

## Broodbug Island, Part 2 (Alien Insect Broodmother TF Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

### A Commission for Konto Konto

*Jane is only twenty six years old, and already a genetics genius. Studying an alien artefact on a private island she inherited, she is aided by her friend and fellow geneticist Matthew. But when she accidentally activates the artefact, she finds her body rapidly changing, and a deep desire to produce many, many young growing within her. Matthew is temporarily blinded by the accident, but how long can she keep him from knowing the truth of her changes?*

### Broodbug Island, Part 2

Jane was pregnant. So very, very pregnant. She almost couldn't believe it. Her instincts were inflamed, and the need to produce many, many young was instilled within her. She rubbed her thighs against her long, almost worm-like egg sac. It was easily three metres in length now, and with the enormous amount of production already beginning within it, she had no doubt that she likely exceeded five tonnes in weight by that point already. Not to mention the weight of her enlarged body, and her antennae, and her large double pair of breasts. She was humongous. And yet, there was a desire to grow further. It wasn't just instinctive either: it was almost a morbid scientific curiosity to see how far these strange, *wonderful* changes would go. She stroked her chest, feeling her body breed, feeling it fill with eggs. With babies.

"Mmhmmm! N-need him! Matthew, where are you!"

Her tail thrashed automatically, and in her delight and excitement she didn't even try to stop it from shattering a nearby couch. It crashed against it again and again, far too heavy for its construction. But it did not hurt her: the rubbery exterior of her egg sac combined with its black plating on top made it practically impervious to proper damage. The couch was not so lucky. She giggled, her serious scientific self falling away for a moment at the sheer power of her alien body crumbling the wooden interior of the couch and shredding the fabric apart. It disassembled with loud, audible cracks, and out of a sense of smug pride in her new strength she even rubbed her tail over the remains, scattering them about so that she'd have to clean up later, lest Matthew slip on the parts.

"Oh God! Wow! I'm s-so tough! And heavy! Jesus, this is incredible! Ughh!"

Another churning in her ovipositor, and she felt another ovoid object form within her. Another egg. It made her body tingle in arousal, and another brief orgasm overcame her, enough to make her entire being quiver. She giggled again as her ears extended, the flesh stretching so that she had long, pointed, elven ears; albeit ones that stretched at least fifteen

centimetres in length, sweeping slightly out to the sides and behind the back of her head. Her antennae grew just a little longer, but another change was concentrated in her hands. To her astonishment, her fingers became more claw-like, her fingernails fusing more solidly to her fingers so that she had dark-black talons. Her skin upon those hands turned similarly black, but there was something different about this tone than the chitinous plating upon her body. It was glossier, prettier. It made her hope that the rest of her plating would adopt that same gorgeous, void-black shine as well.

“Oh G-God! Yes! More ch-changes!”

She writhed along the floor, thudding with her heavy tail even as she grew further. Her stomach gurgled, demanding more food again, but her instincts pointed her at her mate. She wanted to make sweet love to him, and thank him for what he had given her. She knew she should have been terrified, but in truth, her scientific mind was just as excited as her new alien mentality. The floor shuddered, even broke in places as her egg-sac tail propelled her forward. Her breasts jostled, and to her delight she realised that two more points were also stinging slightly. It was a good pain: she knew it signalled yet another set of breasts developing.

“Three pairs. I’ve g-gone from flat as a pancake to more busty than any w-woman in history! Wait till he f-feels them!”

She wondered what her parents would think of her now. The thought briefly sobered her, but then her stomach clenched, and another egg formed within her. She couldn’t help but groan in bliss. She was making a new family, in a way. It was scary, unpredictable, and she couldn’t know what would come next. But perhaps this experiment was a success after all, and she was getting exactly what she needed.

As if in answer, her ass swelled, fusing further to her tail. Her stomach bloated a little, looking just slightly pregnant, but really being absorbed further into the great mass of the mobile ovipositor. It changed to the same pale white colour as her tail. In fact, it was starting to look a little silvery, almost. She celebrated this, more dopamine rushes hitting her brain, sending her wild with ecstasy.

And she wasn’t even being fucked further pregnant yet.

Jane ran her slightly scaled tongue over her sharp teeth, loving the sandpapery feel of it. Her breasts trembled, swelling a little. With her second pair of arms she kneaded her lowest pair of tits, urging them to grow to become like the others. She wanted G-cups. God, she wanted J-cups! Big, round, milk-filled tits for her young! It was insane, but she wanted to be able to mother as many as she held.

She moved faster. Another object was crushed beneath her by accident, mostly due to her ‘tail’ pushing out another metre, now easily six in total in length. It was part of a desk, used for writing and studying. The bookcase beside it splintered and numerous books fell to

the ground. She didn't care, it was only evidence of how powerful the alien artefact had made her.

It was Matthew that met her halfway. He stumbled out, moving quicker than he should have given his blindness. He looked utterly handsome despite his confusion, or perhaps because of it. Jane had always been a small thing, and she wasn't even sure that it was her alien instincts that were making her feel dominant towards him. It felt much more human, to be turned on by how little her man was compared to her. She surged forward as he began to speak.

"Jane! What's going on? I heard crashing, are you oka-AAYYY!!!"

She gripped him with all four arms, her lower pair developing far more fully so that she could easily carry him. She was naked, and had no desire to put clothes on again, at least at that moment. Especially with all four of her nipples rubbing against him. Well, she had six now, but the other ones weren't fully developed yet, so they didn't count.

"Holy shit! You must be bigger!"

"A *lot* bigger!" she responded, her voice having a sort of double-layer to it, as if an echo was just a fraction of a second behind her speech. It sounded kind of cool, actually. Just one more feature of her new power. "And stronger too!"

"I can feel that!" he said. "Um, Jane, should I be worried?"

"No. You should be ready to breed me," she murmured in his ear. Her antennae flickered, sensing his own arousal. She wasn't sure if she was secreting pheromones again, but she had the genuine sense that Matthew was actually kind of *into this*. She seized the opportunity to kiss him deeply, letting her harsher tongue dance with his softer one. She was careful not to bite him with her sharp teeth, instead focusing her lovemaking on her four arms holding and caressing his being, and undoing the buttons expertly upon his top.

"Wow. What's got into you? Is it the alien instincts again?"

"Maybe," she said with a hurried breath. "But I also think I just want you. I think I always did, Matthew. It took mutating from an alien experiment to realise it, but ever since we started working together, you've always been there for me. And I want to be here for you now. Now please, will you fuck me? I want your cock so *fucking bad*."

Her antennae sensed that he was already massively erect, even more so when she removed his shirt and pressed her incredibly full double-chest against him. He pawed at her breasts, squeezing them together, marvelling.

"Two sets . . ."

"Three," she corrected in a boastful manner. "The next set is still very small. But they'll be a lot bigger if you do your duties. I just know it."

She kissed him again, and he yielded to her. She had always imagined that she was the naturally submissive type, the kind that preferred men to take the initiative and be in

control. Not that she had many relationships, especially since the passing of her parents and the start of her studies. But now she was discovering a new side to herself, and she was reasonably certain it had nothing to do with the effects of the artefact at all.

She liked being in control. She liked dominating her partner. She liked to be the aggressor, and the initiator, and the powerful lover.

She took that opportunity now, helping Matthew unbuckle his pants. She took his cock and guided it to her entrance. She had to lower her lab partner down so that he could grip her hips and thrust slightly up, as her changes meant so much of her was part of her worm-like egg sac tail. He didn't seem to mind.

"S-so tight, Jane! So tight and damn wet! You f-feel even better than before."

"You'll like it even more when you suck on my big, milky tits," she moaned. She pulled him up just a little, so that his face was thrust right into the centre of her four wobbling boobs. He suckled on her lower left one, and she groaned in relief as liquid left it, spraying into his mouth.

"Yessssss, drink! Drink it up! Oh God, I'm making milk! I want to make more for you! For our b-babies!"

Matthew didn't stop pumping into her, even as he drank. He raised his hands and began to tease her upper breasts, causing them to spray milk also. She was in utter ecstasy, and both were fast approaching the point of no return. She milked his cock for all it was worth, demanding her mate cum more than he ever had. She wanted babies, babies, and more babies. She didn't care if they were full aliens, half-insect, or some mix of human and the rest. She wanted to grow more eggs.

She wanted a family.

"S-so close!" Matthew groaned. "So close!"

"Me too! Breed me, my mate! Breed your queen!"

"M-my queen?" he asked.

She kissed the top of his head. "Yesssss, your queen! Your big, sexy broodmare partner! Make me - OOHOOOOO!!!!!"

She never got to finish, because he thrust in her again, and with her four arms she pushed him into her, so that he sunk into her flesh and ejaculated more than he ever had. Her pussy drank in his semen, devouring his seed and taking it straight to her churning, ever productive womb, which was now located within her egg sac. Already it burned hot, absorbing his essence to make yet more eggs. It made her orgasm wildly.

"YESSSSSSSS!!!!!"

She collapsed, her tail thrashing in excitement and causing a massive bit of structural damage to a nearby wall. The wood shook apart, and part of the kitchen in the next room over was exposed. Thankfully, no immense damage was done. She'd deal with it later,

however. For now, she slowly slid down, still holding Matthew tenderly, clutching him against her full chest.

"I love you," she whispered.

"I - okay. This is a lot. But . . . I think I love you too," he replied.

"I feel like we've done this all backwards," she breathed, stroking his naked back as he lay down on the carpet beside her. "We should have dated first, or something. Fallen in love *before* I became this big freak."

"I wish I could see your changes. They must be magnificent."

She blushed, and it was the wrong colour: a sort of dark void across her soft whiteness. She wasn't sure he'd feel that way if he saw her, and it made her thankful for his temporary blindness. She dodged the question entirely through silence, letting him fill the air with his words instead.

"Maybe . . . we should go on a date?"

"A date?"

"Of course. While I recover, and we try to figure out how to return you. Well, maybe we get to know each other even more. A relaxing walk on the beach? You can't destroy any walls there, after all."

Jane grinned, her pointed teeth showing across the mirrored wall - the one she hadn't knocked down. "That sounds fantastic," she said in her queenly, double-layered voice.

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### *Journal Entry #27: Drones*

*I shall make this short, and sweet. I continue to grow. I am becoming more pregnant, more heavy, and my tonnage - yes, tonnage - is only becoming more obvious as well. My changes come with many concerns and difficulties, but I aim to meet them. I have ordered a number of automated construction drones in order to fortify and structure the lab and wider compound so that I can't do damage to its basic integrity, as well as various new couches and desks that are made of hardier stuff. It is extraordinarily expensive, but what's a few dozen million dollars with an inheritance and increasing wealth like mine? I literally can't spend it quick enough.*

*Soon, Matthew is taking me on a date. I look forward to it. It will be nice not to cause any further damage. As Matthew told me, my tail won't be a problem upon the beach.*

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Matthew was wrong. There was actually quite a bit to knock down, namely the gorgeous palm trees that littered the edge of the beach. To her total embarrassment, Jane shook apart several of them with her immense tonnage. Her tail was still hard to control, and it was always churning as it crafted new eggs, causing it to bloat up further in unexpected ways. It excited her, especially since it was now easily over four metres in length and counting, but even as she approached eight tonnes after her latest feeding session, she was still nervous about the date. She'd wondered about wearing clothing, but decided against it. She felt freer totally naked as an alien broodbug should be, and her lover was almost naked besides. He was quite cute in his boardshorts, in fact. She liked to picture the virile manhood contained within them. Still, she decided to put some nice jewellery in her ears. They were very long and defined, and she wanted to emphasise their cute elven nature with just those light adornments.

Slowly, over the previous day when they'd made love again, her alien instincts had dwindled. The need to breed with Matthew was still there, but her antennae no longer pushed her as they had before, instead seeming to be but another way of sensing instead of a provider of powerful urges. It was as if, having become pregnant a number of times over and having embraced her new body, there was simply no need to be guided as such. And it was true: instead of suddenly being horrified at her body, Jane was only just beginning to truly revel in it. It was powerful, large, muscular, and deeply erotic, in an alien way. Her womb continued to shift and squirm as it produced eggs within it, and that was enough to make her orgasm more than once, all on her own. She was truly pregnant, and while Matthew didn't quite know the full details, it filled her with a mix of scientific curiosity, sexual curiosity, and maternal curiosity all in one.

She meditated on those feelings as they reached the beach. It was a beautiful tropical afternoon, and while Matthew could not see it, he was obviously enjoying the fresh air, the cool summer breeze of the tropics, and the feeling of sand between his toes. He held one of her hands as she guided him along, but occasionally she had to stop and grunt as a new egg forms, stretching her sac yet longer.

"Are you okay?" he asked.

"You don't have to keep asking that. I'm fine. Better than fine, in fact."

"It's just - that grunting . . ."

"It's the pregnancy, Matthew."

He went still. Both of them were aware of the massive implications they were dealing with, scientifically. But the notion that he could be the father - most certainly was the father - seemed to be something her lover was struggling with.

"Don't think about it too deeply, babe," she said awkwardly. "Let's enjoy ourselves. The sun is warm, and we admit we love each other. Let's just have this."

Matthew smiled, recovering. "You're right, of course. It's just a lot to take in. You're a lot to take in. To imagine that you've gone through so many changes . . . it's a marvel! Again, I just wish I could see them. I bet that despite everything, you are incredibly beautiful."

Another dark blush. She felt beautiful, but wasn't sure that he would see it that way. Her belly and breasts had shifted colour again. Where they were a pale, milk-white colour before, they seemed to be becoming more and more silvery. It was almost ethereal, star-like, and she hoped the change would become even more vibrant. Likewise, her dark plating had indeed become more glossy since the previous day, and small specks of multicoloured light were appearing on them. It looked like a starry night in some ways, albeit one sparse with its stars. That too she hoped would become more vibrant. She wanted to become a beautiful broodbug alien, captivating to see, and hopefully before Matthew's eyesight returned.

"I hope I am. I think . . . it's strange to say, Matt, but I love this form. I know it sounds crazy, especially since I'm already having to order new construction drones, state of the art, just to keep the walls of the complex up, but I feel so in control of my life for once, despite everything. Which makes no sense, because these changes are way out of control. But I still feel like I have taken charge of them, you know? Tell me if I sound crazy."

"You don't sound crazy," he said, unpacking a picnic basket that was full of various cheeses and biscuits and the like. "You sound like the bravest woman I know. The strongest too: literally, now."

She laughed. "That's why I love you, Matthew. Why I think I've loved you for a long time. Because as damned stoic and serious as you can be, you never stop believing in me, and understand me."

"And I make a good picnic. Shame you can't enjoy it."

"I have my nutri-paste," she said. She lugged out the big canister, one she'd tied loosely around the end of her huge egg sac. She took the hose and put it in her mouth, sucking deep so that she inhaled enormous quantities of the nutrients she needed. "Mhmmm, I can't even imagine going back to regular food."

"Well, take a piece of cheese anyway," he said, passing her a stick. She ate it readily, and couldn't deny that it was indeed good.

Over the next few hours, the two of them talked about life, their experiments, and what the future held. They held one another as they laughed over old times during their studies, over the insanity of the last few weeks that led to all of Jane's changes, and what their babies could possibly be like. For all his stoicism, Matthew seemed only able to approach the last through dry wit, speculating on the nature of what their half-alien children would be like, or if they would be alien at all, and if so, how they could possibly be parents to a few alien children. Jane didn't have the heart to tell him that her body seemed to be producing eggs every couple of hours, if not quicker. Instead, she simply relaxed, let

Matthew enjoy her body, and as the two of them grew aroused, they made sweet love upon the beach. It was clear that, whatever misgivings he had about her form, he too enjoyed the dynamic of being the more submissive partner to her dominant one, and there was no complaining about her more prodigious bust, or that she now had *two* busts to speak of. As he suckled upon her, drinking in her milk and thrusting into her, she no longer felt that instinctive desire to breed.

No, it was all natural now. She yearned to grow bigger, for herself, for her future family, and for the thrill of the changes that were still occurring.

It was the strangest and yet most romantic date she'd ever had.

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#### *Journal Entry #29: Things I Love About This*

*I find I am actually embracing my new body - who would have thought I would one day not only have an incredible F-cup chest, but actually love it! And not just that, but have four more breasts along the way! It's incredibly, and yet for all my previous scorn at the vapidness of large chest sizes on women and how unnecessary they are, I now find myself eating my words. I'll write it plainly: I have a bigger bust than almost any woman alive, and more of them than any woman ever. And I love it. They are much more sensitive than they have ever been, and what started out as a little bit of production has become a full blown milking process for me: I worry that if I don't lay eggs and have babies to suckle from me, that I shall require my gorgeous Matthew to feed from me at all hours. Not that I would mind.*

*And so, given that I am in a happy mood, I feel I should write about all the things I am coming to love about this body. As I am a scientist, I think I shall list them in an orderly fashion with brief explanations. In no particular order:*

*My ears: Matthew agrees with me on this. He cannot see them, but he enjoys feeling them. I have increased hearing - I can practically hear across half the compound now - but moreover I simply find their pointed, elf-like nature appealing. I am allowed to be shallow.*

*My teeth: This is one of the last remaining instinctual touches of my alien nature. By all reasoning, I should find these too much, but on the few occasions I eat solid food, it is with great relish that I can slice steak easily with my teeth. Perhaps my new alien kind are part-predators? Certainly, I think there is a psychological power that comes with sharp, predator-like teeth.*

*My womb: File this one under 'most annoying' as well. Certainly, when I talk about my womb, I suppose I could be talking about my entire tail-like, worm-like egg-sac, but I think I shall refer to the egg-producing part which is nestled in the location where once my ordinary stomach and backside were. Now that they are absorbed fully into my long ovipositor, it is*



*difficult to tell from the outside. But I can always feel it working, producing egg after egg, fertilised by the stores of semen I have 'gained' from Matthew. The continual production of eggs should be discomforting, painful, but while there are occasional lurches in my body, I find the continual creation of life within me a most cathartic experience. And, writing honestly, quite an orgasmic one as well.*

*My antenna: It took me time to get used to these, and thankfully they no longer push me so far with instincts. But I can sense Matthew's position, can sense arousal, even patterns of thought in the air. I have yet to master these senses, but how fascinating!*

*My breasts: I know, how deeply vapid of me, particularly after how I used to be. But even as I produce more and more quantities of milk, and my lower breasts grow, I find true delight in knowing my multiple breasts will nourish my young. I almost cannot wait to birth them so I can begin nursing. Is that strange? I don't think so. My mother once told me that breastfeeding was a greatly soothing experience. I shall have three times the pleasure, and many more babies to experience it with.*

*My chitin: The last on my list I would not have ordinarily mentioned this, but it is changing colour, as is my flesh underside. My armour-like exterior that protects my back, parts of my arms, and the top of my ovipositor is now a glossy night sky full of multicoloured constellations, and my belly and breasts and face are silvery in colour. In truth, while I may look like a monster to many, I do believe I am becoming more beautiful each day. Even my hair, dark now, shimmers unnaturally in such a gorgeous way.*

*Yes, it is fair to say I enjoy my changes. I feel more coming on right now. It is time to eat some nutri-paste, and to encourage my body to make yet more babies.*

*I cannot wait to see what changes come next.*

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Jane continued to grow over the next several days. In fact, her growth was only speeding up, and she was encouraging it as much as she possibly could. She indulged in her nutri-paste, even refining it in the lab so that it gave her even greater doses of necessary vitamins, calories, carbs, and various nutrients to supply her body. She effectively took every requirement of the diet of an ordinary pregnant woman, and supercharged it. And she needed to: her body seemed to respond to her desires, and it was ramping up production. She'd gained several tonnes of weight, and it wasn't just in her egg sac either: her breasts were enlarging. To her absolute delight, her F-cups had indeed crossed over into G-cups, which were now certainly nearly the size of her own head. Her 'middle pair' were now equal to them, having caught up, and it gave her quite a relief that her upper pair were no longer

squishing them so much. They could now 'stand on their own' a bit now that they were the same size. Unfortunately, her lower pair were 'merely' double-D's, though they were accelerating fast. She couldn't wait to be fully prodigious, though the weight was immense on her form, her new alien skin made it easier to handle. A good thing too: her breasts were beginning to leak quite often, lactating openly when she or Matthew's mouth didn't express them enough. And while she loved feeding her darling submissive lover, nursing him back to health quite literally at her breasts, even his appetite wasn't enough. To that end, she'd ordered a number of large breast pumps, and even equipment for milking cows. It was showing good results so far, and she liked storing her milk for her future young

And just how many young she had! Her ovipositor had doubled in size in such a small amount of time. It was now nearly eight metres in length, and was approaching nearly three metres wide at its greatest point. It had the impression of bloating out immediately once it was away from her rear, and increasingly she got the impression she was like a termite queen: a little humanoid pimple attached to a great carriage of eggs. Thankfully, her egg sac was mobile, a necessity given that her feeble legs were practically useless now. With the construction drones working away, she still caused damage from time to time, particularly against the walls, but they were being slowly reinforced. Now she simply dented the metal, sometimes deliberately just to test herself.

A large pressure plate had been installed in the middle of the lab to record her enormous weight. She had to curl her ovipositor, something which was a great act in of itself, but once she managed it she was able to get a reading of how much mass she had accumulated. The results, even from her expectations, surprised her.

"Over thirty tonnes! *Thirty tonnes!* How many eggs must I be carrying?"

She'd lost count, of course. In fact, even if she had kept count of every orgasmic production of eggs, including those marvellous times when she miraculously produced two eggs at once, it would still be impossible. This was because she'd started producing them even when she slept now. An alien broodbug's job was never done, it seemed, but it still came as quite the surprise when she awoke in the middle of the night from a particularly blissful double-conception, and realised her ovipositor had swelled an entire metre while she had been asleep. It turned her on something fierce to grow so much. It was a bold fetish she'd never imagined having, but who could have expected *this*? She masturbated upon the ground in the lab, and sadly ended up thrashing about with her long egg-sac so much that she crashed it through some of the most sensitive data-recording equipment including the x-ray machine they were planning on using to examine the internal structure of her womb once Matthew was recovered. Her silvery underside folded the metal into spare parts easily, and it sent shivers up her spine.

“Ohhhhhh, this is the weirdest thing to be aroused by,” she moaned. “But it feels so good to be so . . . big.”

She sought out Matthew for more sex. And while he was always hesitant about making her more pregnant (if only he knew just how pregnant she truly was), his arousal at her form, particularly her wobbling, heaving, milk-laden chest, made him too aroused to want anything else by the time she was done with him.

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#### *Journal Entry #35: I'm Almost There*

*I am now verging on Thirty three tonnes of weight. I can scarcely believe it. I have had to use an enormous amount of wealth (though a mere fraction of the total wealth I have) to change the very nature of the compound. The construction drones use airdropped materials quickly and efficiently, but I admit it lacks style and care. The technology is based around prefabricated buildings that could be used on colonies in space in the future. Well, I suppose I brought 'space' to us. Still, it is necessary, for if my ovipositor gets any bigger than we'll be in trouble. Already it is three metres wide and just as tall, and now ten metres in length. Truly colossal! If I look at myself in the mirror dead on, I see my alien beauty and my gorgeous triple-chest and my delightful antennae and pointed teeth and so on, but I also see the immensity of my own egg sac dwarfing me.*

*Utterly.*

*It is taller than I am. It is wider than Matthew lying across. And it is half as long as an entire lorry, and growing all the time.*

*I should be scared, but my excitement only grows. Matthew continues to ask about me: his eyes are not yet recovered, but in a week or so we can take the bandages off. I play off his questions as much as possible. Obviously I cannot hide my size, but I fear he would see me as a monster. But in some ways, I wish for this monstrous transformation to continue. Because I know in my heart - this mother's heart, now - that I am not far from laying my eggs. Not all of them. I get the sense I will make them continually. But a fair batch. My egg sac squirms and makes strange sounds. It's like a muscle clenching, or a spasm of the gut. The opening at its end dilates occasionally.*

*I will birth soon. I know I will.*

*Mom, Dad. I'm going to become a mother. I'm going to make a new family with Matthew, just as you always wanted. Even if not quite the way you imagined.*

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It was a mere day after that entry when it happened. Jane was slumbering, taking a relaxing morning nap while Matthew was out upon the beach. She hated that he was becoming so independent even while blind, and it made her worry. But with her body so overladen with eggs, she actually felt quite lethargic despite her immense strength. She couldn't really lie down anymore, so instead she sort of spread her thighs over her egg sac, perched atop it slightly, and rested back against it as if it were a reclining chair. Given that the sac swelled out from her rear to become quickly taller than her, it wasn't that hard. And while the surface was chitinous, she was pleasantly surprised to find that she could part the curtain of the exoskeleton in that area and nest comfortably against the soft undulations of her own churning womb.

But then the churning stopped. For a brief moment she felt nothing, still gently asleep, dreaming of becoming ever larger.

And then the contractions began.

She jolted awake, gasping and licking her tongue across her sharp teeth. She groaned, running her four arms down her breasts, confused as to where the sensations were coming from. Her six boobs were very sore, particularly now that they were all G-cups and always full with milk. It was a wonderful aching soreness though, a good kind of pain that left her wanting to knead them further. She wished she could hurry up and develop a third pair of arms just to treat them.

"S-sooooo full," she moaned, half in agony, half in delight.

But then another tension, another sharp contraction. It was then that she realised it wasn't her breasts that were getting her attention now, but her egg sac. It was happening.

"Oh my God. It's happening. Holy shit, I'm giving birth. Birthing eggs. Laying. I'm going to lay eggs. The camera!"

She moved quickly on her immense slug-like tail, the dozens and dozens of eggs within her shifting about. No, there were more than dozens. Way more. She was easily carrying *hundreds*. She found the remote across the shelf, nearly demolished it by accident. She clicked it, and the cameras throughout the lab began recording.

"Th-this is J-Jane M-Mallory speaking," she stammered, pushing through the discomforting contracts which stretched across all eleven to twelve metres of her sac. "I'm in the process of - ughhh! - labour right now! I don't know how this w-will go, but I'm m-most excited to m-meet my alien young! I s-suspect anywhere b-between two to three hundred - ahhh - eggs are gestating at various stages within me, and more y-yet to come. I am recording this for p-posterity. I hope I can successfully c-cross this boundary and become the f-first human - or once human - mother to an alien race! NNGHHH!!!"

She just managed to finish the sentence before she was forced to bear down and push. Her entire egg sac squeezed, hundreds of muscles working in unison to sift and sort

through her many eggs and push them as one great mass towards the dilating tip. It was like a second vagina: seeping, wet, and unbelievably sensitive. She almost wished Matthew was present to massage it, help it open wider and bring her pleasure as he did so. But it was just her now, and she could only hope that the birthing would not be too painful.

She needn't have worried. The birthing was, even more than the conception phase, positively *ecstasy-filled*. She squeezed her eyes shut, clawed at her chitin covering with her talons so that sparks flew from her black armour, squeezed her tits and made her blue-white milk splash upon the ground in long streams. It was a gargantuan effort, but she was a gargantuan being now, and so she pushed and pushed, straining her new muscles. She was not afraid or nervous as she thought she would be: her antennae continually fed her the information she needed, informing her that she would be alright, and that she was doing exactly what needed to be done.

And so she pushed, and the mass of eggs bloated her egg sac, moving visibly as one great heap towards her birthing tip. Finally, they reached it, and she briefly lost control, crying out in combined pleasure and shock as they jockeyed for which would be the very first to squeeze out of her exit slit.

“Oohhhhhh! G-get out of m-me! I w-want to b-birth you! All of you! Make me a b-broodmother and c-come into the world! YES! UUGGHH!!!”

Finally, the moment came. The rear ‘lips’ of her enormous, multi-tonne egg sac opened, distended just like a vagina in preparation for the birth of a child. Only it wasn't a child she was birthing, but eggs. Dozens and dozens and dozens of them. Jane cried out in incredible orgasmic pleasure she strained, pushing out the first of her alien progeny. The egg was easily the size of a soccer ball, slightly distended so that it was not quite perfectly round. The more pointed end pushed against her rear lips, sliding against their sensitive folds and causing more heavenly bliss throughout her body. Despite the pain and pressure, the pleasure was greater than anything else. She knew in that moment that this was what she was meant to be. If there was a cure to her alien condition, she would throw it in the ocean.

She *wanted* to birth.

“YESS! Y-YESS! NNGHHH!!”

Her lips parted further, and finally the egg began to slide out. It took a great deal of pushing, but her egg sac's muscles were more than up to the task. She couldn't believe how much her ovipositor's tip could stretch to accompany the egg, but it indeed stretched wide. She grunted in a rather unfeminine manner several times, and her enormous womb-tail thrashes, crashing against the floor of the lab space and causing parts of the floor to crack. She was close. She was so damn close. She was nearly a mother to her very first egg.

“I C-CAN DO TH-THIS! YESSSS!!!”

Another push, and the massive egg reached the point of no return. It slid further out, and its widest point left her birthing lips. From there it ejected much more quickly, but not before her birthing canal hugged it tightly as it left, depositing it gently upon the floor. It was enough to send a massive orgasm rippling through her egg sac, all the way up to her belly and breasts and core.

“Mhmmmmm! MMHMM! OOH G-GOD YES! MOOORE! MORE EGGS!”

She was like a woman possessed, no longer caring about maintaining a scientific demeanour, even in front of the cameras. There was only the sheer, unrivalled pleasure of birthing her first egg, and the impatience to birth yet more into the world. To become a great broodmare layer unlike anything the world had ever seen.

“Mmhm, this is p-perfect,” she whimpered, as another contraction rolled through her gargantuan form. She milked her breasts, letting her milk drip to the floor. She’d get a longer pump eventually, but for now she was caught up in the rapturous pleasure, wishing once more that she had a third pair of arms to pleasure herself. She pushed, and this time another egg dilated her birthing lips. Another tremulous effort, and it too caused her to orgasm as it left her body, its sticky surface allowing it to find firm footing on the floor.

“Yessss, more. M-more!”

More pushing. More wriggling over her gargantuan rear. Her humanoid legs squirmed uselessly on the floor, and as her egg sac swelled, they lifted off it, now no longer necessary at all. There was something sexy about that to her, the fact that she was practically *all womb now*, her dainty legs - however enlarged from her usual human ones - now mere adornments. She grinned, flashing her pointed teeth as the next egg pushed through her tunnel, and then a fourth, and then a fifth, and a sixth and a seventh and a tenth and fifteenth and a twentieth. They kept on coming. Each required her effort, and none left her without some level of straining and pushing, and even some discomfort. But it was a good discomfort, the kind that made her feel immense relief when the next egg was released from her body.

And so she continued to lay her numerous eggs for nearly two hours, the struggle somewhat exhausting and yet perfectly satisfying at the same time. When she was finally emptied of viable eggs that had completed their development, there was even a melancholy to the proceedings. She wanted to make more quickly, simply to experience it again. But carefully she turned, sliding her long, heavy tail around so that she did not destroy her eggs. She had often been clumsy with her immense insectoid rear, but something about her eggs changed the equation: her antennae became hyper alert, and even her extended ears allowed her to hear the slight pulsing of life within each egg. It meant she could avoid hurting her unhatched young with ease, and instead coil her tail around them protectively. Well, coil

would be the wrong way to put it: it was more slug-like in mass than snake-like, but she did her best.

“So many,” she marvelled, turning a little to the camera. “And far more are still developing within me. I can feel them. These are just the first.”

She turned back to gaze at the large stack of eggs with enormous pride. *She* had done this. *She* had been the one to birth this new alien life into the world. There must have been nearly fifty of them, if not more.

Jane wiped several tears of joy from her eyes.

“I’m going to be a mother,” she whispered to herself.

As if in answer, her womb churned, and her hunger flared.

“I’m going to be a mother to *thousands*.”

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#### *Journal Entry #39: On the Matter of my Eggs*

*I still cannot believe I have birthed so many, despite it now being three days since that wonderful event. The capabilities of my new body astound me: I have not reduced in size from birthing. Quite the opposite, in fact. My ovipositor now measures twelve metres in length, having grown massively as my eggs stretch both its circumference and length. It stands nearly three metres tall at its highest point, and nearly four wide. I am more womb than woman now, and while that sentence may have horrified me once, I now savour it. I know for a fact that I no longer possess the overriding alien instincts. These thoughts are all mine. I exist to breed and mate and help create my new race, and that is a scientific endeavour and great undertaking all on its own.*

*How big shall I get? There is no saying. Even as I write this, I feel my egg sac shifting, readying for another birth, and thus extending another half-metre further. I have weighed myself carefully, and done so more than once to ensure my results are not incorrect. There is no denying it: I am now over forty tonnes in weight. I joke with Matthew that half of it is in my breasts: they are now all H-cups, each the size of my own head and dripping milk constantly. Thankfully, the pumping makes me deliriously happy, and all of my milk is stored for my young.*

*Which brings me to the matter of my eggs. I have birthed sixty-two in total, and what a strenuous and rewarding effort it was! My new alien senses can detect life within each of them, though I know not what they shall look like. I am filled with a maternal responsibility though, that much is clear. But I am also, admittedly, quite nervous: Matthew will be greatly alarmed at the amount.*

*As such, I have taken a step that perhaps will be considered a betrayal of the man I love. I had to admit I gave birth, that much is clear. I also told him that I laid eggs: this was something we both suspected already. But the sheer quantity . . . and the knowledge that I shall birth more . . . these are factors that concern me, precisely because they will concern him. I hope I am making the right decision, but I need him to be able to understand fully, with his eyes open. I know this is a delaying tactic, but I have made the decision to sequester all my eggs within one of the private stations in the compound lab. They will be safe there, and my antennae tell me that having them be stacked as they are is no danger. I have made sure to arrange them in an order that will be appropriate for their hatching.*

*They will take time to hatch, and perhaps that will be time enough to know what to do next. That is, apart from laying the next lot.*

*God knows I cannot wait for that.*

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Matthew groaned as he fucked Jane. The two were out in an open area of the gorgeous complex, beneath the starry night sky revealed through the transparent shade-cloth. The lights of nearby torches illuminated the scene, allowing Jane to fully take in her mate. She hungrily took in his cock, intent on draining her mate of every ounce of his seed and using it to make yet more eggs. Already she had given birth to another fifty eggs, and her disappointment at laying 'only' half a hundred of them was palpable: she needed more, more to become the ultimate broodmother.

"Mmhm, b-breed me! I want more of your b-babies inside me!" she moaned.

"You d-don't have to say that," Matthew grunted, though he was still hard within her, and lapping at the prodigious milk deposits from her breasts.

"It's t-true!" she cried, arching her back. Another egg formed within her, heightening the overall pleasure. "I want to m-make more! I love you! This is a way of sh-showing it!"

Matthew thrust, and was without words as he came explosively within her. She orgasmed with him, and the two cried out in ecstasy. Jane smothered him in her chest, rubbing his face within her jiggling boobflesh, and loving the way her sweet milk poured over his head and down his body. He drank from her like a newborn baby, and once more that feeling of sexual dominance paired with the knowledge that she was literally nursing her lover to health made her all the more ecstatic in her bliss.

"Yessss, m-mooooorre."

They panted together for a while, until Matthew finally came up for air. Quicker than she would have expected, given how more romantic their lovemaking usually was lately. She



was far more surprised when he separated from her entirely, pulling back and buckling up his trousers.

“Matthew, my love, what’s wrong?”

“What’s wrong? What’s wrong!? I’m blind! And you’re becoming some sort of alien monster! This is all insane!”

Her antennae nearly suffered backlash from his change of attitude. She was aghast, not knowing quite what to say.

“You think I’m a monster?” she managed.

Matthew finished buckling his trousers, and seemed to hesitate for a moment. He looked at her, though it was obvious that his ‘looking’ was more just her being a hazy figure. Even with his bandages off, he could see no more than ‘grayish blobs’ according to him. But the steely gaze he gave her went beyond vision.

“Of course I don’t think you’re a monster, my love,” he said gently. “It’s just . . . I’m worried. And I’m a little scared.”

“Surely not of me?”

“Yes. A little bit. Not terrified, and I try not to show it, but of course I’m a little scared. My whole life, I’ve tried to keep in control of my emotions, and be reasonable and logical. With you, I’ve made room for such wonderful affection, but it has also opened me to be genuinely fearful Jane, of what you’re becoming. And whether we should continue to have sex at all. What if you’re having much more than just a couple of eggs?”

If he had been able to read her features, her expression would have revealed her lies immediately. She bit her lip with her sharp teeth, grateful that the material was tough enough to withstand their piercing nature.

“Matt, I understand what you’re saying. But this is just temporary, remember? When you’re back to full health, then we can work together to reverse this. But for now, I simply need additional sex. It’s just part of this body’s needs. And the scientific potential . . . you can’t deny that, surely?”

“Well, I suppose -”

“And you are enjoying our sessions. You love my breasts. You love drinking from me. And . . . you love having a big, strong, sexy alien woman in charge, don’t you?”

He blushed, turning his head away a little. She could sense his returning arousal. He wouldn’t be ready for sex for at least half an hour, but he *would* be ready.

“I know it’s terrifying - how do you think I feel? - but at least we can enjoy this body for a time. With you blinded, I have to take charge, and that means pushing forward on what needs to be done. And this changing body needs *you*, Matthew. And *I* need you, far more than you know. I mean it when I say I don’t have the strong alien urges anymore. This is me, Matthew. It’s all me.”

He was silent a while, to the point where she was briefly nervous. But then her antennae twitched, and she sensed a change in his thoughts that brought immense relief to her.

“Okay,” he finally said. “I trust you. I love you, Jane. I’ll try not to be afraid.”

She shifted closer, her now-thirteen metre-long ovipositor shifting loudly behind her. She touched his shoulders, lifted him easily up to her chest, and whispered in his ear. “Well, I hope you stay just a *little* afraid, my love. You know, after being so willowy and in the background all of my life, I’ve found I quite enjoy being so dominating to you. And I think you rather love being my gorgeous, submissive pet, hmm?”

He grinned despite his earlier attitude. “I can’t lie, it is a big turn on having you control me as you do. You’re not cruel with it. You know just how far to push it. And the sex, as strange as it is, is mind-blowing. And your milk . . . I swear I barely eat much these days, it’s so good. Just enough to keep my teeth functioning. The nutrients alone from your chest . . . God, Jane, this is crazy.”

“But a good crazy, you can admit it. There’s no need to be afraid, just perhaps, a little submissive to your alien broodqueen.”

She pulled him in for a kiss, and he accepted it. Their different tongues danced in one another’s mouths, and all six of her throbbing nipples stiffened with growing lust.

In the end, it didn’t take long for him to be ready for a second round. Certainly not even twenty minutes. She cried out in ecstasy as he fucked her, and she made sure to keep him against her, suckling at her teats while she played the role of the dominating queen.

It was her actual role, after all.

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#### *Journal Entry #42: Finalised Changes*

*I shall try to keep this brief, journal. I truly believe my changes have finalised. In this sense, I am explicitly not referring to my egg sac. The boundaries of that growth seem to have no end. Just over a week from my first and second layings it is now roughly seventeen metres in length. It shall not be long before my ovipositor is the length of a professional twenty-five metre swimming pool. Not that I will mind. I get better and better at judging how to crawl with my womb-sac, even if I still cause just a little damage. Another desk was shattered today. Woops.*

*But while I swell wonderfully and lovingly with eggs courtesy of my mate, the rest of me has just about ‘finished’, as it were. The other day I experienced one final major alteration to my form. I was guzzling down excessive amounts of nutrient-paste, and even ordering another massive shipment of chemicals required for more of its making. My six*

*breasts were all attached to pumps intended for cattle, and a good thing too, for I am continually lactating these days: my breasts are deeply sensitive as a result. As I continued to devour my necessary nutrients, I felt another set of changes sweep over me. I shall not lie: they were brilliant to behold. My legs extended, finally regaining some footing upon the ground. They cracked, becoming double-jointed much like an insect's, and large upon my body. I find they are stronger now, too. Not nearly strong enough to lift and haul me along, but certainly to aid in my directioning.*

*But that was not the change that truly excited me, nor even when my hair extended, taking on the same starry quality as my chitinous armour, or that my tongue can now extend outwards over thirty centimetres should I will it, possessing a prehensile quality. No, as brilliant as these changes were, it was the development of two nubs upon my shoulders that truly excited me. They expanded rapidly over the next several hours, and while there was discomfort, the growth of my new wings was something I never could have imagined. They are enormous: roughly ten metres in length, and they are transparent, with an almost rainbow-like sheen upon them. They are much like a cross between a dragonfly's wings and those of a gorgeous butterfly.*

*Much like my legs, they are functionally useless, at least for their main purpose. I shall not be flying my forty tonne body anytime soon. But they serve another great purpose that pleases me, and will aid my breeding. As my womb burns with the act of creation, so too does my body become overheated at times. It leaves me overly exhausted as well, and during the act of birthing - as pleasant as laying is - I worry about heat stroke! But my wings can now flap with surprising rapidity. Already I have tried it, and it has cooled my busy womb-sac impressively.*

*I write all of this with such joy that I can scarcely put it across. Matthew thinks this is all temporary, but I know he will see my point of view once I explain it all to him. Once he can see my glorious alien body.*

*And, of course once I lay my next few clutches. Already, I can feel another contraction rippling through me. This journal entry wasn't brief at all, in the end.*

*I hope my pleasurable labor will also not be brief. I would like to lay at least eighty eggs this time.*

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Jane continued to stuff herself, gorging upon her nutri-paste and occasionally using her sharp teeth to tear apart the prodigious amount of raw frozen meat she ordered to the island. It felt good to be a little savage, and it continued to give her a sense of power and control over her enormous form. With each devouring of the paste and meat her egg sac swelled, filling not just

with further eggs but also with stored fat to draw energy from. It was wonderful: it meant her body could be self-sustaining if there were supply issues, not that she anticipated many problems there. Of course, storing so much energy within her continually expanding being meant that she was grateful for her beautiful - and rather graceful - wings. She flapped them constantly with little effort, using them to cool her body from multiple directions. They were needed: at times her body churned rather hot, particularly when she laid her incredibly large clutches. She was almost running out of space in the lab siderooms, and was considering how to move the sensitive equipment from other areas just so her eggs could have more places to be piled up.

She finished absorbing the many litres of her nutrient paste, and gave a loud, rather unfeminine burp.

"Whoops," she said a little sheepishly to herself. Matthew was resting up, listening to a podcast. She could hear him through the complex thanks to her supercharged senses, but she could also sense his slight worry. It was undeniable that his fears would manifest more fully when he saw her, and so she was already preparing a speech in case his vision returned more quickly than she expected. She truly did love him, and how much he accepted her, and her best bet - as far as she was concerned - was to continue to seduce him with her alien broodmother form. In doing so, her lover would be able to overlook some of her more freakish aspects - such as her double-jointed legs and taloned claws - and embrace her for what she'd become. One thing was for sure: she had no intention of going back. Being ever more full and large and pregnant and powerful was continual ecstasy for her, even if she did cause more property damage than she'd like, and occasionally dropped a book or item when she experienced an unexpected orgasm.

"Surely he will accept me," she murmured to herself, as if trying to convince her own mind. "He must. He enjoys our time. He loves my chest. Er, chests, plural. And we both love our new dynamic. He adores being held like a baby to feed from my chest, as if I'm his gorgeous broodmother, his mistress and queen, even as he fills me with more young."

She smirked.

"If only you could see me, mother and father. No doubt you would be horrified, to some extent. But perhaps, on another level, you would understand."

She sighed, causing all three sets of her tits to wobble pleasantly. They were heavier than usual, making her wonder if she were not swelling up to yet another new cup size, not that she would mind at all. Presently she had her pumps attached, draining her over that blue-white and delicious milk she continually lactated. A miniature orgasm hit her body, causing her entire being to tremble, and a new egg formed within her. With a minor push, she sent it further along her ovipositor, which swelled just that little more as well.

"Mhmmm," she moaned, "bigger. Always b-bigger. I wish I could grow forever . . . were it not for the size of this island."

She was approaching nearly twenty metres in length. In truth, she was little more than a pimple dominated by a mass that carried her eggs, a snake-like tail of a womb that was a gorgeous alien silver in colour, with chitin plating on top the colour of a starry constellation-filled night. She was, she felt, utterly beautiful, in her own alien way, and ever more so as she extended in size. It was almost impossible for her to fit all in one room now, and she had accidentally destroyed more than one door frame with her passage: after all, her ovipositor could only bend in so many ways before it automatically slid to catch up with the rest of itself. Her drones were working overtime to widen every possible door space, but as it was, she had caused the widening herself more often than not.

“But I wouldn’t give it up, not ever,” she said to herself, and perhaps a little to her deceased parents. “When you both left, I had to be pragmatic. I had to make my life continue, and find ways to give my life meaning. I buried that grief down deep, but now I think I have finally confronted it, and found a way to be happy. I’m going to have my own family, and it will never leave me. It will always grow, and I will always be there for my young. I just hope . . . I just hope that Matthew can be there as the father.”

She took another deep breath, idly ran her hands over her full breasts, as was her habit. They were even more sensitive lately, as if preparing to nourish her hundred-plus children. It made her smile, though once again the whole ‘having four arms to six breasts’ made her slightly irritated. At least her legs were longer now, and capable of helping adjust herself, even if they were made wide by her prodigious belly. She flicked her long tongue - another new alien habit - and scratched at her chitin plating to keep her talons sharp.

“Perhaps it is time I talk to Matthew,” she said. “He should know everything. I’m lying to myself by lying to him. I want him, and he’s my mate. I can’t keep doing this.”

She looked in the mirror, which held her enormous bug-form, though it could never capture her entire size. There was no mistaking Jane Mallory as human anymore. She was anything but. Even her humanoid part had its chitin armour, its silvery skin, its six breasts and taloned claws and four arms and double-jointed legs and glossy, starry black hair.

“I hope he isn’t afraid,” she said. She tried to smile, and it caused her sharp teeth to be bared. She instantly closed her mouth, a little embarrassed. “God, I am beautiful. I *know* I’m beautiful. But to an ordinary human . . . I would look terrifying. I’m just used to this, and I know we love one another, but what if . . . no. I can’t keep delaying. I’ve got to go right now and - UGH!!!”

Her eyes widened as a great pressure came over her. She rolled her eyes, for the first time frustrated that she was about to lay her next clutch. But there was no denying her bodily need. She pulled her tail closer, and to her embarrassment she pulled it through a wall space of an empty lab room in her rush to have her tip coiled around closer. It tore open the wall, splintering the wood and bending the metal struts with ease. Her chitin plating scraped against it, sending sparks flying, and causing such a racket that even Matthew would have heard it.

“OOhhhhh, d-didn't mean to!” she moaned, as if that would make up for yet another case of property damage. But she didn't have time to even form up the orders for the reconstruction drones, because the need to bear down and push had already begun. She was used to this rhythm now, but it didn't stop the brief moment of pain as the contractions began, or the delight when the first egg pressed against her sensitive ovipositor lips.

“Mmhhh, m-maybe tell him after I l-lay one m-more time! I can d-do eighty! I know I c-can! Yesssssss.”

She gave herself over to the pleasure of birthing, this act that felt so right. Her enormous body was little more than a great womb, after all. Like a mighty termite queen, she was but a humanoid appendage to help satisfy the demands of her ever-productive womb. Once, she would have found that horrifying, but now there was a beauty in it. She was literally a creator of life, an alien fertility goddess, endlessly swollen with young and revelling in the ecstasy of that creation.

“Mhmm! Push! Yes! PUSH!”

She strained her muscles, causing her lips to distend. The first egg slid through, stretching her sensitive folds incredibly wide. This was a big egg, one that was perhaps her biggest yet. It felt strangely special in some way, and a quick look confirmed that it was in fact different: it seemed to be bigger, and have a pebbled sort of pattern to it.

“S-something new! Yes! OHhhhhh it f-feels right! Another step!”

She had once been so shy. It was so unlike her to be so ecstatic and prone to yelling and exclaiming, but during her moments of swelling and laying she managed to come right out of her shell and celebrate herself fully. Another good change from her pregnancy.

“Mmhhh more. Breed more! More eggs! YESSSS!”

She pulled her pumps away in order to massage her enormous nipples. She played with her huge tits, letting her milk run down her front in long rivulets. She stamped her double-jointed legs, causing her entire egg sac to wobble tremendously as the former human woman was agonised by the combined discomfort and bliss. With each push, her enormous egg sac shifted, thumping loudly against the floor. With her size and weight and strength, it caused half the complex to shudder, and there was no doubt in her mind that Matthew could feel it. Indeed, he seemed to be a little startled, and was waiting for it to stop.

He would be waiting for some time: to Jane's glee, her antennae informed her that this was a very *big* clutch. There was a reason that even her humanoid belly, now a part of her egg sac, even seemed a bit rounded and distended itself. She was marvellously full, and now she needed emptying. The space was needed for the next impregnation, after all.

“Mm! Ghhh! Ahh! AHHHH! ANOTHER!!!”

Another push, another strain, and another egg entered the world. God, she was so damn plump. For a woman once so willowy, she was now gigantic and unbelievably fertile. She gasped as she experienced the twin pleasure of a new egg forming within her even as another left her. In

fact, two more seem to replace every one she pushed out. She closed her eyes, pinched and teased her leaking nipples, and celebrated this fact. She still had room to grow, even as she weighed over fifty tonnes. She still had hundreds of more eggs she could fit inside her.

For the next hour, Jane pushed and pushed, crying out in ecstasy. At some point, Matthew moved closer, drawing ever nearer the lab, though he was hesitant to come too close. She could sense him with her hearing and now her antennae, but as much as she wanted him present, she was afraid of what he might think. So instead she resolved to birth as quickly as she could, even though she wanted to draw out the ecstasy and delirium as long as possible. She pushed extra hard, bearing down to lay a massive clutch in record time.

By the end of it, the exhausted, wearing, and blissful alien broodmother had laid seventy-six eggs, just four shy of her goal. But she was not dismayed. As sweat poured down her form, her breasts covered in a sexy sheen that only illustrated how turned on she'd been, Jane knew that it was just another challenge. She was one clutch away from exceeding her own expectations. She just knew it.

It was at that point, however, as she began to shift around her eggs, herding them to be safer, and began reattaching her milk pumps, that Matthew finally entered. She froze, unsure how to continue, though her enormous womb gurgled loudly and continuously as more eggs were produced within it.

"M-Matthew! It's g-good to see you. I was, uh, laying."

"I know," he said, looking quite serious. He shuffled forward slowly, using a cane to help avoid slipping or landing against something. "I could hear. You were laying a long time, weren't you?"

"Yes. It was quite a strain. N-not bad, though. I won't lie, Matthew, this body quite enjoys it now. It's incredibly pleasurable."

"I imagine so, at least judging from your moans. It sounded like you enjoyed it even more than when we make love together."

She paused, trying to determine how serious his comments were. "It's not like that, Matthew. This new body, it has all different kinds of needs. I orgasm sometimes just from consuming my nutri-paste, just from growing as well! But when we're together, and you're inside me, and drinking from me, and being so adorably submissive as you fuck me more pregnant"

"How many?" he asked.

"How many what?"

"How many did you lay this time?"

"It was"

"And before you give me an answer, I want it honestly, this time. I love you, Jane. I truly do. But I think - I know - that you've been lying to me. There's a lot more eggs than you've been letting on. I don't know how big you are, but you literally cause the complex to shake when you

move too quickly. You're very big now, but I know from when we fuck, when we hold one another, or you lift me up, that your human half is mostly regularly sized. Well, it was. You're a lot bigger now, even your 'human half.' How tall is it?"

She blushed that void colour. "Uh, three metres now."

"Jesus. But - but I can handle that! Tall as that is. It's everything else - that swollen egg sac of yours - that has bloated. So please, for the sake of this experiment, for the sake of me as your trust lab partner, and for the sake of our relationship as two people who admit we love one another, I need you to tell me Jane. How many did you lay?"

Jane swallowed. Shame overwhelmed her. Even the nice pleasure that followed laying a big clutch dissipated before his steely blind gaze. It was as if, in being blind, he could somehow ignore the material reality and see straight through the emotional one, cutting through her lies and absent truths. She sagged, and her breasts bobbed, as if sagging with her.

"Seventy six," she admitted.

His eyebrows raised, his eyes widened. "Seventy six!?"

"It's a lot, I know."

"I thought you might say twelve or so! God, seventy six? This is insanity, Jane. This is crazy. We have to do something about this."

She rubbed her arms together, and looked at her reflection in the mirror.

"What if . . . what if I don't want to?" she said, letting more of the truth pour out of her.

"*What!?* You can't mean that! You said this was just temporary!"

"I said that, because I knew you would try to persuade me otherwise. You can't see the full picture, Matthew. I love you, and you love me, but it's only because of these changes that we've been able to express this. My body has become an alien broodmother's, and I find myself loving it. I'm literally filled with children, and filling with more all the time thanks to you and our lovemaking. I'll never be alone again, and my dream of a family can come true. And the sexual pleasure - God, you can't even imagine it, Matthew! And the dominance, the power, and I know you love these aspects as well. I truly do feel as if this has been a blessing, and that becoming this alien broodmother is the best thing that ever happened to me, at least alongside knowing you. I'm learning so much about alien biology, but I'm also on the greatest scientific discovery of all time, swelling with actual alien eggs. I can't pass this opportunity up, and I don't want to. I want to live like this, and make this island my permanent home. My nest, I suppose."

Matthew was struck. He clearly didn't know what to say, or what to even do. She waited for what he was going to say, but before he could get a word in, or figure out what words he was going to say, there was suddenly a strange, loud cracking sound.

"What was that?" he asked.



Jane's antennae went wild. They curled, twisted to point over in a direction behind her tail. Her senses lit up, and her breasts began to lactate even more, swelling upwards slightly as if preparing for a truly prodigious amount of milk production.

"Oh my God. Matthew, it's happening. Now you'll understand. You must."

"What's happening? I can't see, remember?"

"The eggs. My first clutch. I laid dozens, and herded them into Lab 01. But now they're hatching. They're opening! My children - ours, the ones you put inside me - are coming out. Come!"

She lifted the still-confused and slightly terrified Matthew up into her arms. He yielded to her greater strength and size. With a whack of her ovipositor upon the pressure plate of the ground she moved in a great writhing motion to Lab 01. Through the transparent glass, the eggs were indeed starting to crack open, slowly but surely. Cracks appeared along their edges, and several began to pull apart slowly as they rocked from size to size.

"Fuck, this is actually happening," Matthew breathed. He couldn't see much, but he was looking directly at the glass anyway.

"It is, my love. It is. This is why I want to stay as I am. Because they're *my* young, and my body is needed to care for them, and all the eggs to come. Matthew, we're going to be parents. We're going to have the biggest, most impressive family in history."

She remained glued to the glass as the first egg splintered open, and the first of her children was finally there before her to see.

**To Be Continued . . .**