. “You . . . you know I love you.”

The chamber was silent but for the churn of the water. Art wanted to say more, but the simple act of expressing it, and not in the romantic way he’d imagined would be the

case, simply left him waiting for Irshad's answer. The half-alien giantess placed her hands against the edge of the pool, her round belly pressed against the lip as her tail shifted below. She was momentarily shocked, but his words weren't entirely surprising. She'd known all along, hadn't she? He'd travelled halfway across the country for her, engaged in this ludicrous experiment for her, and made passionate love to her, and not just in the almost bestial lust that had spurned her forth. She knew the younger man loved her, and she supposed she had for some time.

"Art . . . I know you love me. I - I have feelings for you too. I don't know if it is love. I've never been good at that sort of thing, but - but I do care. Deeply. I . . . I like spending time with you. I like *wanting* you."

Her words warmed his heart. He drew closer to her, and her fingers curled around his, eclipsing his hand. She breathed heavily, and he admired the impressive figure of this woman he was so captivated by.

"That sounds like love to me," he said.

Irshad gave an awkward smile. "Maybe. Maybe it is. It's just - there's so much going on."

"I know. I don't want to worry you, Irshad. I trust you, and I know you're learning to trust this new body of yours."

"A body that's still growing. There's - nng - a new pressure already!"

He chuckled. "I just ask that you keep an eye on it. These instincts. Let's not forget the wonderful human that's still in you."

She nodded, still grappling with the words he'd told her, and her own realisation. She wasn't sure if it was love . . . but she wanted to find out.

"Why don't we have that date again?" she asked. "Properly, this time? And then . . . we can have all the sex these instincts are demanding we have. But then we watch a movie together also."

Arturo chuckled. "I'll bring the finest fresh seafood!"

"And I'll bring - what can I bring?"

He leaned down and rubbed her belly. "You just bring your gorgeous, wonderful self, and your babies."

She felt that warm flush again. That instinct that said 'this is my *mate*.' She caressed her belly as well, marvelling at the dozens of soft eggs within her distended womb.

"*Our* babies," she said.

Entry 15:

Love is difficult to quantify. Love is difficult to define. Is it entirely chemical? A physiological reaction? The common argument is that arousal is a major component, that is when it

connects to eros, the romantic and sexual love between partners. Certainly, I know that I feel a motherly, maternal love to my young. I have yet to meet them, I do not even know what they will look like or be like, and yet I love them. But Arturo? My Diaz? He confessed his love to me, and I have mused ever since. Just saying it out loud to this recorder is so strange to me, as if I am sharing a private secret.

It's a little ridiculous: the man is ten years my junior, only in his late twenties! And yet, I'm a giant fish woman who has not officially reached ten feet in length, so maybe such differences are just academic now. What I do know is that he makes me feel . . . comfortable. And to speak clinically, he is a more capable lover, particularly for this new form. My breasts continued to be . . . well, far too large, in my opinion. I worry soon that each will be not the size of my own head but double that entirely. But when he squeezes them, licks them, suckles from them . . . I am getting off track. The point is, he knows how to treat a lady, to be a little wry about it. Even as increasingly large and gravid as I am, he makes every part of me light up during intercourse.

More than that, he treats me like a partner should. He is funny - aggravating in his humour, sometimes, yes - and kind-hearted. He is loyal, practically to a fault, and very intelligent. He likes pop culture far too much, but some part of that is endearing to me. And - and I cannot imagine this current life without him.

Yes, yes. I do think it really is love. I think I will tell him tonight, on our date. Is it strange to feel so giddy? I'm not used to this sort of thing.

End of Entry.

First Date

Art was excited. Technically, the first date night had actually gone rather well: after all, it had literally ended in hot sex and a lot of enjoyment, which was about the benchmark of what you wanted from a successful date. But with all the distraction of Irshad's changes, her growth, and her new instincts, the romance of the moment had gotten quite lost.

This time would be different.

He didn't feel the need to go so elaborate this time, but he did set up the starry sky projectors and purchase fine fresh seafood, as well as seaweeds. He was quickly becoming the local town fishery's favourite customer. If only they knew what a big fish he had kept away up the mountain! But he made sure to get the ones that Irshad had said were her favourites: it seemed that pregnancy cravings were an interstellar experience, judging from how much Irshad's mouth watered at the prospect of fine clams. He made sure to get extra.

And so that night, they had a date by the water, Irshad in the pool, her tail directed vertically downwards, and Art on a picnic mat by the poolside. On a large tray, a veritable stack of fish had been placed for Irshad. She was utterly transfixed by the sight and smell of it, and she grinned as she breathed it in deeply. Her mouth watered at the prospect of it.

"Mhmmmm," she moaned, wiggling a little and causing her light grey breasts to wobble heavily. "That smells *delicious*, Art. Thank you for this! I'm sorry about the, um, delay earlier."

Art chuckled. The so-called 'delay had been yet another growth spurt. Poor Irshad had been all ready for their date - she had even put on waterproof makeup that she had ordered, and worn the gorgeous gown that Art had made for her, the one that still just managed to fit - only for her to experience yet another growth spurt. The two held hands, hers dwarfing his, as she had gasped and swelled in the water. Her breasts enlarged, becoming so pressurised that she whined as great spurts of her alien milk erupted from them in streams through the air. Her belly had grown even more than usual, a fact they attributed to their rabid amount of recent babymaking, and she had clutched her belly and savoured the sheer pleasure of becoming ever more gravid with young. Her tail, however, grew most of all, extending outwards and becoming more powerful, almost serpentine in its flexibility, though it seemed to default to a whale-like configuration. And as always, the whole of her grew. She was now twelve feet at an estimate, though over a foot of that recent growth was her tail alone. And her belly looked like she was full term not with triplets anymore, but quadruplets or more. It was a good thing she was now aquatic, because it would take a miracle for her to be able to manoeuvre herself around on dry ground.

Art just gazed over her form. Now, even in the water by the poolside, she loomed over him while he was sitting down. After all, at twelve feet, she was now basically double his height, and proportionately everything else was twice as big as well, from her arms to her head to her waist - well, that was much thicker, thanks to the enormous fecundity of her alien body, but still.

"That's okay," he said, eating some of his own dinner and drinking a glass of wine, "I'm just glad it happened *before* this little date. Would have been another interruption."

"And I, if you don't mind me saying Art, but you seem rather taken with me when I get bigger."

He spluttered, nearly coughing out his wine. Irshad raised an eyebrow, gave a slight smirk. She was outwardly stoic, but inwardly she was quite gleeful at his reaction.

"Well, noticed that, did you?"

"I am *still* noticing it. I feel a lot better simply being naked these days, but it certainly has meant that my boyfriend continues to gape at these rather large tits."

He grinned. "Well, they are very marvellous."

“And very heavy. And very full. I rather liked being rather lithe, you know. I knew in pregnancy my chest would grow, but these are *enormous*. And I’m constantly leaking - not that I know you’re complaining, Art.”

“What can I say, I’m a red-blooded male! Besides, you didn’t complain when I was on them. In fact, you rather liked me ‘emptying’ them. But did you just call them ‘tits’ a moment ago? Very unlike you.”

She blushed a little, though her grey skin obscured it somewhat. “Well, I thought on a date . . . more colloquial, sexually enticing language should be used.”

“Your robotic language for ‘flirting’ is somehow deeply sexy to me.”

She chuckled, rubbing her belly before grabbing more food to consume. “Well, I’m glad my boyfriend is enjoying all this. I’ve clearly awakened a fetish for giant aquatic pregnant alien women in him.”

“A very specific fetish, but true!” Art sighed, then realised something. “Wait, did you just call me your boyfriend?”

Irshad’s dark eyes widened. She realised she had done just that, twice in fact. “I - I suppose I did. Are you? My boyfriend, I mean?”

“I would very much like to be so,” he said, leaning over to kiss her large shoulder. She smiled softly as he did so, raising a dripping arm to hesitantly stroke his back.

“Sorry, I’m getting you wet.”

“Ha, normally I have that effect on you!”

“Oh, stop it! That was terrible. You and ridiculous workplace puns, Art.”

“Ah, but we are not in the workplace,” he said, withdrawing to take another slice of cheese. “This is a date, remember?”

“Mhmm. And . . . it’s a good one, Art. Truly.” She waited a long while, even as her boyfriend ate. Boyfriend, it was such an unusual word for her. She had never had many relationships, and her stoic nature often came across rather poorly to most men, but somehow this thin moustachioed man ten years her junior displayed more understanding and patience than many twice his age. There was a warmth within her core as more of her babies gestated, and it filled her with a quiet joy that this man would be the father of her many children, whatever that particular future would hold.

“I love you too,” she said. She stated it as if it were the most ordinary, obvious, matter-of-fact statement in the world, and she realised that on some level, it was. A pity it had taken being turned into a giant pregnant alien whale mermaid to finally have the courage to face that truth.

Art almost didn’t hear what she’d said. He was idly talking about some new movie coming out that he wanted to pirate for the two of them, and how he was a little concerned about undercooking the chicken for himself and so on, when suddenly he froze. He lowered

the fork from his mouth, and slowly turned his head around to look up at Irshad's massive form looming over him at the poolside.

"You love me?"

She smiled and nodded a little sheepishly.

"I think - yes, I do."

Art welled up with emotion, and he had to avoid tearing up a little. It had been years of waiting, of hoping this woman would see him the way he had always seen her. And while the circumstance were wildly different from what he could ever have imagined, it was somehow even more beautiful, especially since -

Arturo gasped.

"Irshad, you're glowing!"

Irshad rolled her eyes. "Yes, Art, I am *deeply* aware that I'm pregnant. This body never lets me forget it, in fact."

But Art just pointed, casting his hand over her form. "No, I mean you're *literally* glowing. Look at your skin! Your hair!"

Irshad's eyes widened as she gazed over her enormous, whale-like mermaid form. She was astonished to see that she was in fact glowing: the lighter stripes and spots and swirls that were usually barely perceptible on her form were now glowing in bright strips of white-blue and white-green. They seemed to 'dance' on her skin, like the Northern Lights, shifting and swirling slowly in an ethereal manner. It was astonishingly beautiful and the patterns continued over her belly and back, down her tail, and extended down even to the ends of her fingers.

"Wow," she said, for once at a loss for words.

"Bioluminescence," Art remarked, himself also in awe.

"It feels . . . I'm feeling it now. Like light, warmth on my skin. Sort of tingly, I would say. But nice. It feels nice. A way of catching fish, do you think? Attracting them like a lure?"

But then a familiar heat returned.

"Ohhhh," she groaned, as her nipples distended, and her womanhood throbbed with need. "No, not just a lure."

"Then what?"

Irshad smirked knowingly. She lowered the rest of herself back into the water, and began to swim beneath its surface, slowly and calmly, rotating around to show off her many glowing features. She looked even more graceful and glowing in the water, and when she raised her head above the surface once more she looked at him suggestively.

"Turn off the lights."

Art did so, and soon the only light in the room was the ethereal, alien glow of her body lighting up the pool beautifully. He was drawn to her.

“What is this?”

“Don’t you see it? It’s a mating display, silly. I know you were warning me before, but-”

“Yeah, this is different.”

“Mhmm. But the need is still there. Come mate with me . . . my love.”

He dove in, this time not requiring a snorkel or goggles. Her milk was enough to give him breath, and her glow enough to give him sight. And in the minutes that followed, as the much smaller man swam around and felt at his larger lover, as she fed him with her enormous breasts, and finally they mated beneath the surface, they drove each other to heights they had never known. By the light of her bioluminescence, they experienced something magical.

Irshad was certain his seed had impregnated her far more than usual during their couple. In the aftermath, she floated on her back, the only light on what seemed to be an endless black sea. Art rested atop her belly, his face against her enormous breast, his other arm upon her left boob. They floated in romantic bliss for some time.

It was a perfect date.

But Irshad still felt that instinct to dive deeper.

To nest.

Entry 16:

I cannot tell Art. I love him, but he does not understand the urges I now feel. He was right; I am becoming more alien. I have the urge not only to mate, to become continually pregnant, but also to dive deeper. I have ignored it thus far, but I do not know how much longer I can stand it.

There is something I must do, that my body is demanding, but I don’t fully understand it yet. The changes must continue.

First Clutch

Irshad and Arturo floated together, side by side. The transformed, ever-growing woman had her eyes closed as she shifted her powerful tail up and down. She moved very slowly, allowing Arturo to easily float with her. The moment was heavy, and from time to time, they shared a moment of touching her belly, feeling the life within. She had extended to nearly thirteen feet, and was feeling like a great sea mammal, and doing so with utter pride. Her

bioluminescence was fully on again, and she had slowly learned to be able to turn it on or off at will, though sometimes it flared up instinctively.

“This is nice,” Art said aloud.

“Mhmmm,” Irshad moaned in reply. She adjusted her ‘hair’, which was now completely altered to a series of several dozen sea-weed like tentacles. She couldn’t control them except for small vague movements, but while she missed her black hair, she no longer minded her new hairdo. It suited her new nature, and the Seed of Desire’s changes helped her accept this. Like it was *right*.

“I was thinking . . . perhaps we could go to the lake?”

She kept her eyes closed, but smiled. “That sounds nice. What if people see me?”

“It’s in the middle of nowhere, and there’s no walking tracks. I haven’t seen a single soul out there fishing even though we’ve been here months now. I think it’s safe.”

Her instincts flared. “Yes, that does sound nice. Can you rotate the gate open so I can go there?”

He gave a quizzical look at his love, though she didn’t notice. “Um, now?”

“Mh-hmm. Why not? I’d like the space. Even this pool is starting to feel stuffy. And I miss the feeling of sunlight on my skin, even if I can’t tan my legs anymore.”

“Well, it’s just, I thought we were enjoying ourselves floating here.”

“Won’t we enjoy it even more beneath the blue sky? I imagine it’s a blue sky out there. And besides, I know you’re a bit nervous about if something happens to me, but I think I’m ready.”

Art sighed. He’d been enjoying the moment so deeply, but she was right. It was time. He couldn’t deny her the freedom of an open sky, and the lake was indeed immense and beautiful.

“Okay, my love. I’ll get it opened. We can float together out in the sun.”

“Perfect,” she replied.

But inwardly, she felt a pull. A desire to do something she didn’t quite understand yet.

She *needed* to be able to access that lake.

Irshad was right: the lake was indeed beautiful. Pristine, even. It hadn’t taken fifteen minutes for Arturo to open the shutter gate that allowed full entrance to the lake. It was a gate clearly designed to prevent trespassers - it consisted of a grid of metal bars in a crosshatch shape, allowing water through - but once open, it was easily large enough to accommodate even Irshad’s enormous, heavily gravid form. The benefits of being an old military defence bunker.

Coming out of the long concrete tunnel into the expanse of the great Olympian Peninsula mountain lake was like . . . coming home. Irshad couldn't describe it. In fact, she was reasonably certain that human words were not possible, only Gamma ones beyond her reach would do. But the massive expanse of the lake was akin to entering a new world, one of endless possibility. Her alien instincts roared with approval, and adrenaline coursed through her system as she dove and swam and curled through the water, descending deeper and deeper before rising up and up again. Fish swam around her, and by that same instinct her bioluminescence flickered on, attracting their attention briefly. So that was indeed a way of hunting. It didn't just attract the fish, they seemed to slow and become awkward in their movements as if . . . hypnotised. The revelation made her grin like a child who'd just discovered they had superpowers.

After what was probably far too much time, she rose to the surface, breaking at such a speed that to Arturo's shock she managed to launch into the air a little, though her tail remained obviously in the water. Still, like a great sperm whale, she caused a magnificent breach of the surface, and he whooped and cheered at her performance.

"That was amazing, Irshad! Well worth the wait!"

She smiled a little self-consciously. "How long was I under?"

"I'd say nearly twenty minutes. I was starting to get a little concerned."

Twenty minutes? She hadn't realised she'd taken that long. But she had felt so free .

. .

"It is magnificent out here, Art. I feel like this body belongs here. The sun is beautiful. I think the Seed of Desire has configured my genetic code to still be able to flourish in Earth conditions."

He nodded as she drew closer to the shore. He had his own little raft set to go, but wasn't using it. "I suppose that makes sense. Everything we know about the Gamma aliens suggests they were masters of genetic engineering and recreation, and that they altered their own genetic code to become adaptable to local biomes rather than changing the nature of biomes themselves. The ultimate conservationists, in a way."

Irshad felt herself warm with pleasure at that thought. To think that she was following in the footsteps - or fin wake, she supposed - of creatures that could have come in so many forms, so many shapes, and always to create the least disruption to a biosphere. It was incredible.

"Something the matter?" Art asked, curious as to what was going through her head.

"No, not at all. I was just thinking how amazing this is. Strange, discomforting and bloated sometimes, but I get to experience something no human in all of history has ever felt."

"I suppose that is special. I'm so glad I get to experience it with you, honey."

She raised an eyebrow, though technically she didn't have so much an eyebrow as a kind of soft 'ridge' now. "Honey? Really?"

"Is 'dear' better?"

"No, not at all."

"Then what?"

"How about just . . . love?"

"Love it is, then."

She smiled, feeling positively buoyant as she gazed into Art's eyes. He in turn also felt that same connection, strengthened further by the fulfilment of a romance that had long gone unrequited.

And then suddenly Irshad's womb lurched, and an intense tightening sensation followed. Irshad clenched her eyes shut and gritted her teeth.

"NNGGHH!! Ohhhhhhhh!"

"Irshad? What's wrong? Are you alright?"

"I - ahhh - I think it's j-just another g-growth spuuurrghh!!"

Her womb twisted again, and this time she noticed that it was a distinctly different pressure to her usual growth spurts. It was located entirely in her belly, and did not extend to her breasts or the rest of her form. Moreover, there was a sharp twinge that descended down to her vaginal passage and vulva. The pressure pushed inwards rather than outwards, and it rolled through her in a discomforting yet somehow familiar manner.

"Aahhh! F-fuck! Oh God! No, I was w-wrong Arturo! It's n-not a growth spurt. It's s-something else entirel-eeeeEEEEEE!!"

She shrieked, falling backwards through the water as her tail thrashed. The pressure increased, and to her astonishment her womb actually *tightened*, contracting instead of expanding.

"What is it? Oh shit, are you - Irshad, are you?"

"I'M GIVING BIRTH!" she cried, gripping her enormously round and heavy womb. She supposed it was only a matter of time before she was ready to expel her eggs, but she still hadn't imagined it would come so soon. "I'M IN LABOR!"

She gave a great groan as the pressure increased. Her breasts ached, full of milk for her young, but she knew it was not feeding time yet. Something in her body told her that it would be a matter of *laying* first. More than that, it told her that she was no in the right place. She looked over to Art on the bank, roughly fifteen feet away. Her beautiful boyfriend was looking more than a little panicked, realising perhaps how useless he was in a situation in which his girlfriend was not only birthing alien babies, but doing so in an environment his own body was ill-suited for.

"What - tell me what to do!" he called.

"It's - Ohhhhhh - nothing you c-can do!" she managed, lying on her back and floating on the lake. She tried to control her movements, but the instincts were growing yet again. They were telling her *down, swim down. SWIM DOWN!* "I have to go to the bottom. I need to lay them on the lake floor."

Art was aghast. "Are you sure, my love?"

She nodded through the pain and discomfort. "I'm s-sure. I have to d-do it. P-please just trust me."

There was a protracted moment where Art's mind warred against itself. He wanted to help, to stay with her, but he also wanted to trust his girlfriend, the love of his life, even if her instincts were not human.

"Please come back," he said.

She swam closer, despite the pull of her alien instincts, and kissed him deeply. Her much larger lips enveloped his, and he held as much of her enlarged body as he could, even as her breasts and belly pressed against him.

"I w-will," she stammered, wincing. "I just n-need to do this. I d-don't know how l-long it'll take. Please, give me t-time! Ohhh! I need to g-go! NGHH!"

She gave him one more kiss, before pushing away and diving down into the lake, heading directly for its centre. She rushed through the water beyond the pressure humans could ever stand, down and down to the depths over three hundred feet below. At the bottom, lake weeds and moss-covered rocks abounded, as well as numerous hidden caves and little inlets. She was shocked at how easily she could see, even without her bioluminescence. Her eyes took in so much light that they must have been engineered to do so.

She searched, not knowing what she was quite looking for, racing against time as her stomach tightened more and more. She felt an animal urge to birth her life into the world, a deep need unlike any other. She needed to feed that instinct, and so she swam over rock and weed until she found exactly what she was looking for: a natural cave at the bottom of the lake against a cliff-like wall, numerous seaweeds disguising much of its entrance. A perfect location to lay her eggs. Just the finding of it sent a spike of dopamine to her brain, a pleasure response that tickled her system.

The bliss of fulfilling the first step of her ultimate purpose.

With a flick of her tail she entered the cave. It was dark and inviting, and thanks to her blubbery skin and alien tissue she found it warm instead of uncomfortably cold. The rocks were smooth, and the ground covered in lake weed and other forms of soft plant matter. She knew, somehow, that this was perfect for her eggs, which was good, as she had no time to lose. Already her quadruplet-sized belly (and that was relative to the rest of her, on a normal human woman she would be able to carry two or even three full sized men

within her belly) was beginning to push its contents down into her vaginal passage. She gasped, expelling faint trails of oxygen that she immediately recouped from the water with her gills. The pressure was utterly unbearable, and yet the need to bring life into the world, and even make more of it within her broodmother belly, was too enticing to even think about resisting.

She didn't just need to give birth. She desperately *wanted* it.

And so she bore down, gritting her teeth as she grabbed two small rock pillars for support. Her vagina tensed, its complex, inhuman muscles undulating in a strange fashion. Irshad laid her tail against the cavern floor and twisted her body slightly to the side to give room to expel her eggs. Her belly was on fire, but strangely, it did not hurt in the way she expected. Instinct had taken over in the heat of the moment, and she was flooded with hormones that dulled the pain and heightened the necessity of what she was doing. She rubbed her hands over her gravid belly, sensing the life within, listening to what her body was telling her. She relaxed. Then, with a little strained gasp, she began to push.

The effect was immediate: with her mighty push, the contents of her bloated womb shifted downwards, the first of her soft fish-like eggs descending into her vaginal canal. Her eyes went wide at the alien sensation, but soon she bore down, getting into the rhythm of what she had to do. She pushed again, and her muscles squeezed the egg forward, pressing it down her passage in a way that was surprisingly pleasurable. It was not entirely a sexual pleasure, though it did blissfully tease her lower regions. Instead it was, for the most part, an entirely new and unexpected pleasure.

The bodily pleasure of bringing life into the world.

Irshad pushed again, releasing more bubbles as she gasped and groaned beneath the water. Her womanhood parted further as the egg descended. She bit her lip in response to the feeling; it must have been the size of a volleyball. Her instincts told her it was the perfect size: fully developed enough to now grow in egg form within the cave. She bucked her enormous hips, writhing her tail slowly as the eggs continued to part her. It reached her lower lips. Her sex bulged, from contractions and the press of the egg against it. Irshad's heart quickened its beating. She was on the cusp, she knew. The very edge of becoming everything she'd wanted to become. A mother. And not just to one baby, but *dozens*. She was filled with an excitement she'd never known, and driven by that desire to finally be a mother, she pushed ever harder. Her lips spread wider as the first of her many eggs squeezed through her passage, and with a great exhalation of bubbles and a watery moan, her first egg left her. It fell softly to the lake floor, nestling upon the seaweed there. She twisted to get a look at it, even as her belly tensed, ready to birth its next egg into the world.

She smiled, *beamed* as she looked at it. The egg was a translucent purple colour, impressively vibrant. It was perfectly spherical yet quite soft, and within it she could see her

alien firstborn. It was adorable: a miniature version of herself with still-developing features and lighter skin. It was thinner, less bulky, a little more human in shape for the upper torso. More like a mermaid or mergirl or merboy - she couldn't tell. But it was the product of her and Arturo, lovingly made.

"I love you, little one," she said. The water blurred and muffled her voice, rendering it near-impossible to understand, but she'd needed to say it still. She felt it with everything in her heart. The little child still developing had already pierced through the armour of her stoicism completely. If her tear ducts worked underwater, she would have cried. Instead she simply rubbed the egg softly, marvelling at the beautiful, alien life she had made.

She was interrupted by her belly tensing again. Already, despite having pushed the first egg out over the course of twenty minutes or so, she was being made to deal with the next. Irshad smiled. As arduous as it was, at least there was no pain, and her instincts were there to help guide her.

For hours and hours afterwards, she birthed her eggs. Laid them. The burden upon her body was not light, but the changes the Seed of Desire had wrought upon her body made it more than up to the task. She pushed and strained, bore down and squirmed, expelling volleyball-sized egg after egg from her passage. The pleasure was intense, far outweighing the discomfort and physical effort involved. Yes, there was a slight sexual rush to it, but once more it was the sense of maternal victory that gave the greatest physical bliss, the rush of hormones as she created new life. With each egg pushed from her body she felt it, with each push of her muscles, each contraction of her heavy womb, she savoured it. It was an intoxicating feeling, and it felt far greater than any discovery or break through she'd made as a scientist. It was as if she were finally performing her ultimate role. She was a broodmother, a being who created life, and the sensation of it churning and developing within her was beyond compare.

Art could never understand. The thought bubbled up as she pushed her thirteenth egg out from her body, sending another shiver of delight up her gigantic body. Her lover had tried to stop her from doing this, had tried to push against her instincts. Now, she realised he was wrong, and she felt almost a little irritated at her boyfriend. *This* was where she was meant to be. Her entire being informed her of this! It was her role, her duty, her *purpose*. She was a birthing machine, a gravid alien mother destined to make life, to constantly swell with it, and to nourish her babies when they were fully developed and hatched. Her breasts felt wonderfully full, leaking small streams of milk into the water around her, scenting the cave, marking it as *hers* and warding away predators. She relished the feeling, not only of providing protection but in being so utterly large and full. She wanted to grow further, to become even larger. More gigantic. Capable of carrying dozens more eggs at once, *hundreds* if possible.

God, she couldn't believe she had ever been afraid of this form and its transformation. To be human again, if the option were somehow presented to her, would be anathema. She would do anything to remain as she was now, a Gamma alien whose joy was in becoming impregnated over and over, birthing over and over. She imagined her future, escaping through the spring swell of the lake river down into the ocean, and from there growing her new race from the endless fruit of her everproductive womb. She relished the joy of it, and bore down again.

"I l-loooooove thisssss," her muffled voice carried through the water. "I n-neeveerr w-want it to eeeennnd!"

She cradled her womb, rubbing it, pleased by her own gravity. She felt sorry for other women, only capable of producing one or two or rarely three babies at a time. How sad for them, that they could no birth *dozens* at a time, and become even more pregnant and large and round when already expecting! But then, humans were so small, and as a Gamma, she was expected to be so big.

She birthed and birthed, and dreamed of further pregnancies to come. She wanted to grow more.

She wanted her Gamma instincts to guide her.

She gave them control.

Irshad lay down upon the floor of the cave, coiling her tail protectively around the mound of eggs she had just produced. There were so many, their purple translucent covering glowing softly in the dark. Her own bioluminescence lit up, the dancing pattern on her skin soothing her recently birthed babies, lulling them back to sleep in their eggs. She got the distinct sense, on some primal level, that this was also a form of early education: information on some basic level was being communicated automatically, though she wasn't sure of what yet. Regardless, it was a soothing experience, her first true maternal act after birth.

Irshad was exhausted. The birthing had taken hours upon hours, to the point where she actually stopped to sleep for several hours, her body pausing its labor, only to reinstate it immediately upon her waking - that had been a shock! While she was quite deep in the lake, enough light penetrated outside her cave lair that she could tell she had been labouring for perhaps twenty four hours, if not more. The sun was shining outside again, though it was becoming more dull, as if approaching evening. She had certainly birthed through part of the night before slumbering. She felt utterly wrecked, though while her womanhood was a little sore it didn't appear injured in any way, and the ache was slowly dissipating. Her breasts were also aching, though that was a common occurrence now. She took to squeezing and

milking herself occasionally, just to deal with the excess. Several fish came close to the water filled with the green tinge of her produce and immediately fled. It made her smile - clearly this protective measure was harmless yet effective. It gave her time to rest and simply be with her babies, which was a much-needed catharsis after so much laying. Even with the joy of birthing, the fulfilment that came with achieving her purpose, she still felt the desire to get it finished over the many hours it took.

She wouldn't change it for the world, though. Already, she was rubbing her still pregnant belly, desiring the younger babies within to catch up to their now-birthing siblings. Despite the pressure and arduous pushing and inability to much beyond wait it and push, she always wanted to birth again. Perhaps it was just hormones, or instinct, or a mother's excitement, but she wanted to make more. She wanted more babies. Babies, babies, babies. More of her *young*. It was what her body had been altered for, after all, and she could not deny it

She had yet to count the pile of eggs she had laid, but she suspected it was at least three dozen or more. Three dozen beautiful babies, all in her image. She wasn't sure yet if they would have more human, almost mermaid characteristics due to Art's human influence upon them, or if this was just how they looked while still in early development. Regardless, she was overjoyed to find that they were much like her, and not *too* alien. Not hostile. Not bursting out of her like one of Arturo's awful science fiction films. Instead, there was nothing but an adorable dependence to them.

"Mmhmmmm," she moaned, her body echoing the sounds through the water. She could feel a further transformation taking place in her body, and the more she listened to her form, the more she was able to glean from the Seed of Desire. It was shrinking within her, literally melting into her body as her changes came closer and closer to completion. She felt, and hoped, that she was developing a further way of underwater communication, like the sonic bellows of whales. To be able to properly *talk* to her young beneath the waves . . . it filled her with excitement. She might never have to surface again, except to be re-seeded with more young. Was there anything wrong with that?

Her stomach growled, and she realised she needed to eat. Not just for herself, but for the dozens of young still inside her. She took another look at her gorgeous young, and her heart melted at the sight of them. She would protect and nurture them, no matter what. Protect them from humans too, if necessary. But for now, she needed to hunt. Not simply receive fish passively, but use her luminescence to gain and eat fish the natural way.

She rose from her cave lair, and swam powerfully out of it through the lake, intent on finding food. But she would return to her cave periodically, to ensure her young were safe.

It was her purpose, after all.

Entry 17:

Mental entry. I will . . . transcribe this later. Record it, or get Arturo to record it. I have birthed forty seven eggs. They are beautiful. They are my everything. I knew that when I decided I wanted to become a mother that there would be a hormonal experience after birth, a rush of endorphins that would help bond me to my child. I could never have imagined that it would feel so powerful, particularly for so many. Despite their number, my care for them is not diminished or spread out, it is only amplified. Each of these eggs with the little lives within them developed inside of me, and now they are nearly the end of their journey - but in many ways the start as well.

In truth, I am starting to care less and less for the scientific aspects of this endeavour. Really, it always a smokescreen for my true desire for motherhood, and a desire to return to the Gamma Project. But now I am a Gamma alien, and becoming more alien with each passing day. I have a strong breeding instinct, a predatory nature (though I am also capable of subsisting off of the lake weeds, which I am finding more and more delicious), and many pieces of knowledge of my new nature simply come to me, as if by some form of genetic memory. It is all fascinating, and perhaps the Irshad that was would be hastily recording everything. And I still plan too - I am a scientist still, and so were the Gamma aliens.

But the breeding instinct is strong, and sometimes it is all I can think about. I need to nurture my young, and grow more of them. So many more. Hundreds, thousands. I think about one thing and then my thoughts return to this. I ache for it. The young in my belly are not enough. I need to be impregnated even further, and to grow further. I am easily fourteen feet long, but why am I not sixteen? Eighteen? Twenty or more? The urge to grow is still there, to be a giantess of an alien mermaid, and breed ever more young within me.

I will return to the surface. I am sure Art is worrying a little after three days or so. Sometimes I hear his calls above, echoing faintly, though I can't quite make out what he is saying, even with my enhanced hearing. I will go see him.

But I will have to return to my young, after he has impregnated me several more times. It is what must be done.

Gamma Irshad

Art was becoming terrified. He knew he had to trust Irshad, but it was three days now and she had not returned. He had returned to the lake numerous times, and eventually left the bunker entirely, choosing instead to camp by the lakeside, even when the weather turned foul and rainy on the third day. He was drenched, and had to get a heavy raincoat and hat, but still he rowed his raft out across the lake and called out to her.

“IRSHAD! LOVE, CAN YOU HEAR ME? PLEASE, COME BACK!!”

His voice was getting hoarse from all the shouting, and he had to take a long drink, suffering the pelting of the rain upon him. The lake was swelling, and he wasn't sure if that would have an effect on his alien girlfriend or not. Certainly, she had seemed so free when she entered the lake, but what would birth for a half-Gamma alien even be like? Would it be painful? Long? Deadly? He felt like a fool for not considering the worst possibilities further. He had assumed that the Gamma aliens would engineer themselves to survive the birthing process, but in truth he had no real concept of these aliens, or what their culture was like. Perhaps the sacrifice of the mother for her young was some sacred act?

The thought filled him with dread, and so he called out again.

“IRSHAD! PLEASE COME BACK TO ME!”

There was, as usual, no response. It had failed so many times, and yet each time he hoped that she would breach the surface like the magnificent new creature that she was, and surprise him with a hundred apologies. A reasonable explanation. A slate of good health and a baby or ten in her arms, already swimming. Really, he wasn't sure how he expected it all to go, only that it wounded his soul to be stuck wondering, waiting, filled with nauseous anxiety. It was true what they said about people who were usually down to earth and calm by nature; when they panicked, it was a lot, and for good reason. Those circumstances, he felt, applied here.

He'd tried other things, of course. He'd unloaded fresh fish into the water, hoping she would smell it. He'd even dived down deep himself, in his full scuba suit and oxygen tank. But there was only so far down into the deep lake he could go without potentially causing him injury or worse, and the lake was immensely vast, like a great caldera of a long-dormant volcano that had since filled up with water. It was, in many ways, an environment that was alien to humanity, something they were not adapted to exploring, even with all their modern technology. He felt those limitations keenly as he searched for her, and it made him consider how difficult their relationship truly was.

“Please come back Irshad,” he whispered, his voice drowned out by the stormy sky.

He waited for what felt like another hour, until finally his stomach growled long and low enough that he recognised the need to go back to the show. It was only when he grabbed his oars and began rowing back that he finally saw her again.

Irshad rose from the surface, even bigger than when he had last seen her. Like a great sea beast rising from the depths, she sent large waves spilling out in a great ripple from her. He couldn't see much of her lower half, but she had to be at least fourteen, perhaps even *fifteen* feet by now. There was a good possibility that soon she would be three times as long as he was tall, a fact that overwhelmed him. Still, his heart soared at the sight

of her: she collapsed back down and began swimming along the rough surface towards his raft.

“IRSHAD!” he cried, overjoyed. So much so that he nearly toppled his own raft. It was Irshad that righted him with a flick of her tail. Her skin lit up brilliantly, her bioluminescence a strong contrast to the grey sky. He noticed that even the area around her eyes lit up now, along with her tentacle-like hair, which was perhaps more brilliant of all.

“Art! I have so much to tell you!” she called. She rubbed her belly as she circled his raft. “I gave birth! I did it - we have a beautiful clutch of eggs in a cave directly in the centre of the lake, near its deepest point. It took *forever*, Arturo! I was birthing all the way until the afternoon of yesterday! And then I had to hunt, of course, which my bioluminescence helped me with. It practically hypnotises the fish, and moreover soothes our little babies. They haven’t hatched yet, my young look just like me. I’m finally a mother, Art. Not in a way I ever expected, but my instincts are showing me everything I need to do to attend to my nest. I spent all of yesterday with them, and even my milk - it doesn’t just provide some form of nutrient oxygen, but also serves as a ward against aquatic predators. Still, I kept close to them to make sure they were safe, and they are there now.”

Art was stunned. Her size meant that her voice boomed over the intensity of the rain, but he feared his own would be lost. Moreover, it was true. She had given birth. They now had strange alien babies - definitely plural, according to her. It made him wonder if she’d even given birth to ten or so: she was looking quite slimmer, though still obviously pregnant. Her stomach did not sag, but appeared rounded and taut, as if it were almost rubbery: able to keep its shape even as it expanded or reduced.

“I’m - wow, uh . . . that’s certainly a lot to take in, my love. Um, can we get out of the rain?”

She cocked her large head quizzically. “But isn’t it so lovely? Ah, it feels like the ocean is pouring down on me!”

She rotated a little, and he couldn’t help but notice that her chest had grown even further, even in relation to the rest of her. Her breasts looked utterly full with milk, no longer bouncing and jostling as much, and her nipples were very large indeed, their wide areola lit up by her bioluminescence in a way that was more than a little erotic to his mind. He had to focus to avoid getting an erection: now was not the time.

“Perhaps, but I’m getting drenched, and it’s ruining my beautiful moustache. Why don’t we go inside and you can tell me everything?”

She slumped a little back into the water, her tentacle hair writhing weakly outwards subconsciously. She was clearly disappointed.

“Very well, Art. But make sure there is food for me. I need to make sure our next batch is growing well. And make sure you’re ready for me in other ways too, my love. I’ll have need of you again soon.”

He smiled, still overjoyed to see her again. But he couldn’t help but feel that her words were less flirty, less romantic than they might have been. They were almost matter-of-fact. She dove into the water towards the bunker pool tunnel, and as she did, he realised she hadn’t said a word about how worried he must have felt.

“She’s just given birth, you idiot,” he said to himself, “and dealing with a crazy alien whale body. Of course she’s not focusing on you right now.”

He rowed fast to the shore, still excited. He wanted to hear about his children.

God, how many did they actually have?

Arturo coughed.

“FORTY WHAT!?”

“Forty seven, my love,” Irshad answered, grinning. She had never been a grinner, but motherhood had already changed her, made her feel so much more expressive, at least when it came to the subject of her young.”

Art, on the other hand, was feeling positively frantic. “That’s - that’s so many!”

She gave him a flirty smile, and stroked his chest with a finger. “You were very *virile*, my love.”

“And you were so fertile, evidently!”

“And I still am,” she announced, pleased as she caressed her stomach. “My instincts tell me there are many more gestating within me. And many more litters of my eggs to come.”

Arturo gulped, trying to take it all in. It was one thing to become a father, another to be a father to forty seven children . . . and counting. And to know they were nestled in eggs deep beneath a hidden mountain lake. He felt a little faint, and was grateful he had a beer on hand to dull his anxiety.

They were back at the pool, where Irshad had regaled him with the events of her last three days within the great lake. She spared little detail, explaining the labor and birth in that stoic, almost robotic detail that only Irshad Khan could manage, and yet her words were occasionally peppered with an almost giddy, motherly enthusiasm that had come over her as well. She told him not only the arduous yet rewarding nature of her twenty four hours or so of birthing, but also her hunting experience afterwards, the fact that she now dined easily and

happily upon the lake weeds, and the instincts she possessed when it came to rearing her young. Art listened, fascinated, but he couldn't help but wipe away a few tears.

"What's wrong, my love?"

He managed to hold back from breaking entirely.

"It's just . . . I was terrified, Irshad. Fearful you would not come back. Me! I even blasted terrible rock music knowing you'd hate it, but you didn't return. Couldn't you have visited the surface, just once, in order to see me again?"

Irshad exhaled sharply. She hadn't even realised she'd alienated him so. In fact, to her dawning shame, she remembered that she hadn't even *thought* of Arturo following the birth, or during hunting, or when she slept again. She had a number of opportunities over the next day to go up and even leave a note or some sign that she was okay, and she'd chosen not to.

And yet . . . she didn't feel bad about it, and somehow that was worse. She'd done the right thing, by her Gamma instincts. After all, Arturo hadn't been needed yet. Now he was. Still, she had to be diplomatic about it, and ensure he was not pushed away. After all, she needed his seed. She needed to be impregnated again and again by her lover, to ensure future generations of her new species. So instead she reached out a large finger and delicately stroked his cheek, before lifting his chin gingerly.

"I'm sorry Art," she lied. "I'm so very, deeply sorry. I was just distracted. It was all new to me, in many ways it still is. And I had just given birth, and after that I needed to eat and rest. I wanted to see you, but I knew that if I did I'd never stop talking, and I had to make sure my eggs, and my future eggs, were all safe."

"I understand," he said. He stepped up to the edge of the pool, and leaned against her form, which loomed more and more over him. She held him against her pregnant mount. She wanted more than just a huge: her nipples were practically *throbbing* with need for his touch, for him to suck upon, even if he was far too small now to empty her completely as she had relished once before. But more than anything she yearned for his cock inside her as they clung to one another underwater, he her much smaller lover, like a male anglerfish connected to the much larger female.

"I was just worried. After everything that's happened, I didn't want to lose you. It would be embarrassing after all; you're already so big!"

"Oh, ha ha," she said, rolling her eyes, not that one could easily tell she was doing that with her dark orbs. "Though you may notice that I am larger still. I think easily fifteen feet, perhaps?"

"Do you think your changes are finished?"

She shook her head, causing her breasts to wobble slightly, spilling some milk down her front. She was no longer embarrassed of it. Rather, some primal part of her new mind told her it was a source of pride: a symbol of her great abundance and fecundity.

“No. I can still feel the pressures of growth, which makes me glad.”

“Glad? I would have thought you didn’t want to grow any more! You’ll be the Loch Ness Monster soon!”

She sighed, lowering herself in the water so she could face her much smaller lover directly. “I am glad because I am becoming more and more who I am supposed to be, Arturo Diaz. I am becoming a Gamma Alien, a broodmother of their species. It is . . . it is indescribable, how good it makes me feel.”

He frowned, stroking her large cheek. “So long as you are not losing yourself, Irshad.”

“So what if I am? My new self is even greater, is it not?”

“Of course not!” he cried, stepping back. “The woman I fell in love with, whom I admire, is you Irshad.”

“But you love this form of mine.”

“Yes, I - well, I do. And I can’t deny that. But I admire your brain, your mind, your *soul*.”

“And other things. Let’s talk about this later, Art.”

“But I’d like to-”

“You’d like to show me how much you love me, wouldn’t you? If you really want to show your admiration for me, then please, let’s just make love. I want to feel you inside me Art. I’ve . . . I’ve missed you.”

She ran a hand over her enormous breast, which was now almost the size of his torso. It was a cruel manipulation, but her instincts were clear: she had to be impregnated by him. It was only natural. And that meant shutting up his complaints over losing herself, not that they held any weight. Why not embrace her new alien side, when it was so rewarding?

“Are you sure?” he asked. His erection was obvious, and he knew it. In truth, he was incredibly turned on by her presence, especially since he had dulled the lights, allowing her glowing magnificence to manifest. He wanted her, in the last three days he had dreamed of her, masturbated to her, even despite his worries. He had wanted to cum inside her again, and in no small part because her new alien equipment had pleased his manhood so completely that it had given him the greatest orgasms and biggest ejaculations of his life.

“I’m sure,” she said, drawing her webbed fingers down to his crotch, and rubbing his trousers there. He grunted a little, becoming even harder. “I know you’re worried, Art. We always knew there would be some changes. It’s a lot to take in, and I know from the outside it can be scary, but please see it from my perspective. I’m changing, and those changes

would bring transformations to my mind even without these new instincts. But it's still me. You just need to give me time to adjust. Think of me like a new mother, stressed out and overcome with the needs of her children. Then multiply that by forty seven . . . and counting.”

Her words made him chuckle, and deflated his worries. It made perfect sense, after all. And he knew Irshad; she was not the kind to roll over to some alien instinct without putting a stoic analysis to it. The three days by himself had simply made his mind echo the worst of his fears, and now he was projecting them even when they didn't manifest.

“Okay, okay,” he said, “so I'm wrong. I'm glad to hear it.”

“It's not like you to worry anyway,” she said.

“Well, I guess you go a few years without an ongoing relationship and you start getting paranoid when you finally get a hot girlfriend.”

“So you do think I'm hot, still?”

He grinned. “Oh yeah. Or was the raging erection not a giant clue?”

Irshad pulled back, the aquatic giantess gesturing for him to join her in the water.

“Why don't you come into the water, and then come into *me*, and I'll be the judge of how 'giant' you are?”

It didn't take long for Arturo to drop his pants and dive into the water with a laugh. He adjusted his moustache just for good measure, and because it made Irshad groan with embarrassment, and then soon he was swimming towards her.

Irshad smiled inwardly.

Finally, her mate was bringing his seed to her. And then she could descend down once more, until he was needed again.

That was, after all, his only purpose.

To Be Continued . . .

The Life Aquatic, Part 4 (Aquatic Giantess TF Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

Commissioned by Jorgamund

Irshad Khan is a researcher working in a top secret biolab that contains alien artefacts, and obsessed with learning their secrets. But when the funding to her research is cut, she takes matters into her own hands, kicking off a transformation that will leave her utterly changed, and utterly gravid with alien young.

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The Life Aquatic, Part 4

Retreat and Regret

Arturo groaned as he thrust into Irshad's passage. As before, he could easily succour himself at her enormous breast, taking in not only her sweet sustenance but also life-giving oxygen. But with her size it was now a slight clamber up before returning down, not that he minded. He sank his face into her breast, lapping her milk like a child, reaching out with an extended arm to fondle her other nipple. While they were underwater, he could feel her groans as well: they emanated through her mermaid-like body, rumbling like an earthquake through her core.

He was in heaven. The feeling of her vagina clamping upon his member and sucking away it was like the best combination of regular sex and a blow job. It felt like she was *consuming* him, in a way. Drawing in his length to take in every aspect of his maleness, in order to drink in as much of his seed as possible. Her enormous arms enveloped him, holding him firmly in place and caressing his muscled back.

They breached the water at the point of orgasm, a powerful thrust of Irshad's tail causing an upward swell. Art held on for dear life, continued to thrust until finally his balls emptied into her. His dick throbbed, ejaculating stream after stream of his seed into her even

as they crashed down into the waves. It was just enough time for Irshad to exclaim into the open air of the pool.

“Yes, my mate! Yes! YES! MORE MORE MORE!!!”

And he answered. He gave her more. Perhaps more semen than he'd ever expelled in his life. There was something unique to her physiology that clearly had a profound effect on him, perhaps a pheromone or chemical aphrodisiac of something, because he was producing more sperm with a much shorter refractory period than seemed humanly possible. At times, it felt like he was literally serving a role to fill up his girlfriend as much as possible, to impregnate her as many times as he could in as short a span as possible.

And the stranger part was how addicting it was. He imagined blowing her, causing her belly to swell and swell until she was unbelievably gravid with his half-human, half-alien young, and always gestating more. Even the sight of her now perpetually lactating breasts turned him on, especially when she played with them.

“That – that was good, Irshad,” he mumbled, clinging to her as she floated along the pool surface. He was held in place by her webbed hand, and in the aftermath of the blissful sex the two lovers simply floated. She rotated, allowing him to be positioned with his legs over part of the curve of her pregnant stomach, and his head resting comfortably between her gigantic bosom, like two great pillow that squeezed and massaged him.

“Mhmmm, this is a good size,” he continued. He reached up and squeezed her huge, apple-sized nipples.

Irshad whimpered as a brief flood of her milk erupted from them, pouring down over her lover's shoulders.

“C-careful,” she muttered. “D-don't want to drown you.”

He chuckled at that. “I fear you nearly could. God, it must be quite something to be producing that much milk.”

“Mmhm, you have no idea,” she moaned, relaxing her tentacle-like hair in the water. “Always s-so full. Always m-making m-more. Uncomfortable at times. But good. It feels good. And right.”

He smiled. She was happy, and that happiness not only infected him, but also assuaged his fears about her condition and recent behaviour.

“Well, I'm glad I was able to thank you for this.”

He lowered her much larger hand to his crotch, and she teased it with a finger that was as large as a human hand.

“Mhmm, I noticed you filled me more this time.”

Art had not undergone a groaning growth spurt as Irshad had. And he was not becoming alien like her: the tests confirmed that. Instead, her body had somehow 'primed' him for reproduction with hers. He had always had an impressive member, but now he felt

like he belonged in a porn production, he was so well-endowed. It had also thickened, taking on renewed girth, and his balls had swelled too, capable of holding much more semen than before, and expelling it with much greater force. It had certainly resulted in much more powerful orgasms, that was for sure.

“I’m not complaining! I think it’s stopped in growth, though. A nice size to finish on, and fit you much better too.”

“Good, we wouldn’t want you to be a freak, would we?”

He laughed. “Though as we’ve learned, my dear Irshad, freaks can come in all shapes and sizes, but also be very beautiful and attractive!”

“Oh, stop it. Too much cheese.”

It was three days after his attempt to talk about her disappearance, about her strange devotion to her new alien instincts. As far as he could tell, the real Irshad was back. They had remained in the pool section for the most part, with her only returning occasionally to check her forty seven eggs. Forty seven, it was an unimaginable number, and to know she was likely to labour again, perhaps with even more, was quite astonishing. But she didn’t stay more than an hour or so now on these visits: long enough for her to squeeze her breasts and eject her milk throughout the underwater cave, spreading the scent that warned off predators and also absorbed nutrients into her eggs. She would then lie with them, keeping her warmth and comfort against them, and use her the light of her bioluminescence to ‘educate them’, as she understood it.

Art understood the necessity of this. After all, she truly was a mother now. And he was a father, though he wouldn’t feel like one until they hatched and he could meet them. What was important to him was that they developed healthily, but also that Irshad Khan remain Irshad Khan, and not lose her soul to the new alien compulsions she possessed. Those fears were gone now after three days of a return to form. They watched films, listening to scientific podcasts of recent discoveries across the globe, even listened to his metal albums, despite her not enjoying them. She entertained him with her bioluminescent displays, which were strangely hypnotic, and the two continued their romantic meals together while laughing and talking of old times. They also freely chatted about their babies, though he had less input to make than her. And, of course, they continued to frequently have sex in the pool, though he had not returned to the lake with her. In fact, their heightened libidos had them going at it at least three to four times a day, and that pattern could well shift to five given how hard she made him, and how much her body craved his seed. But still, things seemed okay, joyous even. Things seemed like they were getting better.

If only he knew.

Irshad was nearly done with her mate. He was her friend, her partner, her lover, but most of all to her new instincts, he was a *mate*. A being to extract life-creating essence from him. He was necessary in this capacity, as well as the additional provision of food, though the lake certainly had enough to nourish, her pregnant body craved the raw fish he brought her. She had eaten more and more in recent days, more than was necessary for the ordinary function of her body. But it would give her an additional layer of fat to draw energy from for when she descended back into the deep.

She had stayed with Arturo Diaz the last few days in order to take his seed. Her body had done . . . something to him. It was difficult to tell: her scientific mind was increasingly muddled when it came to her own biological affairs, but she was certain he had become more virile. His penis was longer and girthier, though still within human boundaries, and now it produced even more pleasure for both of them. More importantly, it also increased her rate of impregnation and implantation. She could tell: the little cramps within her body would light up with bioluminescent signals she could feel, each one telling her that another egg was successfully forming within her expansive womb. Just as her alien body desired.

Irshad knew, on some level, that there was something wrong with her. Sometimes she would dream of being human again, though they were indistinct dreams, fuzzy and unclear. The notion of ignoring Art, of feeling no love for him it did seem strange. Like something was being lost that was meant to be there. Something that had taken time to build and now was evaporating away.

But then the curtain would close upon her mind once more. In his presence, she could chuckle, and talk, and think and discuss and eat and drink and reminisce on old times. And to Arturo, that probably seemed like everything was normal again, and that he had the old Irshad back. It was not the real case. Always, always, *always* her mind was on reproduction. On spawning her next young. The Gamma Aliens were colonisation experts, and clearly the Seed of Desire within her was crucial to such efforts. One or several of their number would take on its effects, either for some time or perhaps even permanently, and they would birth legions of young to ensure the next generation was large, educated, and capable of constructing proper colonies. That was what she was doing, and her mind was increasingly bent towards this effort. To become ever more pregnant, and to labour ever longer, and to birth ever more.

To breed her new species upon the earth, that they might flourish.

Art was the fuel for this. Her attachment to him had become biological. He was her mate, and so she was devoted to him, and did the things that pleased him, but everything else was surface level. Her Gamma instincts were what lay beneath the waves of her mind, driving her ever deeper.

She cradled her enormous belly as she floated in the pool, feeling every stir of her womb's endless machinations. Art had fallen silent, but his breathing calmed her. That wasn't a part of the instinct, but perhaps an artefact of her old pre-birth life. The same with her distaste of his music. And the occasional chuckle at his jokes. All small pieces of human Irshad. She pulled her thoughts away from them, and focused on the fullness in her belly, in her breasts, even the increasingly layer of fat upon her lower half which would give energy when she dove down deep once more. Where before she had feared becoming so large and pregnant, now she couldn't help but relish it, even in its discomforts. The sensation of having her massive chest literally *churning* with excess milk was simply divine, especially its continual dripping and spillage which told her how well her body was doing to produce it. But her womb was even better, overladen with young at various stages. They did not kick or move much within their soft, transparent eggs, but the eggs themselves did shift to make way for new young. Clearly, her womb had internal processes for such. And even those feelings elicited a pleasure response.

"Mhmmmm, " she moaned, holding it. "More p-pregnant. Enough. Enough now."

Art shifted on her belly. "Enough?"

"For birthing. Time to dive again. I'll see you when I n-need more."

Art was confused, looking at her with astonishment, but already she was moving, shifting through the water.

"Um, shall we talk about this Irshad? Are you in labor right now? Shit, I didn't realise that-

"Labor soon," she said in a monotone voice. "Must see my young. You have done well, Art. Don't worry, I'll be back as I was before. I'll be gone for a while again. I'll be back for your seed."

She sped faster and faster through the water, beginning the process of diving for the tunnel that led to the lack. She had the need, and the means to pursue it. Art clung on, attempting to grip her breast, her hand, anything that could give him traction.

"Irshad, what is happening!? You're – this isn't like you! Is it the instinct again!"

"I'll be f-fine my mate! You need to let go! My young need me. They need their broodmother!"

Arturo froze right as she began to dive. They headed below the surface towards the gate to the lake, and even if he could talk, or could hold on further, he wouldn't. The look in Irshad's eye was alien and dark, and entirely unconcerned with him. He couldn't see the woman he knew in them. Only a Gamma Alien, driven by some breeding instinct.

He let her go, and it was only when he realised he needed to breathe again that he swam back to the surface.

"Irshad, what's happening to you?"

Entry . . . 1.

Yes, 1.

I am no longer the Irshad Khan I was, so continuing her entries is pointless. I am now Gamma. I do not know if I even need a name, only a drive. The Drive. My mate has done his job and inseminated my womb, and now I grow great with his seed. I can't tell how many are inside me, but I and currently flush with the heat of reproduction, and my womb churns with the eggs it brings to fruition. There are certainly more than forty-seven to be birthed this time. I feel I am only just now entering my prime as a Gamma broodmother, and perhaps even future pregnancies will yield larger litters of eggs. For now, I am satisfied. More than I have been before in my life. Each egg growing within me fills me with a deep satisfaction, and I know it is right to create more. To birth more and more. It is my duty and purpose.

I am blessed to be changed. My bioluminescence shines in the cave, flickering information to my young, teaching them of the world above. I sense when they hatch they will need me only for a short time before spreading. I do not sense my female young will inherit my broodmother status either. I alone possess that gift, something that my former human self would find alien and terrifying. To think I was once embarrassed to be blessed to carry so many young, and to nurture them with my milk.

Even this entry is not written in ink, or lead, or typed upon a computer. No, such forms are too rudimentary. I weave them with light. My bioluminescence shines brightly, focuses upon the cave walls to inscribe lettering, and is stored in my genetic memory. I can shine it, inscribe it on other surfaces when I please.

Soon I shall birth. I shall birth days. This is my hope. The experience is not without discomfort but is also highly pleasurable. Fulfilling. Yes, that is the word. It fulfils me in a way that even my mate cannot. He is . . . merely the tool to reach that fulfilment.

And yet I dream of him. I feel as though my memories, or my human side, is slipping away, but never quite gone. I must rid myself of it. I am no longer human, nor do I share a human's wants. I was always apart from everyone, and only Arturo pierced through that sheet of armour.

Now it is closed back up again, and my young nestled within, safe and sound.

Dreams

Irshad coiled around and against her young in the cave. The eggs had grown bigger, absorbing the nutrients of her cloudy milk even as it leaked from her chest. She was most

comfortable here: around the eggs grew mats of soft alien fungus. It did not spread far, but enough so to provide comfort to her where she had laid them. Once again, it was revealed how adept the Gamma were at colonising, that their genetic engineering took even these small details into account.

She hummed to her young and played illusions of light like a disco ball across the cave, shining in hues of blue, blinding white, and iridescent violet. She told her young the story of her human life, and of the blessings she had received in taking on the Seed of Desire, and her genetic epiphany in leaving her human self to the side and giving over entirely to her instincts. She could not tell how they felt about this, particularly since they were in a strange state of hibernation while unhatched, but it felt like the right thing to do.

She groaned, sending a great course of bubbles up and out of cave. Her belly was incredibly taut, even rippling slightly as her eggs bulged against it. She was completely full, overly so in fact, her womb stretching the boundaries of its current capabilities. It made her impatient, as wonderful as it felt. She wanted to birth, but she couldn't quite know when that would happen, only when it drew close. Perhaps Arturo would be worrying about her, but that would only factor as important once she returned to the surface. She could always find another mate.

So instead she closed her eyes, continued to hum and play lights automatically for her young. And drifted off to sleep.

She dreamed she was standing in shallow waters. A river, leading up to a verdant green bank that extended over the near horizon. Forest streets grew along the bank, but she was walking towards a clearing, where a figure was shouting at her. She thought she recognised him. There was something about the thin line of hair along his upper lip that made him quite distinctive. She felt she should have been able to recall him.

So she called out to him.

And he called back to her, motioning for her to draw closer.

She stepped forward, moving through the water easily, but as she reached the bank she hesitated, her foot held in the air halfway between the river and the earth. The figure motioned again, practically pleading, and she recognised him as someone she loved, a man of warmth and humour and compassion, who loved her in turn and had loved her for some time. She raised her foot, and stepped onto the bank. The man smiled, only for his expression to fall as she struggled to take another step. Something had caught her other leg and refused to let go. She looked back and to her horror saw a coil of living water wrap around her ankle, dragging her back. She fought against it, but its grip was too powerful.

Worse, another coil rose to drag back her other ankle, and another two grabbed her by her wrists, then an even larger one around her waist.

She cried and yelled and screamed, kicking and writhing against the coils that claimed her. But they were too powerful, and soon she was dragged back beneath the waters. The man raced forward, trying to save her, but it was too late.

All she could do was cry out for his help, to save her before it was too late. But then it was too late, and she was pulled into the dark depths. Her stomach bloated out, swelling with sealife, and her legs twisted and coiled until they were a tail meant purely for swimming. A life on land, and with the man she loved upon it, was now out of sight.

Impossible to reach.

She called his name through the water, and hoped it rose with the bubbles that surged from her lips.

Arturo woke from the dream still calling out Irshad's name. It was only when he saw his dark, dank surroundings that he realised it had been just that. A dream. He was alone in the repurposed bunker, and there was no one coming to grant him company.

"Just a damned dream," he sighed, rubbing his temples. He wasn't even sure what hour it was, and it was only upon checking his phone that he realised he'd overslept. A result of too many late nights hoping Irshad would come back.

"What are you doing out there, Irshad?" he asked himself. "Will you come back at all this time?"

He shivered just thinking about that icy expression she'd last shown him as she shot for the gate. Sure, Irshad had always been a little bit icy. Okay, a *lot* icy. But this was something different. Alien. Inhuman. Cold and clinical without any of her warmth. Even the iciest incarnation of Irshad on the job still had her desert dry humour, her professionalism, her fastidiousness. This was something else. It was like her personality had been captured by the impulse of instinct, and couldn't be let go. When they'd been having sex, some part of her had remained, in her professing of love, in her tenderness. And then at orgasm, when he spurt his seed inside her, she shut down more. What he'd mistaken for post-coital bliss and silence had actually masked a predatory instinct to take his seed and use it purely for reproduction.

At least, that's what he formulated as a theory. He wasn't entirely sure of anything really, only that he was helpless, and that he missed her. Irshad Khan was a woman beyond any other, and not just in her strange, alien, pregnant body either. He had always been captivated by her, but now he feared she was captivated by something else entirely.

Still, he tried to avoid panicking. He'd done his best to simply follow the protocols from last time: blast his metal and hip hop music from the surface, as well as call out to her occasionally from his boat. He simply had to trust she'd return, just as he hoped to discover some way to aid her through his own study of the Seed of Desire. After all, they had all the information necessary on their computers. Everything from the experimentation, the effects it had on her hormones, her system, even her enlarged brain. And while she was likely just birthing for days and would resurface, he wanted to be prepared in case he discovered a very different kind of Irshad, one who viewed him purely through reproductive impulse.

At least, that was the plan.

For now, he needed breakfast, a shower, a change of clothes, and to get rid of some extra energy before beginning his research. And he also needed a chisel. There were more ancient ways of making messages as well, and some lacked subtlety in spades.

But he couldn't turn his mind from that strange dream, with the river, and the gorgeous woman with the olive skin and the round, pregnant belly. She had looked so much like Irshad, and sounded so much like her too. And she had called out for his help as well.

He wished it were true.

Still, it made him go to the computer first, boot it up, and begin to search for a particular item, one that he imagined was certainly not for easy sale. But it was America, and so he found it faster than he would have expected.

"A last resort, after the chisel," he said to himself. "Or perhaps even *with it*."

Entry 2.

Yes, Entry 2. 17 or 18 . . . was I up to these before? I feel it becomes harder to remember. But that was before, and the before doesn't matter as much as the present. I am readying to give birth. I felt the first stirrings not too long ago. Time runs differently down here, beneath the lake. The changes of the seasons and the cycle of the sun matters much less in this darkened space. I make my own light, and my young are nourished by it.

Preparing for this birth, which has taken longer than expected, has allowed me to think on the future of my new species. We are now competitors, in a sense, to the human race. I do not intend on invasion, but neither do I plan on surrender. The oceans are perfectly suited for my kind, and we would live in harmony with sea life, and even work to cultivate and protect it from extinction. I can already sense the power to renew the biosphere of the seas, instead of take, take, taking from it as humans do. As I once did.

I give this information to my young. My glowing skin instructs them. It tells them that the seas and oceans will be ours, and we must be stealthy at first. Hidden. But once we are spread far and show our intelligence, that we can ready to defend ourselves if necessary. Information comes to my mind as it is needed, and my young will be greatly intelligence also.

We will build a future, and I will find new mates.

No. That is . . . not right.

Can I not take my mate with me?

But then, how could I?

There must be other mates that this, so many. So why do I still feel an attachment, when such bonding was only between the human Irshad and he?

Birth

It was happening. Irshad groaned, letting masses of bubbles spill from her mouth as the first of her renewed contractions tightened across her womb. It was a blissful feeling, full of pain, yes, but also a sense of powerful purpose. The pain only reminded her of the importance of what she was doing. With a powerful beat of her tail, and the use of her powerful webbed hands, she manoeuvred herself around the cave to a free spot, one that was clear of her previous growing eggs and yet with enough space to birth yet more into the world.

Another contraction, tighter this time. She gritted her teeth. She had imagined human birth would be full on, but Gamma alien broodmother birth was on another level entirely. It had been an ordeal spanning days last time, to birth forty-seven children, but already she anticipated more, though how many she was unsure of, only that she was giddy with excitement.

For a brief moment, she wished Arturo could be here, with her in the cave as she pushed out her young. Wasn't that what a good mate was supposed to do? Help usher forth one's young, pass them to her breast, and watch over them as a protector? But then Arturo couldn't do any of those things, not anymore.

And yet he had managed with her, despite all the difficulties.

Her instincts rose up and rewired her thoughts, bringing them back to the task of birthing. She had duties ahead of her, and it was important that she meet them. She had to usher in the age of the Gamma race upon Earth, and that required patience and birthing.

Another contraction, and this time she sensed she was close. Her breasts expelled milk into the lair, which spread to become a pale cloud. It settled over her eggs, and they all shifted slightly, squirming in excitement as they were nourished by her ultra-nutritious produce. It was the last thing left to do. Well, except for her bioluminescence. She lit up, radiating a pattern of light across the cave that warned away predators, but also informed her already-birthing young of what was happening. She didn't know exactly how she could

'speak' the Gamma language, but she was certain they understood. She communicated something akin to:

'It's okay, my little ones. Mama is just giving you more clutchmates - brothers and sisters. It will sound like I'm in pain, but I'm not. It's a part of life, and it will make our family bigger and happier.'

They trembled again in excitement, warming her heart a second time. Art would have loved the sight of it. He would have been a source of comfort and . . .

No. It was time to bear down. It was time to be her new form. It was time to ignore her mate. He was not needed now. She began to push, and the first egg descended through her canal.

The first of many, many more to come.

Two days. Two full days of pushing and birthing, of expelling life from her grotesquely pregnant body. The effort was Herculean, but then human mythology didn't much matter to Irshad anymore. She vaguely recalled she had been fascinated with it once, as a child, but those times were increasingly vague to her. What mattered was the birthing, and she was not done by far, not yet.

She groaned, releasing another torrent of bubbles. The pressure was immense and only building. These eggs were even healthier than the last lot, but it also meant they were bigger, and consequently required more straining to push out. It was discomfiting, but this too was not a true bother: as before, she had begun to orgasm with her births, becoming overwhelmed with pleasure. She did so now, her bioluminescent skin communicating in alien language what she could not in words.

'Ohhhhh yessss! M-more! More young! So many m-more! It feels sooooo good! This is what I am meant to b-be! NNGGHHH!!!'

Her vagina distended, another massive egg passing through her tunnel. It stimulated the hyper-sensitive nerves, producing yet another orgasm. For a moment it became stuff at the exit to her tunnel, leaving her moaning and groaning and producing further bubbles in agonised pleasure, but then she bucked her tail, and it exited out onto the large clutch she had already formed. She had lost count of how many she had laid so far, but it already seemed more than her initial clutch, and with each further egg she produced, her pride only swelled further. She rubbed her nipples, groped and squeezed her tremendous breasts, sending out torrents of her life-giving milk. Not only was it sweet to her own taste, and good for her babies, but it enhanced the pleasure, incentivising further effort in her labors.

'S-so many. S-such an effort. Getting tired, little ones. But I won't s-stop. I'll keep birthing - NNghhh! - for you. This is our destiny! We'll form our own w-world beneath the sea, and me are you m-mother! Aahhh! MMHHMMMM!!'

Another quake of orgasm, and all concerns about the surface were eclipsed by her current purpose. She lowered a hand to rub her rounded mound of a belly, and she felt many eggs still inside it. Perhaps nearly a dozen. It put a smile to her face, and even more so when the next round of contractions began.

She bore down and pushed. Art had put so many inside her. He was a good mate, and his seed was strong.

She would have to visit him one last time for that seed. After all, was it not the Seed of Desire that first gave her this new destiny?

Irshad bore down. One last push. One final strain. One last, agonised orgasm that sent her wildly over the edge with pleasure, groping and squeezing her distended nipples and sending clouds of her excess milk everywhere. The final egg of her current pregnancy reached her lower lips, and with a smile on her face, she gently pushed it through her exit, eliciting a blissful gasp of joy.

'Mhmmm . . . well done, my darling. The last. For now. I am so proud of you. You made your broodmother proud, my young. Now I can - ahhhh - now I can rest. Mhmmm.'

She did so for some time, simply relishing the power of being a broodmother, of being a Gamma alien. She was surrounded by her new progeny, and the number was certainly greater than her first birthing. Where before she had birthed forty seven babies in their soft, translucent eggs, this time she had birthed sixty eight; twenty one more than last time, and all of them a little bigger. Healthier. More fit to cultivate the lakes and seas of the Earth, becoming one with the environment and yet flourishing within it.

'Mhmmm . . . already I cannot wait to birth more.'

She caressed her still-swollen stomach. It was never *not* swollen now. After all, her mate had impregnated her many, many times. Quite a few eggs were still developing, and in a week or more they would be ready to be birthed as well. She was like a living factory, forever producing the next line of progeny to be 'delivered.' And she loved it more than anything she could have imagined, right down to the building blocks of her new DNA.

'I shall spend some time feeding, regaining my energy after my slumber, young ones. And then once I have sated myself, and ensured your safety, I will find my mate. He is only needed one more time. Then we shall find a way to the ocean.'

I am Gamma, after all. My genetic ancestors travelled the stars, changed the very building blocks of the universe. Surely, we can escape this lake.

We must.

Art had picked up a number of necessary items from town, but he worried it was not enough. The peninsula had a thriving fishing community, as well as a long history of it as well. It meant that some of the diving apparatus equipment he was aiming to pick up was nearer in reach than he could have suspected, but it didn't necessarily mean he was going to be successful either.

"Whatever it takes," he told himself. "She's been gone nearly a week, even longer than last time. I don't care if she's birthing an elephant down in that lake, she should have come up by now. At least to give me closure."

The thought that this was simply her frosty way of dumping him hadn't quite occurred to Art until this moment as he returned to his car, equipment in tow. It seemed absurd, but if it was true then it only made him feel like a crazy stalker, going this far.

"No," he said aloud, starting up the car. "It's more than that. This isn't the Irshad I knew. Or know. She's changed somehow. She could be pretty icy, but not like this. She needs my help. I know it. And this is the only way I can think of."

He began the long journey up the peninsula and toward the mountains, heading up to the reorganised military base he'd called home for months. It didn't feel much like home without his gorgeous girlfriend though. He didn't care if she was human or alien, pregnant or not, in fact, he rather found her changes deeply sexy. But what he cared about most was Irshad, and it was her he missed.

"I'm going to find a way to reach you, Irshad."

He thought of the information he'd managed to uncover from the reports on the Seed of Desire. It was indeed affecting Irshad, and not just by giving her the necessary instincts to control her new form and birth their alien young. No, it was also affecting the memory centres of the brain. He couldn't believe they'd missed it, but then Irshad had taken control of much of that analysis, and her own mind had compromised her. It was a foolish mistake on the part of both of them, and now they were both paying the price, her most of all. Worse, her frontal cortex was altering: the very location of much of her personality. Her personhood.

Her soul.

Art wiped away several stray tears as he drove, horrified at the monumental fuck up he'd made. The woman he loved, that he'd always been enamoured with, was in danger of disappearing entirely into an alien consciousness.

There was only one hope. In his findings, he'd managed with great effort to uncover the strands and patterns of Gamma alien genetic engineering. It was tethered to the mind in a similar fashion to the way some human technologies were just uncovering, able to be influenced and furthered and reduced by conscious and willing thought. He didn't know how far gone Irshad was, but if he could just reach her, then perhaps they could reduce the changes, perhaps even revert the effects upon her mind.

And then he could have her back.

Entry 3.

I have birthed. I have fed. I have protected and nurtured my young. Now it is time to return to the surface and claim my mate. His seed must be extracted for further impregnation, and then I can begin moving my young to a safer location. The bunker is the key. It feeds not just to the lake, but to the rivers that run through to the ocean. The human shall be easily manipulated, and once his purpose is fulfilled, other mates will suffice.

I must fulfil my role. I must birth legions to safeguard my species.

And I crave his seed. So much so that it hurts. There is something about this mate that entices me more than it should. Thankfully, my instincts grow stronger each day, and shall overcome this unnecessary connection.

It shall also overcome this incessant need to log my thoughts. It is a useless distraction from my birthing.

I must mate again.

I must birth again.

It is my role.

Confrontation

That dream again. She stood in the shallows of the river, her belly round and proud. Within it, dozens of lives stirred, lives that could not possibly have fit inside her, and yet they did. She had human legs in the dream, and something about that was strange and wrong, and yet very familiar at the same time.

Once more, she stumbled towards the bank, calling out to her mate. No, to Arturo. He pleaded for her to return, and she wanted to, but the coils of water were dragging her back under. They were telling her to be something else, to be of the sea. She wanted that also. She wanted both.

But in this dream she feared she could only have one. And in her panic she stumbled from the bank, unable to pull herself free. She was dragged away from her mate - her love - and into the deeper water.

And the water devoured her memory of Arturo above. She called out for his help, his name the last thing on her lips before he was forgotten forever.

Irshad rose to the surface of the lake, ready to meet her mate. She had decided, for ease of her reproductive plans, to draw him here. No doubt the human male would be joyous to see her pregnant, perfect form floating upon the lake, her full breasts on display. It would allow her to entice him to the more open outside area that she enjoyed, instead of the restrictive prison that was the indoor bunker pool. Increasingly, that place felt like a restriction of her true nature, and one she did not wish to return to.

And yet, as she broke the surface, magnificently exploding from the water for a brief few seconds, like the great sea mammals of Earth, she immediately felt that something was wrong. Arturo Diaz, the name of the human mate she sought, was not present. She turned about, her skin becoming incredibly bright as if to signal him, her luminescence breaking through even the light of midday.

But there was no response.

Her thoughts shifted. It was likely that he was taking a break. Writing some letter. Taking a trip to the nearby human town. All likely possibilities. Except that she had smelled him on the water, heard the sound of his music. He was nearby, teasing her. It made her alien skin shiver with anticipation, and her loins lubricate themselves in readiness. Yes, her mate was enticing her, drawing her out as if producing a mating call. It made the vestigial remnants of her human mind light up in amusement. There was something about his music, or about the way he treated his facial hair, that made him exciting to her, even now. It was a connection she would have to sever. Soon.

She ducked down beneath the water, searching him out. To her irritation, she found the source not only of his scent, but his music as well. It was within the bunker, lingering out through the tunnel. The scent of raw fish was there as well, like a wafting taste of delicious delicacy, the kind that she had missed in her days of birthing and nurturing. It lit up her system, and with a thrust of her mermaid-like tail she propelled herself towards it. Her own skin lit up, communicating to know one.

'One last tryst with my mate. I must be impregnated one more time, to preserve my purpose, and my species' future. I must have his seed, even if it means entering this restrictive space.'

She had grown since Arturo had last seen her, and he saw so now as her luminous form swam through the gate. She had to be on the verge of being twenty feet in length, and the increase was not just in her tail either; her torso and arms had increased proportionately, leaving her even more of a giant. Yet even as her large aquatic body rippled through the water beneath the surface, he could see that she had recently birthed. Her belly was still certainly pregnant, looking like a woman who was nearly six months along with child perhaps, if not a little more, but before it had looked so far beyond overdue it was almost a joke. No, she had definitely laid more eggs, and if he was right in his suspicions, she was running on further instinct, desiring impregnation once more.

He was ready for her, and would not be fooled again. He'd had several more dreams, and all of them the same. The river, the bank, him upon the latter calling for Irshad to join him. Each time she was consumed into the river, and he could understand, on some level, that the real human her was fighting from within, trying to seize back control from the alien instinct that now governed her. Such a dream was not just the anxiety of one man. It was too specific, too unnatural. No, Irshad was reaching out to him, somehow. He didn't know if psychic talent was something she was only just gaining, if it was part of Gamma alien life or their engineering, or if it was a result of the strong connection they shared manifesting in her DNA, but she was reaching out in the only way she could now. In her subconscious dreams.

He planned to answer her call. She had to come back to land, somehow.

"Arturo, my mate," she said seductively as she rose from the waves. "Why did you keep me waiting? You know I prefer the lake these days."

He bit his lip, trying to control his emotions. He knew he was being manipulated, but he had missed her deeply. He had to try, or else be forced into the most dangerous effort using the materials he was acquiring.

"Irshad, you're back," he said, feigning a smile. It wasn't entirely false: he was joyous to see her, just cautious as well. "I just wanted to be by the pool, for old time's sake."

She cocked her head in a strange way. "The lake is nicer, is it not? You like fishing there. I see you brought me fish as well."

He nodded, though didn't tip it in the water. "Did you want to eat first? You have so much to tell me. Did you lay your clutch?"

Another cock of the head, as if she were trying to figure something out. "Yes, I did. Many births were had. Sixty eight in total, twenty one more than last time. It was an exhausting effort, but highly rewarding. I have now born over a hundred young from two labours alone."

He nodded. "Wow, that's a lot! Did you . . . I mean, it must have taken some time. Did you finish just some hours ago, or take a day of rest?"

“Several days, this time. I needed to hunt and scavenge, and watch over my young. You understand, my mate. It is scientific, but more than that. This is my role now, and I must see it through. But I had to see you, of course. I missed you deeply. I know it’s hard, but I want to spend time with you.”

He turned, wiped a tear before she could notice. He played it off as if he were scratching his head, thinking. “Sure, Irshad. That sounds amazing. We could eat and watching a dumb popcorn flick on the projector, talk about what you went through and how we’re going to deal with all these babies? Does that work?”

She paused, processing this. “Ye-es, that could indeed work, my mate. But I was thinking, since I had not seen you in some time, and since you have trimmed your sexy-looking moustache so well, that I could ask you to join me in the lake. Just the two of us. Maybe make more babies with me . . .”

Art took a heavy breath. It sounded so fucking tempting. In fact, it was enough to get him hard. But he was stalwart.

“No, I think the movie sounds better. I’m not in the mood right now.”

“I can see your erection, Art. I can smell your arousal. You want this. You want to suck on these.”

She rotated in the water, pushed her massive melons together, causing milk to spurt out in streams. Art had to look away.

“M-maybe. But I don’t want them right now. I’m not desperate. Sex is amazing, Irshad, but I feel like we need to do more. Talk, like we used to. I don’t want to just be viewed as some ‘mate’, as you now call me.”

Irshad paused. This was not going the way it was meant to. She just needed his seed. Yes, being in his presence seemed to summon some old human feelings, enough that they clawed against her mind like nails against a chalkboard - even reminding her of human expressions such as that one! - but her Gamma mind overrode them. She needed to mate, and her body was flush with a powerful arousal.

“I understand, Art. We can watch a movie. But then you have to promise we have sex after . . . or even during an intermission?”

Art decided to try his luck. “Maybe, or maybe we could talk more, Irshad.”

“T-talk?”

“Yeah, I’m just worried about us. About you. I’m scared that you’re becoming lost in this new Gamma role of yours, and it’s consuming you. You don’t talk about science anymore, you used to love science and genetics, remember? And our silly stories about Project Gamma, you barely mention them now! Do you even remember those old antics that I got up to that drove you up the wall?”

A sliver of memory stirred. A reminder of something to do with a painted ball. No, paintball. Yes, it was paintball. But did she take part? Surely not. She smiled anyway.

“Of course I remember, my mate. My Art. You brought a paintball gun in.”

Art was impassive. “Yeah. Who did I shoot with hit?”

“M-me?”

“Accidentally. Do you remember the names of the other supervisors? The ones I was aiming for before you jumped in the way?”

For the first time in days, Irshad felt real, human fear. It bubbled up to the surface like her groans within the deep as she birthed her young. How could she forget the names of her old bosses? She had known some of them for years, even kept in contact with some of them. And there was one she hated, hated more than anything for shutting down the project. But his name, even his appearance, escaped her.

“I - I’m not interested in this, Art. Let’s just go back to sex. Besides, you know I love your movies after sex, not before.”

Art narrowed his eyes. “You don’t ‘love’ my movies at all, Irshad. You jokingly tolerate them. You think popcorn movies are a joke because you’re a snob. It’s okay, because you’re a lovable, funny snob who doesn’t mind my preference for superhero flicks, but you’d never admit to ‘loving’ my films. Ever. Which is why I won’t have sex with you, Irshad. Because you’re not Irshad at all. You’re a set of Gamma instincts that have taken over. And it’s why I can’t let you leave without making sure you fight back against those brain patterns. I know you’re in there Irshad. I’ve looked at their genetics programming - the mind can make a difference! You need to fight now, and fight hard! You can resurface and be you again!”

Irshad felt something push against her mind, rail against it. It rose just as her mate said, emerging from her consciousness to speak to this man.

“A-Arturo. Diaz. I don’t - it’s so hard to fight. I feel a slave to the instincts.”

Art’s heart leapt. “You can fight it Irshad! Do you remember the dream? One the river bank? I think you sent it to me while you were sleeping! It’s you calling for my help. Well here I am, on the bank, calling for you now!”

“Dreams. Oh my God, Art. I did have those dreams. I thought . . . it did seem so real.”

“It was, and it is! Come back to me.”

“I - I can’t. It’s t-too difficult. I love -”

And then it was gone. A human remnant pushed back into a box to wither and disappear in good time. Her instincts regained control, and they sensed a change in her mate, and the possibility of a trap as well.

“Irshad?” Art asked. “Irshad, are you still with me?”

“Irshad is gone,” the creature said in a monotone voice. “I am a Gamma broodmother now. I have no need of names, particularly human ones. My role is to breed. You must breed with me, my mate.”

Art’s face fell, but his hope remained. She really was still inside there.

“I’m sorry, Irshad. I can’t do that. Not while this *thing* is trying to control you, erase you! It’s time you stayed in the pool until we fixed this.”

He moved steadily but surely to the button that shifted the gate. He’d done his best to reinforce it, and hoped it would contain her from leaving to the lake.

“You’ve given me no choice,” he said.

But already Irshad was moving, panic in her heart. Her mate had betrayed her, and his role. She whipped about the water, sending an unexpected surge towards Art. It knocked him off his feet, and then the twenty foot titan of an alien mermaid vaulted towards the gate, moving with alacrity to escape. Art got to his feet, heart in his mouth as he realised he had lost valuable time. He leapt at the button, crashing against it and causing the gate to shift downwards. There might still be time.

But then Irshad gave another thrust of her powerful tail, and she coursed through the water with great speed. Had she not given birth and were still fully laden with eggs, she would not have made it. Instead, she passed through seamlessly just as the gate fell.

Art stood in silence as the gate clicked into place below the water. He was alone again, and he had lost Irshad. Misery briefly overcame him, small tears gathering in his cheeks.

“No,” he said, wiping them away and willing them to stop. “She’s still in there. I’m going to save you, Irshad. If you’re not coming to me, I’ll come to you.”

Entry 4. Final Entry.

Mate has betrayed me, young ones. Was meant to impregnate me, bring forth further brooding. I am laden with at least two more pregnancies that I shall labor, but with lack of access to mate I cannot fulfil my Gamma function. Already, I can feel my eggs swell within me to join you as clutchmates, but I need more. Body needs more to breed. Cannot flourish as species without seed from mate, this is condition of the Seed of Desire.

Mate desires return of human Irshad, but she is gone, or near enough so. Must suppress her. Instinct is all. Instinct to breed and birth and nurture. Have my milk, young ones. Learn survival. Necessary skills to flourish. But cannot survive initial stage without more of you. Must breed further for viable population growth. Sense not enough genetic diversity among you, despite own genetic programming allowing for such from even one mate. Require several more litters.

Problem must be overcome. Must escape. Only option is swelling of river in wet season. Lake will flood and connect to other adjoining rivers that lead to ocean. Dangerous, but certain way of escape. Cannot use bunker way anymore, not with mate betrayal. From there, can find many mates to replenish young that are lost in the journey.

Must leave, or one above will try to keep us here.

This form of entry logging is an artefact. It is no longer necessary.

No more entries needed.

The Deep Dive

The next three days were the tensest of Art's life. He worked without his usual laidback attitude, consumed with concern for his partner, his friend, and his love. Irshad was down there, perhaps birthing, perhaps already trying to find a means of escape. The lake was large, but the only surefire way of leaving was by the other bunker seawater tunnels that fed directly into the ocean. Though he also knew that if a big enough storm approached, the lake could swell and overflow anyway, and she might be mad and alien enough to risk escape by the riverways.

She could also be seen and caught.

And so he worked madly, like a man possessed. It was a suicide mission, he knew. Risky beyond all belief, but he had to try it. While waiting for the final delivery, one that was set to be ready to pick up soon, he worked on the stone table with a chisel, preparing his message to her. If she was one with the rocks and shoal, then he would plant this by her cave where she could not help but see it, and take it in. No electronics failure of brittleness here.

Yet still, each delay terrified him. He had no true idea of knowing her whereabouts, or what she was up to. He just had to trust that enough Irshad was still in there to keep her grounded for now, and that her love for young was still genuine enough that she would be concerned with them first and foremost.

"I just hope she doesn't interpret my arrival as some threat to them and attack me," he mused as he worked. "God, she probably will do that, won't she?"

It gave him pause, but then his own instincts set in, overriding his worries.

"No, she wouldn't. And even if she did, it wouldn't be her doing it, but the beast that's taken over. I'm not giving up on her, and if I have to die to save her, so be it. She'd do the same for me."

He looked over at the equipment he'd readied, and raised an eyebrow at the insanity of it all. Would the balloon even work? He'd been assured it was used in such events, though only as emergencies.

"Yeah, she'd do the same for me. But probably not something so crazy or stupid. But then, maybe that's why she finally fell in love with me."

The broodmother increasingly left her young to visit the surface. The weather was all important, the weather was what would save her. It was becoming greyer and greyer, but not fast enough. Rains were approaching, she sensed, the first of many, but she needed them here soon. Some young would not hatch in time. She had to trust in their instincts: her lights had told them of the situation, though perhaps they did not fully understand. If they did, they would know how to reach her when the time came, though it would be risky.

She felt dread at that, but pushed it down. Such considerations were part of forming a colony. The broodmother had to make such dark calculations for the preservation of the colony. It was, after all, her purpose. Her children would not share her burdens or pleasures, and breed normally, before their genetic code became variable enough to ensure proper bloodlines and lineages to emerge. But interbreeding would cause no issues in the beginning, thanks to the genetic gifts she had given them.

And yet still, there was a worry. A care and love for those that would not survive the dangerous journey ahead. She felt the need to assure them.

'It's okay, little ones. You will be safe. Mama will guide you to safety and freedom. She will find new mates to bring you further clutchmates.'

It seemed to calm them, which in turn calmed her, though she should not have needed the reassurance. There was still a quiet struggle in the broodmother's mind, but it was one that she was winning. Soon her entire purpose would be all that mattered, and with her escape, she could experience the pleasure of her pregnancies and births with no other worries, as it was meant to be. She could forget the dream she continued to have, the one with strange legs and the strange man that called to her. If she could get enough distance from her former mate, she could be free of him, and the voice that plagued her subconscious.

There was a crackling of thunder in the sky, and the light patter of what would soon be heavy rain. Earlier than expected, in the end.

'Very soon, my young ones. Very soon.'

The broodmother smiled.

The boat rocked, but then he'd had an upgrade. It was the last ingredient he needed to try his insane plan. The little raft simply wouldn't do it. Art needed something with a crane, and a winch, and with enough weight to hold steady as he descended. He'd placed the boat off the ramp as soon as he'd gotten it filled with fuel, though he didn't really need to start it except to position it at the centre of the lake, where Irshad's cave was, far below. He looked up at the sky and winced.

"Fuck, it's starting to rain. Could get heavy too. Damn, I wish I had time for more tests. This better work, Irshad."

He began putting on the diver's suit. It was heavy, metallic, and the goldfish-bowl style helmet was older than he would have liked. It wasn't some nineteenth century thing with an oxygen hose, but it still looked like an absolute death trap, and if anything happened to him while he was down there, or the winch failed, or the crane snapped, or the boat capsized, or he got stuck, it could well be game over for good.

But he was ready to risk it all to save the woman he loved from herself.

"Okay, okay," he said as he put on the helmet. "Systems check. Seals. Oxygen. Pressure gauge. Electronics. Crane and winch."

He ran over it all, even as the rain began to fall faster. This was not an ideal weather system to take a deep dive suit down. His heart beat nervously as he ran out of preparations, but then a curious calmness came over him. As scared as he was, he was still Arturo Diaz, and he remembered the quality that both irritated Irshad and made her fall in love with him: his carefree love of adventure and life. He smiled, a big beaming grin, and he even laughed at the insanity of what he was attempting. He was still terrified, but he rode the wave of that terror as if he were on a surfboard.

He checked the cable attachment to his clunky suit one last time, then clambered awkwardly over the side.

He sank into the depths, the winch keeping his pace steady. Every breath reminded him of just how precarious his situation was.

"I'm coming, Irshad. You didn't come to me in your dreams for nothing. You're still in there."

Something was different. Strange. The broodmother sensed it. Even as the rain came faster, promising an avenue of escape, perhaps even on the following day, she could feel a change in the water. She swam from the cave. With her enhanced sight and hearing, she could

sense something new upon the surface. A large boat. Much bigger than the silly little raft the human mate had had before. It would not be enough to reach and capture her. She was safe in the lake for a time yet, and as the weather worsened, he would be forced to withdraw.

That's what the broodmother thought. That was, until she saw the figure descending through the water, clad in metal like a suit of armour, two large oxygen tanks strapped to its back. It was heading right for her location, just a couple of hundred feet from her cave.

It made her instincts panic. Was he threatening her young? She coiled back, pushing with her powerful tail to the cave, hoping to hide from him. She watched in the darkness as he landed, bright lights fixed upon his armour's shoulders. He seemed to test something: a cable of some kind, before beginning to walk around, somewhat aimlessly. The broodmother was astonished, and part of her was impressed. A small, screaming subconscious part of her swelled with pride at the insanity she was witnessing. The human crawled over rock, clambered over lake weed, slipped and regained his awkward footing in his heavily riveted diving suit. He looked ridiculous.

It somehow brought a human smile to her face, one that she forced down. After all, her young were at risk, and the human's lights were beaming quite brightly. The figure turned, and to the broodmother's shock it seemed that he had noticed something in the far distance. Did he have access to thermal imaging? Or was it their strange connection? The dream rose up in her mind of a figure upon the bank. But in none of those dreams had she imagined that when she was dragged down, her mate could make the desperate decision to *dive in* after her.

He moved forward. He had something attached to his side, something large and grey and clunky, and yet he was taking a great deal of effort to preserve it. A weapon? Her protective instincts raised. She gazed around at her young, felt her own babies still gestating inside her belly, and made a decision. She needed to remove this threat.

She shot out from the cave at lightning speed, circling around behind the human before he could see her. He was still heading for the cave in his plodding fashion. He'd made a mistake: he was entering *her* dominion now. And here he was just as awkward and clumsy as she would be on his surface land.

The broodmother turned about. She swam towards him. The cable was the weak spot, so easily severed. Then the oxygen tank would follow. If need be, she could crush him in his suit, but it was important to disable him first. She swung past, circling him a little more, keeping above and out of sight. There was a hesitation in her heart, but her instinct was overriding. She clutched her growing pregnant belly and knew she had to act before this human did something drastic.

She coursed towards the cable, slowed her speed with her webbed limbs, and pulled it towards her easily with a single finger. One bite of her teeth was all it took. The metal twisted and split, and then it pulled apart.

The effect upon the human below was instantaneous. Arturo stumbled and fell, his systems warning him of a cable loss. He tried to move about, and terror came back into his system as he felt the line go completely slack, no longer unreeling in a coordinated fashion.

“Shit, shit, shit, how the fuck did that happen?”

He slowly shifted the deep diving suit, but it was unbelievably cumbersome. He managed to reach, with some difficulty, towards the cable. It was loose. Severed.

“Oh, fuck. Oh fuck. Is it even possible to walk out of here?”

But then even that possibility was closed off by the terrifying sight lurking above him. Art's eyes widened at the sight of the twenty foot long titan of a creature, like a great sea mammal, like the Loch Ness Monster, looming above him. His lights illuminated it, but as if in retaliatory response, the creature's skin lit up in brilliant dancing hues of blue, violet, and white, nearly blinding him back. He had never seen Irshad's form in this kind of way before. It was still recognisable her: the prodigious breasts seeping milk into the water, her rounded pregnant belly becoming further swollen with their young, her gorgeous face still preserved despite the grey skin and dark eyes and seaweed-like hair. But her expression was cold and alien and hostile, and she moved as if he were a threat that needed to be removed.

“C'mon, it's me Irshad!” he called, though he knew only the reverberation inside his own helmet was audible. Not even she could hear him through the tight seal. He fidgeted awkwardly with the gloves of the suit, attempting to free the tablet. It had the words that needed saying, ones he couldn't provide her now.

But then she swooped down through the water, like a seal hunting for fish, and batted him aside. He felt something give way and buckle in his suit, and the pressure gauge warning lit up. He was deep enough that even if he didn't drown down here, he would certainly die from the pressure if the suit was too compromised. He gasped, trying to steady himself, but then she shot past again, and this time something tore open. An oxygen alert set off, blinking red in his helmet. She'd broken open one of the tanks.

“Okay, this is *really really really* not going well!”

It was, in fact, going terribly. He was losing oxygen, fast, and the other tank wasn't looking good either. He flailed his arms, trying to contain the breach, but it was no good. His only hope was that Irshad would come to her senses. He shifted, swinging his lights about to try to find her, but instead he only saw her immense maw surging right towards him.

“Oh. Fuck.”

They clamped onto his leg, sweeping him through the water. He couldn't believe how much bigger she'd got that she could grip a limb with her teeth like that. Her eyes were dark,

a contrast to her illuminated body. He tried to push from her even as she slammed him against some underwater rocks. It contorted him painfully.

“Welp, that’s definitely - ughh - gonna bruise tomorrow.”

Irshad didn’t find any humour, either because she couldn’t hear him or because she was in full monster mode. He noticed she kept one hand upon her distended belly, a mother protecting her young.

“Shit, I’ve set off your mother bear instinct, haven’t I.”

He changed tactics, even as the warning lights buzzed anew, warning of a *second* tank breach; the only other tank he had. He managed to get the stone tablet out, hold it up before her. He tried to make his body language as unthreatening as possible. Irshad swam forth, her tail containing enough muscle and power to flatten him.

“Please let this work, please let this work!”

The broodmother stopped just before him, pressed her hands against the rocks either side of him to arrest her incredible momentum. She seemed to sniff the water, search out the scent of what she was looking at, and then her eyes shifted to gaze upon the stone.

For the alien mother, it was a strange moment. She had been determined to snuff out the life of her former mate. There was a sadness in it, yet, but at the same time she had to protect her young, and her plans. But now, on the verge of death by drowning, totally helpless, his metal suit broken irreparably, this little man was holding up a placard of stone. She couldn’t help but sniff it, scent it for traps, but there was no indication of such. It was ordinary stone. Primitive, befitting his kind.

She drew closer. He was no threat now, not with his oxygen so low. It was inscribed with something. With small writing. She recognised it.

Arturo,

Need your help with something. Little side project I’ve been cooking - been looking into residual specimens of interstellar explosions and their warping effects. If you’re interested, I’ve got a cozy cabin on the Olympic Peninsula right now. If nothing else, we should reconnect. If you want to come visit, it’s a wonderful stay with an exciting view of things. I’ve attached the address below.

Sincerely,

Irshad

They were her words, the ones she’d sent to him. They stirred memory and personality from her, reminding of her of how she came to this point. But then there were more words below.

Irshad,

I answered your call and came. I don't regret it at all. I have loved you for so long, and no matter how crazy all this is, knowing you came to love me back has made it all worth it. I won't be with you, and our children, whatever it takes. Just come back to me. You don't have to choose between the water and the bank. We can have both.

P.S. Chiselling is hard, especially at this size. I know you like the aesthetics of stone tablets tho, so it was worth the effort.

Love,

Arturo

Once more, that stirring of remembrance and longing, the will to resurface in mind and form. Something broke the surface in her, and to Art's surprise, the man saw her actually *laugh* underwater, breaking into silly guffaws that sent showers of bubbles up to the surface. It was him. Her Arturo. The silly, ridiculous man who cared too much for his moustache and too little for professionalism. The man who had pierced the armour around her heart and broken through to capture it. Who had helped her through all these transformations, through the alien pregnancies, and had done all he could to amuse her, test her, lift her up and make her comfortable. Who had done all he could to *love her*.

And she had almost lost him, and herself with him.

Arturo Diaz smiled as he saw the change come over her expression. She reeled back, a look of incredibly guilt appearing on her face. Even her bioluminescence changed, glowing a radiant pink and purple that danced across her form in joyous celebration. Even through the cracks slowly appearing over his helmet he could see the word she was mouthing: Arturo!

And then he heard it in his mind as well.

Arturo! I'm so sorry!

He checked the oxygen gauge. He was running out, fast. Add on the minor concussion, and it made sense he felt so light-headed. But he was certain she had actually talked to him just then.

"Irshad? You can hear me? Is this - are we connected?"

I - I think we are, my love. I'm so deeply sorry! The alien took over. I don't know how, but it saw you as a threat. It had such plans, and not all of them kind. It was fearful and protective and not me at all and - and you saved me, Art. You saved me!

Tears streamed down Art's cheeks. He had managed it. To get through to her. It was ridiculous and silly, a plan born of desperation and risk, but it had worked.

It was too bad he was going to die.

He reached out to glide his glove along her side, where more of their children were still growing.

"I dreamed of you," he said, as if it said everything he needed to say.

And then he began to go even more light-headed, and the great underwater beauty that was Irshad Khan began to fade into a glowing light before him.

Art! Art! I'm here, Art! Just hang on!

The broodmother tried to rise once more to seize her consciousness, but now that she had been returned, Irshad had no intention of ever letting it take the driver's seat again. She understood now what Arturo meant: the Gamma aliens had allowed their minds to steer their own genetic programming, and she did so now, forcing down the instincts to serve *her*, instead of giving control over to them as she had. It took precious seconds, but it was necessary to save her love. With one last gasp of pressure, the alien shackles on her mind were cut away, and she was free once more.

She acted with immediacy, grabbing Art and pulling him upwards to the surface. She tried to go at a steady pace, not taking him too quickly to avoid complications from pressure change. But she was desperate, and scared, and while she could not cry anymore, her skin glowed with urgency, curving lines of pale red coursing over her form.

She broke the surface right near his new boat, and placed him atop it with ease thanks to her giant side. She was terrified to break the seal of the suit, particularly as the coming rain made it more difficult, not to mention her own heft.

"Please Art! Diaz! Come back to me. I'm sorry for everything. For not loving you sooner, for deceiving you into coming her, for hurting you so badly. I have to make it up to you, do you understand? I *have* to! Please come back, or I swear I will kick you in the next life!"

Her hair glowed in anger at just the thought, then dimmed immediately as his figure stirred. With some difficulty he removed his helmet, undoing the seal. Art looked pretty worse for wear, and yet even in his ridiculous suit, he had never looked more handsome to her. She nearly capsized the boat in sheer relief as she leaned against it, and he yelled out loud.

"Wooahh! Irshad, try not to kill me twice!"

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry! Are you okay, my love?"

"That depends, am I talking to the woman I love?"

She reached over the boat to rub softly at his cheek with her finger. He was so small to her now, so precious. Her body yearned to be filled by him again, but now was not the moment. She smiled through the rain.

"Yes, you are. The woman you saved, as well. Quite gallantly. And stupidly."

"Well, you were always the smart one. It's good to have you back, Irshad. I was lost with you."

“But you heard me,” she said, her smile so wide it hurt. “You heard me in your dreams. I called to you through them. Thank you.”

He nodded, still a bit delirious.

“Let’s go home, Irshad.”

She took the boat, and began to push it to shore. The two had a lot to discuss, and a lot of making up to do. But for now, they both just wanted to rest.

Aftermath

Irshad pushed, pushed, pushed her babies from her body. Each one was exquisite, not just in feeling, but in the knowledge that she was continually making new life. But unlike before, she was not slave to her instincts, and her broodmother identity was only part of her. She had not needed to birth her young deep in the lake, in some forgotten cave. That had been a result of her alien mind taking over. Now she was doing as she should always have done: allowing her beautiful boyfriend to be with her as she strained through the contractions, and see their new babies come into the world.

“You’re doing amazing, my love,” Art said, stroking her left flank.

Thank you, my love. It f-feels quite n-nice actually. Even better now that you’re h-here. I - ohhhhhhh - I never thought birthing could be so p-pleasurable!

“I’m glad it is!” he laughed. “Otherwise several days of laying eggs might be difficult!”

They were at the edge of the pool’s shallow side. She was beneath the water, but her back rose from the surface, allowing Arturo to stand beside her in his swimming gear, bringing her comfort and massaging her flesh. It was surprisingly intimate, especially since Art had insisted on once again overhauling the bunker pool to be more warm and comforting. He had even had the idea of bringing rocks and lakeweed up to sit and grow upon the pool floor, to give their eggs a great sense of a real environment. The space was safe, it had always been safe. It was just her Gamma instincts that had led her astray. But now they were conquered, and she had moved all hundred and fifteen of her eggs to the pool in the following days since her saving, a process which was tiring but worth it, so that Art could see them and marvel.

You’re going to be the father of quite a number, I’m afraid. Nnghh!!

“Big one?” he chuckled.

Y-yess. Oh G-God. Big ones. Not b-bad. Just a lot of p-pushing. It’s a good thing this body is so g-good at - ahhh - birthing, and that I enjoy it! Otherwise I’d be - MNmhmm - pretty horrified!

“Well, you look radiant, my love. And I’m prepared to be a dad. I’ve got silly jokes lined up already. Though from what you tell me, these kids will be a lot more independent even from the moment they hatch, so I guess some of the work is done for me.”

L-lucky you! You don’t have to - ugghhhhh - birth th-them!

“Oh please, like you just said. You enjoy it! I’m more worried about how full your, um, chest is. You were always a lithe woman before, Irshad, but you’re looking quite prodigious now!”

He saw her grin beneath the water, even as she struggled with her next egg.

I know what you want. Go on and drink. I n-need a bit of r-relief there anyway. Especially on the l-left side. Ahhhh! Here comes another - uughh - one!

Another egg pushed through her distended opening, plopping into the waters of the pool and joining the clutch of others all stuck together. She heaved as she did so, her great tail rising and falling quite impressively in the water. Even as she did so, she rolled slightly on her side, bringing her head above the water so she could stare at him directly, and allowing her enormous, almost torso-sized tits to wobble hugely before him.

“Mmhmmm . . . do you like what you see, little man?”

Arturo chuckled. “You know I do, Irshad. You know I do. Can I say again how happy I am that we’ve got you back, and with a bit of humour to boot!”

“Oh, shut it. You can either suckle on me or talk, but I will not take teasing right n-now. Not in my - UGGHH, that was a big contraction - not in my c-condition.”

She must have been able to tell that Arturo was about to say something cheeky and clever, because she swept out an enormous webbed arm and pulled him against her, practically squashing him against her enormous left breast. She aimed well: his face was right in her huge nipple. He took it into his mouth, the size of an apple, and began to suck at her glorious breast. He rubbed his crotch as he did so, incredibly turned on by her body and moans of pleasure. Sweet, life-giving milk spurt into his mouth, and he squeezed her breast with both arms spread wide around it, expelling even more milk. It was one of the most pleasant-tasting things in the world, and it only made his erection rage harder.

“Nnghhh,” he grunted, as he was transferred to her other breast. “I’m in h-heaven!”

“M-me t-too,” she moaned, approaching another orgasm herself. She felt divine. Human and Gamma in perfect balance, her alien instincts guiding her instead of controlling her. After she was returned to Arturo, they had spent a long time talking, cuddling, checking that they were both okay. And then only when they were ready, they had made passionate love. Not just baby-making sex like her body wanted, but true romantic love-making as Irshad wanted.

Of course, it had resulted in far more babies than ever before anyway, so it turns out her instincts could go wrong, and her human side could be right. In fact, she had been in

labour for four days now, slowly pushing out egg are egg, falling asleep (though she still expelled a few while unconscious, and dreamed of that very action), and then waking to more contractions. As uncomfortable as it could be, and as much as the deep was preferable for birthing, she still wanted Arturo by her side. She wanted her lover to experience her labours with her, and to celebrate each new Gamma alien she bore into the world. Indeed it had excited him, because he spent just about every second with her, never becoming bored of her process. The two even found time to watch one of his dorky superhero films, and she play a classical album in revenge. And, in true romantic fashion, she had woken after a time of rest to find her favourite ocean fish prepared as a platter to soothe her hungry stomach.

Already she had passed her record sixty eight children. She couldn't quite sense how many she had within her. No matter how hard she tried, she lost count when the orgasms came and overwhelmed her tired mind. It didn't matter. She was excited nonetheless, and while her Gamma instincts were under control thanks to her boyfriend, she still felt that wonderful urge to breed, though thankfully as an act of love as much as one of lust.

"NNghhhh," she groaned, pushing again. "N-nearly f-finished!"

"M-me too, Irshad!"

She pulled him against her, right into her rubbery cleavage, and it was enough to send him over the edge, lost in that pillow heaven. He came, and his while he was wearing his swimming shorts, he had pulled them down to pleasure himself, and his seed erupted against her chest.

"OOhhhhhh . . . that's h-hot," she said.

It was a very un-Irshad thing to say, but then she'd been trying to be less frigid and more open lately. Still, hearing her at least try to talk dirty still did a lot for him. He came several more times.

"Oh G-God, Irshad!"

"Mmhmm - OH!"

Her last egg plopped out, exiting her tunnel easily. She grunted a little at its passage, but in truth, it was Art's pleasure that brought her over the edge. The mental connection they somehow shared, like a genetic footprint of sorts, also exchanged a little pleasure too. She felt his, and it erupted through her.

"MMHPPPHMH!!!"

Art was knocked off his feet by the resulting wave, and sent several feet away in the pool. He managed to stumble his way back up the pool ramp.

"Sorry," Irshad said.

"First you bust up my epic diving suit, which cost a pretty penny by the way, and now this!"

The two shared a laugh, and she reached an arm out to pull him against her side.

"Aren't they beautiful?" she said.

He looked past her glowing form - literally glowing - to the mound of eggs she had laid within the pool, each of them just underwater further down the ramp. The life nestled within squirmed softly, still growing.

"They are," he said. "Are we going to name them all?"

"Well, Gamma aliens don't have names so much as distinct light signatures. So . . . maybe? We'll cross that bridge when we reach the ocean."

"Are you sure that's the plan, then? To go to the ocean? You don't want to stay in our bunker?"

Irshad smiled, but in that resolute way that told him her decision was firm. "I'm sorry, Art, but I have to. I'm not going to stop laying eggs, and the lake can only support so many of us. The ocean is where we can build a safe future, and reveal ourselves to the world when we're ready. We can even do a lot of good by reversing the damage civilisation has done to the oceans and their sea life. Besides, someone has to teach these babies how to respect the planet and eventually introduce themselves to humankind."

Art stroked his girlfriend's flank, kissed her burgeoning belly, eliciting a soft coo from her.

"*Si*, that makes sense. It's just . . . I was starting to think of this as home, you know? Even if you did almost drown me in the lake in a lover's quarry."

"You're never going to let me forget that, are you?"

He grinned. "Naturally. Besides, I did forgive you. You know I like bigger women."

She just scoffed, pushing him aside slightly in a joking manner.

"But seriously, I will miss this place. It holds a lot of strange, interesting, scary, and most of all wonderful memories. I'm glad I came."

"Me too. I wouldn't go back, you know. To being human, I mean."

He nuzzled against her a little more, stroking her enormous breast idly.

"Me either, Irshad. Me either." He gazed out across the numerous eggs filling the pool. They'd have to take inventory of the new lives Irshad had just birthed.

"Do you think they'll be okay?"

"Our young ones? I don't know, Art. I worry about them. They're a different species, *I'm* a different species. But we're just as intelligent as humans, and our domains of living won't overlap. We won't even consume resources wastefully like humans do."

"I take offence to that."

"Yes, and you're bad at dealing with recycling."

"I withdraw my complaint."

She chuckled, gliding her finger along his back. She lifted him up, rolled slightly so that he was perched on her chest, sitting in her cleavage, looking down at her gorgeous giantess features.

“But I think things will be okay. Difficult, perhaps. And very busy, once they start to hatch, but they’ll be able to form a hidden civilisation until the time is right, one that can get along with and even help human society.”

“Very optimistic for you, Irshad.”

“What can I say? I’ve been in bad company lately.”

“Can I remind you who was the one that literally tried to drown me a week ago?”

“Now I withdraw *my* complaint. And that joke has a lifespan of three months, that’s how long you get.” She shifted her view to take in her eggs, and smiled in what Art viewed as a quite maternal way. “They’ll be fine. And so will we. Once they’re hatched and ready, they’ll only need me for occasional guidance. We’ll find a hidden shore somewhere, and you can live in a nice holiday home with the money we’ve stashed away, and I won’t leave you like I did ever again.”

“Living between bank and river?” Art suggested.

“It’ll be a dream,” she said, giving an uncharacteristic giggle. “Now hurry up and fuck me again. My instincts are going crazy.”

He sighed in a sarcastic manner. “Ah, work, work, work . . .”

The Future

The Gamma aliens broke through their eggs, chewing their way through the translucent sacs and emerging into the light of the surface, breathing a mix of seawater and pure air for the first time. They were grey, blue, violet, even the occasional shade of pink in colour, and all of them were eager to taste the delights of the ocean, to hunt and grow and search and discovery, and plant and create and build. As they reached the surface, however, all made sure to raise their heads above and wave in the human-like fashion they had been taught to their broodmother who had given them life.

It was a joyous sight for Irshad and Arturo, who were relaxing upon the beach, she with much of her tail in the deep blue waters of the Pacific, and he on top of her belly, sipping a pink margarita and wearing a ridiculous Hawaiian shirt. Their children giggled at the sight of their broodfather, who was so different from their mother, so much smaller, close to their own size. He waved back, whooping and cheering and causing their broodmother to blush with her bioluminescence in the afternoon light. She was already pregnant with many more of their clutchmates, and so many more were beneath the waves, yet to hatch. She had

taught them all she could though, her memories and vast knowledge spilled into their minds through her intricate displays of light. Their father had tried his best also, though the use of puppet theatre and sing-a-longs mainly brought a sense of humour.

Humour, and perhaps a good understanding of human life and its strangeness. Something they would need to know of in the future, when the time came to reveal themselves. For now, they simply took a moment to appreciate the two very different individuals who had helped create them. Their own bioluminescent skin glowed and rippled with patterns, expressing their shared sentiments to their broodmother.

“They’re saying goodbye, but not forever,” Irshad translated. She couldn’t cry, but sometimes she wished she still could. She communicated back to her babies, wishing them a plentiful and successive life, and knowing that she could see them again. At least, so she hopes.

And then, with a flurry of fin and tail, they were gone, leaving the two lovers on the beach alone but for each other.

“That’s it then?” Art asked, more than a little astonished.

“For now,” Irshad answered. “For now. They have their world to build, just like we have ours. We’ll make it all work.”

“Haven’t we always?”

The two lovers stayed watching the sea for some time, imagining all that might be happening under their surface, and knowing all the eggs yet to hatch their young.

And all the babies they would go on to make.

The End