

# Camp Queenlay

By FoxFace

Commission for Spacebanana

*John Mackford is an ordinary young man who loves playing videogames and reading. The day of his birthday his parents sent him unexpectedly to Camp Queenlay in the middle of nowhere, where it is hoped he will be prepared for a more 'productive future.' But even as John makes some new friends, they each begin to realise that there is a deeper conspiracy in the camp: the head Administrator who is always heard but never seen, the strange cans of nourishment they are made to drink, and, of course, the strange bloating changes slowly occurring to their bodies . . .*

## Camp Queenlay

### The Decision

It was the day after my 18th birthday when I was told I had to go to Camp Queenlay. I had never heard of such a place, but my parents were adamant that it was "the right thing for us to do."

"What do you mean the 'right thing'?" I said, unbelieving at what I was hearing. "I just turned eighteen, and you're sending me away? This isn't fair! I'm getting good grades at school."

Mom placed her hand on my cheek like she always did when I was little. "Honey, we don't have a choice. You're becoming an adult, and that means there's a lot of changes you need to be prepared for. And we can't be the ones to help you with that, not anymore."

I was flabbergasted. "But - but I have the *whole* summer ahead of me. I was going to play the latest *Bloodwars!* There's a new *Kaleth, Sword Warrior* book coming out! Is this because . . . is this because I didn't invite any of my friends to my birthday?"

It was a painful admission, in part because it wasn't a real admission at all. It was true that I didn't invite any friends, but the little white lie was the implication that I had any friends at all. I was overweight, nerdy, and found it hard to get along with others. I always had, and it was easier to retreat into books and video games than try to push past my own introverted nature. Which made for a sad sight when your parents come out singing 'Happy Birthday' to a grown man sitting alone at a table wearing a party hat.

Mom shook her head, and small tears formed in her eyes. “No, John, no. It isn’t because of that. We’d always hoped you could make some friends, of course, but there are other things we prioritise as well, like - like -”

“Like how you treat your body,” Dad cut in, pointing at my flabby gut, which was not helped by my too-restrictive shirt. “And how unproductive you are. That’s going to change, I can promise you. At Camp Queenlay, the Administrator will make sure you shape up for the future, and stop just lounging about playing videogames.”

I groaned. “C’mon Dad. You know I get top marks, and when was the last time I acted disrespectfully? Why can’t I just enjoy my summer in peace?”

Dad just shook his head. “The decision is final. It’s out of our hands, son. You’re going to Camp Queenlay, and it’s going to change you. It’s for the greater good, at least that’s what I’ve got to tell you.”

*Odd wording*, I thought, *but whatever*. “How long will it last?”

“Oh, honey, the camp program lasts the whole summer.”

“It goes for six weeks!?”

Mom nodded, her gaze compassionate, but I could tell she was standing by Dad. It made me furious, that my parents thought me so in need of help, or so hopeless, that they were sending me to some backwards camp for losers in the middle of nowhere.

“Jesus Christ, this sucks! You guys just want to get rid of me.”

Suddenly both parents were hugging me deeply, their arms wrapped around my form. Tears fell from Mom’s eyes, and I could feel Dad shaking.

“No, son,” he said, his voice a little hoarse. “We wish you could stay. I wish you could stay more than anything. But it’s out of our hands. You have to go. Just don’t forget about us.”

I’d never seen my parents like that before, and frankly it shook me.

“Okay, okay, I’ll go, fine! Just stop crying, please. This Camp Queenlay better be good, or else I’m going to be so angry at you.”

“Good,” Mom said, “I’ve started to pack your things. You’ll leave in two days. I don’t think we’ll be able to write to you, but please write to us. We don’t want you to forget us.”

I rolled my eyes, exasperated at how I’d been forced into this.

“Doubtful. It’s only six weeks. Besides, you’re the ones forcing me into this. Like I said, this better be a damn good camp.”

“It’s going to change you forever,” Dad said, but his voice wasn’t warm.

I left to go play some videogames and stew in my anger for a bit. After that, then I could maybe start packing. It wasn’t like I had a choice, anyway.

## Camp Queenlay

*"Welcome to Camp Queenlay, children! Your futures await!"*

The woman's voice came through the various loudspeakers as we stepped off the bus like prisoners led to the gallows. It was a honeyed voice, strong and maternal yet somewhat sensual, and it was surprising that I spent even that effort in thinking about it. The sun beat down mercilessly as I hauled out my suitcase, and my heavysset body didn't help matters. At least two dozen other people, all around my age and entirely male, exited with me, none of them looking too happy to be here. Two camp instructors were already waiting for us. They looked like siblings, both with red hair, freckles, and similar facial features.

"Good day and good welcome!" the male one said with far too much cheer. "My name is Campmaster Jerry, and I'll be giving you the tour today. I hope you enjoyed your trip."

"And my name is Campmaster Jenny," the female one said, her voice also painfully flowery. "I'll be getting you all acquainted with your cabins and your schedule."

"But first, you each must be thirsty as heck!" declared Jerry. "Every one of you can enjoy our camp soft drink: *Imbibe!* It tastes like creaming soda!"

Jenny tossed us a plastic bottle each. Sure enough, it had a white tape around it, with the word *Imbibe* written in green stylistic lettering. I was indeed quite thirsty, and so I happily took a swill. Jerry wasn't lying, it tasted like creaming soda. Maybe the best I'd ever tasted. Looking around the other camp members, I could tell they were enjoying it as well.

"Well, now that you've enjoyed some *Imbibe*, let's get you all on the tour - oh wait, here's our female attendee bus!"

We all turned to see a second bus, identical to ours, arrive. It halted near us, and the doors opened. We each waited, wondering how many new attendees we would be having, but after a time only one figure appeared. She was likely my age as well, and like me, she clearly did not want to be here. She was attractive, with a green pixie cut and torn jeans, a black leather jacket and a ripped shirt that deliberately exposed the olive-coloured skin of her midriff. She rolled her eyes as she saw us.

"Great, a sausage fest. This will be a fun six weeks."

"Welcome Mia," Jenny said, "we are so happy to have you. You are so unique! And it won't be long until you see that too!"

"Yeah, whatever. Let's just get this going."

Jerry turned to us, and smiled brightly. "Well, we're all here now, shall we start the tour?"

I looked around, and to my left a short, dark-skinned afro'd eighteen-year old took a puff from his inhaler, adjusted his glasses, and nodded. Further along, a fitter guy with

blonde hair and easy charm made someone next to him crack up, before standing at attention in a way that was deliberately obnoxious.

“Sure thing, sir yes sir!” he declared, trying not to giggle.

If Jerry was annoyed, he didn't show it. Instead, he motioned for us to join the tour of the camp, the girl known as Mia joining us with a wearied scoff. Jenny stayed behind, and several other camp staff began to sort our luggage.

It took nearly an hour to complete the tour, by which time I was feeling sweaty and well aware of how out-of-shape my body was. Camp Queenlay was an old-style camp, real old school. It was located in the middle of nowhere after a three-and-a-half hour bus ride; a patch of field surrounded on all sides by national heritage-listed forest, numerous walking trails indicated by signs around the area. A set of small mountains named *The Hatches* were set in the east, and further to the north was a larger mountain, rounded and conical in shape, called simply *Queen's Rest*. The camp lands stretched between these mountains, and numerous hills extended to the south, large soil crop fields dominating their surfaces. A large lake referred to as *Lake Enord* was in the west, with several wooden pontoons for kayaks, fishing, and setting out boats. The camp itself sat in the middle of all these features, and consisted of a couple of dozen wooden cabins, a mess hall adjacent to a small kitchen, a recreation area, and a fireplace amphitheatre. There were limited amenities, though thank God there were flushing toilets. Several barbecues were arranged around an outdoor eating area, but beyond this, it was fairly spartan. I was getting the real distinct sense that this place was run on a budget, and prided itself on 'making men out of boys' or some such BS. It was after the tour when we were walking back that someone actually talked specifically to me for the first time.

“My name is Eli,” someone said. I looked down to my left, and realised it was the short dark-skinned boy with asthma. I thought 'boy', but in truth he was likely about eighteen or so, same as me. But his short stature, bony limbs, thick glasses, and general 'shrimpiness' made him look younger. Or at least less mature.

“Oh, uh, hey,” I said, not really knowing how to reply.

“Did you parents force you to come here too?” he asked.

“Yeah, they did.”

Eli nodded, his face pensive. “The same for me. Curious.”

I didn't really know how to respond, so instead I made my way with the group, where Jenny was allocating us to our cabins. They weren't exactly what you would call stellar living; no internet, no technology, and the lights were controlled by the so-called Administrator, who always turned them off at 9.30pm, whereupon it was expected that we go to sleep. We each were assigned a bunkmate, all the boys except for Mia, who as a girl was on her own. She

seemed pretty happy about it, given that some of the boys, me included, couldn't help but look at her attractive form.

For my cabin, I was assigned Ethan, who was quickly cementing himself as a bit of a crowd pleaser and joker, often commanding the attention of others and already looking to act up: he'd somehow managed to sneak a mobile phone into the camp to use, though he had no internet coverage.

"Looks like we're going to be bunk mates," he said. "Hope you don't mind, but I'm a pretty big snorer."

I did mind, but told him I didn't.

"Great!" he exclaimed, running a hand through his perfect blonde hair. "And I'll take top bunk, if you don't mind."

That I didn't. I was pretty overweight, so the top bunk wasn't my top choice.

"Man, top bunk and you don't mind me snoring, I have a feeling you and I are going to be pretty good friends, John. I've managed to sneak some contraband in here; even brought some chocolate! So you get first dibs on what I don't own."

"Oh," I said, "that's actually really nice of you, thanks."

"Have you been to many camps like this before?"

I shook my head. "Not really. I, well, I tend to play a lot of videogames and read. I think my parents sent me here because I'm a bit of a slob, to be honest." My cheeks burned a little red at the admission, but Ethan just waved it off.

"Don't be embarrassed! This place will be a cinch. I haven't yet found a camp, institution, readjustment institute, or advanced learning centre I couldn't get kicked out of. My folks have tried everything, but I always managed to get kicked out with a bang."

He revealed the contents of his bag to me, sliding out a hidden panel. What was inside elicited a gasp from me.

"No way!" I said, "its that - is that what I think it is?"

Ethan grinned like a schoolboy. "The MegaTon 4000, plus a few other fireworks. This thing will light up the night sky, I tell ya. Trust me John, you just got the best bunk buddy there is."

I couldn't help but chuckle. I was starting to think he was right. I settled in my stuff, more certain that having a roomie wasn't going to be *all bad*. In the hour we had to get comfy, he proved himself to be quite the comedian, but in a cheeky, devil-may-care way that enjoyed an audience, rather than out of maliciousness. I rather got the sense he was trying to corrupt me. By the time was up, we'd already shared out favourite videogames - he was a *Bloodsport III* guy, which elicited some hilarious arguments - and he even proved himself quite learned when it came to books.

“I’m educated enough to know I like being stupid,” he said with an easy grin, throwing me a soda. I had no idea how he’d manage to hide so much stuff we weren’t meant to have. “And this is the last time my folks can try to ‘fix’ me. I just turned eighteen two days ago, so this is their last hurrah before I flee to some lovely coastal city and run amok, pleasing hot babes and blowing all my spare cash seeing the sights and sounds.”

I looked up. “Hey, you turned eighteen two days ago? So did I!”

He leapt to his feet. “No kidding! Well, this has *got* to be a sign, John . . .”

“Mackford.”

“John Mackford,” he said, spitting on his hand and thrusting it out, “meet Ethan Cliffholt.”

I went to shake it.

“No, you spit on it first. We’re making an accord, dummy.”

I awkwardly spat on my bigger hand, then shook his. It wasn’t a pleasant feeling, but Ethan was all smiles, his confident face full of charm.

“That settles it. We’re buddies now, John, and you and I are going to enjoy this camp, no matter what the morons who run it want, especially that Administrator.

As if on cue, the loudspeakers clicked on with a familiar warble, followed by that commanding yet simultaneously motherly voice.

*‘Children, this is the Administrator speaking. Please leave your cabins and move to the amphitheatre area. You will be instructed on the daily routine of the camp, including meals and preparation.’*

The speakers clicked off, and Ethan creased his brow.

“Preparation for what? Actually, I don’t care. The answer will only bore me. Come on John, let’s go meet the other victims, shall we?”

I gave an awkward smile, and followed him out. Despite my nervousness at being on camp, at now being an adult, at having to socialise and be away from my insular hobbies, I was happy to have made a friend. Maybe this wouldn’t be so bad?

\*\*\*

Ethan and I were last to arrive, and it was clear that was his deliberate doing. Jenny and Jerry still smiled, but briefly paused as they saw us arrive. There weren’t many spots in the amphitheatre, so Ethan and I took seats at the end, ahead of the scrawny boy called Eli who’d talked to me before, and beside Mia, who seemed utterly apathetic to everything going on. The others had clearly tried sitting near her as well, so she begrudgingly accepted my presence.

“Hey,” I said, awkwardly.

“Eyes ahead, big boy,” she replied, pouting. “I don’t need another salivating puppy hitting on me.”

“What? No! I was just saying ‘hey’, I’ve never had a girlfriend.”

She gave me a surprised look that made me even more embarrassed. “Well, that’s a confession all right. At least you managed to whisper it.” She sighed. “I’m Mia.”

“Um, I’m John. John Mackford.”

“I’m not telling you my last night.”

“Oh, okay.”

“Fine. It’s Listbeth.”

“That’s a cool name.”

She chuckled. “No it’s not. But at least that wasn’t an attempt to hit on me. You got forced to come here as well?”

“Yeah. Ethan was too.”

“The prankster guy, yeah I can see that. I was ‘too alternative’, apparently. Maybe it was all the arguments I was starting. Maybe my folks didn’t like that I wasn’t their traditional, conservative little princess, or that I swore at them. Or that I like a cig every so often. You want one later?”

She opened the palm of her hand slightly, revealing a cigarette placed there. Jeez, was I the only one that didn’t think to bring contraband to this camp?

“Oh, I don’t smoke.”

“Lucky you. My folks hate it. Hate the hair too.”

“Mine wish I wasn’t so fat. And that I made more friends.”

She smiled. She really was pretty. So out of my league it was ridiculous. But I was starting to like her abrasiveness. It was clear it wasn’t aimed at me specifically.

“Well, looks like we both disagree with what our parents want from us. Mine kept trying to ‘prepare me for my future’ and ‘get accustomed to the role of a woman in society’, as if we were in the fucking 1950’s or some bullshit. I’m my own woman, thank you very much.”

I didn’t know what to say, really, so I simple said: “Yeah, you’re pretty cool,” which caused her to regard me again.

“Huh. You actually mean that. Well, shit John, looks like I was wrong about you.”

Our conversation was interrupted by a loud demonstrative cough from the camp counsellors. Jerry and Jenny were grabbing our attention to announce the rules and give us the formal introduction now that we had been given the tour and our cabins.

“Welcome everyone, boys and girls.”

“Pfft, more like ‘and girl’,” Mia scoffed. Ethan chuckled at her comment on my other side, causing her to smirk further. The counsellors continued speaking.

“We are so happy to have you at Camp Queenlay. This historic camp has only been around for twenty five years . . .”

“Not very historic then,” Eli said, seeming annoyed at their inaccuracy.

“. . . but it is a greatly promising camp that works to help individuals such as yourselves transform into productive members of our society, and adopt the roles in life that you were always meant for! Camp Queenlay has a special program that will make sure you are fit, healthy, and ready for what is to come, and we are looking forward to watching you develop!”

It was all very vague and faux-cheery, and Ethan was already whispering comments that were making the boys around us snicker. Nevertheless, Jenny took over.

“That voice you heard when you entered was the Administrator, though we just called her the Camp Mother. The Administrator is the one who started this camp when she arrived nearly thirty years ago, and she has been working tirelessly ever since to prepare for the arrival of bright young individuals like you. She senses a gift in each of you. You are the ones who never quite fit in, who always felt a little different, or pushed against the rules more than your parents expected, were picked on or bullied or treated as an outsider.”

I looked across the group of two dozen boys and Mia. They indeed looked like a motley bunch, and several of them were clearly uninterested in what was being said. Mia and Ethan and Eli each sighed when the word ‘outsider’ was said. Clearly, they had heard it all before. As had I.

“Over the next six weeks, there’s going to be some big changes coming, and we’re here to prepare you for them. Camp Queenlay has no internet, and our cell reception is almost non-existent. Don’t worry though, the Administrator has a line to the outside world, and your wellbeing is her absolute number one priority. Over the next few days, we’re going to engage in some fun activities, some walks, and sports games. You’ll get a chance to go swimming - the weather is perfect for it - as well as learn basic survival skills.

“But be aware, there are some areas that are off-limits. The Administrator’s cabin is not to be disturbed, and you are not to approach *Queen’s Rest* or *The Hatches* unapproved; there are some dangerous wildcats around those ranges, so just be warned.”

They continued to cover the other major rules and regulations of the camp, including their camp slogan - *The Future is Yours! The Future is Ours!* - which made Ethan giggle.

“If the future is ours, can we leave?” he jibed.

For the first time, the smiles on both counsellors' faces fell, and they were silent and appalled for just a little *too* long to be comfortable.

“Don’t even joke about that,” Jerry said, stepping forward. “You can’t leave Camp Queenlay.” The moment drew out, all parties silent until Jerry recovered himself. “That would be a breach of my duty of care! And we aim to care for you for as long as we can!”



A bit weirded out, Ethan just shrugged and sat back, as more of our week to come was outlined for us. But I couldn't help but feel a little uncomfortable at how tense it was, and I could see Eli mulling over the oddness of it with a pensive silence.

## The Dream

The first night at Camp Queenlay I stayed up late chatting with Ethan. He was already devising ways to upset the coming routine, including swimming further along the lake than strictly allowed in order to explore the caves that existed on the other side.

"Anyway John, that's enough chit chat for now. I can already tell I've got a great sidekick to pump me up. I'm so full of your attention that I could practically burst! Let's save some of the cheerleading for later down the week, when the fun begins."

I bid him good night, amused at how much he loved being the centre of attention. For some reason, I had an image in my head of him being literally bloated up with the adoration of others. It made me more cognisant of my own heavy body, and I placed my hands on my rounded, fatty stomach.

"Maybe this camp won't be so bad," I murmured to myself. "Hopefully, I can even lose some weight."

The Administrator's voice echoed one final time.

*'Time to sleep, my darlings. Dream well, and your new routines will start tomorrow.'*

Something about the voice comforted me, and I drifted off.

That first night, I dreamed I was in darkness. All around me I could hear and feel the thrum of some great organ, pumping vast quantities of liquid beneath my feet and off into the inky distance. The atmosphere buzzed with distant wings, like a great swarm of insects far larger than anything that could possibly exist. My stomach churned, feeling more bloated than usual, and my thighs were heavy. I could hear strange voices, inhuman voices speaking in a language so unfamiliar to me yet somehow understandable. And through those voices cut one more powerful, far greater than any of them.

*'You will be ready. Your role is prepared, Jonathan.'*

"What is this? Where am I? What's happening?"

The bloating increased as the strange, organic ground beneath me shifted, and I cringed as my belly swelled outwards, becoming heavy. I gasped as I felt myself become somehow pumped larger and larger. It was as if I was being literally *pumped* full of contents, my stomach stretching, becoming a taut dome that rose and rose, expanding outwards until it was excruciatingly full. I fell to gasping, unable to even hold myself upright, my stomach so

large that my hands could not even reach around it. My clothes ripped as I was filled more and more, becoming rounded and pregnant-looking, my belly heavy with numerous objects being formed within it. I staggered, folding to the ground, my rounded dome visibly growing below me. All I could do was rest against it, cringing and moaning and it continued, more and more.

*'Yes, my darling. Grow. Grow as you were meant to be.'*

A flood of liquid erupted from an opening between my legs, an opening that should never have existed, and I screamed as the urge to push came over me.

*'Soon, my treasure. Soon.'*

I woke, gasping and confused, my body covered in sweat. My stomach was its regular size - fat but not horrifically obese, and its usual heavy weight.

"What the hell was that?" I said. I touched my stomach, and it growled in hunger.

\*\*\*

"So you slept poorly too, huh?" Ethan asked.

We had both showered at the stalls across from the cabins, having both woken covered in sweat and feeling hungry.

"Yeah," I said, "I had a really weird dream."

He chuckled. "Yeah, me too. I felt like I was surrounded by everyone, and they were all pleased to see me. Now, usually that's exactly how I like it. Only, it was sorta weird. It was like they were doing something to me." He blushed a little, scratching the back of his head. "But, eh, I can barely remember it. It's this damn fresh country air."

We entered the mess hall, where the others were eating in their small cliques of three to four. Mia was alone except for Eli, having barked away several boys that were approaching her. She seemed even more on edge than yesterday, and was continually looking down at her own top in a funny way. She waved us over when she saw us approach. We piled up our plates - me much more than usual - and made our way to her.

"How are you doing Mia?" Ethan asked, eyeing her up and down.

"Don't make me kick you to another table, funny boy. And for your information I'm doing pretty fine. It's everything else here that's pretty fucked."

"Poor sleep?" I asked.

She looked up at me, small bags beneath her eyes. "How did you guess?" she said, sarcastically. "I had a ton of weird dreams, and woke up feeling gross and sweaty."

"Us too!" Ethan exclaimed, filling his mouth with mashed potato. I began stuffing my face too. In fact, as I looked around, I noticed that most of us had pretty stacked plates, Mia included, and she was a petite girl.

“What was yours about?” she asked.

We filled her in on the details, though I downplayed mine to just ‘getting fatter and fatter’, and even that was a bit embarrassing. Did that mean Ethan was holding back too?

Mia was drawn in by our statements. “Strange. Mine was . . . different.”

“You gonna tell us?” Ethan asked, eating some more buttered toast.

She licked some cream from her heavily-adorned pancakes. “Hmm . . . nope!”

Ethan waggled his eyebrows. “So it was a sexy dream, then.”

“Don’t make me hurt you, Cliffholt.”

He threw up his hands in a placating gesture, clearly enjoying getting a rise out of her. I could tell she was uncomfortable, however. Being an introvert made talking to people hard, but it also made me observant. And for some reason she kept glancing at her chest.

“I had a weird dream too,” a nasally voice sounded near us. It was Eli, the scrawny kid with the thin afro and glasses. He moved from the table he was sitting at behind us and grabbed the last spot at the table. “I dreamed that I was getting smarter. I could understand everything. It was like I was being filled up with knowledge.”

“Weird,” Ethan said nonchalantly, eating some custard. My own stomach growled, and I partook of some as well. Even Eli had a loaded plate of breakfast tarts, croissants, and raspberry-spread toast.

“More than weird,” Eli said, taking another bite, “it is overtly coincidental. Too much for my liking. All three of us had a dream that our bodies changed in some ways. And I suspect so did you, Mia.”

Mia simply gave him the finger, and no other response. It made me think Eli was right, at least to have hit such a nerve. He drank some *Imbibe*, apparently satisfied with her response.

“What are you suggesting?” I asked, feeling uncomfortable.

Eli tapped two fingers together. “I’m not sure yet, only that things are a little odd. Maybe it was something in the water, or just some music they were playing last night. I don’t like this place though. It’s like the second I turned eighteen I was shuttled off here.”

Mia straightened up. “I *just* turned eighteen,” she said. “Literally three days ago.”

“Me too!” Ethan said.

“And me,” I replied.

“The same,” Eli finished. We all looked at each other, unsettled by that fact. The only sound for several seconds was that of our own thoughts and the bites of protein-filled egg and fatty bacon we were consuming.

“Something fucky is going on,” Mia said.

“I vote we stay together!” Ethan said. “If there’s a conspiracy afoot, we should totally be like one of those adventuring groups. There’s always a nerdy guy and a hot girl-”

“Fuck you.”

“-did I say hot girl? I meant a *cool dark chick*, and there’s a comic relief.”

“Does that mean I’m the plucky hero?” I asked.

Ethan chuckled. “*I’m* the plucky hero. You’re the comic relief. You just need better material. Just like I need a few more serves of bacon. Anyone want anything?”

We all did, even Mia. Ethan returned with more than we needed, yet we continued to eat and drink, discussing silly conspiracy theories and strange occurrences. All the time Eli seemed a little disturbed, as if something deeper was going on, but while we felt odd about the camp since the birthday revelation, it was easily chalked up to the Administrator’s particular practice.

Soon we were off to our first day, including exercise, rowing, and cooking forest meat.

We didn’t have any more dreams that night, but we did wake feeling a little different.

## **Growth**

Once again, I woke up sweaty and gross-feeling. My stomach hankered for more food, and my gut churned as if I’d eaten something a little off. Ethan wasn’t feeling too good either, and he was visibly a little bloated around the stomach, despite being usually fit.

“Uggh, I feel like a stack of shit pancakes,” he said with a bitter smirk. “It’s all that food we ate for breakfast.”

My stomach growled, wanting more. I clutched it, and was briefly surprised at how much more taut it felt than usual, as if it was still full of food.

“Yeah, I reckon so,” I said. “But . . .”

“But you still feel hungry, right?”

I nodded.

“Glad it’s not - Ngh! - not just me. Damn, my stomach is lurching right now. Let’s just get to the cafeteria and eat the bare minimum. There’s no way I’m missing fishing today.” He gave an amused smirk. “Reckon I can reel in a Mia?”

The woman in question put a stop to that right there when we arrived at the mess hall by picking the seat out from under him.

“That’s right,” she said with a smirk, brushing her short green hair to one side, “down boy. In the future, try to leave the impression that your dick is between your legs instead of on your head.”

“Noted,” he said with a smile, rising to the chair.

Once again our plates were laden, despite the fact that each of us had woken feeling bloated. Mia had thought she was just on her period, but given that all twenty-six of us on camp looked a little tight around the stomach and were visibly squirming occasionally, we voiced that it was possibly food poisoning. Several had even gone to Jenny and Jerry or one of the other nameless individuals, but to no avail.

“Sorry, guys! We’ve still got fishing today! It’s important that you get to know the environment and all the produce it has for you!”

Mia could have punched someone, and so Ethan became her favourite target, much to his amusement. We ate our breakfast portions, and I was a little embarrassed that mine was even bigger than the day before. The need was just that great. The others were not much better, and I was surprised to see how much little Eli and petite Mia consumed. Ethan just laughed.

“Man, this food is just too good. I guess I’ll just have to work it off by being the best athlete on camp.”

Mia rolled her eyes. “You wish. You wait for soccer. I’ll *destroy* you.”

“Challenge accepted.”

The two continued to bicker even on the way to the first of the day’s activities, but Eli seemed more troubled, even as we were introduced to our first walking trail.

“I have a migraine,” he said, touching his scalp beneath his afro. “It’s making it hard to think. But I don’t like this.”

\*\*\*

The walking trail was excruciating, and I hated every moment of it. My stomach lurched, wanting more food, and other parts of me were starting to itch and feel uncomfortable also. My ass was killing me: it felt sore and oddly pressured in a way that was more than a little strange. My skin was unusually sensitive, particularly around my chest and stomach, and I couldn’t help but scratch at the rashes that had developed, likely because of the damn mosquitoes that were everywhere.

Mia, Ethan, Eli and all the others were similar; we were all scratching at different parts of our bodies and complaining about how the gaps in our cabin doors must have let the bloodsuckers in. Eli even had two bumps at the top of scalp where he’d been bit real good.

Jenny and Jerry maintained their joyful demeanour, telling us all about the history of the site, which apparently was one of the most remote places in the country, where the starry night was most visible. It only made me miss my gaming PC and console, and Mia voiced that she missed her punk music collection. We all missed the life outside of Camp Queenlay,

but were forced to trudge through the forest trail on a 'morale walk.' All it did for my morale was tired it out.

By the time we arrived, we were absolutely parched, and my stomach was turning in knots demanding something to sate its growling. I had never realised how much of a glut I was until I was out of reach of easy fridge food. Thankfully, the staff were there with several attendants in a clearing, already handing out bottles of *Imbibe* to each of us. It had a wonderful milky taste to it, with added fizz, and the more I drank, the more I wanted. A staff member named Malcolm handed me another, and it took a second for my gut to settle. The same was true of Ethan, though Eli only had one.

Mia, on the other hand, was blushing as she demanded another. Then another. Then another. She drank them the same way she claimed she downed beer behind her parent's back; in great enormous swills that emptied the contents completely. It got to the point where several boys, including us, encircled her, cheering her on as if she actually were chugging beer. Finally, when she had finished the sixth bottle, she threw it down on the ground, smashing it.

"WOOOOO!" she cheered, hopping up and down, middle fingers outstretched at the staff, "beat that, motherfuckers!"

An attendant sighed, and began picking up the glass shards. But we barely noticed that; it was far more enticing a sight to notice that one of Mia's shirt buttons had come undone in all the fuss, and a tantalising hint of cleavage was showing.

"Nice," Ethan whispered, "I thought she was flat as a pancake. Those have gotta be B-cups. Trust me, I've felt more than a few."

"Charming," Eli said, scratching at his head.

\*\*\*

I know some people enjoy fishing. I can appreciate that. I can even respect it. But it is not for me. And nothing proved that more than the utterly morose two hours we spent at the docks, each of us with our lines in the water, overseen by Outdoor Supervisor Henderson, a burly red-faced man who seemed more interested in checking out 'rod stance' than our actual rods. He went down the line, adjusting our stance, looking us up and down, and sometimes grabbing our backs and stomachs to steady us 'for when the fish starts to drag the line.'

Frankly, it was a little creepy, especially when he placed a hand underneath my stomach, and we both felt how weirdly firm it was from all of the food, and he simply nodded appreciatively.

"My, you're a big boy. The Camp Mother will be pleased that you're enjoying all her meals!"

When he moved onto the much thinner Mia and tried to correct her stance, his hand hovered nearer to her chest than she liked, and he quickly found himself in the water. The man just chuckled lightly, and swam over to Eli, who he spent time correcting 'head posture' for. What the hell about fishing could possibly require proper head posture?

I was thrown from that thought when my own line began to tug, and I snapped into action, working to reel in my salmon. Others were starting to have their own success, and much to Mia's disappointment, it turned out Ethan was an absolute natural, pulling in fish after fish, and quickly gaining the attention of the crowd, who cheered him on, particularly once it was learned that the fish our group caught would be added to our dinner.

"I can't hear you cheering loud enough!" he called, and I was swept up in it.

"GO ETHAN!"

He lapped it up, savouring their attention, sustained by their praise.

"Show off!" Mia said, throwing down her rod. She moved away, muttering something angrily and adjusting the buttons of her shirt, which had come undone again. Eli had long given up, and instead taken to reading several books he'd brought in the hopes of allaying his headache.

"It's strange," he said as the crowd cheered for another caught fish, "but normally reading too much can trigger or worsen a headache. My parents often told me I 'read too much for my own good' when I got a headache. They thought the fresh air would do me some good. But now, it's like absorbing knowledge is lessening the ache."

"Well, that's good, right?"

He creased his brow. "I guess so. Maybe I was just being irritated with my theories before. This camp is strange, and I want to meet this mysterious Administrator, but perhaps we really are getting better?"

I sighed, feeling my belly, and trying to ignore the irritating yet constant pressure in my butt, or soreness in my chest. "Maybe. Mia seemed less rail-thin. And Ethan is thriving. I just feel like I'm getting fatter."

Eli gave me a sympathetic grin. "Wait for the sports activities. I've read about high-energy diets; maybe this is their way of burning it off."

I felt again at the heaviness in my gut, ignoring the cheers of another successful catch from the other bloated boys behind me. "Maybe."

"Yes, maybe," Eli said, returning to his book. "But I'll keep my mind open, just in case something is wrong."

\*\*\*

We ate the fish, me most of all, though surprisingly it was Mia who ate nearly as much as me. The girl practically shoved aside the other boys to get her fill, clutching her stomach in hunger. It had been a salivating experience, watching them cook, and while I hadn't caught any myself, the camp staff were perfectly happy for me to have the lion's fill.

And it was a fill: I must have eaten at least twice as much as the next person, which was increasingly Mia. We were all getting a little bloated, and it was most noticeable for Eli and Ethan; the former because he was so scrawny, the latter because he was so fit.

"Damn, this food is too delicious," Ethan said as he licked his fingers. "If I keep this up I won't have the best bod at camp."

"Yeah, you wish," Mia scoffed, indicating to herself. "I just don't brag about it all the time, otherwise the dogs" - she indicated to the other boys eating away - "won't stop barking at me."

"Well, I won't deny you look good Mia. I'm just surprised that you're eating nearly as much as John here. No offence, buddy."

A little was taken, but I opted not to voice it. Mia just blushed red, and scratched at the underside of her shirt. She didn't realise it, but we were all briefly captivated - even Eli - by the fact that she was idly massaging her left boob.

"What?" she said.

"Nothing!" we replied at once. Besides, we had our own itches, all of them frustrating us. Eli's were focused largely on his scalp, where two raised bumps indicated a couple of insect bites. I had my own growing parts, and Ethan too was a little bloated. He kept biting his lip, annoyed at an allergic reaction he'd had that had caused it to swell slightly. We shared various anecdotes to distract from the discomfort, talking about our lives and who we were before we came here. Sure enough, all our parents were loving, but each were frustrated with us in some way, and sure enough sent us to Camp Queenlay pretty much the day after we turned eighteen. Evidently, that was how the camp operated, hence the smaller numbers.

Mia told us that she wanted to be a punk rocker who travelled the world, seeing new sights. She disliked her traditionalist parents, and had no intention of settling down with a man or woman, and certainly not having kids.

"I'm not the maternal type. I want to make loud music and rock on."

Eli was a science nerd and fact enthusiast. Like me, he had no friends, and even in our group didn't seem particularly close. His parents had always urged him to be closer to others, and it never panned out; he simply wanted to be a scientist, and better the world for mankind.

"A person doesn't interest me," he said idly, eating a little more jam bread. "But people do. People as systems, as organisations."



Ethan had no real future plans other than to enjoy the nightlife and work bar jobs and meet fascinating people. He was a comedian and performer at heart, and had little doubt he could get by anywhere.

“What can I say? People just like me. It must be the Cliffholt genes, or something.”

“Or the bloated ego,” Mia said.

And speaking of bloated, there was me. I told them the story of how my parents had always been loving and supportive, but part of them always seemed a little sad for me, as if I wasn't living up to my potential, or wasn't turning out as they hoped. Mom always encouraged me, and Dad did in his strict way, but I always felt more comfortable at my house gaming, or reading, or eating.

“Not very interesting, really,” I said, sagging a little. My stomach churned again, and I winced a little at the soreness in my chest. “I was just sort of a friendless couch potato.”

“Nonsense buddy,” Ethan declared, “there's still plenty of time to be interesting. And look, you're not friendless anymore!”

Mia smiled warmly, and it was the first time I had seen such a genuine expression from her. “He's not wrong.”

“And speaking of potato!”

He snatched a hot one covered in cream and bacon and melted cheese from my plate, and began to eat it.

“Hey,” I said, half-smiling, “that was mine!”

## **Strange Bumps**

It had been nearly a week, and our appetites had not calmed. My stomach moaned with hunger, and it was like a deep, vacuous space had opened up in my intestine, into which all the food disappeared, so that I was barely sated by what I was eating. As large as I already was, and conscious of that weight, I couldn't help but cringe and sweat with need for more food, more sustenance, more to fill me up. I devoured scones, pancakes, buttered toast with a spread that was *far* too thick. I downed orange juice and apple juice and coffee, and with each bite and swallow and sip my gut seemed to surge, pressing against my shirt and straining the fabric.

“F-fuck,” I managed as my stomach cramped, “s-so full.”

But despite how overbearingly full I was, I needed more. And more. I continued to eat, and my shame was quickly replaced by need. The others were eating as well; Ethan laughed and joked and mumbled as he snacked through biscuits and oats and pudding,

while Mia tried to hide her appetite behind her usual anti-authoritarian attitude, stealing scones and pies and croissants and fruits into her backpack and devouring them at her leisure, no doubt, when she was back in her cabin. Of course, often the hunger was too powerful, and she would open up the bag while we were walking and chew through three apples and a slice of wrapped cake. Eli had the lightest hunger of us all, but it was still obvious, and his thin frame had bolstered, even gaining some pudge around his stomach.

“Damn, what do they put in this stuff, cocaine?” Ethan said as we were outside. We had just finished conducting some digging - “for planting our crops” Jerry had said - and we were being served up a mighty barbecue of sausages, chicken wings, kebabs, meat patties, burgers, and all manner of delicious sides. As usual, we were in our group of four, a miniature clique.

“It’s - nghhh - too delicious,” complained Mia, reaching for another bite. No one wanted to mention it out loud for fear of gaining her ire, but her rabid consumption had clearly gone to some more . . . feminine places. I was finding it particularly difficult not to stare at the way her formerly-petite chest seemed to swell, as if she’d gone up another cup size. She massaged her left breasts idly, realised what she was doing, and stopped. “Damn, we’re all packing on pounds.”

“But we can’t stop,” Eli said, touching his own belly. The two bits at the top of his scalp had not gone away, and in fact only gotten worse. His whole head seemed to have swollen a little, and the camp doctors had apparently informed him that it was a large reaction to the local insects, but would go down soon.

“Mhm,” Ethan mumbled, forking another sausage off our communal plate. “It’s weird, I won’t lie. I’m losing my sexy alpha male figure - I know Mia is upset about that.”

“Get fucked.”

“But does anyone else feel like it’s hard to . . . stop? I feel like I’m compelled to keep eating. I tell you, it’s cutting hard into my ‘let’s sabotage this camp and laugh as we all get shipped elsewhere’ plan.”

The others all assented agreement. Something was a bit odd. Our hungers *were* unnatural. The rest of the boys were also beefing up, but the conversation between them, while a little astonished, and seemed to show less awareness than us.

“Still got that firework?” Mia asked idly.

Ethan grinned, and despite the increased pudge on his form, none of it had managed to reach his face, which was as square-jawed and resolute as ever. “You mean the *Megaton 4000*? Oh yeah.”

Mia rolled her eyes, but was obviously fascinated. “What are you gonna use it on? The counselors’ cabins?”

"I'd considered that," Ethan said, scratching at his backside. "But I've got a better idea. I'm going to find out where this Administrator is. This Camp Mother. And I'm going to blow her office sky high!"

We all looked at Ethan with astonishment, even the normally reserved Eli, who was currently forking down some mashed potato. "Are you serious?"

"Deadly. Something weird is going on down here, and when weird things happen, I like to make a big enough ruckus that they send me elsewhere. No offence to you guys, I actually really enjoy your company."

We all agreed to that, me especially. I'd never actually had proper friends before, and I was truly appreciating having them. I didn't want to simply be pushed aside and be lonely again, even if my hunger was surging in leaps and bounds. I grabbed another stack of hamburgers.

"Geez, ease off there tubby!" another boy called. Erickson. There was always a bully.

"Fuck you Eric! Go head over to the little boys' table!" called Mia. She placed a hand on my flabby arm, and gave a look of concern.

"Don't listen to that jackass, John. We're all packing on pounds here. Some us more than others, and some in . . . particularly places."

I tried to avoid taking advantage of it by peeking down her top; this was the first time a pretty girl had shown affection to me like this. But it was undeniable that her boobs had grown; we'd overheard her talking to Jenny to organise some bigger bras - C-cups, apparently!

"But it's happening to all of us," she said, smiling reassuringly.

"Thanks Mia," I said, "that means a lot. Really."

"Yeah, fuck that guy," Ethan said, stealing one of my hamburgers. "We're Ethan's Rangers, we're not gonna put up with that."

"Ethan's Rangers?" Eli said, "you couldn't think of a better name?"

"You just don't have the same brand recognition, Eli."

Our smartest member just scoffed. "You just like the attention."

"I rather think I do."

We continued our meal, chatting videogames and movies and, in Eli's case, events going on the world that we didn't have much interest in but tolerated discussion of. I managed to steer him onto the topic of books, and we actually found we had a lot in common. We continued to eat our final portions, and I turned a bit red when it became clear I was eating more than the rest put together, and they weren't having light dinner's either. It was just an intense need that drove me, and it was impossible to resist it. I ate even past the point where I felt overwhelmed by the contents of my stomach, and I got the sense so did they; my stomach was simply bigger.

After an hour's lunchtime, the entire camp of boys and Mia were lounged at our wooden tables, backs to the table itself as we used it as a rest. We all gasped and groaned, clutching out bellies and straining at the sheer amount of food we had imbibed. I panted heavily, exchanging looks with Ethan and Mia and Eli, who were each doing the same. We had each undone at least a button or two to make room for our growing stomachs, and in Mia's case we *all* noticed that she had undone a button in her top, revealing a line of sweaty but still-alluring cleavage. We could barely manage conversation, focused as we were on absorbing the colossal amount of food we had imbibed, and I moaned heavily in response to the pain and pressure.

Worse, the itchiness and soreness had returned; in my chest, in my ass, and in my temple. Hell, even my legs were itchy, and strange rashes continued to develop across my body. Judging from the way people were itching and scratching themselves, this was true of everyone. Mia was clearly struggling not to massage her sore boobs, and succeeding, much to the crowd's disappointment. But I couldn't help but notice that my ass seemed disproportionately bigger than it had been just a day ago, and my little manboobs were starting to feel rounded, fuller.

Looking around the group, it was hard not to notice that the rest of 'Ethan's Rangers' had all developed rounded bellies and slight indentations across their chests. And when Jerry and Jenny and a third camp leader led us on the march back to our cabins, I was trailed behind everyone, bigger than the rest. It gave me a sight of a lot of behinds. Mia's was obviously the one that enticed me most, but strangely enough I found myself drawn to Ethan's as well, which pressed against his camp shorts visibly, straining the fabric.

Panting and clutching my stomach and scratching at the bite marks on my head, someone had to ask the question. It might as well have been me.

"What the hell is happening to us?"

\*\*\*

As if in recognition of our strange changes, the next day we were issued new uniforms to wear on camp. Mia adamantly refused; she had been perfectly happy with her pre-camp clothing and had barked and yelled and stood her ground enough that she had received special dispensation to keep her black leather jacket, button-up midriff baring top, and denim jeans. The only problem was, she no longer fit half of them. She had finally reneged and accepted the tan camp uniform when it became clear that no matter how she wore it, her bustier boobs were leaving two very impressive indentations in her top, and drawing the eye of every male in camp.

That day we were once again digging holes for planting crops, though oddly enough we weren't putting crops in, at the moment. Just the holes. It was hard work, and conversation was the only thing that made it tolerable. That, and the promise of getting to swim later in the day by the lakeside. It was a beautiful sunny day, and in our new, better fitting clothing, the prospect of going for a swim seemed wonderful, even if it just meant sitting in the shallows for me.

Once again, we had another immense lunch, and once again, I ate more than my three friends put together. I had sincerely hoped I would be losing weight from the camp, but I was only packing more and more pounds on. Ethan was starting to look fully fat around his waist, Eli too, and Mia also. Ethan, the perpetual shit-stirrer, couldn't help but point that out.

"Have you rebelled extra-hard lately, Mia?"

She looked up from her meal in the mess hall. "What's that?"

"I mean," Ethan said, leaning in conspiratorially, "you seem to have some bloat around that midsection, Mia."

She threw a spoon of mashed potato at him, which he expertly dodged. "Fuck off, Ethan. You're putting on just as much weight as me. There's something in this damn food."

"Oh, I know, I know. It's just that I'm a guy, and we can shed weight just like that when we want. But for you, things seem a little different."

She raised an eyebrow. "Explain."

"Well, it's just that you've got the bigger boobs, the rounded belly, the bouts of nausea."

"We're *all* nauseous after eating!"

"Yes, but like I said, we're guys, *you're* a woman, despite having a potty mouth. All I'm asking is, when can we expect the baby shower?"

Mia stood up, took her metal tray, walked round to his side, and thwacked him twice on the head and a fiercely on his ass when he tried to stand up. The entire cafeteria froze, silent, watching her.

"Anyone *else* want to start something!?" she yelled.

No one did, and she walked off.

"That was too far," I said. Eli mumbled agreement, scratching at his swollen head. My own head felt a little swollen lately, in fact.

"Yeah, I think I deserved that," Ethan said. "Damn, she got me good. I'm swelling up already!"

Indeed he was, at least that's how it seemed. His ass had certainly extended, and the back of his head had puffed out a little. More than that, he had two bumps on his forehead, revealed as he parted his hair. I felt at my own scalp, and froze as I realised I had the same. Eli's were bigger, but *we all had them*.

“Eli, are you seeing what I’m seeing?” I asked.

The pensive man nodded, looking concerned and inquisitive. “And other things too. We should meet tonight. No, we have spotlight. Tomorrow night, after lights out. We can use my cabin - I don’t have a partner.”

“You don’t?”

“I’m the odd number. At least, that’s what they told me. We’ll meet, and discuss these strange bumps. I’m seeing patterns all across this camp, and it is no ordinary camp. I want to get to the bottom of this. I have a suspicion that we’re being experimented on.”

\*\*\*

Those strange bumps that were getting bigger and bigger, as well as the itchiness between my legs and around my cock. I felt like some part of my body was always tingling or shifting, and I no longer felt like my body was entirely my own. Ethan felt the same; his dismal effort swimming the previous day had only embarrassed him with his increased weight. Mia had spent the entire time with her whole body below the water: she had grown some real womanly curves, and her now-generous C-cup chest was contained wonderfully in her one-piece outfit. She shot daggers at Ethan at every opportunity, and he said nothing. I could understand that she felt like a freak; I was getting larger and larger. Eli had been the best swimmer in the entire boys group, despite his scrawniness. Somehow he glided through the water, as if his brain was doing the moving. He seemed impressed and confused at his own efforts.

And so the day passed, and onto the next, which passed similarly. It took some apologising from Ethan to get Mia to even consider meeting us again. He’d even broken into the camp washroom and stolen half the camp leaders’ clothing and thrown it over the roof, just to impress her. In the end, something must have changed, because she agreed to meet us an hour after lights out. I had my own concerns, big ones, in fact.

*‘Hello darlings, this is the Administrator speaking, your Camp Mother. It’s time to go to sleep, and lights out. May you dream of your wonderful futures.’*

Instead, despite the honeyed sweetness of those words, powerful enough to make me almost want to go to sleep, I instead waited in silence. As did Ethan. Neither of us wanted another strange dream, anyway. The previous night we’d all had strange visions much like our original experiences on that first night, only much more vivid. So we waited, and waited, until we caught the signal; a flashlight in morse code out the window, coming from the distant treeline.

“It’s Eli,” Ethan said, “he says *Safe*.”

“You know Morse Code?”

Ethan grinned. “Just because I act out, doesn’t mean I’m dumb. Besides, Morse Code is brilliant if you ever want to send messages and arrange meetings without your hardass parents knowing. Now let’s get going.”

We made our way in the cool darkness of night out of the cabin, moving as quietly as possible. My latest growth made my balance a little difficult, and I almost snapped a loud twig, but Ethan caught me, and the two of us travelled through the forest line to our rendezvous point. Eli’s cabin was at the very edge of the camp, perfect for meeting. The door was closed, and the windows shut, but there was a faint light from within. We knocked on the door, another bout of Morse Code from Ethan, and Eli let us in. He was wearing his camp uniform still, with its tan button shirt and matching shorts, but was also still wearing his hat from the sunny day.

“Come in, we’re just waiting on Mia.”

“She might not come,” I said, “not after Ethan riled her up too much.”

Ethan went a little red. I could tell he felt bad about it. “Yeah, I went too far. I know, I know, I fucked up. But I hope she comes.”

“We’re not discussing this without her,” Eli said, “it’s too risky to try and repeat this information elsewhere. I want us all present.”

I gasped as I looked in the corner of the room. Several small mice were sitting there, strangely attentive. They were utterly still, but formed in a neat row from largest to smallest.

“The fuck?”

We worked to shoo them out, though Eli was tight-lipped on how he’d not noticed them. We idly scratched out various itches and ate some reserve snacks we’d been given as we waited. After ten minutes, we’d almost given up, until a series of agitated and loud knocks rapped the door. Ethan dashed forward to open it.

“Mia, you made it!” he said excitedly, but she barged on through. She was wearing a heavy coat she’d stolen from the washroom during Ethan’s stunt, and was patting herself over, looking flushed and embarrassed, and more than a little anxious.

“Mia, are you okay?” I asked, and the rest of the group echoed my sentiment.

She looked pale, like she’d seen a ghost.

“What?”

“He said, are you fine?” added Ethan. “I’m sorry for what I said the other day, Mia. That was cruel. I was being a shitheel. Please don’t let it get to you.”

She shook her head. “No, I’m fine. I’m fine. I’m just . . . rattled by something. Why are we here?”

“To discuss exactly that,” Eli said in his reedy voice, “what is rattling us. The ways our bodies are changing. Our hungers can’t be natural, and no one puts on weight this quickly.

Something is going on with this camp, and I think it's time we all be completely honest with each other, and show each other openly our changes. As a group, we stand to gain from knowing this, however embarrassing it is. We need to show each other our bodies and figure out what's happening here."

Mia blanched. "No, no way!" She backed for the door. "No way am I stripping naked so you can all perv on me. I'm out of here!"

"Wait," I cried, "he's right. I've always been big, Mia, but I've put on another fifty percent of my body weight in less than two weeks. Something's not right!"

"If it helps," Ethan said, "you can go last, or we can go and not you, depending on what you want. Right guys?"

We agreed, and Eli stepped forward. "This meeting was my idea. I'll go first. Will that work Mia?"

The green-haired woman looked uncertain, and she massaged a sore section beneath her boobs before she realised what she was doing and stopped. "Fine, that works. So long as we find out what this creepy Administrator is doing to us."

Eli checked the windows one last time, and ensured that no one was watching. A certain nervousness was rising in me; did I even want to share my own changes with the group? I had always been ashamed of my largesse, and now that it was getting worse, I didn't want my only friends to look down on me. I was glad Eli was going first, practical and logical as ever.

"Do not be afraid," he said, his dark eyes shifting from side to side. "These changes are not natural, but useless fear will not help us."

Slowly, he unbuttoned his shirt and pulled it free of his arms, followed by removing his shorts. Slowly, carefully, he removed his underwear. We looked on silently, a little terrified at what we saw, and yet each - I suspect - recognising something of ourselves in him. With all his clothing removed but for his cap and underwear, it was now easy to see that Eli did not look like he had put on weight. His dark stomach was terribly bloated, yes, but in the same way a pregnant woman's stomach was bloated, or a starving child's: it was rounded and taut, and betrayed no actual sense of fat. He caressed it lightly with one hand, placing a hand beneath it as if it actually were a pregnant belly, and cringed slightly.

But his belly was not the only noticeable change. Eli rotated, and we could see that his ass had expanded, growing outwards unnaturally. Moreover, his cheeks had seemed to fuse slightly at the top and bottom, as if they were merging to form one large growth. His legs, similar to mine, had a significant rounded growth of flesh at each knee. A similar 'knob' was on either side of his ass.

"As you can see," he said, "it appears my body is mutating. I won't lie, it terrifies me. But it also interests me."



“Jesus, how can you be cool about this?” Ethan asked. “I mean, Christ Eli, you’re growing tits!”

Mia muttered something under her breath that sounded like “get in line” but I could barely focus on it, because in all the other strangeness, I had missed that Ethan was right. Above Eli’s rounded belly, his chest had indeed become puffy, resembling two small breasts, their nipples larger and rounded, like that of a woman’s.

“Yes,” Eli said, “it is very weird. No offence, Mia.”

“A little taken.”

“And it not the only feminine aspect I have taken on.”

He leaned back, using the wall for support, until we could all see something we could never see. There, below his belly, was a hole. It was small, and slit-like, and had little other detail, but it was undeniably there.

“Holy shit,” Mia said, “is that a *vagina*?”

“I don’t know. But potentially. It could be anything.”

A sharp pain briefly made me wince, emerging from the two points at the top of my scalp we all seemed to have. It reminded me that Eli had only recently started wearing the hat.

“Eli,” I said, “what’s beneath the hat?”

He smiled briefly. “You’re observant, John, well done. This was the change that made me realise we had to meet.”

“More than the weird ass stuff?” Ethan exclaimed, pointing at the man’s closing behind. “Or the face that you’ve got a cock holster in your belly.”

Mia slapped him upside the head.

“More than that,” Eli said simply. “Don’t get scared.”

He removed his hat, and we all took a step back, for two reasons. One, Eli’s head had bloated dramatically, his cranium larger than I had ever suspected. Where the boundary of his afro originally was had thinned, hair falling away to reveal a swollen head that rounded back further than any human’s was meant to go. Two, beyond his huge head, he also had two long, twitching antennae that sprung up once the hat was removed, easily a foot in length each, or longer. They were dark grey in colour, and had at least three joints.

“The actual fuck,” Mia managed.

“Holy crap, you’re an actual egghead,” Ethan said, the attempt at humour looking like more of a distraction from his own shock.

I couldn’t think of anything to say, except “what’s it like?”

Eli turned to me, his large head turning to the side like an owl’s. Or an insect’s. He seemed most interested in my response.

"It's . . . strange," he said. "But also wonderful. My rate of thinking has increased, and it seems my already brilliant mathematical skills have increased thrice-fold. There are equations I was unable to answer a week ago that feel like child's play to me now. I feel there are other possibilities, as well. These antennae of mine scare me, I won't lie, but they were also able to sense you."

"Sense us?" Mia asked, still looking horrified.

Eli nodded. "When you were approaching the cabin, I was able to pick out your 'scents' in the air. It's difficult to describe, because its not exactly analogous to smell. It was more akin to an organic form of IFF."

"A what?" Ethan said.

"Identification, Friend or Foe," I answered. "I've read about it. It's a military term for any technology capable of distinguishing allies from enemies on the battlefield."

"You'll understand it when your own antennae come in," Eli said gravely, patting his lightly, almost affectionately. "I don't know why mine developed first, but I can see you all have them."

Silence fell. It wasn't a revelation, we just hadn't connected the dots. I brushed my budding 'antennae', and while they didn't twitch, I could feel a pulse of muscle there, as if they wanted to.

"Shit, this is way crazier than I thought."

"Indeed. Those mice you saw earlier? I was able to . . . direct them. Subtly. I was seeing if I could get them in a line, and it seemed to have succeeded, though it took a lot out of me."

"You've got fucking mind control?" Ethan said, "no way."

"Holy shit."

"What the fuck."

"I am not sure what it is," he said, "or if I can even do it again. Which is why it is important we share. I have gone first, and I am very naked and a little embarrassed."

"I'll go next," I said, wanting to rip the bandaid off.

"Good," he said, beginning to clothe himself.

"Nice dick, at least," Ethan said, and Eli gave him a long look.

"I can assure you, it isn't."

"Well, it looks pretty lo-

"It has grown twice in size since my time here. Another change that may well apply to each of you."

Ethan and I looked to one another, giving an 'oh shit' look. Man, I just thought my perspective had changed, but then again I hadn't been able to see my dick in my time here.

But Ethan's utterly deflated expression only made me realise the same was likely true of him. Mia, to her credit, didn't say a word, though she had also gone paler.

"Look, I'll undress," I said, looking to move the discussion along. I peeled off my shorts and removed my shirt, and just as with Eli, the others looked at me with fascinated interest.

"Okay, that is not an *ordinary* fat person's belly," Mia said. "No offence."

"A little taken," I said, and the refrain gave us both weak smiles. I stared down, holding my belly, and it was clear now before my friends that I was indeed changed more than I thought. My chest could no longer be viewed simply as from fat; they were most certainly breast-like, up to and including the feminine nipples with their wide pink areola. Furthermore, my belly was a taut dome, no longer jiggling or jostling with fat. It was firm, firmer than I had realised, and I naturally fell into a position of cradling it, much bigger than that of the others.

They quickly set about examining me, causing me to feel like a freak under medical observation. My stomach was easily larger than any of them, and my chest was 'well-developed' too, according to Mia. What's more, my antenna - gross to think of them as 'my' antenna - were coming through, and they were a dark *blue* colour, compared to Eli's grey. After a bit of use of mirrors, I could indeed confirm that my penis had grown somehow. It was now 'a pretty good size' according to Mia, who found that amusing, much to my embarrassment. But there were other things I had suspected but not fully realised the extent of: my ass had also swollen significantly, as if pushing away from my body. Like Eli's, it was oddly closing over, and was further 'developed' than his; I had barely realised I didn't have much in the way of ass cheeks anymore, just a hole. It brought to mind that despite eating and drinking so much lately, I hadn't really needed to go to the bathroom in a while.

And, at the base of my belly, just above my penis, I had developed a strange little opening as well. Mia probed an adventurous finger in there, and I leapt away. It was sensitive, and I didn't like that one bit.

"Okay, that was me. And it terrified me. Someone else go so I don't feel like a science experiment."

"Not me, *him* first," Mia said, indicating to Ethan, who was looking increasingly anxious about 'presenting.'

"Well, maybe we've seen enough," Ethan started, but Mia simply stepped forward and yanked his shorts down. He stumbled backwards, and I caught him. Indignant, he sighed. "Fine, fine! But you have to show us your tits, next. Especially since I seem to have grown my own pair."

Indeed he had, much like mine and Eli's. Ethan blushed red as he revealed his form, which was bloated and pregnant looking, perhaps around six months along compared to

Eli's four month look, and my own 'going way overdue' belly. He had developing antennae, and these were surprisingly pink in nature, much to his embarrassment. In fact, his eye colour seemed to be shifting, with small pink discoloration forming.

"The fuck? I'm getting literal pinkeye?" he complained.

But that was nothing compared to what else we found. He also had a distended ass that was becoming a single organ, tapering slightly. But unlike Eli and I, he did not just have one vulva-like slit at the base of his burgeoning belly. No.

He had four. And what looked to be another two forming. One at the base of his belly, another at the point of his opening bellybutton. He had one on each side of his hips, which were looking wider than any man's were meant to be; a change that I had in spades also. Moreover, his extending behind looked to have two patches on either side of his ass cheeks that were dipping inwards.

"What the actual flying fuck!?" he said, beginning to hyperventilate. "How did I not notice this shit? I've got four fucking vaginas or holes or slits or something? What are they even *for*?"

None of us had any idea, not even Eli. We allowed Ethan the dignity of covering up a lot more quickly, and it was clear that the prankster was genuinely shaken. I put a hand on his shoulder like I had seen others do from time to time. It didn't seem to soothe him. Instead, he simply looked to Mia.

"You now."

She sighed, and looked genuinely anxious. She looked at the ground, never facing us as she removed her jacket and uniform shirt, followed by her shorts. We didn't step back in shock, but Ethan and I did gasp a little. Eli simply said, "interesting."

Mia pointedly did *not* remove her black bra, but she probably would have been giving us less of a show if she had. Somehow, over the few weeks we had been here, she had gotten *stacked*. Her breasts were easily D-cups in size now, spilling over the top of her already-sizable cups, the pale flesh pushed up in two impressive globes that ordinarily would have had me salivating. They were large, and perfectly rounded, and enough to make me a little hard.

But that was before I looked at the second pair.

Or the third.

Mia blushed a crimson red, still looking at the ground, even as she showed her torso to us. Indeed, she had two more pairs of breasts below her first, both smaller, but as she confirmed, she could "feel them" both growing. The first pair were roughly B-cups, and were almost squashed beneath her larger pair, while the ones below that were barely breasts at all, but for a little bit of breast tissue and the large pair of nipples. The skin around all of them was a little green-ish, as if she were sick.

“I thought they were mosquito bites at first,” she mumbled, utterly vulnerable for the first time. “But then they started growing. And I couldn’t stop massaging them. But when I did, I could feel them developing. And . . . I think my - my ‘top’ ones. My normal breasts, I mean. I think they’re not done growing; they’re still sore, and my nipples have gotten so huge.”

For once, Ethan said nothing, gawking at her silently, and covering his crotch slightly with his hands. I think we all were a little.

“Fucking perverts,” she said, when she finally realised. She made to cover herself, only she didn’t have enough pairs of hands to cover up six boobs. Yet.

“Hey, we like boobs,” Ethan finally said.

“And they do look . . . good,” I managed.

Mia saw red. “Good? GOOD!? I’m a fucking freak! I don’t even like having one pair of tits being big, but what if they all get this big? Or bigger!? We’re all freaks. And my stomach is getting bigger like you, and I’ve got those leg-knocks. Plus my fucking ass is huge as well. What the hell is happening to us? Why do I have *THIS*?”

She pulled down her panties in one dramatic movement, revealing that she indeed did have a vagina. The first I had ever seen up close. Except that something was also different about it. It took Eli to point it out.

“You’re clitoris, it looks like . . .”

“Like a fucking *penis*,” Mia spat. “I’m growing a fucking penis out of my damned *clit*! We’re all becoming freaking hermaphrodites, don’t you get it?”

It was enough to silence us, and she put her clothes back on hastily, causing all six of her breasts to wobble hypnotically, and causing my own manhood to stir.

“Well,” Eli said, “this has given me a lot more information. We’re all transforming, and it’s now clear to me that we are becoming similar, but not the same. For one, we’re becoming different colours, but also seem to be evolving to different functions. All of our heads are a little swollen, for instance, but mine far more. And we’re all developing breasts, but Mia more than the rest, and so on.”

“I don’t have more of anything,” I said.

“You have more of a belly,” Eli replied. “And you’re behind is the most developed out of all of us. I’m not sure what that means, but it’s significant.”

“So what do we do?” Mia said.

“I actually think Ethan has it right.”

Everyone cocked their heads, including me.

“Ethan,” she said, folding her arms under her bounteous chest.

“Indeed. He suggested finding the Administrator’s site. She is clearly behind this, and knows what is happening. We need to pretend to be good little campers, and try to find this

'Camp Mother.' Find out what she wants, why she's transforming us, and how to turn back. And then . . ."

Ethan smiled, breaking out of his malaise over his strange 'openings'.

"Then we use the *Megaton 4000*."

\*\*\*

## Acceleration

In the time since our meeting, we had decided to lie low and avoid suspicion, continuing to partake in the camp activities. These included cooking, help with the planting of crops, digging more of those strange holes, and, of course, eating. We went for another lake visit, only this time we simply gazed at out *The Hatches* mountains, and the mightier *Queen's Rest*, unable to swim easily due to our large forms, and instead taking part in beach activities. All that time, the changes continued, even accelerated, and we entrusted Eli's increasingly big brain to the task of finding out where the Administrator was located. We were unable to stop eating or enjoy our drinks of *Imbibe*, but we had started to catalogue our changes, especially as our asses grew, bellies expanded, and breasts filled in, particularly for poor Mia, who drew every eye now. None of the other camp boys seemed to notice their changes as much as we did. When we talked with them, they pushed us off, believing it was just weight gain; it didn't help that though they were changing significantly, they didn't appear to have antennae like we did, or some of the other major giveaways. From their deluded perspective, it was simply weight gain.

We ate and grew, ate and grew, and conducted night time explorations of the camp to try to find the source of the Camp Mother's broadcasts. We were always getting closer, eliminating possibilities, but we were getting desperate the larger and more misshapen we became, especially since we lacked any form of reception or internet coverage, and the boundaries of the camp was the great wilderness. Ethan had briefly tried to run away, but the camp leaders returned with him quickly, and he was so starving that he doubled his fill of dinner and dessert. Eli often went alone into the woods to see if he could gain further control over creatures again, but he always returned stating it was ineffectual.

It was four days later when I woke to the strangest sensation yet. The one that would change everything. I was in my cabin bed, and feeling decidedly ill. I had devoured even more food than was usual for my person, even as mutated as I was, and my belly was uncomfortably tight as I processed it. Once more I couldn't help but think darkly on the fact that I so rarely needed to go to the toilet these days. It was like my body's changes were

driven by my calorie consumption, fuel for transformation, and I was helpless to avoid it. Yet even by the standards of previous days, we had all eaten bigger fills, and each of us had been complaining of bigger stomachs and heavier loads. The only thing keeping us, especially me, from tipping over were our expanded behinds, which were pushing further and further back. Even the other boys felt there was something odd going on now, but they seemed more sluggish than us, less able than 'Ethan's Rangers.' I could barely fit on my camp bed anymore, and so when I went to bed, it was in an awkward position, clutching my rounded dome with two hands, my nascent antennae trying to shift and move, even as I felt my ass increase in size, cheeks further merging. I drifted off to sleep in discomfort, fearing what the next day would bring. I could only hope that Eli and Ethan's adventures could help me, because I was in no fit way able to explore the camp's boundaries like they, and Mia's increasing bosoms was rendering her less effective also. It was the last thought I had before I fell into unconsciousness.

I woke to the strange sensation I had alluded to, at the earliest hour of dawn. Light was just beginning to flood into our cabin, and my stomach was as large as ever, but something else was shifting. In my deliriousness, I feared it was my antennae or growing boobs, but it wasn't that.

It was my penis.

My darkened, lengthened, and increasingly green member was incredibly erect, and my own body strangely aroused. My penis throbbed, its nine long inches quivering with need to plant itself in a tight hole. And before I could grasp it and end my agony with masturbation, it lifted up and up, and I felt it *enter inside me*. I gasped in horror and discomfort and strangest of all, arousal, as my own penis slid into a fold of flesh that was incredibly sensitive, at the very base of my belly, or perhaps even lower. I shuddered in pleasure as it entered deeper and deeper, cooing despite my own horror, gasping as my body trembled. I was penetrating myself, and my ridiculous mutated body was giving me no choice over whether I didn't want to enjoy it. My new vulva leaked juices onto my swollen balls, and my strange passage was tight and moist around my dick, gripping it in a way I expect a woman's private-most parts would grip it.

But it was *in me*. And slowly, of its own strange and alien accord, it began to *pump*. As if it were its own limb, with a forearm and all, it thrust into me, sliding back and forth through my homegrown vagina, slithering in and out in a way that made me drool with pleasure. Faster it became, and faster, and faster, giving me the fruits of ecstasy as both penetrator and penetrated. I bucked my hips, groaning, and again it thrust into me, my vagina muscles clamping down on my alien cock and milking it for all it was worth.

"Oh fuck, oh God - Mmhm . . . Ngh!"

I whimpered in pleasure, writhed and groaned, and my antennae twitched, 'tasting' the air of my own pheromones, and informing me of my own dreadful heat. I needed this, it was impossible to deny. I was a fucking virgin and I was losing that virginity to my own self, and I was loving it!

"Mmhm - ah - ah - ah - so close! So fucking close! AHHHHH!"

I seized up, arching my back as much as my swollen form would be allowed, as my balls tightened. Streams of sperm, far more than I had ever produced, and far thicker in content, erupted from my penis head and into my own body. I felt my warm come coat my insides, shooting into my distended stomach and relieving the need, the heat that had grown there. It tensed several more times, wads of semen pouring into me, and each time I gasped, gripping the pillows and trying not to moan in pleasure. In the end, I couldn't suppress it any more, and I gave in.

"Oohhh fuck that's so *gooooood!*"

My jaw dropped as I heard my own voice, and even amidst the overwhelming pleasure, I managed to focus. My voice had changed. It had cracked. I lay there, panting, sounding oddly reedy, and gathered the strength to talk again.

"Was that my voice?" I asked, in a voice that was certainly not my own. It had gone up what sounded like a full octave, and had become softer as well, like a particularly femme man. I licked my lips, not even sure how to process what had just happened, and noticed that they, too, had swollen up a little. Jesus, how many changes was I experiencing?

I was about to ask Ethan for help figuring out what had just happened - we had long gone past the point of being comfortable sharing shameful weirdness with our bodies - when I heard him begin to groan and moan as well. His body movements shook the top bunk, and it sounded like he was experiencing the same 'self-fucking' as I had, particularly given that he was far less subtle and quiet about his desires. I managed to stand on my two feet, grossly overcome with all my accumulated weight. Between my growing boobs, belly, buttocks, and expanded hips, I almost had too many mounds to function. Even the growth on the side of my knees had expanded.

"Oh fuck, what is this now?"

I stumbled forward, seeing the light of dawn, and made my way to a window. Still trembling from the strange experience, and feeling bits of my own cum slide out of me where my penis had just been, I managed to open the window.

Outside, through Ethan's own self-loving ecstasy, I could just make out the sound of the other cabins. They were *all* wailing and moaning. I could even hear Mia shrieking in female gratification. We were all fucking ourselves, which meant we were all hermaphroditic now. It was enough to make me begin to quake with anxiety, and I had to sit down to take it all in. What were we becoming?



Ethan and I were discussing exactly that, theorising a little red-faced, when the camp speakers switched on with their usual warble.

*“Hello, my darling campers. This is your Camp Mother speaking. You may have noticed some strange sensations this morning. Due to potential fears over food poisoning, please report for a medical checkup. We have your futures well in hand, worry not.”*

Ethan and I looked at each other with unease. Outside the window, various camp leaders were already moving to evacuate us to the medical wing. Two were heading our way as well.

The so-called 'sickbay' was far, far larger than a camp of this size had any right to be, and it was also far more advanced too, clearly being the most modern building. It didn't even pretend at the same log cabin design. We were all separated out within its various chambers and rooms, and made to lie back on a white hospital bed as we were probed and touched and asked questions. It was humiliating, especially because it had taken two additional leaders just to get me hoisted up on the bed. Down the hall, Ethan had to be restrained for continually trying to leave, while Mia was yelling angry invectives and shouting things like:

"Ow! Don't you *dare* touch my tits! Any of them!"

Even our more docile fellow campers were moaning and asking questions. We were hitting a breaking point, and all I could do was go along with the counselor's instructions, and try to pay attention, even as my belly gurgled after the self-dicking it had recently received.

“How do you feel?” the man asked, feeling over my taut belly. It felt so utterly full, as if there were objects within it.

“B-bloated,” I groaned, feeling my expanded waistline. “F-full. Body is ch-changing. Why is this h-happening to us?”

“It's looking like some sort of reaction to all the food,” he said with a neutral face.

“B-bullshit.”

He gave me a slightly appalled look. “Now, now, remember the Camp Mother's rules? We don't swear at Camp Queenlay.”

I grunted irritation. I could feel my ass pushing out, my cheeks fusing together. This had gone too far. What the hell was happening to us?

“But you *do* allow us t-to turn into f-freaks!” I exclaimed.

“Nonsense,” the camp leader replied. “While you have some odd growths, most of it can be explained by a rare condition local to these woods. The swelling and tissue growth will recede in a few days; I know it looks odd now, but trust me, it's just a rare type of

infection spread by insects. Some of the species here are almost unchanged from the prehistoric days. Please, don't be worried."

As he spoke, he continued to feel over my taut stomach, rubbing a strange silver device over its surface and checking his monitor. It was as if he was actually looking at what was *within* my belly. His ministrations extended over the rest of my figure; he even had me strip my shorts down; not that they could even fully contain my backside anymore. He felt at the shrinking crease between my cheeks, the way my asshole was literally extending outwards. He even touched my sensitive antennae, and tapped at the growths adjacent to my knees, which were now at least six or so inches long, and coming out at diagonal angles. My breasts - I had long stopped thinking of them as just 'manboobs' were also prodded and poked, and I couldn't believe how sensitive they were.

"A s-strange infection," I said.

"The strangest," he replied, nonchalantly, even as my stomach vibrated slightly. The surface tension was incredible. "It's called *Insectacado Reproducis*, and is thought to be several million years old. We thought the camp was clear of it this year, but it seems we were lax."

"And n-now all your campers are b-bloating up."

It was then that another figure entered the room: Jenny, one half of the twins that were just below the mysterious Administrator in this camp. She looked down at my trembling, sweating, growing form, and gave a look of concern.

"My goodness, John, you are growing!"

I cringed, feeling my belly expanded yet further. Holy shit, it was *visibly* getting bigger now. I groaned, clawing at my distended stomach as it rose another inch, then another, before finally stopping. Whatever was in me, I was packed with it.

"I c-can tell - Ngh!"

Another, final inch.

"Magnificent," she said, and I locked eyes with her. "I mean, magnificent in the sense that you are coping so well. Dr Harper here will take good care of you while you fight off this infection. The camp owes its deepest apologies: rest assured, the Administrator will see you cared for."

"I'd like to s-see her."

Another smile. "In due time, you will all meet her. When you are ready for your new roles, as we have said."

She left my side as I gasped and groaned, leaving me in the care of the apparent 'doctor.' My ass stretched, and I could feel the fabric tear a little as it expanded outwards. Even the strange growth on my knees pulled outwards, becoming bonier and more solid. With a yelp, my antennae pushed upward, becoming nearly as long as Eli's. Tears formed in

my eyes as I tried to maintain my calm, but it was all too much: my nipples stung as they hardened, and I felt them throb continually, as if needing relief.

“This isn’t just s-some d-disease!” I yelled, my higher voice making it sound more like a weak pleading than an angry exclamation.

“Of course it is,” the fake doctor said, “and you will beat it, John. Your real body will win out in the end, I promise you that. I’ll give you some privacy. Here is some *Imbibe* to keep you nourished while you wait this out. Don’t go anywhere.”

He left me in agony, grunting and whimpering as my body expanded seemingly in all directions. True to his word, he’d left a trolley laden with cans of *Imbibe* in various flavours. I wasn’t stupid. I knew - we all did - that whatever was in those cans was at least part of the process that was changing us. But I needed relief. I needed *nourishment*. My stomach growled in need, and as my various parts grew and mutated, I could feel myself becoming exhausted.

I held off for the better part of an hour, I think. Time became hard to track in that white room, and the sheer tiredness I felt from the various growths only made it more difficult. The energy to change had to come from somewhere, and when you reach a point where your body is altering fast enough to be *visibly* expanding, then a lot of that energy is needed.

“Oh God! OHhhhhhhh, Ngh - ngh - nNghggHH!”

I clutched my rounded form, not knowing where to place my hands; it was like I didn’t have enough of them to clutch all my swelling mounds. My breasts ached, and I massaged them with my stubby hands, reducing the ache as best I could. I could tell even as I did it that I was only stimulating further growth, and true enough, they swelled up what felt like a full damn cup size, becoming heavy on my chest. A line of sweat formed in what I now realised was my very own *cleavage*, but I couldn’t stop stimulating that growth. It was the only relief that could fight off the hunger.

More wails and groans echoed down from the halls, and I could just make out my friends. As expected, Mia was the most vocally angry. She was ranting and raving between her cries, and Ethan was not far behind her. Eli was almost entirely silent, and even his whimpers of frustration were quiet and restrained. Whatever plan we’d had was far too late in the making, and I couldn’t help but be angry at Eli for failing us on that part, even though I knew it wasn’t truly his fault. I put my face into my hands, trying to think, anything to avoid eating further. And that’s when I saw another change.

My hands were blue. My whole arms were. It was a faint blue, like a developing bruise or minor berry stain, but it covered the entirety of my skin. I watched in fascination as the colour become more striking, overpowering my naturally white skin. I pulled at my ill-fitting shirt, and was horrified to see the same change overcoming my belly. An uncomfortable turn to look back revealed my distended behind was similar, though not so

obvious. My legs were so far unaffected, my boobs as well, though my nipples had turned darker.

“F-fuck. I’m t-turning bloody b-blue!”

You could probably miss it if you looked over me once and briefly. It was a light blue, and you could mistake me for sick. But I would be naive if I assumed the colouring would stop there. Did that mean the others were also experiencing colouration? I struggled to think of what they might be, except for Eli. We had all seen his extended antennae. Antennae I now possessed as well.

My stomach rumbled again. God, it was unbearable. I needed to get out of here, but the door had obviously been locked, and my own form was too difficult to budge. I was literally too heavy to lift now. I felt at my head, and gasped and grunted as it swelled in size, much like Eli’s. Even my head was getting damn bigger! The headaches of its growth made me finally give in.

“Fuck it . . . n-need food!”

I reached for the *Imbibe* cans, and opened it desperately. Soon I was guzzling down the liquid, which was thicker and more nourishing than previous supplements. It tasted wonderful, and with every guzzle of its liquid I could feel my energy returning. It was an awful feedback loop: I needed more energy due to my changes, but taking in more energy field more changes, which required more energy, which required more . . .

“Mhhmh . . . *Imbibe*,” I said, downing the last can.

I laid on my side - my back was impossible now with the weight from my humongous, literally beach ball-sized stomach. I tensed as further changes came, and I was helpless but to accept them.

I could only hope one of Ethan's Rangers could find a way to escape.

\*\*\*

## Escape

It was the next day that I was visited again. My changes had continued, perhaps even accelerated. At the light of dawn, I was able to finally inspect them, half horrified and half fascinated. My skin had become further blue, a light blue that was just shy of turquoise. Even my nipples were blue now; a dark, navy blue. All of me had grown further. My antennae were equal to Eli’s in size, roughly a foot and a half long, and they curled and twitched irregularly, coiling about without my consent. The growths in my legs were starting to look like a second pair of legs springing from the first, and perhaps they were. They were a darker blue in

colour also. My breasts were now heavy, sore, and quite sensitive upon my chest: they had somehow grown to be Double-D cups or bigger, and they pulsed occasionally. I didn't want to think about the possibility that I was producing milk as well. I would probably look pretty womanly, in a bizarre way, except that my hair had grown out, becoming almost womanly and soft, and a vibrant shade of dark blue.

But it was my ass that had changed the most. It was no longer a human buttocks, and really, I should have known what it was becoming days ago. Perhaps I was just in denial again. It swelled outwards from the base of my spine, becoming wider than my shoulders at its middle, and tapering slightly to a stubby point. It was now one single body part, a fleshy fat tube with soft undulating skin that was slightly ribbed, as if to maintain its shape. It was nearly the same size as my belly, but I could feel now that my belly, broadly, was 'finished', and that much of the energy of my transformation was directed towards swelling my behind. I couldn't deny what it was. Not anymore.

I had an insectoid abdomen. A great, bulbous, heavy insectoid abdomen, at the end of which was a feminine-like slit that had once been my asshole. It was no longer; I hadn't been to the toilet, and still didn't feel a need, in some time. I could only detect the shape of that vulva-like opening at its end by shifting the sac to the side and examining it in the door's mirror. I couldn't even directly reach it; it jutted nearly four feet out behind me now.

Insect. I was turning into a damn bloated insect.

The door opened before I could even grapple with that revelation. It was Jenny again, her perky ginger hair bobbing with her movements. As usual, she had that false smile planted on her features. Down the corridor, there were further moans.

"Good morning!" she said, smiling brightly.

"F-fuck you," I said.

"Oh, how rude!" she exclaimed, feigning shock. The insult didn't seem to reach her eyes though, which were glassy and ambivalent.

"We'll be transporting you today, in order to get you to more comfortable surroundings. You're almost ready."

"I'm n-not going anywhere," I groaned, trying to pull myself up.

"Nonsense! We have to make sure you become the true you! And that means drinking some more *Imbibe* on your way to our more advanced medical facilities, so we can deal with your poor condition."

I laughed, my large breasts jiggling unfamiliarly on my chest. "P-poor condition? Do y-you mean the t-tits . . . or the antennae . . . or the b-bug butt?"

She shooed me with her hand. "Oh, none of those, silly! No, the condition of you being *human*, of course. *It's time we fixed that.*"

My heart stopped. At least, that's what it felt like, even just for a second. She made to turn and inform some helpers to come get me, and my mind panicked. Perhaps it was my enlarged cranium making my thought patterns race even faster, but it seemed to my big head that time had slowed before me as I tried to think of an escape. As she was beginning to speak, I realised it. In all the insanity, I had forgotten that with his antennae, Eli had been able to command a family of mice. It was a long shot, a damn long shot, but maybe, just maybe I could briefly stun my captor.

I focused all my mental energies upon her, trying to short out her mind. My antennae uncurled and aimed in her direction, and they seemed to glow more brightly blue. I felt my mind reach out, and I pushed it, nudging my thoughts towards her as if they were physical objects. It was unfamiliar and strange, but I could feel a connection with her, something that went beyond my mind but included her thought processes as well. And a third presence, one that seemed distant and powerful, but unsuspecting of my actions. That strange strand with the third presence seemed important to me somehow, and I curled an antenna out towards it, a signal from beyond this building. Jenny's body snapped to attention, shaking slightly as it was caught between two minds.

In one swift thought, I snipped the third presence's connection from her, and she dropped to ground like a puppet that had lost its strings.

"Holy f-fuck, that actually worked," I said, staring down at her.

Jenny's eyes were shut, and her body seemed unconscious. That was, until her eyes opened, much more animated and expressive than they had been.

"Shit, shit, oh my God I have control again!" she said, and her voice was utterly unlike what I had heard. "Oh thank God, oh thank Christ, it's not too late then!"

"J-Jenny?" I said, not knowing what to say otherwise."

She looked at me, and appeared genuinely revulsed by my appearance for a brief moment, only to force that feeling down.

"Thank you, thank you," she said. "I have control of my mind again. I never thought I'd be anything but a passenger again. She was controlling me. I could feel her always, that motherfucker."

I stared at her with astonishment as she stood on quaking legs.

"Who is her?"

She rolled her eyes. "The Camp Mother, obviously. I've never seen her, but I feel her always. And there's another one now, I feel their signals too. Oh God, this isn't going to stop, is it? I need to get the fuck out of Dodge before I lose my damn mind again."

"What about your brother?"

"I'll have to leave him. I don't have a chance. He'll have to find his own way. Thank you for saving me. I'm sorry I can't help you. You're becoming one of *them*. They all are."

She indicated to the hallway, where more groaning was taking place, and various campers were being loaded onto beds, by the sounds of it.

“Who is *them*?”

Her eyes widened. “Are you serious? You don’t know? This was an ordinary camp, until *they* arrived. From the stars.”

If my heart hadn’t stopped before, it certainly did now.

“Aliens?”

She nodded slowly, and gravely.

“Fuck!”

She ducked her head out the door briefly. “Which is why I’m getting the hell out of here. I have to warn the government. Or anyone.”

“B-but what about m-me?”

She looked me up and down, and somehow seeing the pity in her eyes was worse than seeing nothing. “I can’t help you. You should run too. And don’t drink anymore of this evil shit.” She kicked the trolley she’d wheeled in, full of *Imbibe* cans.

“I c-can’t even get up. Can’t you help me?”

“Buddy, you are way too big for me to roll you. Can’t you just pull your shit up with your mind? That’s what I’ve seen the others do.” She checked out the door again. “Look, I got my own shit to deal with. They’ve controlled me for two fucking years now. I’ve got to get out of here. I *won’t* let them get me again. You hear? Good luck!”

I tried to call for her to stay, but she was gone as soon as the coast was clear, leaving me and my bloated, mutated, increasingly - and literally - *alien* body on the bed. I tried to shuffled off the bed, but I was still too bloated, and the endless new kind of churning in my stomach only made it harder.

“Use my m-mind?” I said, thinking on what she had said. Sure that was impossible? But them, getting turned into a freak insect half-alien and managing to mentally snap people free of mind control should be impossible too, so what were the limits? I felt my enlarged head, which was increasingly expanding at the back. Once more, I focused on my antennae, and tried to direct my mind this time to my own body. I willed it to lift, or to become lighter, somehow. Sweat streamed from my mind as I exhausted mental energies to do so. And for a moment I thought it might not work.

Until I suddenly felt as light as a feather.

My eyes went wide at my discovery. Holy shit, it had worked! I may have been grossly overweight and bulbous, but I felt like I weighed less than I had as a child. My body was still unwieldy, and it took some carefully balancing, but I was able to get myself down onto the floor. The growths at the sides of my legs twitched as I made landfall.

“Guess you’re gonna be some new legs,” I said, but I had no need to be concerned over that just yet. For now, I had to get out of here, and focusing on how light my body could be was the only way to do that. My belly was still somewhat heavy, but my insectoid abdomen was clearly floating behind me, unrestrained by gravity.

There was still hope.

I reached out with my mind, hoping to find my friends. These antennas could do that right? As before, I felt that strong presence far in the distance, potentially kilometres away, but my more immediate focus was those around me. I could ‘taste’ so many signals in the air, and most of them nearby. I worked to sever what connections I could from the powerful controller, and the result was a number of terrified and confused camp leaders unaware of what was going on. I couldn’t get them all - that took effort, but it caused enough chaos that I could reach out and contact my friends, whose signals somehow felt intimately familiar to me, even among the other changed campers. Unlike them, theirs were somehow special. Unique.

*‘Eli. Mia. Ethan. It’s me, John. John Mackford. I don’t know how much you know but we have to get out of here.’*

*‘John?’* Mia’s mental voice resounded. *‘How are we talking like this? How am I talking like this? They’re trying to fucking take us somewhere and I can’t get up!’*

*‘Indeed,’* Eli ‘said’, *‘I don’t see how we could possibly escape.’*

*‘Well, I’m all fucking ears John!’* Ethan said, and I could help but grow a smile at his attitude. I knew he’d be up for it.

*‘Use your minds, guys. We’ve all got bigger brains, and I think we’ve got psionic powers or something. I can make my whole body lighter, and I bet you can do too, including your big bug butts!’*

*‘The fuck did you say I have John?’*

*‘Not the time Mia. Just do it!’*

*‘Is it the wisest decision to escape, John. It feels as if the better option is to try to find the truth at this point. I cannot see how we could return to human society.’*

I could sense Ethan getting angry at Eli’s comment. *‘Listen, nerd boy. I like you, we all do, but stop saying creepy shit like that just because your head is bigger than the rest of us. We’re getting out of here John. Where should we go?’*

*‘The woods,’* I replied, thinking clearly, *‘to the west of the cabins. We can hide there and figure out what to do next.’*

They each agreed, and I made a run for it. ‘Run’ was a bit generous; it was a slow amble at best, with my enormous distended insect organ bobbing behind me, and my tits bouncing in slow motion. But it was still an escape, as the remaining camp leaders tried to control the remaining campers already strapped down. I made my way past one, who clearly



was controlled to follow orders, as she didn't stop to look at me. To my shock, the bed she was 'wheeling' had no wheels at all. It was floating. The camper on it was strapped down, skin a dull unnatural copper colour, with a similar set of changes to me, albeit not nearly so pronounced. He was groaning, already imbibing more milk, and trying to escape. He was utterly confused, and I felt a deep sympathy for him, but I had no choice but to escape.

I reached the exit of the expansive sickbay complex, which was easily the size of a basketball court, and made my way to the woods. I severed two more connections before I arrived, and I took deeper into the bush, grunting in irritation as my belly and rear abdomen scraped against the bushes and trees. When I was certain I wasn't followed, I moved further in the direction of the lake and his, keeping a mental 'eye' out for my friends.

I could only hope that once they reached me, we could figure out what to do.

\*\*\*

## The First Clutch

It didn't take long for the others to arrive, but when they did, they were only broadly recognisable. My friends, like me, had changed immensely, with each of their previous unique variances coming to dominate their current forms.

Eli's head had grown immensely. His cranium was easily five or even six times bigger than it had been, a swollen round shape that spread out behind and above his head, like a large soap bubble about to leave the circular loop and float free. It was *far* too large for anyone to be able to hold up, and it was clear from the slight crackles of electricity that emanated silently at its edges that a small portion of his mental energy kept it passively weightless. His skin was now a light grey, and his breasts had come in, hefty C-cups the both of them. Like the rest of us, his hips had shifted wider, and his ass was now a full-blown insectoid abdomen. His belly was the size of a woman full-term with child, or perhaps even twins, if she were slight. In fact, he looked quite feminine, with fuller lips and softer cheekbones, and a more rounded face. We all looked more feminine, even Mia, who was already beautiful, but now looked a bit like a sexpot in the face. I was jealous of Eli, in a way; his boy, while having its large bulges, were less than a third the size of my own.

"My changes appear to be focused on mental powers and intellect," he remarked, "though I am also hermaphroditic, and perhaps . . . yes, we'll see."

I turned to Ethan, who had underground his own freak changes. His skin had become a salm pink, and he was grotesquely pregnant, though probably only half again as big as me. He had large breasts, easily Double-D cups or bigger, and dark pink antennas and dark

pink hair. His bulbous abdomen was surprisingly big though, almost equal to mine, despite his comparatively smaller belly, which was sizable enough for triplets perhaps. His face and general figure were far more womanly and maternal than Eli, and I was shocked at how wide her hips were, definitely wider than my own! Ethan was clearly embarrassed over this. What made him even more embarrassed was the peculiar shape of his lips, which were shaped vertically, rather than horizontally, making his feminine voice a little lispy. It appears similar to the other vulva-like openings on his body; at the tip of his abdomen, between his legs, at his hips, on his belly button. He also smelled good. Really, really good, and I could see the others were luxuriating in his scent too.

“Cut that shit out,” he said, still lisping a little with his strange lips, “this is fucking weird, and half the sickbay boys were trying to sniff me up for some reason!”

Lastly was Mia, and she was probably even more embarrassed of her changes than Ethan, were that possible. Like the rest of us, she had positively outgrown her clothing, so that her XXL camp top barely had to be kept entirely unbuttoned simply to remain upon her, and her shorts were ripped along the sides, and certainly ripped open at the back. She was a light green in colour, with a large belly equal to Ethan’s in size, and an impressive set of green antennae. Her bulbous rear abdomen was likewise sizable, the size of a beach ball or even bigger. But it was her breasts which marked her out as quite different. While we had all experienced mammary growth, Mia had always been a little ahead in that department, and now she was positively endowed with numerous large, bloated, seeping breasts.

“T-too f-fucking m-many,” she managed, trying not to press on any of them.

There were *two/ve* in total, and potentially more developing. Eight lined her front; two enormous pairs of H-cup tits on her chest, and two more pairs on her distended belly, giving it an odd shape. Another four were located on the underside of her insectoid abdomen and were of similar humongous size, easily equivalent to volleyballs. Darker green veins crisscrossed them faintly, and it was clear that they were utterly engorged with liquid, particularly given that they were seeping faint streams of white fluid down her figure. She appeared utterly overwhelmed with her numerous mammarys.

“Jesus Mia, you’ve got tits!” Ethan said.

She punched his hips, where one of those strange slits were, causing him to recoil in pain.

“Sh-shut up dude! I’d like to see how you’d c-cope with all these f-fucking nipples. They’re s-so damn s-sensitive. And I c-can feel m-more coming too.”

She pointed at two more nipples developing on the underside of her belly, and another four at the tip of her enlarging rear. Jesus, she’d be all-boobs soon! She groaned, and my own dick hardened in response. She had one too, I noticed, fully developed like our own, and we all had little doubt she’d also received a self-fucking. But still, she was the most

obviously female of us still, and somehow the sight of so many delicious breasts was turning my body on. I tried to hide it. We all did. But I don't think Mia bought it, and she instead crossed her arms between two large pairs of her overgrown tits, looking frustrated.

"Can you believe this nonsense? I'm pink! Fucking pink!"

"Not our biggest deal right now, moron," Mia remarked.

"Says the girl who's green! That's like *the* sexy space babe colour. Why am I fucking pink? Even my hair is, like, dark pink at best!"

"This is all pointless," Eli said, "we're each obviously near the end of our changes. We have some mental powers, myself most of all. We need to use them and figure out what to do next."

Once again we felt that strange signal, the powerful one, far in the distance. It was probing for us, trying to find us. Instinctively, I blocked and redirected it, and I could tell the others were doing so as well. It left us feeling exhausted when it finished.

"Shit," I said, "that was intense."

Mia panted, clutching her mammaries, lacking the number of arms necessary to attend them all. "Is that what's behind this?"

"The Administrator," Ethan said.

"We should find her," said Elia.

We turned to him, trying to prevent our various bloated body parts from smacking into one another. "Are you serious?"

He was impassive, as usual. His face was warped more than the rest of us; unlike the rest of us, he'd lost all of his hair, and was perfectly bald. Even his eyes were dark, pupils expanding to drown out his natural eye colour.

"I am. We can't escape, not like this. We would be studied or even dissected by humans."

"You mean b-by *other* humans," Mia corrected.

"Yes, we - ohh - excuse me, we should still count ourselves among their race, despite our appearances to the c-contrary. But we cannot solve this until we f-find her. I s-suspect that is where the other campers are b-being taken. We should - Ngh - go there."

It was hard to argue against. Our bodies were literally becoming alien, and while it would be dangerous, what else could we do? We were still bloating up, and the only technology that might change us back would be in the dragon's lair.

"Ethan," I stammered, gasping as my belly grew another inch. God, I was so *fucking* big. "Have you got the *M-Megaton 4000*?"

The pink insect-girl thing he'd become managed to smirk. His antennae shifted, and a bag floated from a nearby bush. We were impressed at his control, especially Eli, though

the latter had to help him undo the zip. Inside was a box of matches and the enormous missile of a firework, one that was allegedly banned in over ninety countries worldwide.

“Let’s go blow up this bitch and become human again,” he said, before grunting a little.

We agreed, especially Mia. Her body was sleek with sweat at her still developing breasts, and she wanted revenge for the humiliation. She turned to Eli and asked him what the plan was; he was the ‘egg-head’ after all.

*‘We follow where the campers are being taken,’* he replied mentally, *‘and keep our distance and out of sight.’*

\*\*\*

It was a harder journey than expected. Even with our new psionic powers, our bulbous bodies were difficult to move through the woods, and hard to keep out of sight. We managed to succeed, however, in finding the lone train of two dozen or so campers being moved on their floating stretches. It was nearly night, and the remaining camp leaders still being puppeteered were moving through the well-walked forest trails, their bloated hostages in toe, up towards the lake. We followed in secret, using our antennae to keep their signals in ‘sight’ even when actual sight failed us. All the time, that powerful presence got stronger, but as a group we were able to block it from finding us. I was able to increase my mental control to keep my body light, and even briefly reduce gravity on my person almost completely, allowing me to ‘moonwalk’. The others tried it too, but much to their frustration, Ethan and Mia could not quite achieve it. Eli was on another level; he had begun floating off the ground with ease, and in the hours that passed, had never set foot again.

The convoy arrived at the edge of *Lake Enord*, and their writhing, pleading patients were still strapped down. They had developed antennae, but they were stubby things, and they seemed to have no ability to snap the mental cords of the human drones as we had. They were arranged in a vast semi-circle at the lake’s edge, awaiting something. As night fell, the various beds began to glow an eerie green, illuminating their position, and allowing us to see each of the camp leader drones feeding their captives more *Imbibe*, which they drank desperately. It made our own stomachs gurgle loudly several hundred feet away up the hill. We were camouflaged by the woods, but were becoming desperate. Myself and Mia particularly.

“S-sooo hungry,” I moaned, trying to keep my voice down. “So f-fucking hungry.”

The rest quietened me, but it was too much. I needed nourishment, and I didn’t care if it was the cans of changing formula they were giving us.

“I don’t c-care if it’s *Imbibe*,” I said aloud, “I n-need something.”

“We’re all hungry, dude,” Ethan spat, getting irritably, “tough it out.”

I clutched my beach ball-sized belly, feeling the contents within harden, becoming increasingly pressurised.

“P-please . . . I’m b-bigger than you,” I managed to say, feeling pathetic. The rest looked to be me with pity. I was undoubtedly bigger, at least twice or more the size of any of them. Worse, the pressure in my belly was growing, and I was getting a strange cramping sensation in the passage between my lower stomach and my insect abdomen that was getting harder and harder to ignore.

“F-fuck’s sake,” Mia said, “he’s r-right. I need food.” She flushed, if not red, then an analogous deeper shade of green to indicate embarrassment. “And I n-need release. These f-fucking tits are so f-fulllllll.”

We had *all* notice her fondling her eight front breasts to the best of her ability. Even in the few hours we had been following the convoy of hostages, her various bloated mammaries had only swelled further, and small rivulets of milk were dripping down her form. She looked utterly overwhelmed, and the worst part was how tasty that milk smelled. As alluring as Ethan’s strange, unique scent, which he had failed to disguise by heaping dirt on his pink form.

*‘I did bring five cans of Imbibe,’* Eli spoke to us, telepathically. We’d all been a bit creeped out by how he’d seemingly abandoned his speaking voice, preferring to use mental contact only. He ‘said’ he found it convenient.

“Y-you didn’t tell us that!” Ethan stammered. He was also struggling with his body, trying to avoid stimulating and touching the sensitive openings that were over his body, from which those scented pheromones seemed to emerge.

*‘I felt it best to hold them back, just in case,’* Eli said. *‘But if we are to operate at full thinking capacity, perhaps it would be best for us to have one last drink.’*

None of us spoke, or even moved. We all knew it was a dangerous allure, and more than that, it was something our changing bodies utterly craved. It would transform us further, we knew that, but how much? And would the benefits outweigh the cons? But my stomach lurched, needing to be fulfilled, needing to achieve its true role.

“P-please, one l-last drink,” I said. “I c-can’t think straight unless I stop this hunger! And this damn p-pressure - NGH!”

I crouched, and something very strange happened. I felt a sudden urge to push, as if I were finally going to the bathroom, except that it was different, somehow. I groaned, clutching my belly as the pressure rose, and I gave in almost immediately, pushing with the muscles in my lower stomach.

“John, what the hell are you doi - AGH! NGH!”

Ethan groaned, crouching also, and in moments so was Mia, and even Eli, who remained floating. Each of us were overcome with that sudden urge to force something through, and I grunted again as something large - impressively large and *firm* passed from my belly through to my insectoid abdomen. A passage stretching between my belly and rear stretched, like an inner set of lips, and the sensation was not entirely unpleasant; there was a strange sense of instinctive satisfaction. I gasped as it was deposited into my rear, and some of the tension in my belly was relieved.

“Ahh, oh my G-God . . . what did I just - NGH!”

Again the pressure came, and I crouched, pushing. I grit my teeth even as my antennae coiled and sampled the air, trying to keep my location secret. It was difficult not to make too loud a sound, and I could see the others were struggling too, particularly Mia, whose breasts were going into lactation overdrive, her enormous dark green nipples tensing and releasing, as if trying to express their milky contents as much as possible.

“Nnnnyyaagggghh!” she groaned, clutching her two uppermost breasts, and squeezing hard. Streams of milk splashed over us, and I couldn’t help but taste some of it. God, it was fantastic. Like *Imbibe*, only far better. Ethan moaned.

“T-tasty,” he said with a grin, much to Mia’s frustration, even as he grappled with his own pressures, pushing and pushing.

More objects passed from my belly and into my rear, and with each that passed, a pleasurable sensation ran through me. It wasn’t quite an orgasm, nothing so strong, but instead a sense of worthwhile relief, a relieving pressure that brought satisfaction. I gasped, rubbing at my stomach and breasts as several more of the rounded objects passed through me, and with each that came, my rear became heavier and heavier and my stomach thankfully lighter, though I noticed it barely shrank in size.

“Mmhm - ghh - Ngh!”

Slowly, as the minutes passed, the process slowed. Eli had only struggled for a minute or so, and Ethan had only a little also. Mia and myself were still pushing, and with each of her feminine moans, I was embarrassed at how erect my alien dick became. She was so beautiful, still, and it was difficult to ignore how her breast-filled form also looked deliciously enticing to feed from. She looked at me, exasperated, and I was shocked to realise I could actually see the thinner base of her abdomen bulge with the passage of each object, and then her rear bloat as it was deposited there. She hugged a tree, grunted with each push, before finally stopping.

To my great embarrassment, my own need to push did not abate. The other three looked at me, astonished, as I gasped and groaned and moaned and whimpered and pushed, pushed, *pushed*. My belly barely shrank, but my rear certainly expanded further and further, bloating up until it was the size of a full-size fridge or more. I was at it at least another

five minutes beyond even Mia, whose own rear was swollen up to the size of a desk. But mine was bigger, bigger by far. Finally, it ended, and I felt the distribution of weight greatly shifted. Just to keep my fridge-sized rear afloat required more mental energy.

“Holy fuck,” Ethan said, his voice no longer straining from pressure. “Ethan, damn, I didn’t realise how full you were. I’m sorry, man.”

I looked to him weakly, and gave a wan smile. “Still a lot in h-here,” I said, and pointed at my belly. Mia gave me a sympathetic smile. I could tell she was similarly overwhelmed, though more by her milk ducts than anything.

“F-food,” I said, and it was not a statement. It was a demand.

As if waiting for the moment, Eli focused his enormous mind, and five cans of *Imbibe* floated from the forest. He sent two of them my way, and three to share out among the rest. We looked at each other for a moment. We knew we were on the threshold here, and were all terrified as to what might happen next. But we needed it, me most of all.

I downed the can, and soon the rest followed.

This time, the changes were upon us almost immediately.

I almost fell to the ground as it occurred. All over me, the tensing and growth accelerated, far more powerful than it had ever been. It was unnatural, and it felt like my body was achieving something close to its final form. We each grunted and let loose, moaning and groaning as our bellies and behinds swelled beyond even their current bloated proportions. Mia screamed mentally in our psionic hearing as her already-engorged udders expanded further, becoming ludicrously oversized. I could see four more immense bosoms expanding at the back of her rear, hanging round and low so that she now had sixteen in total - no, eighteen! Another pair had grown at the bottom of her belly, long nipples already dripping milk.

*‘I n-never even w-wanted to have one b-big pair of tits!’* she yelled mentally, *‘I I-liked being f-fucking petite!’*

Ethan’s form also swelled, and his pheromones increased, becoming borderline intoxicating. His various vulva-like holes tensed, opening and closing as if begging to be penetrated. Even Eli’s body was growing, becoming more rounded and bloated, his head enlarging even further.

But my changes were largely matters of size. My rear *exploded* in size, becoming twice its fridge-size, and my belly expanded also. I gasped and groaned as a different kind of pressure came upon me, and I felt the need to squeeze again. But it wasn’t just between my belly and rear, but also within my rear itself. My rear-most opening tense and squeezed. Oh God, it felt pressurised, its tip burning. But it also felt good. Needy. I pushed, and several things happened at once that nearly wiped me unconscious from all the stimulation.

First, my alien penis began to thrust inside me again, overwhelming me with unwanted pleasure, ready to pump me full of my own come.

Second, more of the rounded contents from my belly squeezed through my inner passage into my waiting rear abdomen.

Third, and newest of the sensations, several of those same objects began to pass to the tip of my rear, and squeeze against the sensitive entrance. I whimpered, shivering in anticipation as something solid and round, roughly a little smaller than a volleyball, pressed against the exit. I strained new muscles, and suddenly with a shiver of something approaching-but-not-quite orgasm, it left my body. My mental powers caught it by instinct, and lowered it gently to the ground in front of me. I breathed easier, for just a moment, and then the urge came upon me again. And again. And again. At each stage, my voice became higher and higher, until it was undeniably a sultry feminine voice. My face was shifting, becoming softer, and my vibrant blue hair extended down my back. My legs tensed, and the knobby growths *exploded* outwards, becoming stronger insectoid legs as I had suspected they were becoming. They were dark green, with joints in odd places, and my human limbs were left uselessly unattached to the ground, as they were at least two feet long. They stretched out wider, allowing me greater control over my balance, and it was made even easier as a second set just like them erupted from my rear.

I had laid eggs. I knew it. I had likely been in denial. Perhaps we all were; the rest were laying those shiny orbs as well, each coloured similarly to their skin. And so I could not call that rear body part of mine an 'abdomen' any longer. It was an *egg sac*. A fucking *ovipositor*. I gurgled and groaned several more times, laying nearly a dozen of those freakish eggs, until finally the changes slowed, finished.

I was hesitant to look down upon myself, but I couldn't *not*. Sure enough, I now had four strong insectoid legs that were perhaps four feet or more long, and extended out to the sides to give me better balance. My belly was larger than ever, like a woman at term or overdue with fucking *sextuplets* or more. The freaking Octomom was smaller than me, and my breasts were heavy and leaking on my chest. I could feel my recent ejaculated sperm percolating in my belly, the after-effect of that orgasm stirring to fertilise more of my eggs. The same was obviously true of the rest.

We were in silence, panting and recovering from the changes and laying, for over ten minutes before someone spoke.

"The fuck," Mia said. "Did we j-just?"

*'We just laid eggs, yes,' Eli answered. 'It is as I suspected. We are broodmothers, of a sort. Hermaphroditic, and capable of self-impregnation. For some reason, they are turning us into members of their kind in order to propagate their species.'*

My stomach gurgled with need. After all that effort, I was hungry again.



“Fuck,” Ethan said, his vagina-like facial lips making his voice a little odd to hear, “so we’re turning into egg-layers. We just laid fucking eggs!? John just laid a whole damn pile.”

I turned, and indeed I had. There were perhaps three dozen there, compared to perhaps a dozen from Mia, six from Eli, and only a paltry three from Ethan.

“Why didn’t I lay many?” he said.

Eli thought. *‘I suspect we each have different roles. We are special, somehow, from the other campers. I am clearly a thinker, with great psionic control. Mia clearly produces sustenance.’*

Mia whimpered, clutching her tender chests. “Oh God . . .”

*‘And it appears John is a prime producer, more than three times more capable than us, perhaps more in the future, if we don’t change back.’*

The thought that I wasn’t even at the height of my potential producing prowess terrified me.

“Then what about me?” Ethan stammered.

*‘I don’t know. You are a strange anomaly.’*

Eli’s stomach growled, as did Ethan’s. Mine had never stopped.

“G-guys, I need help,” Mia said. We could tell she was utterly embarrassed by something, and it was quickly obvious. All *eighteen* of her large tits were leaking, but she could reach not even half of them, and they were incredibly engorged. “I c-can’t stop them. N-need to get rid of the m-milk.”

The rest of us former boys looked to one another. As feminine as we now looked and sounded, for the most part, we were still males on the inside. And her breasts were so ripe. And full of nourishment. Mia’s eyes widened as she realised what we were thinking.

“N-no, no way! Just use - ooohhh - just use your hands, okay!”

“For G-God’s sake, Mia,” I said, “we’re all embarrassed! L-look at m-me! I’m so full of eggs it’s ridiculous. We’re turning into b-bug breeders. We need the energy to get to the b-bottom of this and turn back!”

“Plus,” Ethan said, managing a weak smirk, “don’t p-pretend you d-don’t want us on your t-tits.”

She moaned, and it was a sweet-sounding moan. She couldn’t help but grip two of her breasts, one on her third row, the other on her second, and her green fingers sank deeply into her flesh, causing more spurts of milk.

“It’s just s-sooooo ridiculous,” she stuttered. “But I’m s-so fffuuuulll.”

*‘Then let us help,’* Eli said.

For several long, long seconds, Mia turned her beautiful green face to each of us. Her hair was now long and almost neon green in colour, and her figure was flush with pendulous breasts that trembled and wobbled with every movement. She was deciding

between shame and discomfort, between release and resistance. We could all tell which way it was going to go, however.

“J-just be gentle,” she said.

“We will,” I replied, and moved towards her.

Mia arched her back as best she could, and used her mental energies to raise her ovipositor higher, providing access to the many mounds that hung juicily from her there. I felt at her front, squeezing several of them with my hands, the first real boobs I had ever touched that were not my own. She whimpered deliriously.

“F-fucking m-milk me already!” she demanded, licking her lips.

I needed no more permission. None of us did. Her milk smelled of a more powerful *Imbibe*, and we each craved it. We craved *her*. Our alien instincts were beyond our control. I shoved my face into the middle of her chest alongside Ethan, and we motorboated the former human female, licking her immense mounds. She giggled, tickled a little by our motions, but then took to making far more sensual sounds as I wrapped my mouth around a throbbing nipple and began to suckle at it. The sweet-tasting milk flowing in rivers from her, and I couldn't drink enough. Behind her, Eli had begun working on her rear-udders, and she was most appreciative of that effort.

“Th-thankyou Eli, they're so damn f-fucking full back there - AAAHH! - I couldn't reach them! Nghhhh!”

We continued, and it was as if we were all in an obsessive trance. I worked my way through five breasts, sucking until they were empty, or as empty as I could make them - Mia claimed she could already “feel them making m-more.” But it was enough to calm her, and soon all three of us were at her abdomen, drinking in deeper. It stimulated her enough that she laid another three eggs, and I even laid a couple also.

Finally, we were finished, all of us satisfied and overcome with the act we had just done. Her mammoth mammaries had not shrunk, but they looked less tense, the surface of the skin more relaxed. She cooed, as if she had orgasmed, and her skin blushed a darker green in humiliation at what had just happened.

“We're never t-talking about that again,” she declared.

We each agreed, though Ethan smirked a little at the notion. It was then that Eli rose to attention, floating higher.

‘*Look,*’ he said mentally, ‘*the lake.*’

We had been waiting atop the hill for roughly forty minutes at the most, and in that time we had mutated, laid eggs, and let our friend become a personal milk machine for our own growth. It was dehumanising to say the least, but it had been worth it if it meant getting this far. Because now a strip of the lake trembled, and something rose to its surface; a single silvery bridge that ran the entire length of the lake, leading all the way to the *Hatches*, that

small grouping of lesser mountains on the other side. One by one, the human drones below began to move their floating beds, the mutated bug-like cargo that were once campers upon them. In a single, flowing line, they began to cross the long expanse to the other side.

“That’s where we need to go,” I said. “Into the mountain. That’s where the nest is. And where we can be human again.”

\*\*\*

## The Hatches

The mountains of the *Hatches* loomed ahead as we followed the silvery bridge. Far ahead, the green light of the last of the convoy shone, but in the darkness of midnight we were imperceptible to vision, and thanks to our combined efforts, we were able to block any signal that could find us. As ever, that vastly powerful signal kept searching, and we could now tell its direct source; *Queen’s Rest*, the largest of the mountains that lay adjacent to the *Hatches*. That was our true destination, but the entrance was obviously through the smaller range first. The bridge led there, and its strange metal seemed not of this world, almost organic in nature. It probably wasn’t of this world, if Jenny’s words were true.

“I’m fucking scared, I won’t lie,” Ethan said, as he scampered along. We were all moving a bit different now, possessing four unusual legs, our regular human ones uselessly hanging in the air.

“Me too,” Mia said. “Plus I’m sick of all these f-fucking breasts. God, I can feel all these freakin’ udders m-making milk again.”

*‘I admit, I am also hesitant,’* Eli said, his voice sounding like a cold businesswoman in our minds. We were all utterly naked by this point, and near the end of being embarrassed; our changes were too overwhelming to be too ashamed of them by this point.

“Me fourth,” I spoke. “Whatever happens, I’m glad I met you guys. I never had friends before. So - ooohh, sorry! Another egg.” I squeezed as they waited. Finally, it forced through to my egg sac, along with three more. Ethan put a hand on my shoulder.

“We get it buddy. Let’s go f-fucking kill this Administrator.”

We moved ahead, towards the mountain, our minds racing with possibilities and fears. Even moving was becoming a hassle; it was taking more and more mental energy, and apart from Eli, I got the sense that none of our bodies were ‘meant’ to move all that much, just when needed. And certainly not on long journeys across midnight lakes. Already I could feel more eggs developing within me; we had left the ones we had laid back at our

spying site, unsure what to do with them. They had crept us all out, though Eli had shown a slight academic interest. It scared me, the notion that I would be laying more of them, perhaps a *lot* more, unless we found a cure for ourselves.

I was pulled from that dread thought by a vast orange light in the distance. We all stopped, in need of a short rest anyway. A vast shelf of the mountain was pulling upwards, at least twenty metres of cliff-face was grinding upwards, revealing an interior base of sorts, where the orange light was coming from. One by one, each of the camp leader drones walked in, pushing their floating beds with the bug-like campers upon them. Each was more swollen than before. Perhaps they had laid eggs already, like us.

“We need to hurry,” Ethan said. “That’ll - uhhh, fucking eggs! - that’ll close!”

He wasn’t wrong. We could only hope that no one spotted us. We needed to get there, and it was nearly three hundred metres away. Thankfully the convoy of campers was going slowly, but it would still take reserves of energy we didn’t have. Already that urge to push more eggs was growing within me, and I knew the others would be having the same trouble also. It was then that Mia gave an exhausted sigh.

“Fucking f-fine,” she said, “drink from me.”

We each turned to her, quizzical. She creased her brow, impatient and irritated at us.

“Go on, then. I c-can tell you need the energy. I’ve got the m-milk that’ll do it. I’ve got energy to s-spare thanks to these t-tits. Hurry up and f-fucking drink before I resceind the damned offer!”

She was serious, pushing through the shame, and it was true, we needed the energy.

“Thank you Mia,” Ethan said, and his expression was utterly serious, for once. She gave him a brief nod, then lifted her uppermost left breast in her hands, its size easily spilling over both palms and leaned towards Ethan. He drank, and we joined him, attaching to different nipples and feeding at her fine produce.

Instantly, we had the energy we needed, but I drank deeper for good luck.

“For what it’s worth, Mia,” Ethan said, “you taste damn fine.”

“Yeah, fuck you too,” she said, but was smiling, as if a little proud of herself.

We began to move, as fast as our overladen bodies could take us. The hatch to the *Hatches* was open, but we had limited time.

\*\*\*

We made it, but only just in time. As the last of the convoy made their way into the strange interior of the mountain, the cliff-face doorway began to slide shut in a slow but certain fashion. We sped, waddling and floating and ambling on, and it was only thanks to the efforts

of Eli tugging us forward with his powerful mind that we were able to get inside, just as the door closed with a mighty press against the ground.

We were sealed in.

“B-better be worth it,” I said, as I got back up.

“Woah, look at it,” Mia said.

I finally took notice of the chamber, and we all gasped: even the increasingly emotionless Eli was impressed. We were in a vast entrance chamber, from which numerous large openings in the rock flowed to other rooms. The entire area had been tunnelled extensively, and held together with goo on the walls that glowed a faint orange, though a number of lights illuminated it further. Alien metal that appeared almost liquid-like supported it also, and a number of the entrances had these silvery doors, of the same material as the bridges. None of the convoy were in sight, though we’d seen the last of their number veer off to the left, where a series of those smaller doors were. Advanced technology far beyond human understanding was clearly present, but for now we were alone.

“Where do we go?” Ethan asked.

*‘The main door seems to be the most important,’* Eli said. *‘If we are to get answers, it will be there.’* His antennae aimed straight ahead, the great rocky corridor increasingly muttered in that glowing goo which curved gently towards where we knew the base of *Queen’s Rest* would be.

“Seems as good as any suggestion,” Mia said.

*‘Then let us proceed,’* Eli said, his voice lacking more emotion than ever. He floated ahead, and we followed on foot, using our more limited powers simply to keep our bulbous abdomens afloat. I felt like I had limited time; the effort for me was significant, to do both that *and* constantly be on the move. I missed the days when I was merely overweight, and not some pregnant alien broodmare.

We followed Eli around the corridor, talking little. We were utterly unsettled by our alien surroundings, which were very organic and unnatural in appearance. The soft orange glow was strange upon my skin, like the effects of a different kind of sunlight. What’s more, strange skittering and odd sounds echoed from deeper in the chambers we didn’t explore, and I could occasionally hear the moans and cries of what must have been other campers, already laying their next clutches. But no other soul we saw.

That was, until we entered the drone chamber. We found a silvery door, and while it seemed at first to be a dead-end, Eli focused his mind upon it, and found that the metal responded to our psionic thoughts. It dilated open, and we entered a chamber with a lower ceiling. There were several holes in the ceiling and floors, like great pits in a living stomach, and when we were midway across the chamber, the skittering grew louder.

“Fuck,” Ethan said, his antennae flickering, “I can sense signals getting closer. A lot closer!”

We all could. We were only halfway into the room, and the silvery door was on the other side. We moved, as fast we could, but I was too slow, as was Mia.

“G-go!” I said, motioning for Eli, but instead our brilliant friend moved behind us.

*‘No, you go ahead. Find the solution. I will use my heightened mental powers to keep them at bay!’*

There was no time to argue. We barrelled ahead as best we could, each of us turning our heads back to see what Eli was doing. Mia gasped at the sight, as did I: a number of new creatures, looking much like us only less human in the face, and possessing only three fingers on each hand, emerged from the pits. They had six legs instead of our four, and were not bloated like us, but agile. They appeared male, and their skin was a dull copper colour. They had no weapons, but were trying to surround Eli to pull him down. He floated through the air more rapidly than his bloated form should have allowed, and several fell to his mental energies.

For a moment, things looked hopeful, but then they kept on coming.

I reached the silvery door, panicking.

“Someone -NGH! - someone’s gotta save him!” I exclaimed.

“It’s too late!” Mia managed, tears in her eyes. “J-just get the door open!”

I focused my mind on it, and sure enough, it opened. We pushed through to the other side, and as I closed the door behind us, the last thing I saw was Eli being pulled down through one of the holes by at least six of those things.

Those *aliens*.

We each gasped and groaned on the other side of the wall. My stomach was increasingly tense once more, and I had to push several more eggs through my passage and into my heavy egg sac. Mia did the same, and even Ethan joined. We weren’t even able to properly grieve our fallen friend; instead we were reduced to our instinctive role. I could only thank the stars that our bodies hadn’t self-fucked again, or more eggs pushed from our tips. Mia was already oozing more milk, and she looked at me, an overwhelmed expression on her face.

“We n-need to keep g-going,” she said, rubbing one nipple openly. I couldn’t imagine how bad it was to be producing such milk; my own two breasts were sore, and starting to leak. She had nine times as many as me, and they were three times the size.

“Fuck, this is crazy,” Ethan said, standing up. His skin was pinker than ever, and those pheromones were getting hard to ignore. “I c-can’t believe Eli did that.”

“Let’s make his sacrifice worth it. H-have to reach the end,” I said.

We all assented, and kept moving. The chamber we had entered was long and winding, roughly only twenty feet or so wide. Yellow-white pits of steamy, soupy fluid were to our left, bubbling occasionally. It was incredibly warm, and something about that warmth was comfortable. In a way, it was welcoming, and I didn't want to think too deeply about that. The pits extended around the bendy passage we took, which must have been several hundred feet long, though impossible to see how long it went, as it wound about constantly.

"Something odd about this place," Ethan said, his antennae flickering. "I can sense signals. Lots of them."

Mia groaned, and her breasts - all eighteen of them - trembled and wobbled heavily. "Oh Go-ooodd," she moaned, and her antennae went crazy, flicking and curling all over the place. "Y-you're right. I can s-sense them! S-so many!"

So could I. They were all in the strange, soupy, briney fluid baths to our left, but we couldn't see anything. And it wasn't giving Ethan or I the kind of reaction it was giving Mia. She was clutching herself, shaking, her many nipples visibly throbbing and extending, leaking milk that smelled sweat in the warm air.

"The f-fuck is happening to m-me!" she cried, "Oohh . . Mmhmhmm . . .NNGGRGHH!"

Streams of milk poured from her, and several of those long streams arced into the pools. Less than a second passed, and they began to bubble more furiously, and we could all sense those signals going crazy.

"Uh, Mia, I think y-you're milk did s-something!"

She looked in shock to her left, where the pools were now furiously thrashing, as if an underwater current was raging. She took a few steps back, terrified, as suddenly several dozen yellow-ish forms erupted from the bubbling pools. We each jumped in shock; they were like miniature versions of the aliens we had seen before, only with larva-like tails instead of ovipositors, and and only one pair of legs at their front. They were child-like, the equivalent of babies. They *were* babies.

"Oh God!" she said, "they're - they're like tadpoles!"

Tadpoles that wanted our friend's milk. With their powerful legs, they leapt upon her, and she screamed as they latched on her throbbing nipples. Overwhelmed, she fell to her side, thrashing weakly as more and more of them overcame her. She had eighteen full breasts, but there were far more than eighteen of the creatures, and her body was audibly and visibly producing more and more milk to sate them - in real time, four more nipples erupted from the surface of her egg sac, and four of the alien babies squirmed at them, competing for more access.

"Oh G-God! They're d-drinking from m-me! S-so many! H-help!"

But there was no help to be given. She was overpowered, and already others were approaching myself and Ethan.

"I'm s-sorry Mia! We'll get help, we promise!" I yelled.

"F-fuck you!" she cried as we retreated. "Ahhh . . . Mmhmhmm . . . OOHHHHHH!!!"

Her words descended into unintelligible moans bordering on pleasurable, and it was clear that being drained from all her nipples at once was giving her unwanted ecstasy. Her cries of reluctant joy echoed up the passage as we made our escape, feeling terrible at leaving our friend, but not knowing what else to do. Ethan reached the next silvery door, and opened it with his antennae, stepping through.

"S-sorry Mia," he muttered, and he closed it once I reached the other side.

We both panted, pushing more eggs into our swelling sacs, me in particular. I wept bitter tears as the urged receded. Mia had been a firecracker, an angry young rebel. To leave her as some sort of living milk machine for alien young was unjust, but I couldn't see anything we could do. We had to reach the Administrator, and find a way to stop her, or at the very least save us four.

"I'm sorry I couldn't do anything," I wept, and Ethan just patted me on the shoulder again, his pink skin slicked with sweat and tears also.

"Nothing we could have done. We'll - nghh - save her."

I nodded. We had to. I lifted my bloated body, awkwardly floating my ovipositor again. God, it was getting far too huge, and only getting larger each hour. We needed to hurry, though my energy was starting to flag. It occurred to me that we'd just left not only our friend behind, but the one person who could reliably supply us with literal bucketfuls of energy.

"Damn," I said.

Ethan nodded approval, then his eyes went wide with shock. "Oh fuck!"

I looked up, and it was a sign of my tiredness that I hadn't taken in our new surroundings. We were in a vast chamber again, this one filled with glistening eggs, large piles of them. There looked to be hundreds. No, *thousands!* They were each a violet purple, though some were larger and darker in colour. It was astonishing to see, and moreover that they were similar to the eggs we had laid, only different colours. Just seeing them gave an instinctive drive to try and lay some more, and I had to fight against it, even though my ovipositor was starting to itch with a need to push out another clutch.

"The Administrator isn't human," I said, holding my enormous mound. "She's the Queen."

"I figured as much," Ethan said, "ever since we - oh no!"

I could sense the signals too; approaching life forms, similar to those that had taken Eli. They were coming from the walls, and they were coming fast. We needed to hurry. We began to move, through the paths that lay between the large piles of eggs. There were most



certainly thousands, tens of thousands more likely. Something had been laying here for a long time, or at least had its eggs deposited here. My heart beat fast in my body as I squeezed my overwhelmed mounds between the piles. The skittering of legs followed us, and Ethan ahead led the way, the *Megaton 4000* in his left hand. In all the horror, he grunted, and I nearly stepped on a falling egg that rolled and rested upon the ground. It set me off, and I had to stop a moment just to expend several myself. The release was so good I had to focus on my escape just to avoid squatting there and never stopping.

We continued forward, but the copper-skinned alien creatures were crawling atop the egg piles on either side of us. They were sniffing the air with their antennae, and to my astonishment they raced past me, unconcerned; one even appeared to *bow* slightly at my appearance. Instead, they moved to Ethan, who screamed awkwardly and struggled as they gripped him.

“No! N-no! The hell! Why me! ARGH!”

They pull him to one side, seemingly leaving the path open to me. To both of our collective horrors, the creatures surrounded Ethan, and their alien penises extending, becoming hard. I stopped in shock as my friend was pulled to one side. He grunted and shifted, but his various strange openings began opening and closing, tensing once more. Soon, they were actually dripping, and the pheromones were so strong it made even me hard, and I was over twenty feet away by this point. Ethan gasped.

“Ooohhh God, why d-does it f-feel good! Shit . . . John, it’s . . . it’s like I n-need them! Oh goddamn, M-Mia would laugh at this.”

Even amid the struggle, and with his lips drooling that same liquid, John managed a cheeky smile on his odd-shaped lips. “She always s-said that I wanted to be the centre of attention . . . oooohh!”

Indeed he was, more than he had ever been. He relaxed his body, unable to deny his instinctive need anymore, and his various vulvas opening wider, allowing access to his tunnels. Soon, the alien males inserted their thick rods deep inside him; between his thighs, at either hips, into his belly button. More alien males joined his side, and he cooed in undesired pleasure as more slits opened along his egg sac, allowing them entrance. Even his lips bulged, and his eyes went wide as the largest of the aliens stepped forward, chittering excitedly at the prize.

“Mmhm . . . Oh God, I *need* to swallow this cock. Take the firework, John. Finish it! I c-can’t resist it all - OOOhhnhmnnhmhhmmm!”

With one great plunge, the largest male thrust right down Ethan’s throat, and his lips enclosed over the alien cock, somehow able to take it all in. His body was slick with lubricant, and soon the aliens were forming lines, pleasuring the attention seeking former male with their endless thrusting. I moved ahead, feeling sorry for my friend, but intent on my

mission. I gave one last gaze back at him, and he was still alarmed, eyes wide, unbelieving what his new body was doing. It was as if his new form was made to pleasure the males, but then I saw something else, too. Several of them appeared satisfied with their work, and were moving to retrieve the larger, darker of the eggs, which were special somehow. Where one of his openings had become most lubricated and open, they took the egg and pressed it inside of him. His expression showed enormous shock as the egg was inserted into his hip, and then another in his rear, and a third between his legs. I turned to leave as the largest male spent his seed in my friend's mouth, and moved to place an egg inside it. Ethan made one last gasp.

"N-no! I can't take tha-!"

And it was inside his throat, which unnaturally extended to accommodate it, as it sloped down his oesophagus to fall into his stomach, slowly but surely.

I ran as fast as I could as my friend was bizarrely re-impregnated with eggs that were not even his own. It was the most horrifying sight yet. At the end of the egg chamber was an immense silvery door, larger than any yet. I knew what was on the other side; I could sense the powerful signal, waiting for me.

The Administrator. The Camp Mother.

The Queen.

She was there, and I had to face her. I thought about each of my friends, and relied on the strength they had given me. I shifted my full, pregnant form forwards, enormous egg sac trailing behind me, and opened the door.

Into the mountain chamber of *Queen's Rest*.

\*\*\*

## **Queen's Rest**

If the previous caverns had been large, then this chamber was *gargantuan*. It was undeniably the heart of the larger mountain, and its sheer opulence told me that it was the epicentre of this alien conspiracy. Lines of living silver seemed to dance upon the distant walls, and the ground itself was soft and comfortable, yielding to each step. Piles of violet eggs were heaped and attended to by a number of drones, alien and human, and both these ignored me as I entered.

The chamber was circular in nature, perhaps five hundred feet or more in diameter, and like the interior of a volcano, it rose to a point above, where an artificial sun of silvery light shone, illuminating the area. Vast screens played out images and recordings worldwide,

ranging from cultural trends to political elections and significant trade deals being made. It was astonishing, but not nearly as much as the central occupant.

The Administrator.

She was immense in size, nearly two stories tall, and her rear egg sac was the size of a cargo truck. I was reminded of the queen from *Aliens*, only there was a strange, fertile beauty to this Queen; her face was humanoid like mine, with full lips and prominent cheekbones, and even a large pair of matronly breasts. She had human-like arms, but her hands had merely three fingers each, and there were four arms instead of two. Her belly bulged, even greater than my own, and her enormous ovipositor trembled as an egg larger than a human head descending from its lips. It fell to the ground slowly, guided by her mental energy. Six great insect legs spread far apart maintained her balance, and she seemed to coo, mumbling something in an alien tongue as I approached. I held the firework tighter in my hand, terrified of losing it. This was it. This was *her*. The very reason for all our changes. And the only one who could change me back to my right form. The sound of numerous attendants echoed throughout the buzzing chamber, dozens of workers moving her eggs as she continuously laid them. But to all that mattered, it was just her and I, facing against one another. I stepped out from the shadows, though I had no doubt she already knew I was there.

*'Hello, my darling,'* she whispered in my mind. Her voice was unchanged from the speakers, with that same maternal pleasure and care. Only there was a warble to it, as if her voice was overlaid upon itself. Bug-like.

"I'm not your f-fucking darling," I grunted, one hand on my bloated stomach. "And y-you're not a c-camp leader."

She appeared to smile, at least that's what it appeared to be. She shifted her large cranium, and her massive body rose impossibly into the air, drawing nearer until it loomed right over me. Only then did she descend, so close that our bellies were practically touching. She reached one of her soft hands out towards me, stroking my face. I held firm, too scared and confused to move.

*'But you are my darling, my child. You have done so well.'*

My stomach growled. Already, I could feel more eggs gestating within me. I was getting so damn packed, and already the pressure was growing to lay another clutch. I squirmed on the spot, trying to put that out of mind.

"Done well at w-what? Getting turned into an alien f-freak?"

She appeared strangely hurt at my words, and one of her hands ran the length of my belly, causing me to shiver.

*'No, not a freak, never a freak, my love. You have done well John, to shed your human skin.'*

"It's m-my skin!" I said.

She shook her head. *'No, it is not your skin at all. You were born like this. Your human skin only came later.'*

She said the words so nonchalantly, but they hit me like a hammer to the chest. I stumbled back a couple of steps, and almost lost control of my ovipositor. I could barely breathe.

"That's - that's impossible!"

*'It is true,'* the Queen said, her voice full of sympathy. *'You do not understand the full story, my darling. You were not born John Mackford of Earth, but Princess Kalea of Handoria, the First Planet.'*

I managed to contain my breathing. "You - you're saying I'm not - ahh - human? Why me? Why d-did you change m-my friends?"

Another gentle shake of the head. Gentle, yes, but it shook my world. *'You misunderstand, they are my daughters also. Each of you campers are, though you four are special. I will tell you the full story, and you will understand your purpose. But first, you should lay your eggs. It is proper.'*

I squirmed, but managed to keep them in. "Nghhh . . . I w-won't."

She bowed her head, as if accepting my decision for now. And then her mind sent out a powerful signal, and the floating silver screens suddenly shifted their focus away from familiar events, instead showing scenes I didn't understand, until she began to describe them. They showed a strange ship of mysterious alloy shifting through space.

*'First, came my time. When a new queen is birthed on Handoria, she is groomed for her destiny; to spread our kind across the cosmos. I was sent to this far-off system. Here, I would lay my clutches, and spread my race's expanse in a new queendom. But I arrived to unexpectedly find a race had already claimed this planet. No matter, many of our kind has overcome such obstacles. But this race was impressively advanced, though their space capabilities were limited. In order to preserve my race's goals, I laid an emergency clutch of eggs to be seeded further throughout the land I arrived in, in case I was destroyed. When the time was right, they would either succeed me, or join me.'*

She smiled, and it was a caring, motherly smile. I realised this thing, if she was speaking the truth, was my mother.

"So my parents . . ."

*'Were the humans designated your caretakers. They had some knowledge of your importance, but could not betray it. No caretaker could, though some tried.'*

I thought about the sadness my parents had in sending me away, and how my friend's parents had tried to put them on new paths or otherwise push them away.

*'Yes, I can read your thoughts, my Kalea. And so you were brought back into my fold, and your changes back to your native form assured. Fear not, you will retain some of your human DNA also.'* She indicated to parts of my legs that were still human, as well as my hands and face. *'But your form and function is complete. You will help our plan, as you were always meant to. As each of you were meant to.'*

My mind raced, still recovering from what had happened to my friends. "What about the others? They - ooohh - they all are different? How come?"

*'Their purposes in the hive are unique, and you have chosen your friends well, they are so blessed. The other campers are my beloved children too, but they are the Lesser Princesses, whose roles are to lay and birth in regularity. But your friends are greater than this. Isn't that right, Baruva?'*

I felt a sudden new signal enter my mind, and it was perhaps the worst one yet. Horror dawned as I realised who it was, and what that meant.

"No, no, no."

*'I am sorry, truly, John,'* said Eli. I turned, trying to see him, but he was far distant from me. Instead, various human drones repeated his words throughout the chamber.

"You b-betrayed us! You f-faked getting caught. You knew we would end up l-like this!"

*'I did,'* he said in my mind, the dozens of attendants repeating this. *'I figured it out early. My mind helped, and I talked to the Queen Mother from the beginning, learning our ways and my role. We are destined for greatness John - Kalea - and you must accept this, in time. You most of all. Believe me, I consider you a friend, and I hope that Mia and Ethan forgive me in time.'*

I felt sick, sick and overwhelmed by righteous anger. I waved a fist futilely in the air.

"You didn't see - ngh- what happened to them!"

*'But I know their roles. They must be celebrated, though they perhaps will not appreciate them as they should. I wish you the best Kalea. I myself am now Baruva, and I must attend to the hive's operations, and oversee its drone-control.'*

The connection dropped, and I sagged, feeling betrayed and hopeless.

"That fucker."

*'She is a good child,'* the Queen says, *'you all are. She is the drone controller, one of the four special children seeded. It is she who has much greater power over our attendants, not just the males of our species, but also the humans and other creatures also.'*

I looked up at her, tears welling in my eyes. With every horrifying revelation, my stomach only became more taut and full. I needed to lay, soon, and I hated my body for it. The screen warbled, and it showed an image of Eli/Baruva, her incredibly long antennae endlessly flickering, electricity sparking from her immense cranium. She was floating in a

spherical chamber, several smaller attendants seeing to her as she birthed several more eggs, not even grunting. It appeared that our betrayer was already accustomed to his role, and even welcomed it, laying and self-fucking openly and without shame, and relishing the control he or she now had.

“And what of Mia? And Ethan!?”

*‘They are also blessed. Mia is the feed-nurse. She will swell ever greater with milk for our hatching drones, including the many she shall lay. Weakened drones or injured layers may also replenish their energy or heal thanks to her produce. Her body will always produce enough to meet demand, and she will never have a moment when she is not nursing or aiding the hive with her endless supply of milk. She will grow more mammaries as her egg sac enlarges, and she will be blessed with engorged breasts to strengthen our horde.’*

Mia would hate it, I knew it. Endlessly rooted to the spot, feeding dozens of aliens from her throbbing nipples. A far cry from the young rebel she’d been. Sure enough, the screen flashed to show her. Even in the space of time since I had lost her, she had grown. She had been moved, and was in a central circular chamber that glowed with golden light. Surrounding her were numerous larval pools, and she was breathing heavily as dozens of hatchlings fed from her full chests, or otherwise scrambled for her next teat. Several male aliens also fed from her, visibly becoming more energetic and healthier, before moving onto her next task. While I could hear her words, I could definitely see what she was shouting; a series of expletive-ridden cusses, curses, and bombs aimed at the various creatures drinking her milk, mixed with unwanted ecstasy at being so thoroughly milked. The screen turned off. She’d never known I’d seen her like that.

“And Ethan?”

*‘A most appropriate role for that Princess. She is our gestator-imbiber, and a most well-developed one. Her initial egg-laying was simply to get her started, but she will not natively produce eggs anymore. Instead, she will be nourish by the seed of the male drones she now depends upon through her many orifices, and those same orifices will accommodate our special eggs, those that require further gestation in order to hatch into specialised or more intelligent drones, and even more Princesses. The one you call ‘Ethan’ will receive the honour of having these special eggs inserted, whereupon they will double in size, and she will do her part in laying them. In addition, she will also be performing the secondary act of pleasuring the males of our kind this way, keeping their minds and instincts sharp.’*

The centre of attention indeed, but not as he’d ever wanted it. Ethan had loved entertaining people and surprising them, eating up their words. Now he would be eating up their alien spunk. Sure enough, the screen shifted, and he was on the receiving end of three males, each lubricating his sensitive openings and inserting three more eggs to further

gestate within him. He looked absolutely confused and overwhelmed, particularly when one was placed in his mouth, and from his expression I could tell that even his altered lips had become erogenous zones, feeding reluctant pleasure to his system. His belly was increasingly gravid, his egg sac also. It made me wonder how big he would become, as the eggs increased in size to contain upper-caste members of the hive. He could not say anything, his throat imbibing an enormous egg, like a snake unhooking its jaw. But he was certainly throwing up the middle fingers at his captors, between shivers of penetration. Again, the screen went dark, and I was glad of it.

There was just one last figure to ask about. Me. But I didn't even have to ask the question. I already had figured out the answer, as several more eggs pushed their way into my distended egg sac.

"I'm the heir, aren't I? I'm the - ahhh - the next Queen?"

She closed her eyes, and nodded slowly and serenely. "Yes, Kalea, my darling, you are," she said, using her actual voice for the first time. It somehow made it more personal. She lowered herself once more, and pushed back a strand of my hair lovingly. "You will be a great layer of eggs, just as I am. Baruva will lay many, of course, but as drone-controller she has other priorities. Mia - that is her name, Meea - will also produce a great many. The one you call Ethan, my beloved Eulethia, will birth many of our evolved hatchlings, too. But you will lay more than all of these put together and tripled, my darling. When I pass, you will be Queen, and your instincts will guide you in developing the hive. It is decided."

I was struggling to get enough air. I was a Princess Bug. I was an alien. I was pregnant with alien babies, and it was deep down what I truly was. I was never changing back, I doubted there was even a way, and Eli would do his or her best to stop me even if I did try. All of us campers were doomed to our new roles, and the hive would expand across the world.

"It is the world, isn't it?" I asked. I needed confirmation, before my last resort. Perhaps there was some negotiation I could make, at the very least.

The Queen, my mother, nodded, and rose, speaking mentally once more. The screens shifted to show world leaders and significant places of power across the globe.

*'Indeed. Fear not, we do not plan to exterminate humanity, or even enslave most of them. But they will be a servile race, and will accept our dominance. We will reduce their breeding rate to accommodate this, and turn select leaders and deviants into drones to guide them to this point. This will be a Handorian planet foremost, and they shall be allowed an existence according to our design.'*

World domination. Humanity set aside with just the scraps. It was horrifying. And my body would be a significant part of it. Of undoing the world that had given me so much. The very eggs gestating within me would be the armies and masters of the future, guided by my

mother, and my own alien instincts. I couldn't allow it. I wouldn't. I pulled out the *Megaton 4000*.

"I w-won't let you do it," I said.

My Queen Mother gave no look of concern, only an expression of disappointment.

*'You would hurt your own mother?'*

"I'd rather that than live as a bug."

I lit the match, and waited for the blast.

And waited.

And waited.

And waited, until I realised nothing was happening. It came over me all at once.

"Eli - he sabotaged it early, didn't he?"

She nodded, drawing closer so that our fertile bellies touched.

*'Worry not, my love. It shall be lit and detonated soon, to commemorate the true beginning of our ascension over this planet. Your friends will all see it; they will be given rooms here in the chamber, if it eases you. You will share in the joys of motherhood and laying, and you will all work to the greater glory and produce of the hive.'*

My stomach gurgled, and I strained, no longer able to keep it in. I was betrayed, defeated, humiliated, bloated, and incredibly damn pregnant. It was the end of the road, and I had a long, long future here, stuck as a Princess producer of the hive. I realised I would never leave Camp Queenlay; I would be here, laying clutches forever, until the day I became Queen and laid even more. My ovipositor was full and heavy, and I was too tired to hold it in anymore. Reluctantly, I gave in to the terrible pressure, and began to push.

The eggs pushed from my ovipositor so quickly that I almost tipped over. One by one they streamed out of me, volley-ball sized eggs that each contained a living Handorian. Attendants rushed to organise them into a clutch, and all I could do was groan and grunt as I delivered them. There were so, so many, and more arriving from my stomach all the time. My penis became hard, rising up to fertilise yet more, and my bountiful breasts expressed small streams of milk, waiting for their larval forms to hatch and latch and drink deep.

"OOoohhhhh . . ."

I continued to push my eggs, and more streamed out of me. There were so many, too many, and I sighed in ecstasy as my penis ejaculated more sperm inside of me, percolated more of my eggs and readying them for birth. There was no stopping it now. Not the laying. Not Ethan being injected with some of the very eggs I would be laying right now. Not Mia having to feed the many thousands to come with her swollen breasts. Not Eli from helping the Queen control their pawns with his unyielding mind. And certainly not me from my future role. I would be laying for a long, long time to come, my Queen Mother beside me, no matter how much I wanted to stop. And one day as a Queen myself.



*'Good work, my Princess. Together, we will grow our hive to encompass the world.'*

I groaned, and pushed. It was, I realised, the only reaction I could have. I was, after all, little more than an alien broodmother, pregnant with thousands upon thousands of my kind yet to come.

## Epilogue: Five Years Later

The familiar pressure rolled through my being, and by instinct I pushed. And pushed. And pushed.

"Mhm - Ohhhh . . . OOOoohh!"

Several eggs squeezed from my gargantuan stomach, through the compressed passage in my womb, and deposited into my immense and bloated egg sac. The pressure squeezed further down, like fingers on a great tube of toothpaste, and I gritted my teeth and pushed again. The sensitive lips of my ovipositor glided open as several dozen eggs pressed firmly against them. I grunted, eliciting a soft feminine moan as they poured out my egg sac. My antennae twitched, signalling the automatic activation of my psionic powers. Despite the five feet of height at which my drooling, leaking ovipositor's tip was located, they fell as if in one-fifth of gravity. They came to rest softly on the pile of hundreds of eggs that lay around my chamber. They were the size of full blown toddlers these days, enormous eggs that stretched my sensitive female lips wide as they were birthed, causing discomfort, pain, and ecstasy all at once. And every egg in the chamber was mine.

"Ahhh . . . ahhh . . . oohhh. Mhm. A small break, until the next clutch."

It was mainly spoken to myself; the drones in the chamber were not much company. They obeyed their masters, which in this chamber was myself, as it had been the case for the last five full years, to this very day. It was the half-decade anniversary of the day when the Queen Mother of Handorian hive race revealed to me the true nature of my origins; that I was not, as I thought, an ordinary human male born to my mother and father. In truth, I was an alien moulded to possess a human-like form, and settled with two mind controlled parents who loved me even though they knew what I would one day become. My true nature was a Princess Broodmare, an intelligent, thinking member of the hive blessed (or, as I saw it, cursed) with an incredibly prodigious brood cycle, capable of gestating dozens upon dozens of eggs a day, and more in older age. It was only at Camp Queenlay, the nerve centre of my real mother's operation - the Hive Queen Mother - that I discovered this truth, I and three friends who were likewise Princesses, albeit with different roles. To our horror, our bodies were changing under the strange regimen and diet of the camp, and days later we were no longer human. Eli, the smartest of our group, led us to the *Hatches*, a series of mountains where he believed we could find the truth. But one by one we were captured and forced to adopt our destined biological roles.

Eli became Baruva, the drone-controller. In fact, the former male had embraced her role as a layer for the hive, and her greatly expanded braincase allowed her to control the many drones in the hive to further the Queen Mother's plans for world domination.

Mia, former rebel, became Mirona, the feed-nurse. She was humiliated and overwhelmed to discover that even as her body remained perpetually pregnant, she was also developing dozens of milk-laden breasts to feed the hive's young.

Ethan, the joker and prankster, became Etania, the gestator-imbiber. Her body has numerous adaptable vaginal passages through which eggs are inserted each day. Unlike us, the former male does not produce her own eggs, but is stuck receiving eggs from others, and gestate them yet longer before re-birthing them into specialised roles.

And I, I was John, and the truth was I was the most important Princess of all. I became Kalea, the heir to the hive, and the largest producer of eggs of all the princesses, as I was and still am destined to become queen one day, and rule the hive in truth. But that is not for many hundreds of years yet. Goodness knows, enough has happened in five.

For one, my mother's plan to dominate the world has reached its fruition. With the aid of traitorous Baruva, our kind has been able to mentally control and coerce key members of the human population. Already, issues such as climate change are being strongly addressed, and global peace achieved. There are still small matters, but from what I understand, soon humanity's wars upon the planet will be curtailed, and we will begin to reveal ourselves. We can become this planet's custodians, and the humans our protected client race. Not slaves, no, well-treated under the law, in fact. But not the deciders, not the rulers anymore. But this last step can only occur once our numbers are overwhelming, and so it is that for five whole damn years I have been swollen to bursting with eggs.

I thought originally when I arrived and was forced into my new role that my body had finished changing. In some ways, it had: I maintained my two immense, milk-laden breasts and rotund stomach, and my extra arms and antennae have remained, as has my blue skin. Nothing has been rearranged. Rather, it is a question of what has been enlarged, which is much. As my first months as an egg-laying insectoid broodmother began, I tried to find ways of escaping. None worked, and my ex-friend Eli - now Baruva - was able to anticipate what I would try. Mia and Ethan similarly failed, though their efforts were even more difficult, given how they were constantly being . . . latched on to. Still, I wanted to be human again - only my feeble human legs remain as evidence of what I once was, and those are subsumed into much larger insectoid legs anyway. The Queen was confident I would become accustomed to my new role, but spending each and every day bloated and pressurised with eggs, feeling my own large dick fucking my vagina and fertilising myself, and then pushing them not only from my belly to my egg sac, but then out my egg sac several days later, was not my ideal life. Nor did having my hatching brood briefly succour from my ripe melons, drinking my blue milk before racing off to their jobs, or how I needed to use my useless wings to continually fan myself. I needed to escape, and I knew I could find a way.

How wrong I was. The closest I got was across the lake before I fell into the agony of birthing, laying one of my largest clutches yet at the time. I was so overcome with the pangs and pleasures of forcing the large, rounded eggs from my sac that I barely noticed the drones come to collect me. That was the time I had tried to get Mia and Ethan out as well. Mia made it only a little further than I; she was so full of milk by that point that she was mute, unable to speak except to moan. She could reach even a tenth of her numerous breasts, and they were so bloated that Ethan and I could not suck enough to help her. The drones actually brought several freshly hatched young along just to sate her need to be milked, and she sighed, hating her position but still relieved, when they began to crawl over her and drain her many, many litres. Ethan was the most determined to escape. He lasted more than a day. I can still remember the cadence of his voice when he returned, yelling and screaming.

“A whole fucking day without your fucking eggs inside me! Without being impregnated down my goddamn throat. It was heaven, I tell you! One day without - Oohhhhh - AAaah - Mmhhmph!”

And then the drones were fucking him again, through every orifice, even his mouth-vagina, ensuring that he was good and wet to receive more eggs. The worst part was, hearing him reluctantly enjoy it.

That was the last true escape attempt we ever managed, and the reason is obvious. I have not gained any new growths, but the existing ones have swelled beyond all imagining. By the end of the first year, my egg sac was the size of a family van, and my pregnant belly looked full term with octuplets. By the end of the second year, my egg sac was now equivalent to that same van with a trailer, and my stomach could easily house ten. It sure felt like it. And now? Well, now my insectoid abdomen is the size of a damned truck, and my belly could contain a small car. I sometimes feel like a little pimple sandwiched between two gargantuan egg factories, and in truth that is what I am: an egg factor. I am simply far too large and far too perpetually pregnant to ever escape again, and my Queen Mother and Baruva know it both. My reproductive organs are so incredibly busy that even the thought of moving so far is tiring.

Each day is much the same. I wake, bloated with eggs in my rounded dome of a stomach and my truck-sized ovipositor. I always continue to lay unconsciously through the night, and the aftershocks of pleasure from the act often accompany my waking moments. A stupendous hunger is always present at waking, and the drones are always ready with a gelatinous mix like honey that they feed me. I suck at it greedily. I once fought these feedings, but no more. I need them, my alien body needs them, and my young needs them. And after five years of constant birthing, it's impossible not to get attached to the many thousands of babies I have birthed into the world. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

Once I have finished consuming vast quantities of what is simply called The Syrup, I spend some time groaning and grunting, overwhelmed by how much I have consumed. My blue skin becomes tight like a drum, and I spend most of that time breathing heavily, rubbing my stomach with my four arms and asking the drones to do the same. There is a cream they apply that feels wonderful, particularly when my pregnant womb is stretched to its limit, and they spend that time applying this to my incredible egg sac also.

Then comes the self-fertilisation. Sometimes I begin birthing before this, and sometimes it happens later in the day. It is unpredictable, and I have never sensed a true pattern, other than that it is now always three times a day. My large insect dick grows erect and throbbing, and I pulsate with a need to impregnate myself. Like a vestigial limb outside of my control, it shifts, before plunging into my alien vagina and thrusting into me. I gasp and groan, often calling out words of pleasure. My entire body rocks during this time, and my heavy breasts leak their bluish milk all over my naked form. My egg sac trembles, pulsating also, the eggs shifting as I rock my incredibly wide hips. And then I cum, and I feel the strange yet deliriously blissful sensation of my own seed shooting into my own womb, and fertilising future eggs yet to come.

The rest of the day is birthing. Pushing, pushing, ever pushing when the pressure comes. It is instinctual now, and I am used to it, though not every day comes easy. The Queen Mother has told me this never changes; even she in her ancient lifespan still has days where the birthing is more full on, or the eggs larger than normal, or possessing little breaks in between. It frustrates me, but at least it separates the days somewhat. There is not a lot of interest that comes in constantly laying large eggs, except for when they hatch, and my young are continually placed at my breasts for a brief drink. Apparently this augments their immune system.

As for what I can do during this time, I am allowed to read. I have an immense stack of books - human as well as the Handorian written equivalent - that has been brought to me. Baruva's doing. I still hate her, but at least she's given me this. I also have a modern gaming console, though I cannot send messages on it. It helps pass the time to play fun games, though my skill has taken a deep dive due to my need to pause or push through as I grapple with numerous eggs descending out of me. Many a death in-game has come from when an unexpected instinctive need to push came over me, and my hands seized as I trembled, struggling with a particularly large egg stuck against my birthing lips.

And of course, I still have the power to visit my friends, from time to time, when it is allowed. This is more often than it was at first, and I can only imagine it is because we no longer possess any chance of escape. I'm not sure we'd take it if we could: Earth is solidly under Handorian control now, even if the human race doesn't know it yet. There's nowhere left to run.

Still, it meant the world to visit my friends, and it was what I was planning to do on this anniversary. They were my first and only friends, after all, and despite our warped and constantly pregnant alien forms, they were my dear friends still.

\*\*\*

It was rare, to all be in the same chamber, even for security reasons. Baruva and Queen Mother had allowed it: they were increasingly okay with us all meeting together, so long as drones were present to monitor us. I had just finished birthing a large clutch of thirty-four eggs, and my breasts were thankfully quite drained, though they were still heavy J-cup jugs sitting naked on my chest, and resting on my belly. And while I could always feel more eggs developing within me, I was luckier than Mia.

"It's good to - ahhh - see you g-guys," she stammered. She was on her side, as she often was forced to be these days. Like me, her ovipositor had swelled, growing longer. Except her birthing rate had only increased a little; much of its mass was instead dozens of large mammaries topped with long nipples, each of them perpetually filling with milk. The lines of boobs ran all the way between her legs and up her belly, with eight fat tits stacked upon her chest, gurgling awkwardly. She had fifty-eight breasts in total, and all of them were producing milk for the hive's many young. She was the feed-nurse, after all, and not a single member of the hive did not drink from her at one point or another. She grunted as several larva-like hatchlings swarmed a couple of her vacant breasts. She lifted three of them with her additional arms - she had eight now in total, one for each of her torso breasts - and placed them at her chest to feed.

"MMmhmhmm . . . that's better. Sorry, I really needed to be pumped there. Drink, my darlings. Drink you little buggers."

Ethan chuckled.

"What a lovely devoted breastfeeding mom you turned out to be, Mia."

She flipped him off with five spare hands to his standard four.

"Don't even start, Ethan! Of course I'm going to develop a maternal instinct when my entire body is devoted to breastfeeding thousands of babies - yours included, I might add, Ethan. Or should I call you Etania?"

"I'm still Eth - oh fuck! I didn't expect you to start right now - I'm still Ethan, I mean! Even if I'm always getting - oohhhh - fucked in all my vaginas."

The interruption came courtesy of a drone, whose long dick was being inserted into a vulva opening on Ethan's rear. The former prankster couldn't help but squeak in ladylike fashion as two more drones joined in, finding their own openings.

"F-fuck. I was hoping they wouldn't do this in f-front of you g-guys. Ahh! I was hoping it could just be us - oohhhh - three. No embarrassments."

"Maybe don't make fun of all my m-milk-filled tits then!"

"Well, they are p-pretty noticeable. Shit, this guy's dick is big. Damn, that means - ahh, ngh! - it'll be a big egg going in me."

"Good. Watching you squirm while my eggs are shoved inside of you to grow even bigger will teach you not to be so damn rude."

I coughed, and three more eggs descended from my womb into my egg sac. My egg sac - easily three times bigger than Mia's - trembled as they entered, making a loud gurgling noise.

"Look, Mia and Ethan, it's just going to have to be like this, okay? I don't think we should get embarrassed about this, anyway. It's not like we have a choice, right?"

We all exchanged looks. Ethan shrugged, before shaking her shoulders a little at the sensation of being fucked by a drone. We chose to let her save face and ignored it.

"You're not wrong," Mia said, folding her available arms, of which only four were left now.

"Yeah, good point Kalea."

I nodded, thankful that Ethan had used my new name. I hadn't fully accepted this new life of never-ending pregnancy and egg-laying yet, but I had accepted my true Handorian name. Mia and Ethan hadn't, and I respected that.

"Thanks."

Mia sighed, picking up another larva and placing it at another spare breast on her belly. They were in her large chamber, since it made practical sense for her to remain by the young that she needed as much as they needed her. Still, her glowing green eyes seemed to give each of them a look of care as they latched, or when the drone workers helped them latch on her rear or underside of her pregnant belly. Ethan hadn't been entirely wrong; she had developed a maternal love for the many hatchlings that suckled at her never-ending produce. She sighed as yet another latched, and it was clear even without psionic powers that despite the discomfort of being constantly filled with milk, the relief that came from having it drained was almost organic.

"Well, what do we even talk about?" she said.

I idly stroked my belly, feeling more eggs being generated within. "Did you hear the latest proclamation from our Queen Mother?"

The two nodded, both looking a little sad.

"So that's - ahhhh - so that' - oohhhh - so that's - ugghghh oh Jesus Christ can't I get a break from being fucked!"

Mia looked sympathetically at Ethan. "So that's it, then? Is that what you're trying to say?"

He nodded wordlessly as his body was gripped by orgasm. The drone tensed, overcome with pleasure also as it shot its load within him, lubricating Ethan's passage and making her ready to receive another egg.

"That's the one!" she squeaked, coming down from it. "So, we've lost. Earth is doomed."

"Not doomed," I corrected. "Just defeated. The Queen doesn't intend on killing the human race."

"Just enslaving us," Mia replied.

"Not us," I countered. "We're not human, remember?"

"Is this not enslavement?"

She had a point. I squeezed a few more eggs from my sac and psionically helped them to the ground as I considered it. "Yeah, okay. You're not wrong. But at least they'll still be allowed to live their own lives and the like. They just won't run things anymore. We will."

"Somehow Kalea, I don't think *we're* going to be in charge."

Mia seemed to consider something as a larvae detached from a drained breast. It visibly throbbed, filling already with more milk. "You're going to be in charge, Kalea. You're going to be the Queen someday."

"Yeah," Ethan said. "Holy shit, she's right! You can undo all of this!"

I shook my head sadly. "I won't be Queen for hundreds of years. By that point I'll be as big as her - though she thinks I might be even bigger. I'll be laying at least five thousand eggs every single day. I'll be completely immobile."

Both had their struggles, but even they seemed to shudder at that.

"I can understand what that's like," Mia said. "Even with this psionic shit I can barely ever leave this chamber because otherwise I'm just full to bursting with all this fucking milk, and I have all these suckers who need me. I . . . well, I can't abandon them."

Another drone moved to approach Ethan. He sighed. "Fuck, I don't even know if they're planning to put eggs in me, I bet it's just these damn pheromones. Look, you'd be able to get at least this member of Ethan's Rangers out, right Kalea?"

I thought about that as I looked over Ethan's form. Etania, as her Handorian name was. The princess gestator-imbiber had once been the tallest, fittest, and most stalwart of our group, back when we'd been human and she'd been male. Now, she was smaller than either of us. I was truck-sized just in my rear abdomen, and Mia was perhaps two-thirds my size, though a lot of that was her boobflesh. But Ethan was perhaps a third as big; her role was more specialised, and it was not a role she loved. Just as the last five years had seen my incredible growth in size, and for Mia had caused her to develop extra arms and a



ludicrous number of breasts (with more, I suspected from the protruding points on the side of her sac, on the way), Ethan had experienced her own changes. For one, her skin was now an incredibly vibrant shade of pink, and it was a colour Ethan was still embarrassed over. Powerful glands had developed in her body, according to Baruva, that now spread intoxicating pheromones to the male drones, drawing them to her presence and serving as an aphrodisiac. That step was necessary for them to lubricate and ejaculate into her many vulva-like openings over her form, of which there were now many more; her egg sac was the size of a large family van, and was peppered with places with vaginal passages for insemination. Unlike my smooth sac, or Mia's consistently breast-covered one, Ethan's was unevenly surfaced, with odd bumps and pebbled bulges along its surface. This was due to the numerous differently-sized eggs that had been inserted into her body, destined to become higher-class drones: protectors, defenders, nurturers, infiltrators, living-computers, constructors, and so on. Mia and I felt a little guilty about Ethan: much of the eggs she was carrying probably came from us. If I ever came to lay my own queen egg - a very likely thing in several hundred years time - then it would be Ethan who would gestate it for several decades in her body, her womb constantly at work remoulding and growing it to maturity.

The work certainly took a toll on my friend. She still remained the inventive, outspoken, and daring individual she had been as a human male, but much of her daily effort was focused on growing the clutches that were unbirthed into her, and pushing them out of whichever hole they happened to exit from. More than once I had seen my friend suddenly pause, stop speaking, and begin to gag and cough, her throat bulging as an egg travelled upwards and out her distended mouth. Despite the strangeness of it, it was clear that even her throat now had erogenous nerves that were stimulated by such action, and her pink eyes would roll back in pleasure as she finally birthed the egg from her mouth and psionically directed it into the hands of a waiting caretaker drone. In many ways, Ethan had always liked being in the centre of attention, and it was a dark joke she made now that she received 'special attention' from everybody. Even as overwhelmingly pregnant and constantly laying as I was, I couldn't quite imagine what her life was like, being constantly fucked and inserted with eggs, and birthing them from numerous sensitive and wet orifices..

"Kalea? You'd rescue me right?"

I brought my large mind back to her question, and smiled. "Of course I would, Ethan. You were my first friend. I'd get you out."

Her body trembled, a large inserted egg pressing against her belly button. Her vagina-like opening there expanded, and she grunted as yet another egg - one I recognised as belonging to myself - slowly pressed out of her.

"Oohhhh - thanks buddy, that means a l-l-lo-ooooohhht."

It drifted to the ground.

“God, at least that was a small one. I swear Mia, you lay the biggest fucking eggs that go inside of me. It took them like five freaking minutes to push one up my friggin’ ass the other day. I was drooling by the end of it.”

“I’ll be you - ahh - were,” Mia said, as several litres of milk dribbled from her belly-breasts. She gestured psionically to some drones, who immediately went running for more infants to feed from her. Her large nipples throbbed, needing release, and she clenched her eyes shut. “I make them real b-big just for you Ethan, ha!”

That did give us a laugh. It felt like old times, before we were alien monstrosities trapped in endless cycles of laying, self-fertilising, and . . . whatever Ethan’s deal could be described as.

“Hey,” Etania - I mean, Ethan - said. “What will you do? You know, when you’re queen?”

“That’s not for several hundred years!” I protested. Even just thinking about it made me have to bear down and push what felt like four or five eggs through my canal and into my egg sac. I grunted as they passed.

“Yeah, but let’s - ohh - let’s just say you were queen today. What would you do?”

I considered it. Mia’s own antennae twitched with interest, and for a moment, she forgot to take the squalling infant being passed to her many arms. It was only when another great spurt of green milk erupted that she hurriedly attached it and several others.

“Well, for one, I’d let us access the internet.”

“Hell yeah!”

“Fucking finally.”

“Hm, I’d also let us travel.”

“Won’t you be too big?” Mia asked.

“I think there should be a way, even if we have to spend a few years making the tunnels bigger. Even Queen Mother can fly psionically, so I should be able to, right?”

Ethan shrugged. Her pink breasts were leaking fluid, and out of kindness, Mia psionically carried a hatchling over to feed from her friend. Ethan grinned sheepishly in thanks. “I guess that could work.”

“Anyway, I’d let us travel the world. We’d be rulers of it, wouldn’t we?”

“You would,” Mia corrected.

“Still, I’d let us travel. See Paris. Fly by the Eiffel Tower. Go to Australia - I’ve always wanted to see it. Get out of this place.”

“Oh, I’d love that,” Mia said, “fuck that would be amazing. We could go to Hawaii, and lounge on the beach like I always wanted.”

“Yeah, you could wear a hot bikini,” Ethan suggested, trying not to laugh.

Mia shot him a glare, and all eight of her arms folded on her hips.

“Fuck you Ethan. Jesus, I was *never* a bikini girl before, and you know it, but I’d give everything now to be one instead of . . . this.” She gestured to her numerous mounds of mammaries.

“You could always wear whatever half of fifty-eight bikinis is,” he said with a chuckle.

“It’s twenty-nine, you innumerate idiot. And, well, uh . . . I think I’d need thirty two by that time. M-maybe more.”

Her green skin flushed a little purple with embarrassment as she pointed several arms to her large egg sac, where several obvious points were developing into new nipples.

“I’m still, uh, still growing more,” she said with an embarrassed smile.

“I’m sorry Mia.”

“It’s all good. It’s not like I’m not used to being f-filled with - ahhh, that was a good latch - with milk. Now, I’ll just be m-making more. But who cares, if we can one day relax on the beach right?”

“Fuck yeah,” Ethan said. “Nude beach, on account of us. And we could play psionic beach volleyball. Maybe I could even pick which drones got to fuck me; that’d be nice. Some are b-better than others.”

I smiled. It did sound amazing. “We wouldn’t be free, but I don’t think that’s ever happening. But maybe one day we can see more of the world, and shape it how we think would be best.”

“Ooohhhh,” Mia groaned. She rubbed two of her free nipples. “Sorry! I’m fucking myself right now, shit! I didn’t expect it s-so soooooon! The whole travelling thing just got me so excited! MMhhm!”

We both gave her a sympathetic look as her alien dick began to fertilise her body. Her belly visibly expanded as she groped her many breasts with her many hands, expelling large quantities of milk. Somehow, the sight of it was turning me on, and my own dick was hardening. Ethan’s was too, though at least his wouldn’t impregnate him; but it would work to help develop his eggs. What it did mean, however, was that his pheromones were also going wild. I could even smell them. A drone entered from around the passage and moved promptly towards Ethan, holding its erect cock in its hands. Ethan groaned in irritation as it rounded about to her face. Her face drooled reluctantly, ready to receive the male’s payload.

“Oh dammit. Sorry guys, this guy is going to lubricate my damned vagina throat with his cock. I won’t be able to talk for a few minutes, and an egg will be coming not too long after. I’ll try to listen. You just enjoy a little side chat while I swallow his cum.”

“Eww,” Mia said.

“C’mon Mia, no embarrassments, right? Besides, my stupid alien tastbuds are addicted to tasting their sperm. It’s so damn good it’s embarrassing. The Mother told me it helps my body perform its function. All I know is I can’t resi-mmhmphh!”

He didn't manage to finish the sentence, as the male thrust his big cock down Ethan's moist, sensitive throat, parting his vulva-like lips. Ethan moaned in ecstasy, before rolling his eyes at us, as if to say 'this is my new normal now, get over it.'

"I have to go anyway, I'm getting a bit too pregnant - ahhh - and need to get my eggs out."

It was true. My belly was becoming increasingly tight, and my egg sac was practically stuffed with hundreds of eggs that I was overdue to lay. It would be a long, long afternoon of laying, and I needed to be back in my chamber, alongside the Queen Mother. It was the price I paid, for visiting my friends from time to time. It was the price we all paid; even Mia had fallen behind in her feeding schedule, and I had the sneaking suspicion that the growth of new tits was partially a bodily response to our occasional catch ups.

"It was so great to see you both."

"You too John. Kalea," Mia replied. She looked a bit overwhelmed, and I could sense with my antennae that she wanted to simply lie back and let hundreds of young suckle away at her like piglets to a sow, and simply *be*. "You t-take care. One day we'll have Hawaii."

"One day," I replied, beginning to psionically lift my enormous, truck-sized heft.

'*One day*,' Ethan said in our minds. A drone worker was beginning to insert a large egg into her body between her legs, and she cooed even as she swallowed the other drone's issue right down her throat.

"I promise," I said, and left the two of them. Soon we would all be back in our chambers, still ever-pregnant, still ever-laying, still ever-feeding and self-fertilising. I didn't know if my words were right, but I could only hope.

*'Kalea, it is time to return to your chamber. You must continue to lay for our hive.'*

Bavura's voice echoed in my mind. I didn't fight her. She knew that one day I would be her boss, but for now and a few hundred years, she could 'guide' me to where I was meant to be. It made no difference, I was already moving back.

Back to push and push and push, and lay my endless clutches of eggs for uncountable years yet to come. It was, after all, my destiny, to become a mother to millions. To one day become the hive broodqueen.

**The End**