

Broodbug Island, Part 1 (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 1

Journal Entry #1: The Beginning

I am nearly ready to start. The preparations are all in place. I just have to wait for Matthew to arrive. It will be good to see my friend again.

Jane Mallory wished her parents were still around, but the private island they had left her as part of their very wealthy inheritance was the next best thing. It wasn't that she was uncaring, but the young woman had always been an ardent pragmatist. Life had thrown her a lemon, and now, courtesy of an entirely private residence where her experiments could go unintended upon, she was making genetically modified lemonade.

At only twenty six years old, Jane had managed to become one of the world's most brilliant geneticists and scientific thinkers in the wide realm of biology. She had graduated not only far ahead of her peers in her studies, but far earlier than them also. Her intelligence in the field was unmatched, though her friend Matthew was certainly on her heels at times. With her blonde hair and subtly striking looks, many underestimated her drive, and even her sometimes risky daring, when it came to her field. She was 1.6 metres tall, perfectly average, but the way she commanded herself made her seem so much taller. The world of genetics had big expectations for her.

Which was why it had been so surprising when she simply chose to up and vanish to the private tropical island, one that belonged to her wealthy industrialist parents prior to their early demise in an unfortunate car collision. The world of science saw this as a retreat into sorrow, though it did come a little over a year after the tragedy. But that was not true. Jane

had shed her tears, mourned her parents, and knew that she would always carry them with her. And then she got back to work, because that was who she was.

No, the *real* reason she had taken into island privacy was because of a highly secret discovery that she had successfully bid upon. Through her wealthy connections, she was able to gain access to and ownership of a supposed alien artefact: a sort of biomechanical spiral the size of a large frisbee. The government project that had previously owned it had obviously been staffed with fools who didn't know what they were dealing with, and so it came into her hands. She immediately set about having the island upgraded with fully automated services, and a system of airdropped supplies via drone so that no one could interrupt her work.

No one, that was, except for Matthew.

It was her delight when he finally arrived, looking a little jet lagged but otherwise his usual self. He was tall, roughly 1.85 metres in height, with smart brown hair and an easy smile. He was just as focused as Jane, but had managed to carve out more of a social life. Which was why she was so pleased that he had accepted her invitation.

"Matthew!" she exclaimed as he stepped ashore from the automated boat she had sent. "I'm so glad to see you!"

"Jane!" he cried back, wrapping her in a hug and lifting her slightly. "This island is amazing! It's like a full resort or something."

"Well, there are massage machines, a few fitness rooms, and even a kitchen that can put together quite a variety of meals for us. Bring your baggage, we'll get your stuff put in your room. The real treat is inside."

He was awestruck, but she was in a hurry, utterly excited to show him what was in store. They got his bags put away, but on his insistence she gave a brief tour of the impressive locals, including the view of the large gorge on the other side of the facility, where the island gave away to amazing wilderness and numerous canopies of trees, which hid a network of caves below them.

"Well, I doubt you can top this view," Matthew said with a broad smile.

"Want to bet?" she replied, smirking back.

His curious look gave her all the permission to show him what she'd been itching to ever since she got word he was arriving. She led him through the various impressive and spacious hallways of the facility, which was indeed built like a resort in many ways: all big open spaces and access to the wondrous sea air and warm sun's rays. But then she took a turn, and led him through the most impressive hall yet, down into the heart of the island.

"Holy moly," Matthew exclaimed. His eyes bulged, taking in the immensity of what he was seeing. "This is amazing. This is - this is something else!"

“And it’s fully automated too,” Jane said. She gestured for him to enter. “Welcome to my laboratory.”

The laboratories, plural, were among the most advanced in the world, using all the best money could buy. The stations were clean, the cupboards full of stores of the most valuable compounds and genetic samples, and the scanning equipment was two generations ahead of anything Matthew had seen.

And at the end of the labs, locked in a sealed container with a perspex cover for display, was the artefact. The reason other than friendship that Matthew had come. It was strange to look at: a sort of shell spiral that was long petrified and warped from some sort of crash landing, but the energy readings coming off of it were vast. There was something organic not just to its construction, but to the ongoing internal mechanisms that she didn’t dare pierce through. She needed a partner to help her.

“That’s it, isn’t it?” Matthew said.

“It is indeed,” Jane replied. “The first known alien artefact in existence, and ours to discover the true nature of. With our genetic knowledge, we can tap the stores of chemicals and organic material contained within its grey matter, and go further than anyone else in our field of study has ever dreamed of.”

Matthew crossed his arms, his expression now serious, but determined. He slowly nodded, as if coming to terms with it all.

“Let’s get to work then, lead geneticist.”

“Indeed, assistant.”

She began telling him all she knew, and showing him the scan results of where she planned to sample some of the genetic material. The work had finally begun.

Journal entry #4: On the Cusp

I am deeply excited. After the tragedy of the previous year, and the subsequent period of mourning and loneliness, I finally feel the zest of discovery once more. Matthew is an excellent partner to bounce ideas off of. It does not hurt that he is attractive. Obviously, I shall keep these feelings to myself, though the mind does wander in isolation, and I have seen him looking at me. Perhaps, down the line, we shall indulge in a little private enjoyable. Let the steam off, shall we say?

But the true passion remains our analysis and preparations for the artefact. Using a variety of deep tissue scans, we have managed to isolate streams of living genetic code trapped deep inside the spiral. We must be intensely careful excavating it, but the necessary

drill bits will arrive soon, and we shall be able to harvest as much as 5-6 millilitres of living fluid. To a geneticist, this is practically a veritable flood.

The day had arrived. Matthew had settled himself in well. He was enjoying having a private gymnasium to work out in, and the deep satellite that allowed him to keep up to date with his champion hockey team, a pursuit that Jane was surprisingly drawn into thanks to his sheer enthusiasm. But as the more focused and genius of the pair, she practically *lived* in the lab facility, working hard to prepare the moment when they would drill into the artefact and recover the organic tissue.

And now it was here. The two were clad in their protective suits, thick gloves on their hands, and protective goggles firmly attached. The perspex cover of the artefact had been pulled back, and the drill was in position, ready to burrow once activated. Jane was off to the side, working the monitoring screens and checking that manual application of the drill was right. Matthew himself was applying the drill. She had insisted, after all. She may be the lead researcher on this astounding project, but he was the more sporty of the two of them, and had finer control. It was up to him to get it right, and she would guide him.

“Nervous?” he asked.

“I have absolute faith in you,” she replied steadily.

“Good, because hopefully that will convince my forehead to stop sweating. Okay, let’s do this, then.”

She activated the recording device, and worked on following the information feeds as he started the drill. It gave a light hum, minute as it was, and guided by a flexible rail that kept it positioned well.

“Drill activated. Beginning burrowing. Aim is two-point-five centimetres deep. In-built syringe will then extract matter.”

“Everything looks clear to start,” Jane added. Her heart pounded in her chest. She was nervous, despite her attempts to allay Matthew. This needed to go right. It *had* to. After the death of her parents, this was her opportunity to make them proud. She was the last of her family, which made such things doubly important.

“Applying to surface now,” Matthew said.

Slowly, carefully, cautiously, and guided by the rail and Jane’s feedback, he began to drill into the strange spiral. More sweat poured down his forehead, but he continued on, working through the strange, oddly tough material.

“Nearly there, just one centimetre left,” Jane said.

“Applying a bit more pressure,” Matthew said. “Material is thicker here, but I think I’m almost at the point where-”

He never got to finish the sentence. Suddenly, without warning, all the instrument readings on the spiral artefact lit up on Jane’s screens. She barely had time to say something when the artefact *itself* lit up, a bright red beam of light pouring from its folds. It thrummed, making an eldritch noise that made both scientists reach to cover their ears, it was so horrible. Matthew slipped on the drill, and to his horror a section of the artefact ripped open. The light poured from it in waves of red, and he was right before them.

“Oh God!” he cried. His retinas burned, a searing pain blinding his vision in both eyes. The man staggered back, flinging aside the drill in a panic, and causing a small stream of the organic material to fire off at an angle.

Right onto Jane Broder.

It stained her goggles slightly, and poured a little down her neck, but she was fully covered. At least, that was what she thought, until an intense burning sensation began in her cheek. Horrified, she saw in the reflection of her glitching screens a tear in the suit covering, a result of her panic, or perhaps even the flung drill.

“Shit!” she cried.

The artefact groaned again, but she didn’t have time to look at the scans. She grabbed Matthew’s unconscious body by the hands and pulled him back along the smooth floor, taking them both to the decontamination room and tearing off her suit. Blasts of water and air and cleaning gels shot against her naked body. She got to work on Matthew’s coverings, and made sure he was equally cleaned. The last thing she saw before even her face was covered was the decomposing spiral, her prized artefact, collapsing into dust.

It had all gone horribly wrong.

Her cheek continued to burn.

Diary Entry #7: Ice Cream

Ignore my self-pitying, catastrophising former entries. Matthew is going to be okay. He is temporarily blinded due to retina scarring, but he will recover. I have applied bandages to his face and he is to have them replaced regularly, but he is not to come into contact with light any time soon, not until a month has passed. He is currently on bed rest but recovering quickly, and insistent on being as independent as possible, the wonderful stubborn fool.

I am uninjured, as far as I can tell. Tests of my physiology show some small concerns, but they are analogous to traumatic reactions. There is only a light ‘splash’ of darker colour on my cheek where the material spilled. It is small, like an elongated beauty

spot. The far bigger concern is the loss of the artefact. All for nothing. Matthew feels horrendous, but it is not his fault. I was too eager, and now it is lost. I shall think of ways to analyse the data we have and hopefully get something from it.

I've been hungrier as of late. It was similar to when my parents died. As childish as it sounds, I almost want to curl up on a couch, watch some dreary prestige drama, and eat far, far too much ice cream.

I'll have the drone drop off an extra few tubs.

Jane felt guilty, and was doing her best to nurse Matthew back to health. She watched shows with him (with audio descriptions for his benefit), chatted about sports (to his pleasure, not much of hers), and even went over the amazing data they at least had extracted in their failed operation. He felt far more guilty.

"I should have been more careful. The drill . . . you could have been injured."

"Nonsense. I'm brilliant, Matthew, but my lecturers and fellow peers always said I was too hasty. The other day proved it. I just wish it hadn't come at the loss of such knowledge, alas. Well, I'll keep working while you rest. Did you want some food? I'm making up some burgers."

He chuckled as he rested. "Seriously? I'm full enough from the last two lots. Is everything okay with you? You're eating a lot at the moment."

"A woman's natural reaction to morosity, I'm afraid."

But as much as it made a neat line, Matthew wasn't wrong. She was eating a lot. A massive amount, in fact. Far more than even she had when her mother and father had perished, and she'd had to carefully diet afterwards. Her stomach was constantly growling, demanding more sustenance, and as the early days since the experiment failure went on, she was becoming less and less discerning. She had even looked at a pure stick of cooking butter with hunger when she opened the fridge earlier, licking her lips at the possible taste until she realised what she was doing and stopped. It was becoming a concern. She decided to take another series of tests.

What she got back surprised her.

"It doesn't make sense," she said as she looked over the results. "My physiology was completely normal the other day, just a little elevated at most. Now, I'm changing? *Changing?*"

She ran it again, looked at her own blood cells beneath the state-of-the-art microscope. But the results came back the same, and her own eyes could not deceive the horrible revelation of what was happening to her.

Her cells were *mutating*.

“I - I have to monitor this. I have to keep on top of it.”

Her heart beat quickly in her chest, thumping in fear. She decided to run the tests again, just in case they were wrong a second time. But they each came back the same. The spiral may have disintegrated, but the organic matter of the artefact was now within her.

And it was changing her into something new.

Journal Entry #9: Genetic Concerns

It's impossible to refute. I am changing. It is less than a week from the accident, and my hunger is out of control. I feel a powerful urge not just to consume, but also to grow. I cannot quite explain it, except that my body literally is driving me to become larger, as if through a combination of instinct and endlessly ravenous hunger. Matthew knows something is wrong, and I cannot hold off his concerns forever. Only his blindness and need to rest a little give me time to eat, and even then he sees through my lies.

I have run every test I can think of to try to reverse these effects, but when I am 'called' to eat by these strange compulsions, I feel as if I don't even want to reverse them. Was this part of the purpose of the spiral? Was the genetic code within a deliberately mutative agent? I cannot say for sure.

All I know is that yesterday I measured exactly 1.6 metres. That's 160 centimetres. Today I measure 163 centimetres. Three centimetres of growth at the age of twenty six, achieved overnight.

I am becoming deeply afraid, and yet I cannot stop. I must research and record what is happening to me, especially since a new development has only raised my concern. My hips are aching currently, and have spread a full 3 centimetres wider. I fear they may grow wider still. And there is a pressure in my tailbone. Around my backside, really. The flesh is beginning to swell there.

I have not had to use the bathroom in two days now.

Something is deeply wrong with me.

And yet I still want to eat.

Still want to grow.

What am I becoming?

“My entire structure is changing,” Jane said.

Matthew was sitting at the table, one earbud in as he listened to an audiobook about the history of hockey. But he immediately yanked it out and 'looked' at her with surprise. Given the bandages covering his eyes, it was more general movement of the head in her direction.

"What? You're - what!?"

Jane composed herself, remembered that he couldn't see her blushing. But Matthew was usually quite stoic in his own right, and hearing that calm vanish told her that he was taken aback by her suddenness.

"The organic matter from the artefact, it's changing me," she said. "I thought the infection on my cheek produced no changes, but now I find that I am eating more. A lot more. And I am growing."

"Growing?" he said, becoming serious. "Explain."

"I am . . . getting taller. Five centimetres now. And my hips are wider. I also have a growth on my, erm, backside."

He was silent for a long time as he internalised this.

"This is bad," he finally said.

"Very."

"We need to chart this."

"I'm already on it."

He nodded, falling silent again. He had a serene calmness about it that was, in turn, helping calm her. It was something she had always appreciated about Matthew. It made her look upon him and recognise what good qualities he had as a person. The calm in the centre of the storm. He was also, as she seemed to increasingly ruminate on lately, quite attractive as well. It was difficult not to look upon his muscles and imagine his virility.

She was snapped out of those strange thoughts by his next words.

"Is there a way to reverse this?"

"Not that I know of. I'm doing my best."

"And I can't help. Damn. I'm sorry again, Jane."

She patted his shoulder, admiring the supple strength of it as she did. She let her hand linger there a little longer than was ordinary. "It's not your fault, Matthew. I just - I'm that you're here now. With me, I mean."

He placed his hand on hers, the one that was resting on his shoulder. "Me too, Jane. Me too. We'll figure this out, don't worry. We're the best in the business, after all."

She was about to give more detail on her changes when suddenly her stomach growled. Loudly. Matthew's eyebrows raised, and though she couldn't see his eyes, it was obvious that he was intrigued in the light of what she'd just said.

"The hunger you spoke of?"

“Mm-hmm,” she managed, preventing herself from groaning loudly. Her stomach did that for her anyway. “It’s - ahh! - stronger than usual. I’m s-sorry, I have to eat something.”

“You could try not to? Can you resist it?”

“I can’t! It’s - it’s like some sort of compulsion. Like a new instinct in my head. Trust me, Matthew, I can’t avoid this. I *have* to eat. I don’t just c-crave food, I have a biological imperative to consume it. To fuel this - this mutation! NNGhh!! I have to go! I’ll be back.”

“And I’ll be here, for you,” he said. Even in the midst of the chaos and the howling in her gut, there was almost a romantic sentiment to his voice.

She nodded, realised he couldn’t see said nod, and instead patted him on the shoulder appreciatively. Then she ran from the living space and across the facility to the larger kitchen.

“Need food. Oh G-God, need food! What the hell is h-happening to my cells? To my DNA?”

But even those questions fell from her mind, important as they were, in the fact of the immense stocks of sustenance that she had stored away. The growth at her tailbone throbbed, urging to grow further as she began to pull down cereal boxes, breads, cakes, stored pre-cooked meats, ration packs, ice cream tubs, jugs of juice and milk and soft drink, muesli bars, protein shakes, pastries galore, and so on and so forth. She guzzled, consumed, chewed, swallowed, sucked, ate, downed, chomped, inhaled and imbibed all that she could. Her stomach was like a great elastic band, stretching beyond what she thought was possible, but also soon reaching its eventual limit. She felt utterly full, her belly incredibly tight and beginning to radiate pain, but still her hunger drove her, uncaring of the discomfort she was experiencing.

“Nngh! M-more! MORE!!”

She ate and ate, and it was only when she literally had to pull down her pants and underwear from the sheer aching fullness of her body that it finally stopped. She sagged down to the floor, grateful that Matthew could not possibly hear her this far across the complex, and simply focused on her breathing. Her body was sweating profusely from all that effort, and her breasts were uncomfortably tight in her bra for reasons she had no idea about. Her backside tingled, filled with strange pressures. And so she panted, taking her breaths in and out, in and out, trying not just to absorb the food but also what she had just done.

“Wh-what is this all f-for!?” she exclaimed after she’d been sitting for roughly five to ten minutes.

She got her answer very quickly after. Suddenly, a twinge began in her backside. It spread to her hips, and then up to her chest, and even to the top of her head. Her bones

began to ache, and the familiar stretching of tissue that accompanied her general growth started up as well.

“N-no! Not again! I d-don’t want to mutate! This isn’t how this experiment was s-supposed to go!”

She managed to hold back the tide of change through sheer willpower, but only for a few minutes at best. The effort was *exhausting*. Finally, the compulsions got the best of her. The overwhelming instinct to *change*. To *grow*. To *transform*. To *breed*.

“Breed?” she said, unsure where that last thought had come from.

But then the changes began in full, in the most dramatic and sudden surge yet.

“Oohhh! OHhHHH!! WH-NNGHH!!!”

Words became impossible as her form began to grow and stretch and change. Her limbs lengthened, and her spine extended with a distinctive *pop, pop, pop!* She grew another five centimetres, then another ten, with ease, though it did not *feel* easy having the food she’d absorbed suddenly generate into new tissue and muscle. Her body was a conversion chamber, altering food into energy into matter into growth, and for all her intelligence, she was helpless but to writhe and squirm and groan in response to it all.

The growth upon her rear throbbed heavily, and she sensed most of the energy was directed towards that new mutation. She clutched it, still whimpering as it surged forth, doubling in size in mere seconds as tissue and fat poured into it.

“Wh-what is this!? Wh-UNHNNN!!!”

More changes, more growth. Her entire rear extension doubled again, becoming rounder. Fatter. It turned a paler colour, almost white, albeit with a strangely glossy finish. It bulged forth, becoming heavier and heavier. The only upside to the exhaustive experience of the transformation was that her stomach got a whole lot less tight as its contents was quickly drained. She grasped her scalp as two points extended from her head. It was painful, like a terrible migraine, but then there was an enormous relief as they emerged, extended to become a pair of insectoid antennae. They were only about ten centimetres long each, but they shifted about as if they had a life of their own, jet black in colour.

“Antennae!? I’m - ughh - g-growing ANTENNAE!?”

They twitched again, flooding her brain with information she couldn’t yet understand. She squirmed again as two more bulges appeared below her arms, new bone and muscle forming. The skin on her back hardened a little, and two points below her meagre breasts also became alarmingly sensitive. She cradled her chest, whimpering, as those same breasts expanded like balloons.

“AAghh! NNGHH!! S-so b-big!”

She had modest, cute B-cups, but now they swelled larger and larger. Already her shirt - one borrowed secretly from Matthew’s suitcase - was stretched to breaking point, but

with the expansion of her chest to what had to be full double-D cups, heavy and flushed and large, the shirt finally ripped open. The buttons pinged away, and the shirt itself fell in tatters. It was like that ridiculous movie about the Incredible Hulk, only her skin had turned a pale white along much of her stomach and breasts, while her shoulders and back had turned a dark black, even becoming hard like an exoskeleton in places.

“When. Will. It. End. EEEURURGHH!!”

One last growth, which saw her burst out of any remaining clothes she had: her bra snapped off, flying across the kitchen storage room. She stood there in the aftermath of it all, now easily taller than Matthew, roughly about 1.9 metres tall, perhaps even 1.95 or so. Her larger breasts had kept proportion with her body and then some, while the sac-like growth from her rear now nearly touched the ground, weighing a good number of kilograms, though less than it looked to weigh, at least. Her antennae twitched, providing her with a reluctant sense of satisfaction, as if to say *‘finally, it’s starting.’*

“What is starting,” she mumbled, still awestruck by her form.

Journal Entry #12: Bug-like

The journal entry header tells it all. What else is there to say? I have the attributes, increasingly, of a bug. An insectoid. An alien bug, but a bug nonetheless. The . . . thing hanging so heavily from my rear can only be an ovipositor. An egg producer and egg excretor. Is that the reason why I no longer need to urinate or defecate? Were the alien biologies so efficient that they could seamlessly use all of their absorbed material for making eggs. I can only hope not.

Besides, I suppose I would need someone to impregnate me. I doubt that’s happening any time soon. If Matthew were to look at me he’d no doubt gasp in fright. The thought fills me with anxiety. He’s already had his retinas burned, and he and I both blame ourselves for everything that’s gone wrong. He’ll never get out of this stupor if he finds out how much I’ve changed.

And I don’t know if I even want him to know I’m changing this much. When I look at him lately, I see him differently. Is the attraction natural, or instinct? Could I even know?

Two days after the enormous expansion of her body, and she had to come clean to Matthew, at least partly so. She had been avoiding him, nursing him as best as she could to health, but otherwise staying clear. Her constant grunting as she dragged her ridiculous swollen sac

behind her, and as she felt the bumps beneath her arms begin to extend, or any other weird alteration to her body, only made him question if she was alright.

"I'm o-okay," she stammered in the hours after that initial giant change. "I'm j-just getting used to being t-taller, that's all!"

There had been an almighty *crash* as a priceless vase from China was smashed to the ground by her rear abdomen without her realising. She was still getting used to the absurd growth, which by this current point had swollen yet larger and was now resting on its tip against the floor. She had banged and crashed it into many things since then, and could only hope against hope that it would not grow any larger from there. It was already heavy enough, and slowly developing ridges and muscles along its underside and top that was making it creepily flexible. It was getting to the point that when she walked, which was quite a labour, she used the muscles of her 'tail' sac to sort of help propel herself forward.

But as much as she had avoided Matthew, she couldn't keep him at arms length forever. He was expressing increasing worry for his friend, and she was becoming frightened of her own form, and in need of his comfort. Certainly, her twitching antennae wanted that. Whenever she drew near his presence they seemed to reward her with rushes of wonderful dopamine, and even a little arousal. The last made her a little concerned, and she expressed this concern often in her diaries, but the fact was that she felt drawn to him regardless. So she made her way up to her friend and partner, grunting awkwardly as she dragged her strange sac behind her.

"Jane, is that you? You sound ill."

"N-not ill," she grunted, reaching back to help drag the rear growth forward. "Just mutating further. The chemicals are having an unpredictable effect."

She'd had to resort to wearing not only stretchy clothing, but modified variants that allowed for her egg sac to fit through a hole that clipped up over it. She looked ridiculous, and it was only getting worse. Her antennae were kindly informing her of just that.

"I'm sorry," Matthew said. "Did you want to sit and talk about it? Run through with me what's happening?"

She sighed, and looked at herself in the mirrored surface of the nearby wall. Jane couldn't help but sigh in frustration. Other changes, subtle, had also occurred. Beyond the swelling of that bulbous white sack behind her, its top half was slowly being covered over with what had to be black chitinous plates, similar to what was slowly appearing on her shoulders. Her antennae were the same length, but part of her scalp was also turning black, and her hair with it around the roots. Her boobs were still large and full, and their sensitivity had not abated, something which left her feeling flushed and aroused more than she'd like. Two little points had grown beneath them, and she was unsure what they could be, but the

growths beneath her arms were ones she had a suspicion about. They could well be another set of arms.

“Jane? I asked what was happening?”

She sighed. “I think . . . I think I must be becoming one of the spiral-makers. This must be part of their technology.”

“Are you serious right now?”

“Yes. I have a . . . growth, out my backside. Sort of like an egg sac, but I’m not sure. My breasts have grown in size, and I might be developing more arms. I have chitin-like armour on parts of my back. It’s . . . a lot to take in.”

Matthew took a deep breath. “I wish I could see it. Damn. This is quite something. Crazy.”

“Yeah,” she agreed, smiling a little. “Crazy is an understatement.”

“Can . . . can I feel? The changes, I mean?”

She felt a flourish of something approaching *need* course through her. The antennae atop her head twitched a little, informing Jane that this was exactly the result her new instincts wanted. She licked her lips, taking a deeper breath as she looked at poor, blind Matthew sitting upright on the couch. He was shorter than her now, obviously so. It made him look cute, but more than that, her antennae took in his scent, translating it into a concept that her body recognised even if her mind lagged on.

Mate.

A suitable mate.

She nearly coughed at the realisation, and so sat down beside him immediately, mindful of her huge rear growth, which she placed over the armrest of the couch rather awkwardly.

“How shall we do this?” she said, looking slightly down at him. It was an astonishing perspective from someone who had once been nearly a full foot shorter.

“Um, can you guide my hands? I don’t want to make you feel uncomfortable.”

She took his hands, feeling rather too comfortable with the proposition. She couldn’t help it; her nipples throbbed in arousal at being so close to him, antennae pushing her to make this man her *mate*. Was this alien instinct or just desperation? She wasn’t sure, and didn’t care to name it out of fear, and embarrassment.

“Well, I’ve grown these,” she said, pulling his hands up to touch her antenna.

“Holy shit.”

“Yeah,” she replied, pulling his hands down quick enough that he didn’t realise the full scope of them. “And I’ve got these growths under my arms, the ones I talked about.”

He ran his fingers over the extensions, which now had bone and muscle and could wiggle slightly. She shivered a little as he felt them.

“Hey! Be careful, that really tickles.”

“They have feeling? This is remarkable.”

“Less remarkable when they’re growing on you.”

“I imagine so. And . . . this growth at the back. Can I feel it?”

“S-sure,” she said, breathing a little more heavily. Her womanhood moistened, and she shifted a little on the couch. God, she was becoming aroused. It *had* to be a result of the mutation, drawing her ever closer to mating. To *breeding*. She pushed the thoughts to one side, and carefully pulled Matthew towards her. His chest pressed against hers, and she moaned a little under her breath as he brushed her breasts, which felt so painfully tight and in need of massaging.

“H-here,” she said, positioning him so that he was reaching over her lap to feel her bloated behind. The moment his hands came into contact with her insect-like abdomen, she had to suck in air. As gross as her body currently felt, her partner’s touch made it hyper-libidinous.

“Wow, okay, this is different on another level.”

“No kidding,” Jane said.

“It . . . wow, it’s big. Very big.”

She smirked again, admiring the muscles on his arms. “Are you calling my butt big?”

“No, obviously not. Your butt is fine as it is, but this is like . . . an extension of it. What does it look like?”

She described it to him, including its chitinous black plates and white underside.

“Strange, very strange. Sounds like an insect abdomen.”

“It doesn’t look that bad,” she lied. She knew she should be honest, but in truth she wanted to downplay its size.

“Of course not,” he replied, maintaining his stoic demeanour. She admired him for it. “But still . . . what is it becoming?”

“I have no idea,” she lied again. “But I think it might grow a bit bigger. A lot of me is.”

“I can definitely tell you’re larger.”

“Gee, thanks.”

He cracked a smile. “Not like that. I mean, you have to be taller, right.”

She nodded, realised her mistake, then confirmed out loud. “I think I’m almost eight centimetres taller than you.”

“Wow. I am not a short man, either. You must be gigantic for a woman.”

She bit her lip. “Well, that’s not all that’s gigantic. There’s one more thing for you to feel. Two things, really.”

It was daring. It was all wrong for the moment. But her antennae were sampling this man’s scent, her friend, and identifying him as her *mate*. She needed to feel him in a way

she'd never experienced. She took his hands, and raised them up to her chest, planting them over her large, soft mounds.

"Oh. Oh!"

He was clearly surprised, and went to pull them back.

"Wait," she said. "Feel. I . . . want you to."

"Um, are you sure?"

"Yes. Just . . . feel. Please."

For several long moments he felt over her chest. She moaned softly, but after some hesitation, he continued to feel her. His fingers sunk a little deeper, and it was at that point that she unbuttoned her overly-large top, allowing her bare breasts to be open before him. She didn't have a bra large enough to contain them, and there was a very real danger that by the time one arrived by drone she'd have grown another cup size larger anyway. So she had numerous sizes on the way. But for now, she encouraged him to feel her large breasts, fondling them.

"Do you want me to stop?" Matthew asked. He seemed reluctant to do so. Despite her freakish changes, which he thankfully couldn't see, it was easy to tell that he was getting turned on. Her antennae only confirmed this, as well as a surprising new fact: her body was secreting pheromones to help that arousal along.

"No, k-keep going. It feels nice. I can't explain it, but my body n-needs this, Matthew."

He took a deep breath. "They certainly feel nice."

"Mhmmm, they do. God, they do. They're so f-fucking sensitive."

He chuckled, lowered a hand to adjust his member in his trousers. It made her very intrigued at its size.

"I've never heard you swear before, except that one time you got an A-minus way back."

She leaned back a little, massaged her rear growth, grunted in pleasure as he groped her breasts again, squeezing her new double-D's. "I d-don't usually s-swear. But this is f-fucking amazing. Oh God, the changes have made me so horny, Matthew. I can't explain it. I need you. Do you feel it?"

"I do," he said, in his usual laconic way. She knew he did, but hearing him say it made it all the better.

"Can we? I want you to fuck me, Matthew. Can you do that?"

He nodded, breathing faster before her. He looked so handsome, but also small against her. Cute. Something to be protected. Another wave of instincts flooded through her, demanding she take care of him, and become the dominant one of a pairing. To take what she needed from her mate, as her body craved and deserved.

“Good. Even with all these changes, I feel like a queen. I want you to fuck your queen. I demand it.”

Another nod. He was clearly overwhelmed by it all, but his arousal spoke for itself, straining his pants, throbbing against the fabric with need. She licked her lips at the sight of it, particularly as he began to unbuckle said trousers.

“Are we sure about this?” he asked. “If it’s a result of the change, your new genetics . . . should we be worried?”

She leaned over, her lower-arms-to-be twitching a little, desiring to help. She used her regular ones to finish unbuckling his trousers. “Honestly, Matthew? I’m too turned on to care right now. And I know you are too.”

He gulped, and she knew she had him. A good thing, because her antennae were driving her crazy, and her nipples were rock hard with lust. They pulled away Matthew’s trousers, and then pulled down his underwear. Her eyes widened at the sight of his immense cock. She’d never had any idea it was so big: it looked to be nine inches.

“That’s . . . impressive!” she breathed in awe.

“It f-feels bigger than usual,” he stammered, stroking its wonderful length. “I - oh God, Jane, I’ve never been this turned on before.”

“Then hurry up and fuck me, my mate. I need you in me.”

He gripped her waist and helped hoist her. A good thing too: her rear sac was too heavy and cumbersome to easily manoeuvre. With his help, she was soon on his lap, facing him, her sac dangling weightily behind her. Her big nipples brushed against his chest, and the two points below them were feeling almost as sensitive. Her mind grasped to understand what was happening there, but her arousal was too great to think too deeply.

“I can feel the plating on your back,” Matthew said. “It’s kind of cool.”

“Mhmm, hurry up and get inside me,” she said. His big cock was between her thighs, rubbing against her now-hairless venus mound. She needed it in her. Bad.

Matthew lifted her again, and this time they positioned his dick, and had it press against her incredibly wet opening. There was a moment of tension, and then it passed into her, sliding deep into her vaginal passage.

“Oohhhhhh,” she moaned, “yessssss. This is what I needed! F-fuck, I needed this!”

“M-me too!” he said, “I don’t know why, but I needed it! You f-feel so tight!”

She didn’t mention the pheromones her body was producing. In that moment, it wasn’t necessary. She was attracted to him, body and soul, and his calm acceptance of her situation made her want to please him with her own body, altered as it was. She pressed her big tits against him, and with her greater height, they were now at face height.

“Suck on them,” she said, and it came across more like an order.

He did so eagerly, greedily, like a child suckling. For some reason that image only made her more aroused, as if this smaller man was to be nursed and cared for, with her as his queen. *His mate. His broodmother.*

"Mmhhh," she moaned again, softly bouncing on his lap as he sucked at her breasts. Her hands ran over his strong muscles, and he teased her flanks and rubbed her stomach. Those two strange points below her breasts lit up with pleasure. They kissed deeply and passionately, feeling each other's hair and letting their tongues dance and intertwine in each other's mouths.

Soon the two were much more aggressive. He thrust into her, and with his help she slid up and down upon his huge mast, taking in his entire length. She was milking him of all his sustenance, and wanted to make sure she missed none of it. Her antennae twitched wildly, requiring his seed. She needed it in her, more than anything. More than anything she had ever wanted, she wanted this.

"I'm s-so close!" Matthew stammered.

"M-me too! I want you to come in!"

"I'm - ahhh - about to! Oh God, your tits, Jane. Your . . . everything. I'm about to - I'm about to - Ahhhh!!"

She arched her back, pressing her heavy bosom further into his face. Her nipples plopped into his mouth as he climaxed, and the feelings it produced finally made her climax in turn.

"Yes! Yes! Mate me, Matthew! Breed me! Fucking **BREED MEEEEEE!!!**"

Her voice went high as the orgasm hit her like a freight train. It was more powerful than any orgasm she had ever felt, and it was only exceeded by the next one. And the next one. And the next one. Each caused her to squirm and writhe upon Matthew's lap. His balls squeezed against her, pulsing with each jet of semen he expelled from his cock. She could feel it, even *taste* it with her antennae: he was filling her up, ejaculating stream after stream of his seed deep into her womb. It made her grin madly. Finally, it was happening.

Finally, she was being bred.

"YEsssssssss," she moaned. "Finally . . . mated. Mated . . . mhmmm."

They both settled down over the following minutes. With his much-needed help, she extracted herself off of him, nearly falling backwards due to the weight imbalance of her altered body. Thankfully, the musculature of her sac bent, almost like a caterpillar or worm, and caught her.

"That was something else," Matthew breathed, still coming down from the high of their intercourse. "Should we have done that?"

“Of course, my mate,” she said easily. She rubbed her rear growth. It had begun to feel warm, and she luxuriated in that sensation. “Mhmmm . . . I needed that. This body needed that.”

“For what? And why are you calling me your ‘mate’?” Matthew asked. His features - those she could see, drew into an expression of greater seriousness. “And why did we just have sex? I mean, I wanted it, but it was so unlike me. So unlike both of us.”

“It’s the change,” she admitted. “I think . . . it’s doing something to me, and you got caught up in it.”

“Doing what?” he asked.

Her stomach rumbled, as if in answer to the question. The tension and pressure returned, just as it had come on the previous times, and just as strongly as when she had grown so large.

“Oh G-God!” she exclaimed. She staggered back into the centre of the room to get away from Matthew. He stood, moving towards her blindly, sweeping his arms out slowly.

“Jane! Are you okay? What’s happening? Can I help?”

“NO!” she cried, far too loudly. “No. J-just stay there. It’s - ahhh - another ch-change! I just need to ride it out!”

“Did we cause that?” he said, pulling his trousers and underwear on.

“I don’t th-think so,” she said, though she knew it was a lie. Her antennae told her as much. But she didn’t want him to know the full extent of her changes. “I ate a l-lot this morning. A *lot*, Matthew. I couldn’t help it. This body, it - ahhh! - it needs food like f-fuel. And - nng! - I have had a lot of fuel l-lately.”

“Shit, we need to get someone. We can’t just stay on this island. This is crazy!”

“No!” she replied again. “We just need you back at health to f-fix me. These ch-changes are just temporary. I don’t w-want to end up a freak in the news.”

That seemed to mollify him, which was good, because it was then that her body began to change in full. She stared at her reflection in the mirrored wall to her left as her figure practically *erupted*. She grew yet taller, her spine and limbs extending so that she was over two metres in height, easily. She groaned as this occurred, because the two would-be arms beneath her current set finally became arms in full. They pushed out from her sides, becoming longer and more defined, musculature growing in. With an audible *crack*, her elbows formed. She bit her lip in a strange mix of agony and satisfaction as her knuckles formed, then her new fingers, digit by digit.

“Y-yes!” she cried.

“Everything okay?”

“It is!” she replied quickly, flexing her new arms. She wasn’t yet used to them, and so they moved in synchronous parallel to her usual pair. They were darker, more chitinous than

her upper arms, but their undersides had the pale, almost glossy flesh that the rest of her front was taking on. "It's alr-right! Just some m-minor changes!"

She didn't want him to know the full extent of her changes. She staggered again as her rear grew out. It didn't widen as she expected though, becoming an insectoid abdomen. Instead, it *lengthened*, like a snake's tail, or a worm's general shape. Like the latter, it was sort of 'ribbed' along the underside, with powerful muscles already forming into existence from her calorie and protein intake. It flexed behind her, becoming longer than a fridge, so large that it thrashed with another pulse of pleasure, knocking over a shelf near the wall and causing books to crash to the ground.

"What was that!? Jane, are you okay!?"

"I'm f-fine! Just fell back a little, it's okay! I'm unhurt!"

He didn't seem convinced, but she had to pull back so that he wouldn't get to touch her body and notice how much she was altering. Her eyes buzzed, and for a discomfiting moment she felt them alter, becoming larger than usual. She nearly gasped at her reflection: they had become twice their usual size, and were a softly glowing red. They looked like . . . bug's eyes. Not split into compound eyes, thankfully, or made too unattractive. But certainly alien.

"AAhhhh! Ohhhh, it f-feels weird! Not too p-painful! Just - ugh! - weird!"

"Good! Is there anything I can do?"

"J-just stay there!" she said, motioning with all four arms, despite his obvious blindness. She grabbed the bulge of her rear abdomen, straining as it swelled a little wider, but mainly continued to extend back and back. It was plumping up. Preparing for something.

"Ooof! Ack!"

She made a series of strange clicking sounds, entirely unintentional. The reason was her jaw, and more specifically her teeth. They extended, becoming sharp, like those of a strict carnivore's. She wasn't sure if this meant her diet was changing or simply that she was taking on a characteristic of the alien, but it felt strange. Her tongue hardened, just a little, so that it only felt odd to run it over her new jaw of canine teeth, rather than painful.

"Oh mah Goh'!" she managed, still getting a handle on her new teeth.

"What is it?" Matthew called.

"Noffin'!" she called back. "Jus' bi' mah lip!"

She adjusted her jaw, got a bit more used to her teeth. They still felt unnatural, but they were at least usable, and it wouldn't take long to speak properly again. She felt an instinctive urge to not let Matthew know. It was important to maintain her mate's attraction to her, and not cause him to be afraid. She still needed to protect and nurture him, and take his ready seed.

The very thought made her aroused again, even as her legs struggled to touch the floor. Another set of dual pressures began in her chest region, and she worked quickly to remove her already too-tight top, which was open at the front from their intercourse moments ago.

“B-bigger!” she exclaimed. “Need them b-bigger. To be ready.”

Ready for what, she did not know. She had the sense her body certainly would soon. She grasped her already-ripe double-D breasts and massaged them, rubbing her nipples and caressing the surrounding flesh, urging all of it to grow. And it did. The pressure reached its peak, and suddenly her breasts surged forth, gaining tissue and fat from her many meals, which were easily converted into more mass. The feelings were intensely pleasurable, and it made her want them to grow and grow more until they were as big as her head. Certainly, her flushed tits became larger and rounder, drooping just slightly under their own weight to become perfect teardrop shapes. Her nipples darkened, a contrast to the white of her chest, becoming even larger. Soon they raced past E-cups all the way to incredible F-cups, which were at least half as big as her own head each. They wobbled, bounced with her movements, and radiated pleasure.

But that was only the beginning. The two points beneath her breasts also expanded, and as she brushed her lower hands’ fingers against her soft stomach she finally realised what they were: nipples.

“M-more breasts,” she whispered to herself, thankfully out of Matthew’s earshot. “Four breasts? Will they stay like this or grow like the other - NGHH!!”

They did indeed grow, rapidly gaining weight and size until they were nearly equal to her upper breasts from before. They must have been double-D’s now, replacing the size of her upper ones which were now much bigger. She cradled all four of her breasts in her hands, unable to believe that they were now all hers, or that they were so big. Or sensitive.

“Holy sh-shoot,” she said, managing to regain control of herself.

As if to announce that her changes were down for now, her big worm-like tail-sac rose and fell with an almighty *CRASH* that splintered some of the flooring. Matthew rose to his feet immediately, a look of fear upon his visible features.

“I’m okay!” Jane called. “Just an accident. I’m a little bigger!”

A pause. “How much bigger?”

“Um, I’m a little over two metres. My, er, behind has grown just a little more too. Like, thirty centimetres. I just knocked something over, that’s all.”

She looked back at the sac, which had grown what appeared to be almost *two whole metres* in length, and bit her lip with her sharp new teeth. Even as far as white lies went, that one was a whopper.

“We need to call for help,” Matthew said.

“No, I’m not going public. I’ll - we’ll - figure this out. Please, Matthew. That sex - that wonderful sex we just had, wasn’t just from some biological need, right? There was feeling there. I know you experienced it too.”

He was silenced long enough to give a begrudging nod. “There was. God, there was, Jane. For a long time I’ve . . . but that’s not important. We have a connection, I admit it. And it was amazing. But it’s because of that connection, and how amazing that was, that I’m worried for you.”

She changed tact. “Just because it’s affected me oddly doesn’t mean we should give it up. The spiral artefact is gone. This might be our last chance to discover something from it. Even if my body is irrevocably altered, and my mind a little affected, I would take the risk again for the sake of science. You and I both know this. We are geneticists first, before anything else. Please, Matthew. This is the one thing I have left since my parents passed away. Don’t take this from me.”

Matthew stood a little shakily, and strode over to her. She placed her lower arms behind her back and leaned forward a little, so that her second pair of breasts wouldn’t be accidentally felt by him. With her larger arms she took his shoulders, admiring them again as he looked at her eyes. Well, where he thought her eyes were.

“Up here,” she said gently.

“You *are* taller,” he said, though not with any repulsion. And then, reaching out with his hands to take her face, with her guidance, he gave her a deep kiss. She kept her sharp teeth covered, and pouted her lips so he couldn’t find out about them. It was a good thing he couldn’t see her eyes, either.

“I’ll trust you,” he said after he parted his lips from her. “But only because I like you.”

She giggled like a schoolgirl in love, rather than the professional young scientist she was. “Deal. I rather like you too.”

“What odd circumstances we find ourselves in. Do you need my help moving?”

“N-no,” she said. “I might, ah, stay here for a bit. Just take it all in.”

“Understood. I’ll feel my way to the showers. You might need one too.”

She looked over her flushed, slightly sweaty alien body. “Not a bad idea. I’ll use the lab’s ones.”

He nodded, gave her a winning smile, however brief it was, and moved away. Only when she heard the shower running did she move herself. Her great rear sac shifted like that of a snake or a worm’s length, and through its undulations she was able to move forward, using her legs to keep a semblance of balance. If it grew any further, she was worried it might be the *only* way to move. A troubling thing, since on the way to the shower she managed to accidentally destroy a coffee table and another vase.

“This will be weird getting used to.”

Journal Entry #21: The Thing at my Rear

It has been a couple of days since that new transformation. I am keeping many of my changes a secret from Matthew, which is increasingly difficult. He had to find out about the second pair of functioning arms: after all, we snuggled up to watch a hockey game, or a calming prestige drama, or to have intercourse. The last is something I greatly enjoy, but I must recognise I am utterly driven to do. My body craves him, and often I think of him less as my boyfriend or partner or friend, and more as my mate. As someone to penetrate me, and breed me. Those are the terms my alien mind thinks in now, and I am often in a greater arousal state as a result of it.

The result has been several more cases of intercourse, but also more trouble with my tail-like abdomen. When we have sex, it thrashes and shifts, and it curls automatically when I am, for lack of a better word, lusty. Horny. However one wishes to put it. I've already had to order a number of new pieces of equipment from the lab that I have destroyed, and invest in advanced drone technology to aid in its instalment. It is by far the part of my changes I find least appealing. Why this great rear growth? What purpose? Every time I try to think about it, my antennae buzz and send my thoughts elsewhere. It is as if my instincts are guiding me not to know, until the time is right. For now, it is simply my only way to move around.

Other items of business: I am ordering new bras, and experimental ones, to cope with my constantly shifting double chest. I literally have twice the chest of any woman. Strange to think upon. My shirts also require modification and special orders. Hats are right out. But I have had one major success: not only has my analysis of my changes indicated they are mainly focused on growth now, instead of new developments, but that something is indeed happening with my hormones. There is a shift there - perhaps a stability?

The other success is more practical: nutri-goo. My own design. A replenishable paste, pink in colour, that can be pumped full of calories, protein, and other nutrients that my body constantly requires. Stops me from raiding the fridge, and nearly destroying it with my tail. And, as a side benefit, it truly is delicious.

A good thing too, since I find myself most addicted to it.

I have started to become very hungry again, recently.

It was an ordinary sunny day, three days after the growth of so many new parts, that a new development occurred. Matthew was spending some alone time reading poetry and relaxing

on the sands of the tropical beach, and Jane in turn wished to focus on the latest tests upon her bloodstream and overall body. She was awaiting another series of changes, but none had come just yet. Her intake of nutri-goo had grown, to the point where her stomach felt taut, overly full with the stuff. But still there was no change.

That was, until she shifted along with her heavy 'tail' to see another scan of the spiral artefact's fragments, only to fall short and catch herself on a heavy piece of equipment.

"OOhhhhhh! OOhhhh wh-what n-now!? UGHH!!"

It was happening. It was finally happening. But unlike all the previous times, it was centred not across her whole body, but purely in her rear. Her worm-like behind writhed, smacking heavily against the hard floor as it churned. It grew warmer, and to Jane's shock, it felt like an actual *process* was beginning in there. Like an oven heating up, or a factory line starting operation.

"Nnggh!" she groaned, squeezing her red alien eyes shut. She kneaded her breasts with her hands, almost urging the lower ones to grow so that the upper ones would stop squishing them. But she would have to wait, because it was then that her rear began to bloat up. Large objects began to rapidly form within it, plumping up the abdomen with a surprising speed.

"Oh G-God! Yes! Yesss! M-more!" she cried, shocked at the pleasure of the sensation. She was making something. No, she was making many things. Smooth and hard and rounded, perhaps the size of volleyballs, all being fashioned within her. Her antennae went wild, celebrating this change, and finally releasing the obvious knowledge that had been blocked from her mind.

"OOhhhhhh f-fuck! I'm pregnant. I'm pregnant with *eggs*. I'm turning into s-some kind of alien broodmare! AAAHHHHOOOOHH!!!"

She was rocked by the first orgasm as her rear womb churned. The shocked geneticist couldn't help but smile as the first of many, many children to come were formed as eggs within her.

"B-breeeeeed," she moaned. "M-must breed."

Another rush of dopamine hit her brain.

To Be Continued . . .