

STARSHIP JIGGLERS

Z.O.B. Industries

“Okay, girls, this is it.” Sergeant Jenny Rico clutched the straps of her drop-ship as it rattled towards the surface of Klendathu. “Those bugs wiped out all our menfolk, with that virus. They carpet-bombed our cities with fungus spores. But this is the end of the line! We’re taking them out!”

Beatrice “Big Guy” Johnson, formerly from Platoon 4-U, raised her hand. The girl was enormously muscled and had long blonde hair tied in a ponytail behind her gas mask, which she refused to take off.

“Yes, Beatrice?”

“Sarge,” mumbled the girl from behind her mask, “aren’t we supposed to have backup for this mission?”

Jenny scoffed as the other recruits, barely in their twenties, stared at her. “Backup is for sissies! We’re going all in, girls! So what if the bugs’ orbital bombardments took out our fleet ships? We’re on a one way trip to *revenge!*”

The platoon cheered her. Jenny grinned, clicking off the safety on her assault rifle. She was the most bloodthirsty soldier Earth can produce—ever since the Bugs had doused Buenos Aires in fattening, addictive fungus spores, she’d been unable to return home. And now she had nothing to lose. It was time to serve the cold, bitter dish of vengeance, possibly with an extra garnish of *murder*.

The dropship bounced and shook as it descended towards Klendathu. The roar and hiss of plasma bombardments flying past them made her nervous, but not as nervous as the prospect of having to deal with her squad. They were jittery, a bunch of fancy-pants recruits barely out of basic training. What was worse, they were *fat*.

The Bugs had learned humanity’s weakness early on. With a military composed of 90% men, it was easy for the bugs to launch a retrovirus into the atmosphere, and wipe out all the males in the military. Why it didn’t kill women, Jenny didn’t know and she didn’t care—but as it turned out, the after-effects were just as bad as the masculine holocaust.

The remaining women, who quickly started cloning menfolk, were faced with a choice. Keep fighting and risk total extermination, or surrender. They had chosen to keep up the fight... but with a sudden massive increase in food surplus, there were “cultural” effects.

In short, lots of women were getting fat.

It was partly due to extra resources, and partly due to beauty standards were falling apart. With no men to appeal to, and only a tiny population of willing lesbians, no one off the battlefields had any reason to keep slim. And Jenny could understand that... to a point. But it wasn’t just the high-class girls. Even the proletariat, women who weren’t allowed to vote without military service, were growing soft and flabby.

It made Jenny furious. They were at war with an alien species, dammit! But between combat sessions, her girls got bored. They went out to bars, they drank—a *lot*. They slept with each other, every night, furious passion quivering in their bunks even though it was against military law. And every single one of them had packed on weight.

Beatrice was their heavy gunner. She was chunky, sure, but it was mostly muscle. Then there was Amanda, their demo girl. She was flabby all over, stuffed to the gills on MREs and other junk due to orbital boredom. Fernanda, their sniper had an ass so big they'd had to special order ass-plates for her armor, just to prevent her cheeks getting shot off. And finally there was Damika, their ammo mule. She was a strong girl, dark and silent, good with a knife... but her gut was sagging over her pants, and squad rumor whispered that she'd been chugging heavy cream to cope with her PTSD. None of Jenny's squad was looking good, lately. Which made success even more important.

And while her girls got fat and neglected her duties, the war got worse. An alien fungal infection had already wiped out Buenos Aires. Nobody knew how to stop it—all they knew was ingesting it made people viciously hungry. They were compelled to eat, gobbling down fungus like addicts. If the Marine Corp couldn't find the source on Klendathu and exterminate whatever bugs were brewing it, Jenny felt certain womankind would be annihilated by the scourge. And then the bugs would have their pick of the survivors.

“Atten-SHUN!”

Her girls snapped into formation, and she marched along the dropship, heedless of its wild shaking. “Are you, or are you not, the best warriors the human race has to offer?”

“Ma'am, yes ma'am!”

“No you're not!” She poked Beatrice's stomach. “You're a fat bunch of lardos! But you know what? You're the best lardos we've got!” Some of them looked crestfallen at this, but others stiffened their chunky shoulders under their power armor. This was the moment—the moment when she separated the women, from the girls. Jenny thrust her impressive chest out, bosom heaving inside her power armor.

“Are you, or are you not, the baddest bitches in the galaxy?”

“Ma'am, yes ma'am!”

“Are we going to drop to this planet, kick ass, and roast bugs on an open fire?”

“Ma'am, yes ma'am!”

“That's what I thought!” The atmosphere-burn crackled on the outside... and then faded. There was a heavy thump, as they landed on Klendathu. *Okay, this is the insertion point.*

She raised her assault rifle. “Come on, you fat hoes! Do ya wanna live forever?”

“RAAAH!” The platoon cheered and raised their chunky fists as the hydraulic door opened, and then they poured out onto the surface of the planet like an avalanche of jiggling muffin-tops and armored, overfed chests.

Sergeant Jenny followed her team, rifle raised, looking nervously at the sky. She'd gotten a transmission on the way down—too much turbulence, they were the only Marines who had gotten to the surface. Everyone else had been forced to turn back.

And now, they faced a new threat. Klendathu had changed. Where before there was only a featureless desert, now she saw a massive forest of fungi and bizarre mushrooms. Through this forest of alien flora, huge bugs chittered and crawled, scattering at their approach. There were no drones, thank God, only mindless servitor insects.

“Hold!” She sniffed the air, curious, as the squad wobbled to a halt. Gasps and wheezes came from her squad, and Jenny burned with shame. These women were turning into a disgrace.

Well, they might die fat... But I'll make sure they die gloriously. She coughed as a strange, pollen-like substance tickled her nose. Something strange and sweet was floating on the wind, some sort of organic odor. She licked her finger and held it out, and a fluff of pollen stuck to it. *Klendathu is a garden now... and this weird fungal junk is everywhere.*

Suddenly, realization crashed into her. “Squad! Respirators, now! This is the same shit they bombed Buenos Aires with!” She fumbled with her pack, struggling to pull out an air mask. She slapped it on just as the strange xeno-fungus started to work its way through her lungs into her bloodstream. A strange hunger took hold of her... but she was breathing Earth air, sweet Earth air, and the bizarre urge faded.

Other squad members weren't so lucky.

Beatrice dropped her assault rifle. “Sarge... Sarge, I'm hungry.”

“Hold it together! Put on your mask, dammit!”

“I mean, I am STARVING.” She licked her lips, eyeing the tall towers of fungi eagerly. “I... I'm just going to have a little snack. Okay?”

“Beatrice! Don't—”

It was too late. The other squad members reached for her, but the chunky beefcake of a girl sprinted for the fungus, diving head-first into it. She ripped chunks of the moist fluffy stuff out of the ground, stuffing it into her face, gone completely mad with hunger.

“Mmf! Grrrmph, gllp...”

Sergeant Jenny raised her gun. Beatrice was in her sights, gobbling madly, eyes wide. A single pull of the trigger would end her obsessive eating, end the disgust her squad was forced to endure... But she couldn't do it. She'd trained with Beatrice—hell, the drill sergeant had pinned the girl's hand to a table with a fork right in front of her. *The enemy cannot reach her dinner, if you disable her hand!* That lesson had stayed with her ever since.

“Leave her,” she ordered the squad. “She's made her choice.”

Well, technically Bug pheromones had made her choice for her. But, same damn thing. She waved her squad forward... as the fungus began to grow around Beatrice, locking her body in a cage of calories. As the squad moved away, gas began to build up inside the trapped soldier, her glazed eyes brimming with tears as farts bubbled out of her rear and messy, fungus-reeking belches rumbled forth from her stained lips.

Soon they had left the lost grunt far behind, and were breathing carefully through oxygen masks in the midst of an alien forest of shrooms. The squad stayed in formation, but Jenny could tell they weren't up for a long journey.

Which was a good thing, because they were on a suicide mission.

There was no way the shuttle could take off again, not with all her squad members overweight and the thrusters damaged from landing. They'd barely made their way onto the planet in the first place, what with the Bug plasma blasts soaring through orbit at them. Now they were the only squad left with a shot at the big Bugs—the only squad that could save Earth.

If only they weren't so damn out of shape.

But without Beatrice, these girls were all she had. Earth's last fighting chance. *Well, time to get to work, girls.* She glimpsed a dark hole in the earth and waved her girls towards it. "It's a Bug-hole. You know what to do."

The squad, sweaty and gasping but still committed, charged forward. Each one leapt down and disappeared into the darkness... except for Damika, whose stomach was so swollen on pre-mission beer that she'd wedged herself in the hole.

"Aw, shit." Jenny planted a foot on her squad-mate's shoulder, and pushed. Damika's brown face scrunched up in pain, but she didn't complain. She was a loyal soldier.

"Come on big girl... Suck it in!" Jenny growled as she shoved harder. Finally, with a grunt and a soft *pop*, Damika disappeared down the hole.

With a quick sweep around the area, the squad leader climbed in as well. The last thing she saw before she vanished was the bright yellow sun of Klendathu, shining its vicious heat down on the jungle, making her pits sweat freely.

Something's not right here. This feels like a trap.

But she couldn't retreat now. Her country, her planet, was depending on her. Earth's fascist future was depending on her! Squeezing through a gap in the dark earth, she followed the creaking, flopping noises of her squad waddling towards their objective.

Catching up to them quickly—Jenny was easily the fittest of her squad, the only one still able to run a single lap—she took her position at the front lines. The winding, claustrophobic tunnel was the stuff of nightmares, strung with Bug saliva and nearly impossible to easily maneuver. There was a sticky substance underfoot: the fungus, which clung to their boots and kicked up puffs of dust every few minutes.

Jenny marched forward all the same. Duty propelled her forward into the dark, and when she arrived in a massive chamber lit by floating motes of pollen, she was in awe.

There were dozens of women in here: soldiers, like herself, merged with a huge pyramid of fungus. They were half buried in it, massively obese with cow-like eyes and drooling lips. Every so often one of the bloated women would sweep a hand through the fungus and drag it into her mouth, stuffing herself.

"Jesus. This must be what happened to the other squads we've sent down." She wrinkled her nose at the stench of the place: even through the mask, she could smell flatulence and the unmistakable reek of excrement. "They're completely zonked out."

“Should we terminate ‘em, Sarge?” asked Fernanda. She was eyeing the women with fear... and, Jenny thought, a tiny bit of envy. Those mind-controlled pigs didn’t have to worry about dying in battle, that was for sure. No, they would live a long and drugged life, as prisoners.

“Leave ‘em. Save your ammo.” They gingerly stepped around the entrapped, naked soldiers, fat rolls and muffin tops swaying in the breeze above them. As they were about to pass into another tunnel, a hand shot out and gripped Jenny’s arm.

“Feed... me...”

The arm was dangling with fat, dusky-brown and attached to a girl so obese she actually had eyebrow rolls. Half submerged in fungus, the former soldier licked her lips, belching a cloud of spores into Jenny’s face.

“Feed... me! More! **BURRRARP!**”

“Yeah, not today, honey.” She pulled away, leaving the swollen mass of fat flesh to fend for itself. As they piled into the next tunnel, she saw one of the small fungus-gathering Bugs descend from the ceiling to start stuffing mushrooms into the girl’s mouth. Rumbling farts mixed with something wetter emerged from the captive woman, and the fungus-slave’s eyes rolled back in ecstasy. Feeling sick, Jenny moved on.

Gotta focus. Gotta find the queen.

She and her terrified squad moved through dozens of chambers, all highly specialized and designed for various Bug uses: breeding chambers, intelligence rooms where glowing masses of phosphorescent rock displayed images they could barely understand. The team made contact with their first Drone just after one of these chambers—but it wasn’t the kind of Drone they were used to.

Bug Drones were crawling horrors that used their scissor-like mouths to snap Marines in half. But this one was... different. Its limbs were soft and puffy, chitin armor pushed apart by sagging flesh. Its body was chunky and swollen, a sack of fat dragging underneath it along the ground—the thing’s belly. Jenny ordered her team to take aim.

“Hold... Hold!”

She waited for the Drone to charge them, ready for the usual spray of blood and screeching. But instead of attacking them, the Drone simply bit into a chunk of the wall, which was covered in fungus. Gobbling down the puffy material, the enormous insect turned to look at them, before growing bored and returning to its feast.

Weird...

She ordered her team by one by one, and tagged the creature with an isotope compound for later pickup. The science team would be curious to find out why a Drone, nature’s finest killer, was behaving like this. But the answer came quicker than she expected.

There were signs the queen’s chamber was close. The weapons of failed Marine expeditions lay scattered around, and they even found a mini-nuke sitting in a pile of fungus, its radioactive core removed. The Bugs must have deactivated it—smart fuckers. Jenny felt her stomach growling as she looked at the fungus, and quickly glanced away. *Come on. Keep it together.*

“Boss,” said Amanda, “we’re low on oxygen.”

“I know.”

“Our supply isn’t gonna last much longer.”

“I know!” She was sweating under her armor, wishing she hadn’t eaten those last three burritos before takeoff. Jenny might be thinner than her compatriots, but that didn’t stop her from “indulging” in extra snacks to relieve stress. She was starting to wonder if the retro-virus that had killed humanity had given the rest of them a taste for junk. Her team sure as hell looked like it.

“Look. The Queen’s chamber is just up ahead,” she said, nodding at splashes of glowing pheromones on the wall. “Every Queen is also a Brain Bug, so you’ll need to take her honor guard down first. And there’s no going home, now. Our shuttle is fucked and we’ll never make it there without our oxygen.” She turned to her squad, or what was left of it. Amanda, Fernanda and Damika were all looking sickly and scared—not like the killer squad of Marines she needed right now.

“If any of you can’t hack it,” she said, looking each of them in the eye, “you’re welcome to leave right now. I won’t judge you.” *But I will shoot you in the back for deserting.*

They looked at each other, each one clearly tempted. Then Damika took off her oxygen mask, much to the surprise of the rest of them. “If I’m gonna get torn apart by bugs,” she said, tossing it away, “I’m gonna have a snack first.”

“Private Damika, put that mask back on.”

“Or what?” Damika tugged a chunk of fungus off the wall and nibbled on it, locking eyes with her commander. “You gonna shoot me? You need every soldier you can get, to assault the queen. And I ain’t going to die on an empty stomach.”

The others ended up siding with her, and Jenny watched with disgust as her team put down their masks and stuffed their faces with the strange fungus, eyes going hazy. There was definitely a narcotic element in that stuff—the girls ate mechanically, silently and a bit sloppily, gorging themselves like animals. Only once the whole tunnel was stripped of the material did they agree to go on.

Jenny sighed. “Look. You’re my squad, and I can’t stop you from eating alien crap if you want to. But let’s at least agree on one thing.”

Fernanda belched, chunks of fungus splattering down her front. “What’s that?”

“None of this goes in our field report.” The Sergeant sighed, and took a chunk of the fungus for herself... and bit into it. It was strangely delicious. Yeasty, flavorful and intoxicating, one bite made her feel sleepy and lazy and eager for more. She raised her rifle, firing into the ceiling. “Okay. Snack time’s over, fatties. Let’s go die for the State!”

They cheered drunkenly, staggering through the end of the tunnel into the Bug Queen’s chambers. The vast cavern beyond was covered in glowing fungal towers, and absolutely filled with Drones. The squad assumed position, soft farts squeezing out of them as they waddled through the room. But not a single Drone attacked them... because they were all too fat to move.

Every Bug in the chamber was greedily gobbling the yellowish fungus, their bodies swollen to a disgusting extent. In between the Bugs they saw more female Marines meshed with the fungal structures, their faces dumb and grinning or slack and drooling. High on alien shrooms, Jenny assumed—and she didn’t blame them. This stuff was *great*. What were they here for, again?

Right! To kill the alien Queen. *Buenos Aires... remember Buenos Aires!* These Bugs were the reason she would never ride a good dick, ever again. This fungus was the reason her girls would die flabby and stupid, instead of toned and badass. She hated the Bugs, even through her fog of dizzy pheromone-induced delight. Pushing past the bloated drones, she nearly bumped into one of the captive humans.

This girl was fatter than any they'd seen so far, a mass of wobbling meat covered with ropes of fungus. She belched a cloud of spores in Jenny's face, hiccupping. "Hey... there, soldier." The woman tried to salute, but her arm was so loaded with drooping clumps of fat that it simply wiggled slightly and then fell back to her side with a meaty *plapp*.

"At ease, Marine!" Jenny felt pity for the bloated girl, and a little bit of jealousy. Was this the new way Bugs treated their victims? Extra weight aside, it looked like a pretty cushy way to die. Overfed, and from the squeals and gasps of a few women around her, oversexed. The hermaphroditic Bugs were clearly in mating mode, and she could see several trying to mount the human women. *These bitches are getting more action than I've had in a year.*

"Report, soldier. What's **urrrrp**, what's going on in here? Why are the bugs acting so weird?"

The girl grunted, her eyes crossing and clenching. A sudden, liquid spattering sound made Jenny flinch... then she realized what it was. *Oh, God. That noise... She's generating more fertilizer for the hive. It's a complete symbiotic loop—the bugs eat the fungus, capture humans and the humans feed the fungus with their waste.*

She's a human shit machine.

"The fungus isn't... a weapon." The girl groaned with orgasmic delight as another spurt of "fertilizer" squeezed out of her, beyond Jenny's view inside the fungus structure. "It's a... parasite. We engineered it, to turn the bugs useless and stupid. But it **blurrrp**, worked too good..."

Of course. The bio-weapon worked on humans, too—a fact that the brass clearly hadn't considered. When the bugs bombed Earth with this stuff, they hadn't been trying to kill everyone—they were simply spreading their new master, the pheromone fungus, as far as it could go. "Thanks, soldier. You've done your duty."

"Sergeant..."

"Yes?"

The girl looked up at her, sobriety shining through her eyes for a brief moment. "I need you to... kill me. I can't live, like this. I used to be a psychic Intelligence Officer, now I'm... hnnnng!" *Pllpppprrrt.* "Now I'm a big, fat shit machine." She belched, moment of clarity fading. "Either stuff my face, or put a bullet in me. P-please."

"I can do one of those." Jenny raised her rifle, but as she did, a strange sound echoed into her mind. Telepathy, like the special cadet squads back at base.

So eager to kill one of your own, Sergeant? I thought humans were moral creatures...

"Who said that?" She spun around, gun sweeping the room, and was unsurprised to see the rest of her squad stuffing themselves on fungus, lounging on the floor. The material was already growing to

engulf them. She saw Fernanda struggling to get her armor off as the gurgling, blating flatulence coming out of her turned to something more solid. “Show yourself! Who’s there?”

You know me, Sergeant. I’m your favorite enemy... worst nightmare. I’m... Inside her mind, a rumbling guttural noise echoed—a psychic “belch.” Oof, that last batch is heavy. I’m, uh, I’m the Bug Queen, dear.

“Yeah? Well, come out so I can shoot you.”

Wouldn’t you rather have some food, first? It’s so filling... And you’re so hungry and tired. Relax, tuck in.

Jenny grunted. Normally, she’d laugh off such a request, especially from an alien monster. But right now she was starving, and a little scared. It couldn’t hurt to have just one more bite of that delicious fungal stuff, could it? Just one bite. Just one—

Thirty minutes later, she snapped back into control of herself. Her stomach was enormously bloated, stuffed to the brim with gas-inducing mushroom chunks, and she was lying on her back against a fungus tower that was gradually growing across her torso. She felt like she’d just come down off the biggest LSD trip ever.

“No... No!” She pulled away from the crawling tendrils, reaching for her gun. But it was gone. She saw bite-marks taken out of dozens of spires nearby, her own footprints wandering between them. Her squad was nowhere to be seen. She’d snapped, and eaten herself into a stupor. “Stupid... Gotta get up. Gotta kill the Queen.”

She staggered to her feet, belly swaying between her legs, torn free of the armor she’d unbuckled during her feast. Belching, she clutched at the mass of flesh and squinted as a massive fart blasted out of her.

PFFFrumpf...

“F-fuuuck.” She hated the humiliation of it, but it sure did feel nice to release some pressure. She groped for another mouthful of fungus, then threw it away. “Fuck you, lady! I’m still... In control!”

Sure you are, sweetie.

A shuffling, dragging sound—not in her mind, in the real world—was approaching her. She watched in horror as a vast, quivering creature oozed out of the darkness.

It looked like a Brain Bug... but partly human. A hybrid.

The shape was of an enormously obese woman sitting on a throne of fat, which extended out of the back of her head like some awful tumor, slithering towards her. The “train” of fat flesh coming out of her head was so big and mobile that she was riding it like a throne, tiny bug-legs at its base hauling its massive bulk around. The Queen was hideously beautiful, a marvel of genetic engineering, and Jenny had several moments of panic before the Queen calmed her mind, stroking it with psychic feelers of calm.

“Wh-what are you?”

A new Bug species. The fusion of hunger, and intelligence. The woman lifted her arm and a chunk of fungus broke off the mass around her, hovering in front of Jenny’s mouth. Eat, my dear. Eat and grow fat with the Hive. We want to be a part of you...

“Never!” She swatted the food away, reached for her field-knife... and then doubled over as a fresh burst of gas roared out of her cheeks. **BRrrrrapppt.**

So resistant! The Queen giggled, and her entire body shook like jelly. *I like you. Perhaps I'll keep you as my personal pet.* The woman smile, and licked her lips with a long, black tongue. *I'll need someone to wash my folds, soon... All the Drones are getting fat and lazy. Little sluts.*

“I'll never submit!” Jenny was getting dizzy, hungry again. And as the high calorie substance worked its way through her, she felt the irreversible urge to take a dump. She was hitting ‘fertilizer production mode,’ and fast.

You don't have to submit to anything. Just follow your instincts. Your girls know how to be themselves, and unwind, even here... An image of Fernanda and Amanda, entwined in flabby orgasmic delight, was beamed into her mind. *Why is it so hard to join them?*

“Because it's... **urrrph**, wrong!” The next round of farts was hard to contain, wetter than usual and held the promise of turning into something more obscene. Jenny's face went red with the effort of holding her bowel movements in check, and clutched at the flabby mass of her new gut with desperate terror. She wasn't a cow—she wasn't going to lie back and let these monsters use her as a gardening tool! She wouldn't do it!

Is it so wrong? The Queen's mental voice was soft, soothing. *Your kind have led an endless war against mine, for years. We killed your menfolk because they were so warlike, hoping your females would be wiser. But you weren't..* Images of the Bug Wars danced in her head, violent and brutal.

But now there's a chance, for peace. Through this new weapon, we can all grow fat and happy. Both species making love, and eating, and growing...

Jenny swallowed as she felt telekinesis slowly pulling down her pants. “St-stop it!”

Don't you want that? A release from this awful war? I can see it in your mind. You don't want to fight—deep down, you're just an animal, like all humans. You want to eat and screw and shit, forever. I can grant you that.

“No...” But her hands were reaching down, betraying her, tugging down her trousers and shoving off the armor on her torso. She was reaching for another mouthful of fungus, two mouthfuls, three. Gorging and swallowing and farting, tears in her eyes.

That's it. Just relax, and eat. Together, we'll fatten the stars... The Queen spread her legs, fat fingers reaching down to masturbate as she watched Jenny debase herself. *I can make love to you with my enormous mind, over and over. But isn't there something you should take care of, first?*

Jenny grunted. The concerns of the world seemed so faraway, now... Only eating and gratifying herself were important. She tossed her helmet away, hair flowing free. And feeling a new and powerful need, she squatted low over a hole in the fungus opening up just for her.

And for the first time in her life, Jenny Rico truly let loose.

PPRRRRBBLABBpppppt... Plop.