

Broodbug Island, Part 3 (Alien Insect Broodmother TF Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Konto Konto

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

Broodbug Island, Part 3

Jane and Matthew watched in astonishment as the eggs began to hatch. To him, it was probably little more than greyish blurs, but he could certainly witness something happening. But to the great broodmother, this was a climactic event as joyous as any birth-induced orgasm. She purred in an almost cat-like way as she watched the eggs begin to crack along their sides. She had begun purring several days ago, and wondered why - was it just the sheer size of the lungs she now possessed causing this, or another purpose? She felt now what was the likely answer: it was an auditory way to call or soothe her young. Certainly, it seemed the right thing to do, and so to her mate Matthew's confusion, she continued to purr.

"What are you doing?" asked Matt. There was something approaching fear in his voice.

"Calling them," she replied. She licked her sharp teeth, overwhelmed by the excitement of it all.

And then finally, one of the eggs cracked open. The side caved out, and a creature that looked much like a baby version of herself, minus the enormously long egg sac, began to crawl out. It was silvery white, much like herself, and did not yet have any of the gorgeously starry chitin plating that she possessed. Its head was more insectoid, complete with large, rounded eyes and a slightly pointed face, and it possessed two pairs of arms, instead of three. However, other markers of humanity were present in the structure of those arms, and in its body. Its legs too, which were strong-double jointed specimens, were still visibly more humanoid in look. The creature carefully crawled down the pile of eggs, eyes already taking in the world.

"It's - it's beautiful," she said.

"What does it look like?"

She described its look as it reached the floor and began moving to her. Matthew said nothing, but she was focused on this one creature, even as others began to hatch alongside it. The child did not cry, and in fact did not seem to show any emotion whatsoever. This momentarily worried her, and those concerns were emphasised when her antennae suddenly went wild.

“NNgh!” she groaned. “My antennae! It’s like they’re locking onto a signal and - ahh!”

They did exactly that. Suddenly, a connection formed, unbreakable, between herself and her young. The placid creature that looked so much like her, only a little more alien, immediately stopped, turned its own meagre antennae on her, and strengthened the connection yet further. She felt little more than blankness. Not nothingness, per se, but blankness. No personality existed within the youngling, and nothing ever would. It was, simply put, a drone. And yet she could now sense this semi-autonomous drone with ease.

“Oh my God,” she said, her purring ceasing for a moment. “I’m - I’m a hive creature.”

“That much is obvious,” Matthew said, his voice level and stoic once more. “You can’t lay this many eggs and not be, in my opinion.”

“No, my mate, it’s more than that. These babies are blank canvases. They don’t have personalities guided by instinct, they have *only instinct*. I can sense them, and . . . I think I can direct them. Wait a moment.”

More of them were emerging, dozens more. She locked her antennae onto each of them, and soon the organic apparatus on her head were doing so all on their own, not even requiring her conscious effort. Each ‘drone’ was far more capable than a baby, already able to move. They gathered to her, all around her. Matthew squeaked in a very unmanly manner as he was pushed aside by the drones, who continued to increase in number.

Form a line, she thought consciously.

They did so immediately, as if her single thought had been the directive of a central brain to their receptive nodes. In fact, that was exactly what it likely was.

“Holy shit,” she said, falling to crassness. She was very aware of her need to grow further, to make more of these eggs, but the realisation that she was creating an actual insect-like *hive* with her at the centre . . . it was astonishing to think of. She had been looking forward to babies to interact with, and this was a big switch mentally. And yet, despite their intensely instinctive nature, she realised that she had been wrong: they were not totally blank. They were more like . . . well, fish. Or pet hermit crabs. Or any creature that, while not displaying a personality in the strictest sense, was still a living thing with duties to perform, instincts to follow, and minor variations in how they went about doing so.

And perhaps that was enough, because when she put it that way, she immediately felt an overpowering love for them. A desire to be their mother and queen, to direct them in

ways that would allow them, and her, and the hive that she knew was their priority, to flourish.

“Come then, my babies,” she said, still purring in a soothing manner. “Feed. Come feed from your queen.”

They did so eagerly - they still needed to mature, after all. They crawled easily up her plates and silver body to reach her six breasts. Her upper pair and middle pairs had swollen slightly. They were still massive, but it gave a descending effect now: largest tits at the top, smaller (for a strange sense of ‘small’ at the bottom). They latched easily, taking her enormous thimble-sized nipples into their mouths, and began to drink greedily.

“Mmhmmm, yesssss,” she moaned. “Feeeeeed, my hatchlings.”

It was divine. The ultimate act of motherhood. She knew they would not need much drink. It would make no sense: how could she feed them all? Just a few minor feedings at best, and then they would have the necessary starting nutrients to survive, before moving on to the wonders of her Nutri-Paste. But it was still an act of great beauty in her eyes, and she was already looking forward to the prospect of perpetually being milked, and nursing her many, many hundreds of young . . . when she wasn’t craving Matthew’s seed to knock her up with hundreds more young, of course.

Her mate was largely silent as this occurred. He had given her space, retreated to the other side of the room, though he couldn’t quite escape her completely: her fifty-metre long egg sac tail was curled around much of the lab’s space, and so he backed into it by accident, causing her to chuckle.

“How wonderful is this, my mate?”

“It’s - it’s certainly something, my mate. I mean, Jane.” Again his voice was flat. She could detect a hint of fear in it. That was okay, she knew she had to give him time. He didn’t have his full sight back yet; she could delay revealing her full glory. In time, he would have to know, but hopefully by then he could accept her in full, despite her . . . largesse.

She was about to say something to him, to try to reassure him in some way while the next batch of hatchlings latched onto her breasts and fed from her milk, when something caught her attention. Her eggs were still hatching, and in fact by that point well over half of the original batch of over sixty had emerged, but there was one that opened a little more hesitantly than the others. While her gorgeous drones fed from her chest, she slithered forward, aided by the positioning of her longer double-jointed legs, and peered into this egg. There was something different about it, as if it had grown a little larger while left alone, and its surface even had a slight discolouration - more silvery and starry than those that surrounded. She hadn’t noticed when laying it, or even when inspecting them afterwards, but it was undeniable now.

“What are you?” she said, still purring with her breaths. She felt a bit of hunger, a need for more nutri-paste to indulge in, especially since she was finally losing milk and needed to replenish for her freshly hatched children. But still, she hovered at this egg, fascinated. Slowly, much more slowly than the others, the creature within emerged, and it was then that she understood - certainly, her antennae went wild enough to make the point clear as well.

She'd laid a little princess.

Like the other hatchlings, this adorable little alien baby had an insect-like abdomen, double-jointed legs, and two pairs of arms. However, it had a much more human face, like that of a baby's - the same, in fact - and was clearly much more dependent, being weak and requiring aid. It had eight nipples on its chest, denoting that these would one day swell to breasts, and its abdomen was larger than those of its drone-like brothers and sisters. It also had a full head of hair, similar in starry black finish to Jane's own.

Her eyes welled into tears as she took in the squalling form of her daughter. This, she understood, was a fully sentient, sapient being. A daughter who would one day grow to become a powerful broodmother and queen in her own right. The aliens clearly operated somewhat similarly to ant kingdoms - or queendoms - and every queen would eventually lay a princess who would go to found her own hive in the future.

“Amazing,” she said, lifting the child up. She was so soft - softer than her siblings - and deeply hungry. “That's right, my darling. My first little princess. Drink. Drink.”

Driven by a maternal instinct that was wonderfully powerful, she placed her first princess upon her chest - her upper most left breast - and let her stay there for a long, long time, even as the others rotated. She didn't notice when Matthew left. He needed the time anyway. For now, she wanted to hold this gorgeous little girl of hers, this future of the new family she was building, and pregnant with still, even now. She continued to feed and nurse for several hours, and when all the hatchlings were done and resting, ready to grow into their worker bodies, she continued to take cautious care of her princess.

“Raini,” she said. “I'll call you Raini.” She continued to nurse her, even as the urge to push more eggs from her mammoth womb overcame her. “Welcome to the family, little one. I promise that your father will come to love you too.”

Journal Entry #45: The Hatchlings

My children grow. Their maturation rate is astonishing to behold; they spring up faster than weeds, not that I consider one of them to be weeds. Their chitin is growing in, less bright than mine, and more white than silver on their undersides, but already each member is the

size of a ten-year old child, but with far more strength. They are programmed to obey my thoughts, and I feel their connection wherever they are. Somehow, my mind can concentrate and feel all of them at once, and direct them in groupwork or individual work as necessary. They do have some minds, though: they feel a rush of dopamine when they are given commands. This makes me feel responsible to them. Though I know they are effectively driven by instinct, they are still my beloved children. I birthed them into the world, and they operate to aid their mother in building our future home. In this way, I will fiercely protect them, and they will fiercely protect me.

It had been a week since my first eggs hatched, and two more clutches have hatched since then. No more princesses yet, but I somehow sense that my gorgeous little girl Raini will not be the last. My gravid body is destined to birth more future queens, I just know it. And more than that, I embrace it. More than one form of intelligent life can exist on this earth, and I am to ensure that my kind does not perish. Whatever happened to the original alien life that the artefact came from, I am glad I was allowed to join their race, or half-join it, if indeed I am half-alien. I will not waste the gifts they gave me.

Indeed, already our work has begun. My body continued to grow. I am now seventy tonnes in weight, and my length is now exceeding thirty metres in length. I suspect I could grow as long as a hundred metres, though most of it would be the long, snake-like apparatus of my womb, forever pregnant with progeny. This I do not mind; the island is massive, and we are working hard to make it habitable. Already my hatchlings have knocked down a number of walls through the complex. I must reside mostly outside now, but I can easily now move through the complex - and the laboratory - simply by entering from the outside. My worker children generate a fascinating sticky substance that hardens that they are able to use to form new structures and bind or mend old ones. The lab looks a bit like something out of an alien invasion horror film, but I am becoming more used to it: the glossy black and silver of this substance is around new entrances, and also buttressing the large canopies being constructed to shield me from the reign. A good thing too; my wings can only shield me so much, though I've discovered I can retract them into a space in my chitin so that they are not always out and 'about.' And thankfully my hips and thighs have swelled in size to aid my more . . . gentle manoeuvring in tight spaces, if not the larger movements. It's left me looking a bit 'bottom heavy', but then if one takes into account my entire egg-sac as my 'bottom' then some leg growth won't change a thing.

However, all this new renovation and change has frightened poor Matthew off. Well, perhaps I am being unkind to my mate. He continues to 'see' me, though his eyesight has yet to improve dramatically, but I worry that he fears what he sees. He clearly is concerned at the two hundred plus children we have that are now scurrying about. I have tried to explain their nature, but I think it makes him uncomfortable, so I have kept them out of his

way. Still, he has reacted more positively to Raini, though he has not held her yet. She requires constant feeding, but my ever productive body is there to meet demands, always.

I can only hope that I can persuade him to mate with me again. I would never force the issue, and I know that he finds the experience incredibly . . . pleasurable. Still, my body yearns to be impregnated over and over and over, and fill this island so that it becomes one great hive to build our civilisation upon as a new species, with my human lover as my generous mate who makes it all possible.

But he needs his time, and I shall grant him it. I can only hope that he does not need too much. To put it simply and crudely, journal, I am a very, very horny bug right now.

By the time that two weeks had passed since the first hatchlings had crawled out of their shattered eggs, Jane was nearly mad with lust. Her body craved being pregnant, and with all the extra growth she had attained - now over forty metres long, with a nine metre width and eight metre height at the thickest portion of her sac - she was constantly thinking of filling that new empty space. Indeed, for the first time there was actual *empty space* in her womb, and it was driving the poor broodmother mad. The only consolation was her darling little princess Raini, who cried and behaved just like a human baby, albeit without the mess, and that she was joined by a new sister: Sierra, whose colouration was surprisingly more like a dark blue opal. That excited Jane, the prospect that some hives would have their own dappling marks and colours, for Sierra's skin didn't have the kind of spotted stars on her silvery skin, but instead brush strokes like those of an abstract tribal painter. Now, both girls occupied prized positions on her uppermost breasts, which had bloated just a little further to accommodate the princesses' needs, needs that Jane was happy to meet.

More drones were ordered to supply massive bulks of nutri-paste, but the time had come to make the island self-sufficient entirely, and grow the material needed to convert it right there on the island. Her drone hatchlings were now fully grown, each about a head shorter than a grown adult woman. As far as she could tell, they were not sexless, but their genitalia was hidden, and her antenna largely determined their true sex. Perhaps there was a nature she didn't understand about them yet, but like as not it just existed as a backup in case the queen died without heirs and a new queen and fertilising specimen was needed.

She didn't have to worry about that.

Her worker children were therefore very hard at work expanding beyond the complex, working deeper into the island and establishing tunnels, structures of the crystalline goo (which looked like gorgeous black and silver marble once it had set fully), as well as

underground fields where newly ordered UV ray technology, rigged up to solar panels, could grow the crops needed to make nutri-paste.

It was all wonderful. Within just a few months, the drones would be entirely unneeded for anything but amenities and for what Matthew wanted. That was, if Matthew would just tell her what he wanted. He had withdrawn more and more, and it worried her. With her enhanced hearing she could always make out and sense his movements, and her hatchlings kept a distant eye on him, but on the whole she tried to respect his obvious desire for privacy. Still, it felt like a ticking clock at times: her eggsac was always swelling. Now, it had slightly darker skin where the ridges of the underside met, a result of being compressed together in order to help her movement across coarser earth. Continuous movement was now visible along her fatty flanks, where eggs transferred further and further towards her birthing lips. It made squelching noises, organic noises that she herself enjoyed as a symphonic celebration of her fertility, but perhaps Matthew was simply alarmed at. The fact that her eggs were now easily forty centimetres in diameter only made the sounds louder, and the birthing even more of an ordeal.

Of course, it also made the birthing a lot more pleurably orgasmic as well. Her future hatchlings would be healthy indeed. A good thing too: she knew she would be delivering them in the tens of thousands across her life. An even better thing that the private island she had purchased was impressively sized, and had an archipelago of smaller islands nearby. She'd done the sensible thing and organised that they be owned by her as well. She had the money for it.

It was all looking up. She was even feeling the urge to grow more, and so was greedily sucking down as much nutri-paste as possible, readying her hive - as she was increasingly calling it - to make their own stock. In fact, the hope was that their stock would be even better, allowing her to not have to eat as much in quantity so much as condensed quality, so that she could spend more of her time focusing on expanding her hive, birthing, and nursing.

She just needed Matthew. Her mate. And not just to impregnate her either, even though she was having to pleasure herself constantly just to cope, using her multiple arms to grope and squeeze her magnificently sensitive tits and play with her very hungry vaginal passage. Her clitoris alone practically caused her to orgasm at the slightest brush, *that's* how much she needed to be filled with more eggs. Hell, just imagining Matthew thrusting into her wet snatch - yes, she imagined her body in such pornographic terms the more incredibly libidinous she got - could make her tremble in a small yet not-inconsiderable orgasm.

"Hurry the fuck up, my wonderful mate," she found herself moaning. "I need your eggs. I need your seed. And most of all, I need you, my love."

Journal Entry #57: Needs

I need to be impregnated.

I need to be filled.

I need to grow.

I need to get heavier.

I need to birth so many more eggs.

I need to be sexually satisfied.

I need to feel my tits full of milk for all my hatchlings and princesses, so full I could practically burst.

I need to be so overheated with egg production that I need to continuously beat my wings and have my drones fan me.

I need to eat nutri-paste for hours on end just to sustain my sheer fecundity.

I need cock.

I need semen in my womb.

I need Matthew. I need his gentle, soft smile. I need his dry wit. I need his support more than ever. I need my mate.

God, I need him. I missed him.

It was several days later, as she slithered (perhaps *thundered*, given how loud her movements were along the beach and landscape) around the outside of the complex, that she suddenly heard a voice.

“JANE! JANE! CAN YOU HEAR ME!?!?”

Excitement filled her being - and there was a *lot* of being to fill by that point. Finally, the man who had been her student friend, her lab partner, her close ally, and finally her lover and father of her alien babies, was talking to her. Not just that, but yelling out to her - and quite unnecessarily given her improved hearing. She scattered her hive drones back to their jobs. Her two princesses were fortunately sleeping, though she had the good notion that another would hatch in a few days' time, potentially. For now though, her enormous body was free to race up to her lover.

“MATTHEW! WAIT THERE! I'M COMING!!!”

She surged forth using her immense, fifty-metre long egg sac, with tonnage now beyond any weight she had to measure her. Her powerful double-jointed legs kept her humanoid body righted, and she used her extra arms to keep her dribbling breasts under

control, though perhaps nothing could entirely stop them from jostling constantly, not that she minded. Her antennae searched the air, feeling for his emotions as best she could. Despite the sounds she was making, they told her he had an inquisitive air about him, and that bolstered her hopes further. If she could just talk to him . . .

She crested the hill to where he was on one of the many balconies. She had to be careful not to actually lean against it too much; she could easily collapse it, and while she could snatch him up, she didn't want to make him fear her any more.

"Matt," she said, breathing heavily. She was simultaneously pushing out a few eggs just from the effort, but it was not a full clutch, so she could largely ignore that for now.

"Jane," he said, squinting at her. Likely, his eyes were still not fully recovered, and the sun was not helping. She considered that a good thing for now. "I'm sorry for my absence lately. I needed time to think. Time to take in all of this; the babies, the hatchlings, your changes, even the alterations you're evidently making to this building and the island."

"I know it's a lot," she said. "So much. I promise you that I didn't mean for things to happen so fast, my mate. My love. It's just that they sort of had to. My body is changing on its own timeline, not mine, and the same is true of my children and their needs. *Our* children."

"Ours," he repeated, astonishment in his voice. "It still makes me so shocked to know I now have two hundred children."

"Three hundred and fifty four, actually."

His expression said it all.

"Sorry! I shouldn't have said that. I'm being annoyingly distracted by - ughh! - these damned eggs I need to p-push out."

"We can, um, talk another time if need-"

"N-no!" she said, louder than intended, her double-layered voice rising in pitch. "It's just that it's quite p-pleasurable, so I have to i-ignore that pleasure."

That made him smirk. "I imagine other women would be jealous that you feel such pleasure during birth."

She grit her teeth, sighed in response to a lovely final orgasm as the last of the mini-clutch left her. She directed several drones to deal with the eggs. God, they were useful - how had she handled things without them?

"It's a damn good thing," she stammered. "Can you imagine how nightmarish my existence would be if I experienced labor pains for all the hundreds of eggs I've pushed out?"

This time he actually laughed out loud, though in his usual way, it was arguably more of an amused 'harumph.'

“Thank goodness you don’t have that. Look, Jane, I’ve had time to reflect on what I’ve been feeling. Frankly, your changes scare me. I worry about losing you. But you remain yourself, just a . . . different version of you. A more outward, larger-than-life version of you - literally, as is the case. But you are still the woman who I happily became lab partner to, who I worshipped quietly for so long, and whom I fell in love with through your initial changes. This is a crazy new time, but I don’t want to lose you just because I fear losing you. Whatever your changes are, we’ll deal with them in time. I fear that you might never change back, but we’ll deal with that too. I don’t want to leave your side.”

She was overcome with emotion. Balcony be damned, she easily bypassed that particular problem: she lifted her lover with her multiple arms with ease, especially since her humanoid form was now at least 3.2 metres in height. He exhaled in surprise, but she smothered him into her naked chest, her dark eyes tearing up from the beauty of the moment.

“Thank you Matthew!” she exclaimed. “You have no idea how much I needed to hear that. I missed you, my mate, my love, so dearly much. I couldn’t do this without you.”

She drew him back to look at him. He reached out with a hand, and she helped him find the side of her face so he could brush her enlarged cheek. It was a wonderfully tender moment, and the two of them shared it in a loving silence, one that extended further with a kiss as her lips locked easily over his. Then, as if by some mutual agreement, or perhaps shared arousal in the moment, they began to make love. She caressed his adorably small body with her hands, brushing her talons carefully against his skin so that she did not damage, but instead massaged him with expert sensual precision. He in turn did what men always do best, and certainly loved to focus on: her groped and squeezed and sucked on her many breasts. He moaned in pleasure as he suckled at her great reserves of milk; clearly they were utterly delicious to him. Indeed, for a time it had been all he had consumed on the island, and she longed for a return to that status quo once more, for it pleased them both, and turned her on to be the one ‘taking care’ of and nursing her much smaller lover.

Already, that power dynamic of her as the dominant lover and him as the submissive was in play. She toyed with him, pressing him against her boobflesh where she wanted him, and letting him come up for air only as she desired it. She even slid him to the side so that he could caress part of her egg sac, and that too brought ripples of bliss as he squeezed the ribbed, fatty folds of her sac together.

“Ohhhhhh, yesss! I love that! Don’t stop!”

“I don’t know what I’m even touching, but I’m glad you like it.”

“I loooooove it! But I need you now. I need your dick inside me. I need to consume your seed and make so, so, so, sooooo many more eggs!”

She positioned him again, and his throbbing cock clearly indicated he was okay with this. Her vulva dilated a little, and once more began to tense its new alien muscles. Like a powerful suction cup, it clamped down upon her lover's penis and began to pump on it greedily, refusing to let go until he came. She realised embarrassingly that she'd have to be careful with that in the future: once her vagina clamped down upon him, she got the real sense her biology would refuse to give his cock back until it had milked him of all the sperm he had at that moment.

It wasn't a problem at that moment, however, because both of them were eager for just that occurrence. The suction of her opening pulled him hard against her, sandwiching him into her breasts. He drank from her, milking her other tits with his hands.

"Mmmhmm! So close! So c-close! Knock me up, Matthew! I want you to get me m-more pregnant with eggs than e-ever b-before! NNGHHH!!!"

He pumped inside her several times, but in truth, it was more that she was *pumping him*. Her body took the active role, suctioning and sucking and milking his big dick, massaging and squeezing and caressing it with numerous vaginal muscles she'd never before possessed. It was an act of ultimate submission on his part, and domination on the part of hers, and both of them clearly loved it.

Finally, he came. Matthew groaned, unable to even speak as he was drinking in nearly a litre of her delicious milk. But she felt every trace of his climax, because it spurred on her own. At the very moment that his seed poured into her tunnel, she cried out in ecstasy. She could feel the imminent arrival of his semen into her womb, and the impregnation process begin across hundreds, if not more, ovum in her body. She burst into a great cry that could likely be heard across half the island. Matthew had done his job alright. God, he must have not been masturbating once during his absence, because that was a mighty pent-up release, and she knew at once that she was over doubly impregnated than she had ever been in a single sitting. Just the knowledge of it caused her enormous egg sac to tremble fifty metres down the line in pleasure. Several trees crashed to the ground, splintered to pieces.

"Whoops," she said, grinning, her full teeth on display. "That was utterly worth it, however." She released him back to the porch as she gazed back at her length. "I think I just grew another three metres. That was amazing, my mate. We should fuck against just so you can make me -"

She stopped as she look forward again and saw his horrified expression. That was when she realised Matthew was staring at her in a whole new way. More than that, she realised that his eyes were working again. He was seeing her *fully*, as she was, sharp teeth and alien visage and all.

“Matthew,” she managed, unsure of what to say at all. The fact that her long tongue was in the mid-motion of snaking along her sharp teeth only made her feel more monstrous in his eyes at that very moment.

“My v-vision,” he stammered. “Somehow . . . during sex . . . your body fixed it, I think.”

He was slowly pulled his clothed back on - she had basically ripped them off during the act - but his eyes never left her body, tracing all over her claws, breasts, wings, and incredibly long and distended egg sac.

“I have no idea. I didn’t realise - you’ve changed so much. You don’t even - oh God, you’re not even you anymore. I was wrong. Fuck, oh fuck I was so wrong.”

“Matthew, I know how I look!” she said quickly, pushing forward. He staggered backwards, afraid. “But it’s not what you think! I’m not a monster. I should have told you the full extent of my changes, but I was afraid of what you’d think, and now that fear has made a self-fulfilling prophecy. Please, just - just stay here and we can talk and -”

She leaned forward again, and this time made a terrible mistake. Her enormous egg sac pressed against the reinforced balcony, but no reinforcement on earth could possibly hold her weight, angled as it was against the balcony. The concrete at its edge crumbled, and the entire feature buckled, angling down as if threatening to tip her lover off the edge. Matthew cried out in horror, running backwards.

“No! Matthew! I’m sorry, I didn’t mean - I would never hurt you!”

But it was too late, he was already retreating into the complex, sprinting like mad to escape this monster she had insufficiently prepared him to face. She cursed, tried to climb up to a nearby hole her hatchlings had reinforced, only to suddenly seize.

“Ohhhhhh - no! N-not now! I have to b-birth, I know, but I j-just need more t-time!”

But her body would not accept this. The impregnation process had started anew, and it refused to hand out favours now that production was back in business. She had to bear down, and all she could do was raise herself slightly further up against a more stable part of the balcony, plant her large insectoid legs there, and begin to push her eggs all the way through her birthing lips. She moaned in pleasure, but it was bitter pleasure this time. She needed to push these eggs out as fast as she could, then track down Matthew. She could do it. She knew she could.

But by the time she was indeed done, and had laid over one hundred eggs near the beach, she was exhausted, and her body ravenous with hunger. What’s more, her hatchlings were informing her via the hive mind that her princesses needed feeding, and that a third one had just recently hatched.

“M-Matthew,” she moaned, feeling another growth spurt coming on, another few metres added to her length, and width, and height of her sac. “I’ll c-come soon! I j-just need to take care of a f-few things f-first!”

But by the time all that had been taken care of, Matthew was gone. Jane lay on her sac in the great island garden, the whole ‘tail’ coiled around her like a snake, as she sent her hive across the complex and surrounding area to find her lover yet again. All three princesses were on her breasts, and many new hatchlings were in lines to take their first and only feed from her. Her job as broodmother of the alien hive continued, including the construction of new chambers for production and breeding.

But her thoughts were all on her mate. The man she loved. She needed to find him, and make him understand. Or at least beg for his forgiveness.

For the first time in a long while, she cursed her bloated body. As if to spite her, she moaned in pleasure and discomfort as it expanded another two metres in length, shuddering with the presence of more eggs than ever before.

Journal Entry I don’t give a fuck what number it is.

I need to find Matthew. He’s not in the complex. He’s not on the beach. He’s not even in the surrounding hills or caverns. He hasn’t commandeered a boat - I know he tried but my hatchlings are there. I wouldn’t have stopped him! But evidently he believes I am a monster now.

I cannot blame him. In a way, I have acted monstrously purely through my inaction. My application of mistruths. I made sure that our recordings of my bodily changes stopped, and I did not keep him fully apprised of what was happening to me. How else was he to react when he witnessed me to my fullest extent? I did almost nothing to prepare him!

And now he is gone, and I am stuck here, cursing my overly-gravid form. Of course, it is not my form I am dissatisfied with. I would not go back to being a small, lonely human again. But I am dissatisfied with my own decisions, and my own cowardice. Matthew always hid his emotions under the surface, so for him to react in the manner that he did suggests to me how powerful his fear was. I am caught in indecision: grow my hive and wait for him to come back to me, or go out in search of him, taking only some hatchlings to aid me when - inevitably - I have to stop to birth more of my increasingly large clutches?

But then, I feel I already know the answer to this particular riddle. I must go find him. He is my mate, and my friend, and my love. I have gotten myself into this problem precisely because I was passive, relishing in the pleasures of my form. In many ways, the role of a

queen broodmother is sort of passive: I am impregnated, I birth, I nurse, and I direct my hatchlings to see to the hard work. I have rested on the laurels of my largesse and paid for it.

Now I must become active. For the hive's administration, yes, but also for me. I languished in secret sorrow when my parents died. I will not lose someone else I love.

I will find you, Matthew.

Despite Jane's vow, there was still work to do in preparing her body before heading out. She still secretly hoped Matthew would re-emerged, but her investigation had already revealed - thanks to her hatchlings' search efforts - that he had taken a backpack and numerous supplies and fled north into the tropical jungle of the island, beyond the bridged ravine. To get across, she would need her hatchlings to work double-time with their ossifying 'goo-glue' as she was beginning to call it. They were crystallising a bridge strong enough for her to cross, though some clearly had reservations. In addition, she was having the milk from her many breasts routinely pumped in order to up their production. The hatchlings would feed her three beautiful princesses in time - Rainie, Sierra, and Harper - while she was away, using numerous bottles she had filled with her sweet natural nourishment.

While this dreadful wait continued, her body continued to bloat and grow. She was now well over sixty metres long and closing on seventy. Her width was impressive, to the point that adjustments had to be made to the sides of the compound, which was looking like a large hive centre of sorts now, especially given that her height and width at the fattest part of her egg sac was around nine metres and eleven respectively, and only growing. The fatty reserves at least helped her body continue to feed itself when she was away from her nutri-paste: she was counting on just that when it came time to leave.

Still, despite her constant worry for Matthew, she had to birth her existing eggs and oversee the hatchings of already-laid eggs. By that point, she had nearly a thousand children, and more hatching every two days or so. The island could easily contain a major metropolitan city with still half the space remaining for gorgeous tropics, so she was not worried about space at all. However, with the enormous strain (and pleasure) of the births, she feared losing herself in that role and not pushing forward to find her mate. Thankfully, she was aided by her pregnancy instinct: the need to continually mate and be impregnated kept her mind sharp. More than that, the memories of Matthew, and how much he had helped her for years on end, continued to bolster her also.

Finally, the day came to go find him. She had double, triple, quadruple checked everything. The bridge was finished - a black and silver construction that glowed with starry embers that shifted within its crystalline construction. She had fed all three of her daughters,

letting them drink deeply of what she had realised was a special milk she expelled purely for her princesses. But after that, she had also fed the new hatchlings quickly, all one hundred and twelve of them. She needed them strong and nurtured. The island was big, and she didn't know how long she would be gone. She cuddled each of them lovingly, staring into their adorable dark eyes, before setting them down in comforting little 'beds' of soft foam that the hatchlings had constructed.

"Be well, my dears," she said. "My little girls. Stay strong for your momma. I'll be back, and I'll bring your father, too. I just know he'll love you. Wait here, and your drone siblings will take care of you."

Finally, one last enormous gorging upon the nutri-paste, enough to leave the soft ribbed flanks of her immense sac full of fatty substance. Like a camel's hump, she could draw nutrition from them.

And then, with little more than her journal and pens and some other things in a sack around her shoulder, she slid to the cavern, and glided semi-elegantly across its expanse. It creaked under her enormous tonnage, but managed to keep her weight. A good thing too: her wings were great for cooling her body down, but would not be able to lift her. She fluttered them out of their folding spots nervously anyway, drawing comfort from their presence. It was good to at least imagine she could fly. Certainly, she hoped some of her hatchlings would develop that power soon.

"I'm finally coming, Matthew," she said to herself. "My antennae will find you. But it'll be me who brings you back. You'll see it's still me. I know you will."

Journal Entry #68

Two days already. Two days and I only go further across the island. I am on his trail. I can sense it, and that is no mere instinct: my antennae track his scent in the air, my improved eyes notice his tracks in the road, and I can hear the distant crackling of campfires far across the rolling island hills. The only problem is that I can only move so fast. My broodbug body is simply so large, so difficult to manoeuvre at this point, that I end up accidentally knocked trees over, splitting them apart and causing all sorts of chaos and destruction in my wake. Worse, it rained yesterday, and I had no true cover beyond the chitin which sprung up on my back to shield me. It is a useful feature, but it was still not a kind experience.

Still, it was a good decision to bring a number of hatchlings with me. I have had to stop twice to give birth to large clutches, despite my efforts at avoiding this. My body runs on its own cycle now, though, and I am clearly violating some of its instincts to stay with the hive: I hope that my hatchlings back there do not become too agitated in my absence. At

least I am able to direct groups of them to retrieve my eggs, just as they also feed my new hatchlings and my gorgeous princesses my bottled milk in my absence. I know they are all safe - literally, I pick up their hive signals of assurance - and yet still I worry. I understand my mother's words now, when she told me how nervous a young mother feels when separated from their child, even if only for a few hours. Here I am two days out, and I almost feel like I'm going to break down. I miss their gorgeous little alien faces, the love they have for me without even realising it, the comfort of them against my chest.

God, I miss just having anything on my chest to suckle from me. My breasts are so full they feel like they are about to explode, and there are now hatchlings, princesses, or even my mate to feed me. I thought I came close earlier today to Matthew's position, but I simply cannot be stealthy with this enormous body. Worse, even when I find a plain or stretch where I can move less conspicuously - even if I am incredibly visible - the squelching sounds of my eggs redistributing and shifting in my body echoes out for hundreds of metres. I am working on gaining greater control of them. It is only freed from my activities and rituals in the compound that I have been able to test the limits of my control of this form. My thighs, my legs in general have grown in strength, balancing me more efficiently. And I am also starting to find that hundreds of smaller muscles within my egg sac do not just operate autonomously: I can take personal control of them if needed, and shift about my eggs as needed. Hopefully, I can learn to move them about with far less ruckus.

Regardless, I know that I am near him. He cannot evade me forever. If Matthew wishes to be free of me, I will get him home safely, and I will mourn the loss of my mate forever. But I will try to make him see that I am still the woman he loves, only, well, much bigger than she was before.

Tomorrow is what it comes down to, that much is certain. I hope I am ready. For now, I shall simply settle down for the night, try my best to milk this incredibly overfull chest udders of mine, and spend some glorious hours birthing some more eggs. I will mark their location for the hive to retrieve in the morning.

Jane wasn't wrong. The next day did prove to be the one. Three days after setting out, she had almost reached the other side of the island, and that had been a journey of nearly continuous travel using the immense muscles of her impressively long egg sac. The land was higher here, and more treacherous. Birds scattered at her presence, and numerous wildlife was disrupted by her movement through the jungle. It was only thanks to her increasing control of her snake-like behind that she was able to minimise this damage. Her antennae worked overtime not to disrupt nests, sleeping nocturnal creatures in trees, and so

forth. It was of great concern to her that she was not presenting herself as the monster Matthew clearly feared her to be.

But then, around midday, just as she was feeling an agonising need to express her milk and give herself an hour's pause, maybe even to birth, something changed. Her antennae throbbed, shifted, pointed in the direction of a new signal. A new scent.

Or rather, an old one she had longed to feel again.

"Matthew!" she said, shocked. "My mate! He's near! MATTHEW! MATTHEW IT'S ME!"

He was further up hill, where the forest jungle gave way to several ochre-red mountains and winding chasms. It was a beautiful area of the island, and greatly inhospitable at that. He was likely attempting to lose her there: she could sense he was running.

"No! Not until you at least break up with me formally!" she said, trying to find a reserve of humour in her determination. There was a giddiness to her that she had not felt in days. Her mate was so near, and her body was immediately flush with arousal for him, desiring so much impregnation to make up for all the days absence of his touch. She reined in that instinct as best as she could, but she still gave chase. Her enormous body thundered through the forest and up the hill. Trees crashed and splintered and blew apart at her passing. She took the straightest root, her powerful double-jointed legs racing to keep her steady as her worm-like behind used its undulating muscles to their fullest extent.

Finally, she burst forth with a powerful, victorious roar from the treeline, out onto a craggy plain. Right where Matthew was moving from several hundred metres away.

"Matthew! MATTHEW! MY MATE!!!"

She was so excited to see him that her double-layered voice echoed in an almost bestial fashion across the craggy landscape. Jane instantly knew that this was the wrong tact to take: her poor lover looked shocked. Shocked and terrified.

He began to run.

"No! I didn't mean - wait, Matthew! Let's just talk!"

But he had already passed the lip of the hill, and was descending down to the winding chasms, hoping to lose her. She gave further chase, her egg sac rippling with raw power, her energy summoned from all the reserves of fat she had prepared for herself from the nutri-paste. She soared over the lip, crumbling part of the rock in her wake. Her movements shuddered the earth, causing it to quake heavily. Ahead, a rock tumbled off the chasm wall, falling an easy twenty metres or more to crash upon the ground, such was the impact of her against the earth. It only seemed to agitate Matthew more.

"Please, Matthew! I love you! I'm not going to hurt you! Just . . . goddamn it! Just listen to me!"

“Stay back! You’re not her, you’re not my Jane! I don’t trust you not to hurt me!”

He ran further into the canyon, and she pursued. She was driven more than a little by frustration and anger as much as love and concern by this point. She just wanted him to understand, but he was being so stubborn. Her arousal wasn’t helping either. But even she knew how she appeared, like a great titanic beast, a Tyrannosaur thundering through an ancient landscape, pursuing a fleeing man.

And it looked even more like that image when she realised the mistake Matthew had made when he took a left turn: the tunnel ended, with only one way out. The way she was currently barrelling towards.

“Please, just leave me alone!” he cried. He reached down to grab something, anything, and ended up with a small rock to defend himself.

It was at that moment that Jane knew she needed to stop before she terrified her poor mate any further. She arrested her movement as best as she could, planting her powerful insectoid legs into the ground and summoning all her egg sac muscles to pull to a sudden stop. It caused her immense, spiralling tail to rocket up, coiling around the chasm like an enormous hose, pressing up against itself. The squeezing pressure alone sent dozens of eggs oozing out of her tip, pushed out rapidly and thankfully caught by other parts of her sac. She moaned in unexpected pleasure, a series of orgasms rocking her body and causing milk to slosh and spill from her breasts. The eggs rolled unharmed to the ground, and she spent a moment quivering in the aftermath of such a sudden birth of so many eggs at once.

“OOhhhhhhh, ahhhhh . . .”

To Matthew’s eyes, it must have been quite the spectacle. He clutched the rock feebly, his arm shaking.

“Please! I just want to leave. I couldn’t take a boat. I don’t want to be harmed.”

Jane drew a little closer, holding out all her arms to show she was no threat. Her breast dribbled milk to the ground, far too full by this point. She was so much taller than him at her 3.2 metre height, but she did her best to present herself as small and nonthreatening as possible.

“Matthew, it’s me,” she said. “I’m sorry, I should have told you how much I had changed. I was afraid of how you’d react, and it ended up being a damned self-fulfilling prophecy anyway. But you must believe me, I would never hurt you.”

His eyes darted about. “Where is that army of yours? The one that was guarding the docks and preventing me from leaving.”

She slapped her forehead with her lower left hand. “For God’s sakes, Matt. My ‘army’, really? They were on the docks helping fix up the area so my damned body would blast through it if I travelled there. They didn’t know how to react to you because they’re just

part of my hive - they're like worker drones in a bee colony! They were never going to attack you, they know you're my mate and they weren't even old enough to attack besides. And how would they attack you?"

"They might have swarmed me," he said.

"Granted," she admitted. "And I can imagine that would be terrifying as a prospect. But they don't even hurt a fly! They're helping create fields to make this place sustainable to live in, and they eat the same nutri-paste I do."

"But those teeth of theirs. Of yours. Predatorial."

"And humans are omnivores, what's your point? Yes, I occasionally have meat, or tougher slabs of nutri-synthetic meat, at least. And humans can technically eat each other. Do they?"

But still he held the rock, quivering.

"Matthew, this is so unlike you."

"It was a fucking big shock, seeing you like that. I knew you were large, and I knew you have multiple, er, breasts, and the extra arms. But all of it - the armour plating and the eyes and the claws. For God's sake, Jane, what am I supposed to think?"

She drew closer yet again, but this time he didn't back up against the wall further. His eyes were searching, trying to find the Jane he knew and loved.

"Matthew, this is *my* mistake. I held the truth because I was afraid. I was afraid of losing you . . . and now I have."

She broke down in tears at that point. She was hormonal, and tired, and in need of milking and birthing and mating, but most of all, she was simply overcome with sadness at what she had done, and what she had lost. She bawled, sobbing relentlessly, her enormous egg sac sagging as she collapsed to her knees - though they hovered a little, due to the egg sac's enormity keeping her 'afloat.'

"I'm s-sorry, Matt. I never m-meant things to be this way. I l-love being like this. I r-really do. I just n-never meant to scare you away. I love you. I really, really love you. And n-now I can have a f-family again. We have th-three little princess daughters I want you to m-meet. But if you need to leave, I'll take you t-to the docks, and help you leave f-forever. I'm so, so, so sorry. Goddamnit. I'm a f-fucking monster!"

She wiped her eyes, almost unable to see she was so overcome with sorrow. Her entire, seventy-metre long body quivered and shook heavily from her sobbing, and it made the ground rumble a little. This continued on for almost thirty seconds before her antennae sensed a change in Matthew. Slowly, hesitantly, he moved to her side, staring up at her. His eyes were wide, but she could barely look at them, afraid of his judgement.

But instead of receiving said judgement, she instead felt his hand brush against her thigh. She managed to stop crying for a moment, and beheld that he was also stroking her

pregnant ovipositor, marvelling at the fatty ribs that worked to keep the hundreds of eggs within safe. He circled back in front of her, and was just barely able to reach her two lower pairs of breasts, brushing across them. She tensed, moaning softly, and just that contact alone was enough to make them expel further streams of milk down her front.

“OOhhhh,” she moaned. “M-Matthew. What are you d-doing.”

“Admitting that I acted foolishly, too. I’m a scientist, Jane. You are too. We both know the risks and fears of alien incursion. And seeing you when my eyesight restored . . . I jumped into a panic, and that panic pushed me all the way to here. I’ve been an absolute idiot. And you are not a monster, not at all. I - I see that now. And in fact, in your own, utterly unique way, I can finally see how beautiful you are.”

She wiped her eyes with her upper arms, lowering hand down to caress his shoulder tenderly. “You really mean it?”

He smiled. “I do. I’m sorry too, Jane.”

She laughed awkwardly. “I shouldn’t have chased you. I felt like the T-Rex from *Jurassic Park*.”

He chuckled also. “It felt like it also. It didn’t help the fear, I can tell you that. But the old Jane would move heaven and earth to get what she wanted and to achieve the impossible, and now I see that this new alien-hybrid version of her is just the same. Your body - it’s astonishing! You must be half a hundred metres long.”

She placed all of her hands on her humanoid part’s hips. “Seventy metres,” she declared with a certain smug pride, and still growing. All thanks to you and your wonderful mating skills, I assure you.”

He blinked. “Well, I’ll be. That’s . . . God, that’s incredible, I suppose. And you’re okay with all of this?”

“I am. That’s what I’m trying to tell you, my mate. My love. I truly am. I’m more pregnant than I could ever imagine, and birthing huge clutches of eggs forty centimetres in diameter once per day now. I’m always full with milk - God, I’m so fucking full right now, you have no idea - and need to consume so much to keep going. But I’m a powerful broodmother, Matthew. A new species, one that always has a family, and will never be alone. And . . . you can be part of that family, if you’ll still have me.”

Matthew was silent for a time. He looked up at her, as if seeing her in a new light.

“You can take as much time as you need!” she continued, a little sheepish. “You can even go back to the US and stay there. We could keep in contact, and when - if - you feel comfortable, maybe then you could come back. I would be patient. I’d be horny as all fuck and *desperate* to be impregnated and bred by you as my mate over and over and over and oh God just about endlessly, but I’d wait until you were ready. And if you weren’t ready, and you didn’t want to come back my love, then I promise you I would accept and -”

Matthew stopped her short.

“Jane,” he said, stroking one of her lower nipples, gazing up at her face. “I’m staying.”

More tears welled. “Are you s-sure?”

“I am. When you aren’t vigorously pursuing me, I can . . . well, I can see the beauty. And I could never forgive myself for leaving the woman I love, regardless of the form she takes.”

She gave a little snuffle. “Do you mean it?”

“I do.” Matthew’s stoic expression changed just slightly to take on an image of amusement, and perhaps a little flirtiness. “And besides, I’m suddenly remembering just how amazing all that babymaking sex was, aren’t you?”

“God, I’ve never forgotten!” she expressed, laughing. Her breasts quaked from the motion. “My body is so fucking wanting to make more right now. I can’t even tell you how much.”

“Why don’t you show me, then?”

“What do you mean?”

Then, to her surprise, Matthew gave a wink. He caressed her form, all while looking up at her. “I don’t like to see the woman I love in pain, or having to wait. Why don’t you let me take care of your frustrations?”

“Please don’t joke about this Matt, I’m so fucking horny it’s agony.”

“That’s exactly why I want to help you. I know you want it. And now that I fully understand that you’re the woman I love, still, I know I want it too.”

“Oh, Matthew. My mate!”

She took him, lifting him up with ease and embracing him against her milky chest. Her hormones immediately spiralled out of control, and she was unable to repress her needs. She kissed him, animalistic in her lust, and he returned those kisses.

“M-milk me! Nurse from me! I want you to drink from me like a baby! I want you to feed from your q-queen!”

“Yes, my queen,” he responded, licking his lips.

He nursed from her, drinking in great gulps even as he rubbed and stroked her other nipples, causing each to spray milk like fountains. She withdrew from him briefly at his request, so that he could stroke and massage parts of her egg-sac tail. It was pure ecstasy: she never knew how erogenous the whole ovipositor was, but during the sexual act it clearly gained a lot of sensitivity.

“Ohhhhhh yessss! My mate! That f-feels wonderful!”

“But you want more, right? You want me in you? You want to be bred?”

She shook her head, that dominant need flaring once more. “No, I want to *make you breed your queen.*”

That seemed to stir further excitement in him. She pulled him against her body once more, and their humanoid halves came together, hers much larger than his. Her vagina dilated open once more, and this time it sucked him forth, clamping down upon his cock as he was helplessly pulled to her nethers. It was pure delirious bliss, and both felt it. Her altered genitalia sucked him off like a separate pair of lips giving the world's greatest, most responsive blowjob.

"Oh God, you're s-so tight, so w-wet!" he groaned. "This is e-even b-better than before!"

"I've had practice with you, my mate," she teased, raking her claws lightly across his back, massaging it but not tearing skin. "I want you to f-feel ultimate pleasure. I w-want to drain you. You owe me. You owe me so many b-babies. You owe me thousands. God, I want you get t-to get me pregnant forever! I want - OHHHHH!!!!"

He sucked on her upper right breast, tasting her milk, relieving yet more pressure. She was so close, and she could sense that so was he. More eggs shifted in her sac, ready to be laid, but she controlled their flow more easily now reducing the noise and rumble along her exterior. She didn't want to disrupt this lovemaking. She wanted her lover to cum more than he ever had.

"About t-to c-cum!" Matthew managed writhing against her. She stepped up the pace of her lower lips, twisting and turning around his cock, massaging it to its fullest. She even tickled his wonderfully full balls, sliding her wet expanse like a tongue along their underside, urging them to ejaculate their entire contents in one go.

"OH GOD JANE! OH G-GOD!!!"

She seized with him as he *exploded within her*. Her lower lips drain in, guzzled every drop of his sperm, taking it right to her womb to fertilise hundreds of her would-be eggs. She could even taste his semen down there, as if it truly were a blowjob, and she swallowed and swallowed every last drop. He pumped several more times, more sperm than he had ever expended in one go, and from his long, bellowing groan she could tell this was the hardest he'd ever climaxed as well.

A good thing the same could be said of her as well.

"I LOVE YOU MATT! MY MATE! BREED ME! MAKE ME PREGNANT WITH YOUR YOUNG!!"

She bellowed it to the air, scattering flocks of birds. Her double-layered voice was two tones of repeated ecstasy, a delirious song of divine bliss that lasted so long that she briefly wondered if she'd ever stop being impregnated.

But finally, Matthew was fully expended. Her lower lips released him and he collapsed back into her many arms. She held him lovingly, and he looked up at her too.

"That was amazing, yet again," he said.

“And we can do that as many times as we want on this island.”

“It won’t make you too pregnant?”

She giggled. “Trust me, this body doesn’t know boundaries like that. I can’t not be more and more pregnant. And I love it, especially how virile my mate is.”

She lifted him up for a kiss, one in which her larger lips enveloped his. Her scaliar tongue met his softer one, intertwining briefly before they parted.

“So what do we do now?” Matthew asked.

“Now, you can hop on my back, lover, and I’ll take us home, where you can meet our three little adorable princess daughters. You’re going to fall in love with them just like I have, I just know it.”

He smiled. “Very well then, let’s go. I think, after surviving in the wild these past few days, that I’m ready to see civilisation again, even if it is alien civilisation. Hell, *especially* so. The scientific benefits would be astounding.”

“And the personal ones,” she teased, stroking his private parts for a moment. “Now zip your pants back up and we’ll - nnnghhhh! Eeuurgh!”

She lowered her lover to the ground. He looked alarmed, looking around for any source of danger.

“Jane? Jane! What’s wrong!?”

“N-nothing my love,” she said soothingly, purring once more with satisfaction as the first of many contractions came. “I m-may just need an hour to b-birth a couple of h-hundred eggs.”

His eyebrows raised, which made her grin all the wider.

“What can I say? I’m a b-big broodbug momma!”

And then another contraction was upon her, and she bore down to give birth. Her mate watched in fascination, seeing fully for the first time as she laid their next clutch. This time she sensed it straight away, something that made her ecstatic.

“L-look at that egg,” she moaned, pushing again, “the one j-just coming out now. The sh-shinier one. S-say hello to our newest l-little daughter, my love.”

She saw it in real time: Matthew began to swell a little with pride.

Jane continued to eat, breed, fuck, nurse, grow, and ultimately birth, over and over and over again until an entire year had passed since she and Matthew reunited. Her body swelled, until finally her egg sac reached its enormous apex, a stunning one hundred and twenty two metres in length in total. It was fourteen metres wide at its largest point, and eleven metres high, and her tonnage was utterly incalculable by that point: it was always shifting, after all,

given the immensity of her eggs, their constant movement, and the fact that her large fat reserves on her underside and flanks were often either swelling themselves, or being used when she expelled extra energy. Jane was easily the largest living organism on earth, greater in size and heft and mass than even the immense Hyperion trees in California. Well, Matthew liked to correct her in his matter-of-fact way that some fungi and aspen tree colonies spanned entire colonies, but she didn't count colony life, perhaps simply for boasting power.

"Besides, my mate," she teased, "you don't want to tempt me to grow any larger, do you?"

Matthew just chuckled softly. "What can I say? It turned out that after an initial fright, that I'm really into big women. Well, one woman in particular."

"Awww, you little cutie. I could just - nnggh! Well, it'll have to wait."

"Birthing again?"

She smirked. "Aren't I always? Fuck it, you can get me knocked up while I'm pushing these eggs out. I bet it'll be even *hotter*."

And it was. It was fairly necessary by that point anyway: Jane was constantly birthing so often that if she wanted to keep mating with her love then she'd just have to learn how to multitask anyway. Her hatchlings were legion by that point, numbering well into the thousands, though the exact number was not something even she knew anymore. Her hive had expanded beyond her wildest imaginations, and just like the hive of a queen ant or termite queen it was one that went deep through the earth and into the ground. The island was impressively large, but its underground bedrock was far, far larger, and her hatchling drones worked well to craft elaborate tunnels, chambers and antechambers, and all manner of locations. They even tapped an immense thermal spring large enough to hold half of Jane's body. It became the place she washed and cleaned herself in - well, her drones did anyway - and generally relaxed in. Plus, Matthew very much liked it.

The drone orders continued, shipping in books, games, lab equipment, televisions, wiring, power generators, and so forth. With modern human technology and the ingenuity of her incredible brood, they were able to make the immense hive an ever-growing underground space, more than big enough to support not just one huge alien colony, but several for her daughters. Her princesses numbered at six now, and it seemed her gestation of them had largely slowed so that overpopulation didn't become a big issue. Their development was similar to that of ordinary human children, and thus they were effectively just a little over one year old each and crawling about, dragging their miniature egg sacs behind them and babbling constantly. It melted her heart to see, and Matthew had become a terrific father to them. They adored him just as much, not even questioning his difference. To them, he was simply their father, and he had a unique talent for making them laugh. The

stereotype was true: even the most stoic of fathers got silly with their kids in order to entertain them, and Matthew was no exception.

She came to reside further underground, finding comfort in the cave system her hatchlings had made, but she was often up in the gorgeous tropical sun as well, particularly since that was her mate's preference. Matthew continued his study of their civilisation and biology, recording it for posterity. One day they would reveal themselves, after all, when they could be certain they would be safe. But that time could be a long way off, and in the meantime their family grew ever larger, much to Jane's orgasmic pleasure as she birthed and birthed over and again.

Still, even in mid-contraction, she always found time to make her way up to the surface to see her mate and surprise him. The compound was now fully repaired, with various access areas for her. Matthew worked on the third floor, and it was often a fun game to surprise him, rising up on her snake-like tail to flirt with him openly.

"Feel like some breeding, my gorgeous scientist?" she would joke.

"Absolutely," he would reply. "I needed a break anyway."

And with that, she would roll herself around so that her fatty underside was presented to him. "Then slide down, lover. I'll meet you at the bottom. But then, I'm already there with a new clutch."

He rolled his eyes. "We can't always be in two places at once. Or three. Or several timezones in your case."

"Watch it!" she teased. "Now hurry up. I love the feel of you sliding down me."

He did just that, climbing atop her underside, which was twisted face up, and sliding down the three stories all the way to the bottom, and then further all the way to the beach. She groaned in pleasure: not only was it fun, but it felt quite stimulating as well. He walked the last stretch over her ridges, only to become briefly stuck, his foot wedged between two fatty folds of her ovipositor.

Jane giggled. "Need some help, my love? You seem a little stuck upon me."

She was privately very smug, and doing little to hide it. It was surprisingly arousing to find that she was so big, swollen, and gravid with eggs that her own mate could get stuck in the folds of her ridges.

"I'm fine, thank you!" he called back, managing to pull his foot out.

She smiled, hoping for the day where he really did need her help. She could always stand to swell up a little more. Still, Matthew continued the last part of the walk along her greater length causing the eggs within her to bump and shift audibly, something that caused her to giggle.

And finally he reached her end . . . by which point her humanoid self had slithered and shifted back down to form an enormous loop.

“Well done,” she said, coiling over to her lover, who was already hard and clearly aroused. “You’ve reached the end. Now come enjoy what you’ve earned.”

He did. Repeatedly. The island was filled with the sounds of their lovemaking, and by the end, she was happily impregnated with a hundred more eggs. They clung to one another happily, him so small in her arms, and she loving the size difference between them. It was a dynamic she planned to enjoy in the years and decades to come as they continued to grow their hive colony together, she as his alien broodmare queen for the rest of their shared lives.

The End