

The Life Aquatic, Part 1 (Aquatic Giantess TF Preg)

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Irshad Khan is a researcher working in a top secret biolab that contains alien artefacts, and obsessed with learning their secrets. But when the funding to her research is cut, she takes matters into her own hands, kicking off a transformation that will leave her utterly changed, and utterly gravid with alien young.

The Life Aquatic, Part 1

Entry 1:

The funding has been shut down. That idiot Johnson pissed off the wrong politician and now we're being mothballed. I could kill him: we were so close! We've managed to translate much of the assembled fragments, even decode some of the technology. No, it doesn't appear to have any defence applications, but the cultural worth alone, not to mention the potential advancements in bio-engineering! We're sitting on top of the only known alien artefacts in the entire world and some short-sighted suit could end our discoveries to fulfil some grudge.

Typical.

I asked Johnson what we should do and he just turned to me and said, "what even is there that can we do?"

Coward. The bastard even had the gall to tell me that maybe this could be a wakeup call, that I was "working extreme hours" and not "focusing on personal matters." He even said "I wasn't getting any younger."

Fuck you Johnson. I'm thirty six years old. Still plenty of time to have kids. I know what he was referring to. He thought Arturo and I were dating or something. The kid is lovely, but it's just a fling. Some nice steam. If he is smitten with me then that's on him: I made it clear to Art at the beginning that this was just a 'friends with benefits' thing. He doesn't even know I'm already in the process of 'going it alone.' The IVF enlistment has already started. But this hasn't helped my stress levels.

We've got only a few months before we're shut down completely. I'm going to have to find out what I can from these artefacts, and hopefully save the program. There's going to be a lot of sleepless nights to come, I imagine.

The Project

Irshad Khan had made the study of the artefacts her life's work. She was of Pakistani descent, with brown skin and a long, finely sculpted nose. She was taller than average for a woman, standing at 5'7, and she had a slender build. Her hair was jet-black, and always tied back in a tight ponytail that gave her a severe look: appropriate, as she was generally regarded as a pretty intense and deeply focused individual, particularly when it came to her work.

Ever since she had been a girl, bioengineering as a concept had fascinated her to an unusual degree; the idea that in the future one might have the power to sculpt and change one's own body, remake it into something new. It was exciting beyond measure, opening up new possibilities of what a body could be. She had enrolled in a top university with the highest of marks, and after graduating was involved in several high-paying research projects before being snapped up by the government. She was offered an incredibly high clearance with high pay to work on a top secret project at a reclusive biolab. The offer was too good to resist and, after uprooting her life for the mission, it was there that she would work for over five years until the present day.

Once the powerful NDAs and contracts were signed, and her background heavily checked, she was given access to the project directly, and what she was shown astonished her: alien artefacts. Real, actual alien artefacts, recovered from a dilapidated wreckage subsumed into the Arctic wastes. Much of it was destroyed, and the remaining shards of broken technology and alien scripts were almost impossible to decipher. But enough had survived to study, and alongside linguists, physicists, engineers and other scientists, she got to work: her job was studying the devices of the alien species referred to only as Species Gamma. They had a part-organic structure to their metallic sheen, and contained a number of foreign biological agents that were kept highly secure.

The research was known as Project Gamma.

And so she had worked, and worked, and studied, and worked. It gave her joy, despite her inability to share these amazing discoveries, to be able to plumb their depths and slowly understand them. It was the greatest scientific find ever, and one day when it was released to the public, her name would be upon them. But as rewarding as it was to slowly uncover more about Species Gamma - which were seemingly an aquatic species that somehow made it to the stars - it was also often a lonely life. Dating was difficult: who wanted to date someone whose professional life was under lock and key and couldn't even be discussed? Not to mention that whoever she dated would have to be checked over and cleared by the government. That meant no foreigners, no tourists, no one with family under

investigation, no one with a history of anti-government posts, or drug records, or a criminal offence on their record, no matter how minor.

It cut the dating pool down quite significantly, which was a shame, for despite her intense nature Irshad was a quite libidinous woman. She enjoyed casual sex quite a lot: it was a good way of getting rid of the latest work anxiety or celebrating a new advancement in discovery. But it was difficult to partake in a little night time pleasure to destress herself when every partner had to be personally vetted, and as such she ended up finding it much easier to sleep with coworkers instead. She was not alone in that regard: nearly half of the researchers and staff were unmarried, and many experienced the same stumbling blocks in finding relationships as her. It was generally an accepted agreement that it was all fun and casual, and despite her beauty none took her advances as anything but what they were: a desire for a one night stand to relieve some tension.

That was, until she met Arturo Diaz.

Entry 2:

Only a month to go until we're mothballed. They're making us sign NDAs soon, another batch of them. Seizing out equipment, even our journals, the bastards. They're burying the past ten years of our hard work just to appease a man who wants to advance his own political career without a care in the world for the advancement of the human race! It boggles the mind. But then this is always the way: anti-intellectualism is a tide that we must continually buoy ourselves above, or be sunk into the depths.

We have little time. Already Johnson and the others are packing away our greatest finds from Species Gamma. We had a working language basis! A solid understanding of their chemical processing and use of entanglement waveforms has already been developed, and I was so, so close to cracking their use of biological agents for genetic engineering. They undoubtedly used it; even the brief language we've been able to decipher indicates they modified themselves for local environments, hence how they were able to leave an ocean environment and take to space.

It makes me furious, and the truth is it also makes me deeply sorrowful. I have given my best years to this project, and during that time I have neglected other prospects. I have always loved children - Arturo often jokes they're the only type of people I actually get along with and can be cheerful for - but I have none of my own.

And now I never will. The doctor's have confirmed it. I have a form of early onset fertility. My window closed nearly five years ago. IVF treatments will do nothing. My eggs cannot even be properly harvested for surrogacy. Adoption is always an option of course, but it is not for me. I wanted a child of my own - I still want that.

To have the prospect of a baby taken from me - as well as my own 'baby' in this project - it makes me feel powerless and desperate. It also makes me contemplate courses of action that would be radical and deeply unwise.

I do not intend to turn this journal over to the government.

Arturo Diaz

Within a couple of years into Irshad's role within Project Gamma she was provided with a lab assistant. Arturo Diaz was a full decade younger than her - twenty three at the time of joining - and fresh out of grad school. He was of Mexican descent, with orange-brown toned skin and short brown hair. He was tall, around 6'2 in height, and his build was a little lanky. He had a moustache and goatee that he was a little too proud of; always trimmed and neat. Despite not being her usual type, she found him attractive, in a cute sort of way. Perhaps it was his energy: despite his brilliance, he was a very laid back and calm individual, happy to wait for results in their own time and talk philosophy, life, and fishing - so much fishing. The man truly loved fish, and would often visit the nearby lake with his silly kit and tackle hat just to sit back in a foldout chair and catch very little.

"A good haul," he would often say, even when he caught nothing. To Arturo, a good haul could often mean soaking in the sun, taking in fresh air, and enjoying the ambience.

She was not sure of him at first, but the two quickly found themselves to be capable partners. While Irshad was constantly working, often stressed and severe, her intensity proportionate to her lack of progress on the artefacts, Arturo on the other hand - though he preferred to just go by 'Diaz' - gave a relaxed atmosphere to the proceedings, and always had the materials and tests ready exactly when she needed him.

"You read my moods well," she said.

He just shrugged, gave a smirk. "That's what a good lab assistant does, right?"

It was, and he continued to be an excellent lab assistant, even passing up offers of work elsewhere in the lab. At first, Irshad was too busy with the latest breakthroughs to realise why that was. She just assumed he was cleverly hedging his bets upon her discoveries as being the major ones to crack the Gamma mystery.

The truth was far more pedestrian and chemical: Arturo had developed a liking for his older boss. And slowly - perhaps a little embarrassingly slowly, given her advances on more equal members of the wider team - she came to realise this. It was the occasional glances, the look in his eyes when he brought her coffee, the way he laughed a little harder in her presence, defended her theories a little more persistently when in the company of others. Irshad wasn't an idiot - she knew she was attractive: she may be approaching her mid-thirties but she possessed an ageless quality that was aided by her Pakistani ethnicity:

wrinkle lines gave her a look of wisdom, not decrepitness. And Diaz was attractive too: he had a magnetic charm that made others like him quite easily, his work efforts having quickly reversed the perception that he was not driven enough. He simply managed himself well, and possessed the unique ability to make her intensity lessen.

Still, it was a question of ethics. But then what ethics were there when dealing with alien technology in a remote lab while hiding from the world?

After a year of subtle glances, the two of them had finally gotten together for the first of several flings. They were staying late - later than even the rest of the crew - as Irshad tested the reactivity of some of the strange chemical particles from the orb-like artefact.

“Another coffee, doctor?”

She nodded. “Thank you, Arturo,” she said.

“You can call me Diaz, you know,” he said in his relaxed, almost musical tone.

She turned to him. “I prefer Arturo. Everyone else calls you Diaz.”

He beamed. “Well, ain’t that a thing. I’ll take it. Anything else I can do for you, doctor?”

“If you can get me the samples from the -”

“The centrifuge? Already in front of you.”

She looked, startled. They were indeed. She sighed and gave a slight chuckle.

“It *is* late. What would I do without you, Arturo?”

A shrug. “A lot more running around trying to find the latest test results, I’d say.”

“Hmm,” she responded. She stared into his eyes a little longer than she normally would. He returned the gaze. Their bodies were quite close.

“Doctor, maybe there’s something I can -”

“Arturo, I’m tired.”

“Oh.”

“Let’s just go back to my place, okay? I feel the need to destress.”

The shock in his eyes was palpable. “Oh, um, wow, okay-”

“If you’re comfortable with it. It’s just a one night stand.”

He spluttered, clearly shocked. “I’m more than okay with it, doctor!”

“Irshad. When off duty, call me Irshad.”

“Okay, doc - Irshad.”

Less than an hour later their bodies were entwined upon the bed as they made love. She was pleased to find that Arturo was a kind, selfless lover, and not a bad one at all, if a little inexperienced when compared against herself. Still, he was certainly well endowed, and that went a long way to pleasing her. She moaned in pleasure as he thrust his hard penis into her passage, and she gripped him with her thighs. He kneaded and sucked at her breasts and nipples, prioritising her pleasure above his own.

“You’re so beautiful Irshad!” he exclaimed, as their lovemaking became faster, more animalistic, “I’ve wanted you like this for some time!”

“I kn-know!” she replied, on the cusp of orgasm, “I c-could tell - eventually. Now make me cum, and I’ll let you do this again s-sometime!”

He did. And she did.

And then they did, again, several times.

It was a steamy relationship lasting several months. It wasn’t dating, but neither was it entirely a ‘friends with benefits’ situation either. The two were exclusive, not dating or having relations with anyone else inside the workplace or outside it. But dates were not on the cards, despite Arturo hinting at it several times. Irshad was too insistent on her research, too captivated by the possibilities of Species Gamma.

And then, almost as quickly as the ‘relationship’ had started, it cooled off.

“I’m sorry, but it was just a fun few nights of de-stress, Arturo, nothing more. I don’t want you to think it was getting any more serious than that. We’re making progress now, and I don’t see as much reason for it.”

“Oh, okay Irshad.”

“Doctor.”

“Doctor. I - I understand. I’m sorry if I thought it was something more.”

“No offence taken. We can get back to work now.”

Still, things were never quite the same between them after that, and on the rare occasion that they did wind up in the same bed together after a late night of working and tests, it had an air of clinical pleasure-seeking to it. Both were aware that it was just sex, and only sex, though sometimes his eyes lingered on her, clearly hungering for more. She felt bad at those times, not wanting to lead him on.

Entry 3:

The project is officially dead. My notes have been seized, my data taken, my journals locked away in a secret filing cabinet somewhere. Project Gamma is over, and I have wasted my life and fertile years on this mission, which has come to nothing.

Which is why I have done what I have done.

This entry is not a confession or an exercise in criminal pride. It is simply a record of my own thoughts; an explanation for why I committed the unthinkable. So I shall put it here plainly as part of the record: I have tampered with the records in the last month, altered files, and mislabelled artefacts, all for the purpose of stealing what I believe to be the most significant relic of Species Gamma and absconding with it.

And I have been successful in this reckless task.

To my knowledge, the fool-headed authorities responsible for the seizures have no idea what I've accomplished. The sphere is perhaps the central technology of the Gamma species, at least from what we have discerned - thankfully, we only discerned this late enough that it was easy to misapply the label to another artefact.

And now it is mine. I don't yet know what to do with it. But I believe it holds the key to both understanding the Gamma species, as well as solving my infertility issue.

After all, the alien species were exceptionally talented at bioengineering.

But I will need time.

Time and help.

The Request

The project had been mothballed, and Arturo went his own way. He was talented, a skilled lab assistant who by all rights should have been a lead researcher, even at the mere age of twenty six. It wasn't long before he found a job with a biotech company and had a stable income once more. It was a shock at first to suddenly have a social life, to no longer have to go through security scanners and have his social life investigated. Of course, he couldn't tell anyone what he'd been up to the last few years, but his credentials spoke for themselves. He even got a little back into the party life again, though he felt he was already aging out of it.

Still, he missed the calm life of Project Gamma. The secrecy had been irritating, and the fishing wasn't great, but there had been something intensely exciting about being with a small group of dedicated professionals, working on the greatest discovery of their lifetimes, even if they couldn't share it. And, of course, he found that he deeply missed Irshad Khan. He'd never been into older women until he met her, but the intensity of her being struck him, and she was indeed very attracted, being just as intense in the bedroom as she was in the lab. And he got the sense she rather enjoyed him, even if there was that perpetual somber realisation that she did not view him the same way he viewed her. It had been a foolish notion, and one that he needed to get rid of, but he'd already turned down several dates with prospective girlfriends, and he couldn't deny that he felt like he was just that little bit still in love with Irshad.

Which was what made him astonished when he received an email from her.

Arturo,

Need your help with something. Little side project I've been cooking - been looking into residual specimens of interstellar explosions and their warping effects. If you're interested,

I've got a cozy cabin on the Olympic Peninsula right now. If nothing else, we should reconnect. If you want to come visit, it's a wonderful stay with an exciting view of things. I've attached the address below.

*Sincerely,
Irshad*

"Well, I'll be," he said, a massive grin spreading over his face. "The Olympian Peninsula? A cozy cabin? I hear Washington is rather nice this time of year."

He had just gotten a new job, but screw it, he wanted to see her again. There were other jobs, and besides, he'd be okay working as a humble high school lab assistant the rest of his days if it came to that.

"Wherever the wind blows me," he chuckled to himself, as he often did. Words to live by, and thrive by.

He was already booking plane tickets before he'd even answered Irshad's email.

"Worse case, we can just have some good old fashioned fun together. Though why the hell is she into astronomy all of a sudden?"

A number of confronting facts were staring Arturo directly in the face. For one, the cabin was very isolated, located near the heritage landscape preserve along a mountainous pass, utterly secluded. For two, it was not a cabin at all. It was an old laboratory, long disused but recently fixed up. Almost reminiscent of Project Gamma's hideout, in fact. And three, the facility was ringed by a large steel gated fence that was *electrified*.

"What the fuck, Irshad?" he said to himself.

There was the sound of the steel doors of the facility opening, and Irshad Khan emerged, wearing a labcoat.

"Arturo! Glad you could make it," she said, her voice hurried. "I see you still have that moustache."

"And goatee!" he said proudly.

She clicked a button on the doorway, and the gate he was in front of opened. He got back into the car and drove it in, and she directed him to a garage. She sprinted, shutting the garage as he left, and ushering him back inside.

"Irshad, this isn't a cabin. What is going on here?"

She shushed him.

"Inside first. I trust you deciphered my email."

"I - what?"

She raised an eyebrow and cocked her head to one side as she folded her arms. It was a common look she gave when he didn't understand something or she thought he was being silly, and it made him feel a little stupid.

"Oh. I thought you would have figured it out."

"I take it you're not looking at distant galaxial explosions then?"

She sighed. "Come in. We'll talk . . . elsewhere."

Feeling oddly nervous, he followed her. All his things were in his hired jeep, but he was more invested in whatever this place was and what his former colleague and lover was up to. The complex was massive, and it descended into a large series of study bays and chambers that must have been used for military testing. It looked like an old Cold War military bunker.

"It is," she confirmed. "Long abandoned. It was a site for retreat in case of nuclear war, but a crack in the foundations made it useless. But it is an excellent location for hidden experimentation away from the rest of the world. I've managed to jury rig some generators, install lights, and get a lot of the basic features functioning. Some solar panels on the roof - most of the power comes from hydroelectricity, however - there's a large river and lake nearby that also provide our fresh water.

"Um, our?"

She gave him an exasperated look as they stood in the great grey chamber. Her voice echoed through its expanse as she spoke.

"My God, Arturo, you really did think this was a romantic getaway, didn't you?"

"Well, you advertised it as such. Sorta. I'd just assumed . . ."

She gave a brief smirk before falling back into irritation.

"Arturo, what are galaxial explosions called?"

He thought for a moment. "Gamma ray bursts," he said.

It clicked.

"And you said residual specimens - artefacts! Holy fuck Irshad - artefacts of Gamma? And 'reconnecting' and 'exciting view of things' - oh my God, how did I not see it. You're - the program is running again?"

Her face told him everything.

"It's not?"

"No."

"But *you're* still studying them."

"I am. *We* are, if you're interested."

"I would be. You know I would be, doctor," he said, falling back into his term of address for her while on the job. "But we don't exactly have an actual artefact since -"

Irshad pulled a cloth from over a table she was standing next to, and Arturo gasped.

An alien sphere sat upon the table.

“Tada,” she said flatly.

Entry 4:

It's called, in the words of the Gamma species, the 'Seed of Desire.' I believe it is the key to rejuvenating one's own fertility, thus allowing a species to produce young even after they are rendered fertile by the radiation of space, the ravages of time spent crossing the void, or simply to induce a pregnancy by some fashion.

Yes, I admit my own purpose with the device is somewhat self-interested in nature. I want a child from my own body. I wish to be nurturing, even if I have never particularly come across that way to others I know this is a deep want that I possess. I truly believe I would be a good mother, a loving mother, one who would teacher her teachers and raise such wonderful, brilliant minds. I have not told this to anybody, not even Arturo.

The Seed of Desire may contain the cure for my infertility. I believe it will cause the changes in my body necessary to alter its genetic code, and remake my reproductive system, perhaps even make it self-fertilising! The prospects purely from a scientific standpoint are fascinating, but I require an aide. Someone I can trust. As such, I have invited Arturo to the new biolaboratory I have found. Working closely with the government for over half a decade has allowed me access to some forgotten secrets, and this place is one of them. I have done all I can to get this bunker running - it even has a pool.

But now that it is running I can bring my old laboratory assistant here, and he can help me in my quest for both understanding and motherhood.

I just hope he won't think I'm insane.

The Seed of Desire

Arturo looked at her like she was a crazy person when she explained her plans.

“You're insane!” he said.

“I thought you might think as much, but I'm committed, Arturo. I truly believe this is the best cause of advancement for scientific achievement. It is the last avenue left for our experimentation - there are no more clues from here. The worst case scenario is that it doesn't work.”

“No, the worst case scenario is that it kills you.”

“Hmm, true. But I doubt it. Highly doubt it. Besides, I believe you were meant to be the calm, laid back one in this relationship. Professional relationship, I mean.”

Arturo sighed. She wasn't wrong. He was feeling quite highly strung and *she* of all people seemed more relaxed, albeit still with that low-level intensity that she exuded.

"Fine," he said. "It's not like I can convince you out of this. And you're not wrong; it is the last thing we haven't tried, though I imagined actual tests of exotic matter upon the human form would be far more . . . controlled."

"We don't have the budget or staffing for that. It's just us, Arturo."

He sighed. "You're really going to insert that thing into your body? It's not exactly small."

The Seed of Desire was roughly the size of a closed fist, perhaps a little bigger. It was perfectly rounded, and it exuded a sort of lubricant gel continually, with no recognition of the laws of conservation of mass. It oozed it in an endless supply instead. It was composed of a strange metallic substance that was not truly metal but instead - as far as they could determine - partly organic.

Irshad's gaze was level as she regarded the round alien device.

"It is indeed large, but it is to be placed in my womb if this is to work. It will not be entirely comfortable, I imagine-"

"That's understating it!"

"-but I will cope. We will administer pain medication, as well as muscle relaxants to help ease the . . . insertion. Naturally, I'll need you to manually dilate me."

Arturo spluttered the coffee he'd made from the nearby machine. He was already back in lab assistant mode, making the coffee for his superior and being shocked at her audacious proposals.

"I feel like I'm repeating myself when I say the following: *what?*"

She explained it matter-of-factly. "I won't be able to do it all by myself. It's why I need you here. I'll also be . . . distracted, so you'll need to watch the instruments and monitor the readings we get from the Seed. It makes logical sense, Art."

It was manipulative, she knew, using the short form for his name. Like a puppy, he seemed to swing his head with affection towards her in response.

"Okay, okay," he said, "that makes sense. But . . . this is very weird Irshad."

"I know. But I trust you, Art."

"A good thing too, anyone else would say you were crazy."

"You already did."

"Yes, but I didn't say I wasn't crazy either. Let's get to work on this before I change my mind. Is there good fishing in the nearby lake?"

"I haven't thought to check," she responded.

"Of course not. Well, I'm going to unpack my things, and organise to extend the rental on this jeep. I get the sense I'm here for the long haul - and there's no fighting me on

this, doctor. I was promised a cosy cabin, and I intend to cose, even if the cabin is a nuclear-protected bunker.”

Irshad was not one for a great deal of smiling. She tended towards the wry smirk instead of the beaming grin. But just this once, she did smile.

Arturo tried to ignore how it beautifully it lit up her face.

The insertion was prepared for the next day. To Arturo’s disappointment, there was no one night stand fuelled by anxiety and last-second affection. Instead, Irshad seemed actually excited to get to the procedure the next day. Instead, he slept in his own room, and decided that given the grey of the walls it would be better to hop into town at some point and grab some posters. He still had the suspicion he would be here a while.

The bunker was indeed massive, and he’d given himself quite the tour when not helping Irshad set up. There was a massive swimming pool - it was incredibly deep, and was originally used to testing marine vehicles when the bunker had been expanded to contain secretive defensive technologies. As far as he could tell, the pool actually fed into the lake itself if the shutters were opened. There was also an exercise room, a gym, a large cafeteria, various sleeping quarters, an address room, a mail station, a war room, and an overgrown field that had clearly once contained a training yard. There was more than that, but he didn’t have time to explore it all, because Doctor Irshad buzzed him.

Procedure ready to begin, the message said.

“Okay, this is crazy,” he said to himself. But as usual, he was a ‘go with the flow’ kind of person. The scientist in him was interested in the results, and the male part of him was interested in pleasing Irshad. He was there to make sure it all went well.

Irshad lay on her back on a hospital ward bed in the medical bay. She was dressed in nothing but a semi-transparent hospital gown, and her feet had been placed far apart in stirrups with Art’s help. It put her feminine parts on full display, but they were nothing he hadn’t seen before. Still, it did make him think of times of enjoyment. She had her head rested comfortably against a pillow, and several monitors and keyboards were setup to track their progress and the energy and matter of the Seed of Desire. Several lights were expertly set up, and Arturo himself was adorned in a surgical mask, doctor’s garb, and surgical glove.

“Are you sure about this, doctor?” he asked one final time.

Irshad nodded. In her mind, she knew she wanted this. It was certainly . . . audacious. But she truly believed from her research that they could gain much knowledge from human experimentation, and she was happy to risk herself in the name of science. Especially if it meant she could bear children.

“Let’s begin,” she said. “Put this thing in me.”

Arturo took a steady breath, and together they began the operation. The pain sedatives were administered to nullify all feeling in her lower half. Then the muscle relaxant was locally applied.

“Oh, that feels strange. Just a tingle,” she said. “I can barely feel anything.”

“That’s good, Arturo said. He kept a feed on her vital signs, but switched several monitors to track the Seed of Desire. It seemed to shimmer slightly, like a localised star, radiating mystery instead of light. Irshad gasped inaudibly - somehow, she could *feel* that warmth too, despite the anaesthesia.

“Beginning manual dilation,” Art said. He placed his fingers between her thighs, took an awkward glance at the woman he still had a crush on, and set to work. It was awkward at first, but he got into the rhythm of it, gliding his fingers over her feminine lips and using subtle pressure to glide them apart. They responded as the biologically should have - even with the anaesthesia applied, there was still a sensitive reaction causing her tunnel to begin lubrication.

Irshad breathed a little more heavily. At first she couldn’t feel anything more than the slightest of pressures, but then suddenly she felt more and more sensation creep over her private parts. She went red as she felt Art’s gloves fingers, themselves coated in lubricant, coaxing her vagina further and further into dilation.

“OOhhhhhhh,” she moaned.

Arturo pulled back. “Irshad? You - you can feel this?”

She nodded, breathing a little more heavily. Her nipples were becoming hardened in response to the pleasure.

“Aahhh . . . it’s - oh, it’s odd. It’s like the - mmmh - it’s like the sphere is doing something. I can feel it’s warmth. It’s a good sign!”

Arturo looked to the Seed. He carefully took it in his hand - something he’d never done before. Even through the protective glove he could feel its strange warmth, the pulse of alien energy within it.

“It is doing something. It’s somehow stopping your anaesthesia. Irshad, we should stop.”

“No, keep going. It only shows that it’s reacting to what we’re doing.”

Art shrugged, but moved his way back to manipulating her genitalia. He massaged her entrance, causing her to groan in response to his ministrations.

"I-ignore me," she stuttered. "It's j-just a . . . b-biological reaction. Nothing you haven't h-heard before."

"Indeed," he said, a little amused. To his embarrassment, he was also starting to get a little turned on. It was those wonderful moans that revealed the occasional tigress hiding within the doctor that did it.

"MMhhhhmphh - don't stop!"

"Is that a request or just part of the operation?"

She glared at him.

"Sorry. Continuing manual dilation."

He began directly inserting her fingers, eliciting yet another exclamation of unintentional pleasure from the doctor. Slowly he parted her, and using a lubricated rod - a modified sex toy, in fact - he began to work in and out of her entrance, spreading her ever wider.

"F-FUCK!" she exclaimed uncharacteristically. The bliss was extraordinary, the heat incredible. She felt a desire to be expanded, to be filled. It felt as if the Seed of Desire itself had some part of this, like its mysterious exotic manner was detecting her entrance, and willing it to dilate further and further to take it. "Ohhhh - OHHHHH!!!"

She quaked a little.

"Use your hands!" she begged. "Take the damn gloves off!"

"I don't think - that's not a good idea, right?"

"The Seed - I think it's interacting with me somehow. It recognises, like a machine, a compatible 'part.' But - it's giving me needs to accomplish that compatibility. Now be a scientist and use your bare fingers Art!"

"Okay, but you *have* to know that's not a scientific sentence right?"

"Just - MMHhh - do it!"

He peeled off his gloves and used his fingers directly, prying her vagina wide, causing her vulva to expand. The muscle relaxant was working, but more than that her body was behaving as if it were actually experiencing contractions, added by the massage of his fingertips.

"NNGGGHHH!!! F-FUCK! OH GOD FUCK ART THAT FEELS GOOD!"

He tried not to chuckle behind his mask. He remembered those words in an altogether more sexual context. Though, how was this situation not sexual?

Her vulva widened further, over twelve centimetres dilated. Irshad writhed in pleasure, overcome by it. She'd never experienced anything as sexually exciting as this. She'd never even intended the experience to be like this. But even overcome by pleasure as she was, the dawning need to have the device placed within her grew, budding like a great flower within her womb.

As she hoped new life would bud there soon.

She trembled again, nearly on the edge of multiple explosive orgasms.

“Ready for insertion,” Arturo said, pulling his fingers away yet again.

For a moment Irshad was disappointed, until suddenly she felt the approach of a wonderful and odd heat. Through the series of mirrors they had set up she could see Art holding the Seed, fingers once again gloved. Her body shivered in excitement, and she licked her lips before adopting a steely gaze. They had decided to film this, but perhaps they would edit it down - this moment could be preserved with dignity.

Except it couldn't, because the moment the seed was pressed against her lower lips, ecstasy as powerful as a tidal wave swept through her body.

“OOHHhhhh! NNGGHH! YES! YES! PUT IT IN! SQUEEZE IT IN ARTURO! PUT IT IN MY DAMN PUSSY!”

Arturo pressed it against her folds, shocked at her response. The spherical Seed of Desire glowed, its gel acting like a lubricant and allowing it entrance. It pressed against her vulva, clearly stimulating further nerve responses from the normally stoic doctor, and then it passed the point of no return, squeezing into her tunnel proper. Irshad fell to whimpers and moans, orgasms washing over her like endless tides, her cries of delirium causing Art to become increasingly hard with arousal. It was the oddest thing he'd ever done, and yet he couldn't help but be turned on by her pleasure, and the act of inserting this alien device within her.

Irshad herself felt utterly invaded. The sphere bulged the inner walls of her pussy, pressing slightly painfully against them, but also deeply pleurably. It squeezed into her, guided by Art and pushed ever closer to her cervix. It hit the wall to her uterus, and she groaned in pain. One last shove, and it opened them, almost too easily, as if a single pulse from the alien device had broken down the last of her body's defences.

Finally, it nestled in her womb, feeling hard and heavy and round, and stretching her uterus tightly, unnaturally. She grimaced at the feeling - it was not good at all, and put a quick end to her incredible orgasms.

And that's when the monitors observing its spikes of energy and biological dispersal suddenly went off the charts.

“The charts - oh G-God - Art, look at the ch-charts!”

“I am!” he said, astonished. The Seed of Desire had apparently activated immediately, the moment it had fallen into place within Irshad's womb. Spikes of exotic matter readings were streaming forth, as if the seed itself was dispersing, firing all manner of biological agents directly into Irshad's womb. She grunted, clutching her stomach which was slightly bulged by the device. To their astonishment, that bulge slowly shrank away, along with her discomfort. The ongoing ultrasound showed the device to be miraculously shrinking,

its outer lining shedding and becoming particulates. Her blood readings altered, becoming flooded with alien matter. Irshad shook, her body spasming beyond her control. Fear swept over her like a storm cloud, and she looked to Arturo with fear. He reached out and grabbed her hand, preparing for the emergency extraction procedure they'd organised.

"Art, I -"

And then everything stopped.

The readings returned to normal, the device within Irshad's womb stabilised at roughly one quarter its previous size, and her own levels slowly came down from their agitation. All feelings of pleasure, pain, and arousal ceased, though a slight ache in her vagina and womb remained, an ache that was purely natural and likely to disappear soon.

The two looked at each other, astonished at what had happened. There, on the monitor, the Seed of Desire remained, smaller and inert but present.

"Well, *something* happened," he said.

Irshad nodded, her face impassive, even if a slight red blush came to her cheeks.

"Now we wait and monitor, and see what happens."

Entry 5:

It has been two weeks since the device was inserted. I still feel a slight embarrassment from that episode. I was so anxious to have the Seed experiment conducted that not enough countermeasures and considerations were taken. It was very unlike my usual scientific mind, and to be corrected by Arturo was a humbling experience, which is not to dismiss his own brilliance. To put it bluntly and crudely, I sounded and felt like a 'whore in heat.' While it is nice to know that Species Gamma used their technology in such a . . . pleasurable way, it is certainly not something I expected. As such, I found myself overcome, and the feeling of being stretched to receive its entry was unexpectedly arousing also. Arturo, at least, is familiar with my 'bedroom voice' as I have come to think of it, but to have it on camera during a significant experiment is something I'd prefer to edit around.

But the results have been tangibly felt.

Four days ago I experienced morning sickness. Two days ago it was more volatile, necessitating a quick trip to the bathroom upon waking and later a scrubbing of the toilet (thankfully, Arturo took one for the team there, citing my health concerns regarding infection). This morning I have also felt that same nausea, only it was accommodated by a slightly soreness in my nipples as well, and a dull ache in my breasts. All these are signs of a coming period, yes, but given what we know of the Seed, it is far more likely they are signs of pregnancy.

I could be pregnant.

I could be pregnant.

I know I am pregnant.

Just writing it still doesn't feel real. I am a scientist, my life is built upon fact, and yet I now cite instinct instead of factual evidence. But the instinct - a mother's instinct - is something I have always craved. It's why I began this admittedly hairbrained scheme in the first place: I won't deny that grief and frustration played a heavy role. So I will cite my instinct now, and place it on this record, and hope that my instinct is simply a biological one, and thus based on real evidence, particularly given the other evidence. After all, there is one more change I have begun to experience today.

My hunger has grown in leaps and bounds already. In fact, I'll end this entry right now, because my stomach is growling so loudly it is distracting me from my thoughts, and I need to eat.

Growing Pains

In the aftermath of the insertion of the Seed of Desire, the relationship between Arturo and Irshad began to normalise. As strange and wild as it was to have conducted the experiment, there was no going back now, and both scientists were incredibly curious about what would happen next. Irshad's intensity returned, and as Arturo became used to the drab interior of the bunker and the inherent craziness of what they were attempting, he slowly returned to his more laidback and calm self.

"*Que sera, que sera,*" he said to himself whenever he pondered just how radical inserting an alien device into a woman's uterus was. "Whatever will be, will be."

It didn't mean that he wasn't worried for his friend, lab partner, and former lover, simply that he refused to worry without cause, and instead focus on how he could help in the now. As such, he got to work on ensuring that Irshad's vital signs could be continually tracked, her protein intakes measures, data from the seed within her perpetually fed into their many computers, and so on and so forth. He also took the liberty of determining bed rest for her, which she resented with her usual furrowed gaze.

"I do not require bed rest," she said. "We have just conducted a brazen violation of a hundred ethical codes in pursuit of science, and now you wish to ensure I rest properly?"

"I'm not hearing it, doctor," he said, "you're sleeping, or watching a good ball game, or listening to relaxing whale sounds while I fetch you food. Because you want this

experiment to be successful, *si?* So, wouldn't it be the proper thing to actually try for that outcome?"

She huffed, but recognised he had a good point. Besides, she was still feeling quite sore, particularly between her thighs. Over a couple of hours, her vulva had contracted once more, its artificial dilation reversed. Still, it left the area quite sensitive and a little red, though the lingering memory of the pleasure was enough to make her view it with a little arousal as well. Her stomach was also a little crampy - more accurately, her uterus. The Seed of Desire had reduced greatly in size but still distended her somewhat, and whatever it had fed into her body and bloodstream was affecting her energy levels: she was feeling unnaturally exhausted lately. Exhausted, and hungry.

"Fine, fine, I'll stay on bed rest for a few days while we monitor things. You never used to be this insistent Arturo."

"Well, you were never experimenting on yourself like a mad scientist."

"Hmm, touche."

"Now, is there anything I can get you?"

At that very moment her stomach growled with an intensity belonging to large aquatic mammals. There were few things that could make Irshad blush awkwardly, but this was one of them. Arturo chuckled.

"Hungry?"

"Incredibly. I need food. If you could - oohhhh - yes, food please. A lot of it."

"Anything in particular?"

A sudden thought sprung to mind.

"Fish," she said.

"But you hate fish. You called my quest to catch them 'exercise in inedibility.'"

"Blame the Seed, it's what I want. Please, Art."

Once again that use of his shortened name was a touch manipulative. Both of them knew it, but the lab assistant didn't hold it against her. He hesitated, then took the chance to pat her hand gently. She didn't refuse it, though she did not take it either.

"Fish it is. I'll get you something to snack on while I begin cooking."

'Something to snack on' turned out to be the understatement of the century. Irshad found herself utterly voracious, in need of sustenance beyond all measure. Poor Arturo had to continually shuffle back and forth from the kitchen to her bedside. She devoured pastries, rations, fruit, vegetables, even boiled pasta with nothing else upon them.

"Ohhhhhh - I d-don't know what's c-come over me! But it's - Nngghh! - definitely n-not natural!"

She squirmed holding her stomach as the need to eat came over her. It was the strangest hunger she had ever experienced, because at no point was she feeling empty. It

wasn't like usual hunger where it came from a place of lack; she felt *full* the whole time. Instead, there was a deeper, almost bestial instinct making her body crave more, more, and more. Like a bear putting on fat before hibernating for winter, she was driven to pack on the pounds and overeat. And so she fed that alien appetite. It was just a good thing that the kitchen was incredibly well-stocked with months of supplies, courtesy of her overpreparation.

"Still," Art said casually as he delivered a plate of dry cookies, "you're going to eat through that in weeks, not months, if you keep it up like this."

She grimaced, wincing as her stomach felt incredibly taugth, overly full, and yet desiring more. "It's p-probably just a brief b-burst. A result of the S-Seed. It'll trail off."

He shrugged, hoping it was true but not worrying about it now. The Seed was only showing its usual amount of activity, and her vitals were stable.

"Fish is just about ready," he said.

"Then b-bring it! God, I'm hungry for it, you've got no idea Irshad."

"Finally, you've developed a sense of taste!"

He retreated to fetch the food under her withering gaze. Moments later he brought out a platter of cooked fish, still wrapped in aluminum foil and smelling of lemon and potato mix. She sniffed, and her stomach growled for it, hungering for it even more deeply than all the rest of the food combine.

"Oh! OOHHhhh! NGNghh! N-need it! F-fucking neeed it!"

Arturo actually *stepped backwards* as she snatched the large platter from his hands and almost upended it over bed-ridden body.

"*Dios mio* Irshad, calm down!"

"C-can't!" she groaned. The fish smelled too good. More than that, they smelled *exactly* like what she was *meant* to eat. She couldn't explain it, and part of her didn't want to. She began to devour them, not even bothering with utensils. Her stomach was incredibly tight, and she grasped and groaned at the inherent discomfort of her overeating, but the need was too great. She needed to feed, in readiness.

In readiness for what exactly, she did not know. But even among the tight pressures and feeling over being far too full, there was an internal excitement. Something indeed was happening to her body, and whatever it demanded she wanted to give into. It was her best chance for success. Her best chance for becoming a mother.

When she was finished, she gave a loud and embarrassing burp.

"Pee-yew," Arturo said, waving away the air dramatically. "Are you finished?"

"NNggghhhh," she groaned. It was all she could say. Words were beyond her, so instead she opted for nodding, and simply gestured to the orange juice by her bedside. She gulped down a litre right in front of him, uncaring of how greedy and ridiculous she probably looked, and then a wave of exhaustion hit her, and she fell right back down to sleep.

Art was astonished, but chose not to wake her. Instead, he simply checked her vitals, ensured she was healthy, and carefully removed any crumbs or bits of fish that had fallen on her clothing. Once that was done, he placed a blanket over her, adjusted the bedding so she would be more careful, and checked her signs over once more to be safe. He didn't want to pry or be pervy, but he couldn't help but notice before he put the blanket over her that her breasts looked just that little bit bigger.

"Well, that's a good sign, right? Her stomach had visibly expanded, just slightly, from the sheer intake of food.

"I think I'll need to catch more fish," he mumbled to himself. "Good night Irshad."

She looked beautiful in sleep, her body calm even as her stomach gurgled slightly.

Irshad's freakish hunger did not dissipate in the following days, and in fact seemed to only expand. It was a source of embarrassment for the stoic scientist: not only did it result in her constantly demanding food from her poor lab assistant, but it also left her on much more bed rest than she wanted. It also led to her producing all sorts of animalistic groans and moans as she hungered, as she ate, and finally as she dealt with the incredible tightness of the aftermath of her eating. She would grunt, whimper, squirm in response to the pangs of discomfort, and yet her body and altered instincts continually affirmed to her that she was doing what was *right* for her body.

Unfortunately, it also made a fool of other instincts. She had been *certain* she was pregnant, but apparently that was not the case. Even as her breasts became further sore, her nipples slightly expanded, her morning sickness a regular feature, there was still no evidence of any foetal development within her distended womb.

"It doesn't make sense," she muttered in frustration, "I have all the other signs, Art. My breasts are sore, my areola expanded, I'm experiencing damned morning sickness, and I've got quite the hunger, if you haven't noticed!"

"I have, hence all the fish nets and lures I've been buying lately."

"Mhm, I could almost go for more fish if I hadn't stuffed myself so much."

It produced a chuckle. She wasn't much one for joking, but it seemed to lighten the mood.

"We'll just have to see how things develop, Irshad. It's only been three weeks, and things are clearly happening."

"Yeah, there certainly have been some changes."

Art tried not to look down, but Irshad noticed his wandering gaze with a slightly amused smirk. She was precisely aware of the things that were 'clearly happening' that he

was referring to. So much eating in so little time had left her with an identifiable potbelly and slight chubbiness to her form. It hadn't reached her face or limbs yet, but her rear had certainly expanded. Furthermore, her normally lithe A-cup breasts were now freshly bulging B-cups, and quite sore for all the growth too. She was wearing a simple button shirt and pants today, and it meant the changes to her physique were more noticeable than usual.

"Please Art, we can approach this from a scientific standpoint. It's a little embarrassing, but I can admit I've gotten a little fat as a result of the changes."

"No! No I didn't mean that at all Irshad!"

"It's okay, Art. We're not sleeping together anymore, even if you . . . came here with that belief. You don't have to act shy around me. I'm well aware I'm 'plumpening' up and looking worse for it. It's simply something to acknowledge."

Arturo laughed, drawing her confusion. He teased the edges of his proud moustache, wondering exactly how to say what he wanted to say.

"What the hell, I'll just say it. Irshad, if I can be so bold, the changes are making you look very . . ."

"Fat? Overweight? Pear-like?"

"Cute."

It managed to surprise her. "Cute?"

"I call 'em like I see 'em, you know that. You look cute. And because we *have* slept together before, I feel like I can say that. More meat on the bones suits you. Anyway, I'm off to fish, and order some decorations to go pick up. It's time we started making this place a little more lively and homey."

"It's a laboratory, Art," she said, trying to regain some ground.

"Yeah, it's that too, I guess."

He walked away, leaving her dumbfounded, and a little shocked.

"Cute?" she said, regarding herself in a nearby reflective surface. She pulled her shirt tight against herself, observing the pudge of her belly and the increase in mass in her breasts.

"I guess I *do* look a little cute . . ."

She blushed, and couldn't say why.

Entry 6:

Arturo thinks I'm 'cute.' Was that a romantic gesture, or simply an observational one? He has always carried a torch for me, uncaring of our ten year age difference. Of course, I'm not exactly a spinster. The comment simply took me off guard.

I'm getting off topic. This journal is meant to be a list of changes, so I will try to keep it that way. So, the one month update is as follows:

My body continues to expand, driven by my frankly voracious hunger. It is inescapable, and I can only thank my wonderful assistant Arturo Diaz for his aid, or otherwise I wouldn't know what to do. The man has cooked, baked, grilled, fried, fished, and shopped for the foods I crave, which certainly lean inexplicably towards seafood, despite my usual dislike of that particular food type. Still, I have to listen to my body.

Still no signs of actual fetal development. It's as if I am experiencing a phantom pregnancy: my breasts are still irritatingly sore, and are verging on C-cups now. Clearly Art likes them - I keep catching his wandering eye. As punishment, I made him track down and purchase some new bras to contain my . . . growth. Unfortunately, he was fairly happy to do so. The man has no shame, and is far too calm about everything! Even these changes in my body he takes in stride, admiring the 'cute pudgy' of my belly. It feels fat. Yes, fat. No the round tautness of pregnancy, but the soft belly of a woman who eats far, far too much.

I shouldn't be this shallow, but in truth it was a fact that I was beautiful. A small part of material pride still pervades me, that I worry about losing that beauty.

No shifts in the Seed's signal. If nothing more happens for a week, we shall have to take it out and call the experiment a failure. The only worth it has proven to possess is as a weight gaining device.

The Need

Exactly one month since the insertion, during which Irshad had put on quite a few pounds in her breasts and stomach combined, she woke with an altogether different feeling.

"Ohh, oh!" she exclaimed as she rose from her bed. Her body was flush with a strange excitement, the space between her thighs wet with anticipation. She'd had such a lovely dream during the night, and while she could never tell him, it had featured Arturo in some wonderfully erotic positions, her beneath him.

"J-just a dream," she stammered.

But instead of dissipating, her arousal only strengthened. She gasped as her breasts tingled, her nipples hardened into thimble-like points, throbbing just slightly with need. Her breathing quickened, and she bit her lip in order to prevent a spontaneous moan. She was incredibly horny, more than she could remember in a long time, even more than those moments of need during Project Gamma. She waited, trying to ride it out. Was it a symptom? Was it related to her change? Was it just a side effect of her hunger?

But her hunger, for once, was not present. Or if it was, she couldn't feel it beneath the enormous weight of her arousal.

“MMhhmmmm.” she groaned, as she placed her finger between her thighs. Her vulva was incredibly sensitive, more than it should have been, and it was slick with need. It was the true hunger she felt right now, and from the blue came an understanding of that hunger that shocked her to the core.

Her body didn't just crave stimulation. It needed a man's *seed* inside it.

She needed a man to cum inside of her.

“Oh, oh God. Fuck. I need to get Art!”

She rose out of bed, a little uncertain on her legs. She wasn't used to her new weight, which while not extreme had certainly altered her centre of balance. She was in her light silk robe, one she often wore comfortably to sleep, and her larger nipples were poking through the fabric quite visibly, clearly aroused.

“Mmhhmm,” she groaned, rubbing her crotch instinctively before recoiling her hand away. “Oh - this is . . . I need to record this.”

She fumbled with her audio recorder, needing to get the information down while she was still able to record other things.

“Doctor Irshad Khan speaking. Date is . . . God, I can't remember. I'll add it later. I'm - oohhhh - I've woken in a deeply sexually aroused state that is unnatural in origin. I have just experienced a dream that c-could be described as - ahhh - sexual, but my arousal has not ended or diminished in the minutes after waking. The b-best I can - uhhh, God, - the best I can describe it is as a deep and controlling sexual urge, as if I *need* to engage in the sexual act with another man. No, I need to say it outright. I need - oohhhh, just thinking of it is increasing the stimulation of my vulva, among other aroused erogenous z-zones - I need to have a man cum inside me. Specifically, his issue - his semen - in me. It's like - it's like an urge to *breed*.”

She dropped the recorder.

“Hell it *is an urge to breed*. An urge to breed.”

Her excitement raced. Her desire bloomed. She was still shaking in the knees but she forced them to behaviour as she staggered to the door. It explained everything! This was why she was presenting all the pregnancy symptoms but not the actual pregnancy, it was obvious now! The Gamma aliens must have had mating cycles, entered a type of oestrus like many non-human mammals. Her body wasn't pregnant, no, but it was *preparing* her for pregnancy, *telling* her to reproduce.

“It's happening!” she said excitedly.

She regained control of her legs, picked up the recorder, and flung the door open. Her breasts bounced on her chest a little heavily, and she winced a little at their continued soreness and discomfort, flushed as they were with arousal.

“Further changes to the b-body,” she noted as she ran down the hall. “Continued breast growth - estimated cup size at 32Cs, if not D-cup. Will require new bras. Breasts are h-heavy and warm. Much more sensitive - could be evidence of further sexual need? Nipples certainly *very* erect.”

Her belly trembled a little, gurgling slightly, causing her to groan.

“No continued hunger other than s-sexual. But stomach also expanded. Limbs slightly thicker around thighs and upper arms. Feel h-heavier. Dislike this particular change: makes me feel bloated. I’m unsure of its intersection with current need to reproduce.”

She continued to record her various symptoms and changes as she paced down the corridor. She felt buoyed by energy, and driven by bestial urge. Arturo was at the end of the hall, likely still sleeping, having done his best to decorate his room. She practically *burst* the door open, still speaking into the recorder.

“Feel particular attraction to lab partner. Only male in vicinity - he’ll be necessary and hopefully willing for this next part. Arturo? Art?”

She was crestfallen to realise he was not there. The room, which was now covered in posters that included some beautiful, curvaceous women and Mexican seascapes, was empty. The smell of spice was in the air, and it made her even more sexually excited, as if she were a creature lured by her mate’s scent.

“F-fuck! Where is he?”

She’d never felt so utterly agitated. So lacking in logic. She needed him to hurry up and return and *fuck* her.

“The lake! He’ll be fishing at the lack!” She withdrew the recorder. “Pursuing my m-mate to the lake. Will attempt sexual c-congress - oohh, it’s arousing j-just to say - at location. Hopefully the ground will be acceptable!”

She ran, cupping her swollen breasts and whimpering a little at the delightful feel of her palms upon her nipples. It felt like hours to reach him, but in fact it was only minutes. She exited the compound, bouncing on the balls of her feet as the large steel door opened in response to its button. She pressed through before it was even fully open, and set out at a fast pace down the forest track. The morning was beautiful, and she guessed she must have slept in, for it must have been around 9am. The sun was warm upon her skin, the wind cool in that wonderful way that mingled perfectly with the summer air. She began to call his name.

“Art! Art! I need you Art!”

She ran to the lake, some of the branches pulling at her beloved silk robe, tearing it. She didn’t care. She didn’t care if she was completely naked. She preferred it. All the better to entice him, to make him cum within her.

“Art! ARTURO! I NEED YOU!”

She burst through the tree line, the silk robe pulling apart a bit at the front, causing her bosom to become almost exposed. She realised she now had a sizeable amount of cleavage. All the better to seduce him.

“Irshad? Irshad, is everything okay? What’s gone wrong?”

She looked up at her lab assistant. He was in his dorky fishing gear, a rod in one hand, a tackle hat upon his head. Under the gleaming sun he looked beautiful, more than she had ever realised he was. Even his moustache and well-trimmed goatee was stylish, attractive.

“Art!” she cried, beaming into a wide and uncharacteristic smile.

She ran to him, and before he could even formulate a response she bowled him over onto the cool grass.

“Irshad? What - I don’t understand?”

She stopped his concerns with a kiss, a deep and passionate one that quickly moved to his cheek, to his neck, and back to his lips again.

“Art! Art! I can’t - body is highly aroused, tension increasing - have identified male known as Arturo Diaz as my mate.”

“Um, the fuck?”

“S-sorry - it’s for the recording! I - I need you Art! I fucking need you!”

She kissed and nibbled at his neck. Her expanded chest rubbed against the fabric of his orange jacket, and she felt an inner frustration at the fact that he was not naked at that exact very moment.

“Damn girl, calm down a moment,” he said, placing his hands on her hips.

She gasped just at his touch, and she began to straddle him. She could feel a hardness developing in his crotch.

“I can’t!” she whined, “I can’t calm down. I woke up with this - this need! I can’t think of anything else but sex with you right now. It’s the S-Seed of Desire, don’t you see? Status of body is increasingly I-libidinous. Craving the insertion of partner’s penis into my sexual organ. Nipples increasingly sensitive, difficult to breath properly. Yearning for his touch.”

“What the - oh, the recording again.”

“Mm-hmm,” she responded in the affirmative, kissing and caressing him. She began to unzip his jacket hurriedly. “I need you Art. It’s for the experiment. It won’t be anything we haven’t done before. Only I n-need you to do it without p-protection. I need you to *cum in me.*”

Art felt himself become uncomfortably hard. He had yearned for Irshad’s body for some time, but had never expected her to come on to him like this, and certainly not so aggressively. She had been a tigress in bed before, sure, but this was an almost submissive desperation that spoke to outside influence.

“Are you sure, Irshad?”

“I want this! I want it, and I need it! Please fuck me, Art! For science!”

Neither were convinced of *that* particular sentiment, but as befitting his personality, Art went along with it. He nodded, and she unzipped his jacket, pulling free of him so he could stand. He began to move to the bunker but she stopped him.

“No! No! Here! We have to do it here, by the lake.”

“Why?”

“Because - because it’s right! I can’t explain it!”

There was indeed an instinctive ‘pull’ towards the lake, and she didn’t want to fight it. Art just shrugged, seemingly accepting this new and random detail. He removed his shirt and pants, and she admired his tall, slightly lanky form. He was lithely muscled, but muscled all the same, and his moustache and goatee were cute. She wanted to feel the brush of his facial hair upon her breasts.

“OOhhhhhhh,” she moaned, whimpering just at the sight of him. She moaned harder again when he removed his trousers and pants, revealing his impressive cock standing at full attention. It was a large pillar of manhood, and she bit her lip in response to her excitement.

“F-fuck that’s hot. I want that in me!”

She scrambled to remove her clothing. As embarrassed as she was by her body’s ultra-horny state, and her own pudginess, she revelled in his look of awe as she revealed herself. She had more flab around the middle than she’d ever had, but her breasts were large and firm, topped by wider nipples that had darkened slightly. They tense, desperately demanding his touch. They didn’t have to wait long.

“Fuck me,” she said.

He smirked, shrugged, and then he was upon her. Their two bodies writhed and shifted, their mouths interconnecting, kissing deeply as they ran their hands over each other’s bodies.

“God, I love your new body,” he said, rubbing her belly, holding onto her new ‘love handles.’ She blushed, not knowing what to think, but then his hands raised up to her breasts, squeezing them. “And these wonderfully big titties of yours, Irshad.”

“They’re t-too big! I’m t-too big!”

“Please, you’re not that big. And besides, I, I like big women.”

He lowered himself, caressing her ass as he placed his mouth over her left nipple. She seized, overcome with passion and excitement as he licked and then sucked upon it. It was incredibly sensitive, sending lightning forks of pleasure throughout her body, and causing her vagina to become even more damp with need. She wanted him inside her, but the foreplay was so good, and her body so responsive.

“Get inside m-me!” she groaned. “I want your cum! Please!”

“I kinda like this desperation,” he said with a chuckle. “Sure you don’t want to beg a little more?”

She glared at him, even if that glare was reduced in effectiveness by her own incredible need.

“Please fuck me Art. I really, really need you. And if you make me beg one more time I’ll do horrible things to you.”

He gulped, only half jokingly. He adjusted his position, and she reached out to stroke his long cock. She gripped the head, rubbing it a little just to make him squirm, and then she positioned it at the entrance to her tunnel. She leaned back, presenting her breasts to him and spreading her thighs wide, allowing him the greatest possible entrance.

He eased himself in, and her world exploded.

Soon they were no longer making love, no longer engaging in foreplay. Now they were *fucking*. He thrust into her, his balls slamming just below her entrance as his long rod slid in and out, in and out. She took all of him inside of her, only for him to exit just far enough to push all the way back in again. She bucked her hips like a wild woman, embracing the need, gripping his shoulders. She loved the way his chest rubbed against her nipples, and the way her new breasts trembled. Why had she been so reluctant to embrace them?

“OOohhhhhh Art! Cum in me! I’m so close! I’m so f-fucking close. Subject - me that is - is incredibly aroused! Am experiencing incredible lust and increased sexual drive to an extreme degree. C-currently in the act of sexual intercourse, about to extra lab assistants - Nggngngh!!”

Art smirked as he squeezed her breasts and kissed her neck, shutting her up. The recorder could wait; he wanted to enjoy this. He increased his pace, and she bucked her hips more rapidly as well, each partner driving the other to increasing heights of ecstasy. Soon it was all too much, and they were both on the cusp of orgasm. Irshad cried out, lying back on the cool, comfortable grass like a nymph from ancient myth.

“I. Want. Your. Seed. Inside. Me!”

And with that he came, pouring his sticky substance deep inside her, all the way to the entrance of her womb. She groaned, clutching him, and they held together for sometime. Art gushed more of his seed into her, and she grinned at the wonderful feeling of his warm cum seeping pouring into her with each gentle throb, throb, throb of his penis.

It was a long time after that he pulled out of her, causing the two of them to gasp at the residual sensitivity.

“Ohhhhh, that was good,” he said. He turned to her. “Satisfied?”

She was still on her back, limbs spread like a starfish.

“Uh-huh,” she said, still quite out of it, floating in a post-coital bliss. The need for sex had dissipated entirely. It was as if in that one act, she had accomplished what she had wanted all along. The Seed of Desire had taken in another kind of seed, driven by a different kind of desire. Or perhaps that was its intent all along. Either way, she felt her old self returning, her own analytical mind.

“I appear to have lost my animalistic impulse,” she said. “Thank you Art. Sorry for surprising you.”

“Don’t be,” he laughed. “Even if I did lose a fish, I think I caught a better one.”

“Please don’t compare me to a fish. This was just part of the experiment, you realise? It wasn’t . . . it wasn’t a genuine lust.”

He grinned. “Seemed pretty genuine to me, but okay. I won’t lie and say it wasn’t worth it.”

She rolled her eyes, standing up. She rubbed her naked, fattier stomach with one hand, still a bit annoyed at her new form, though less so at her more perfect breasts.

“Is that it, then?” he said.

“It is,” she replied. Her instincts had been wrong before, but she knew they were utterly right now. There was no way they weren’t. She had experienced the symptoms, but now some core part of her just *knew*.

“This time I’m pregnant,” she said.

Art’s jaw dropped.

Entry 6:

I am pregnant.

This time I am certain. I will be fulfilling a dream I have had for a number of years, one that for some time seemed like it was out of my reach. Where before I did not listen to my biological clock, now I can feel it within me, and thanks to the miracle of the Gamma species aliens, I am able to reproduce.

I am able to carry the child of Arturo Diaz.

I had not intended it to go this way, it all happened much faster than I had imagined. I had hoped the Seed of Desire would heal my body, perhaps even de-age it, and allow me to be fertile again, free of the condition that has left me unable to bear children. Instead, it gave me some sort of instinctive urge to procreate, though evidently the ability to do so as well.

It is only a week since I was impregnated by Arturo’s sperm, but already further exciting changes are occurring in my body. My breasts continue to swell, and once more I have had to send Art into town to purchase some larger bras - I am sure he gets the side eye at the clothing store now, but I wish to remain a recluse while I research my ongoing condition. I am a full D-cup now, and my thoughts on this development are mixed. On the

one hand, it demonstrated a strong fertility; larger breasts for child rearing, and potentially greater milk production also. On the other, these darn things are heavy, cumbersome, and constantly moving about. How do larger chested women stand it?

Of course, Art doesn't mind. I have to tell him to 'look me in the eyes' when he talks to me. As a woman in science I am not unused to sexism and the male gaze, but Art was always one of the good ones, despite his attraction to me. Still, I cannot deny that his occasional ogles make me feel . . . good. Wanted. I chalk this up to my altered instincts, perhaps some pregnancy hormones making me attach myself slightly to my 'mate.' Very occasionally I wear something that little bit tighter or more revealing, especially when the weather is warmer. It is a small compulsion, and one I can live with.

Other changes are occurring too, and more rapidly than expected. To my surprise, my hair has taken on a very impressive shine recently, and seems to have grown longer. My rear has expanded - not atypical of a woman in pregnancy, but certainly larger than I am used to. My belly remains fatty, but there is a tautness beneath the flab as well. I am experiencing a strange tingling in my tailbone, as well as in my feet. They feel a little numb lately, I assume from my increased weight.

Still, it is something to keep an eye on. I have had difficulties walking a few times during these strange experimentations, and I want to ensure it doesn't become a problem. The important thing is that I am pregnant. As greedy and silly as this course of action was, I have taken science to new heights, and can finally become a mother.

I just hope Arturo never realises why I've done all of this. It would be humiliating to be thought of as so desperate for children.

The Growth

More supplies were needed, despite all of Irshad's hard work. Her appetite had returned, and while it was not as crazed as it had been before, it was still clearly superhuman in nature. She woke with a fierce need to consume fats, protein, nutrients, anything that could aid the growth of her baby. It was embarrassing, but once more Art came to the rescue, continually using their shared credit to purchase goods. Apparently the locals several hours away simply thought he was one of those prepper survivalists for an apocalypse, and he had a little too much fun playing into the stereotype.

"OHhhhhh - f-food! N-need more!" she would groan.

And as always, he would be there to feed her. It was a good thing that they had been so well paid, really. The government hadn't skimmed on their contracts, and so they were not in danger of running out of supplies.

What Irshad was in danger of, was running out of *clothes*. It wasn't just her bust that was expanding rapidly, but her belly as well. Where there had been pudginess, a flab that suggested the results of her overeating, now it was being overtaken by the roundness of pregnancy. It was developing unnaturally fast, her belly, but then nothing about her pregnancy was natural anyway. The Seed of Desire was showing renewed activity in her form, and to their shared surprise it was getting even smaller, sinking into the side of her uterus as if it were an egg itself. But even as it shrank, her stomach expanded, getting tighter and fuller and rounded every day, until two weeks after her successful impregnation by Arturo she was looking like a woman easily four months along. She looked haler in health at least, and to their astonishment had grown a full inch in height. They reasoned that it might be a 'correction' in her health, to better carry the baby within her.

"Art, I need you to go shopping for m-me again," she said at the two week mark.

"Are you sure?" he asked back. "I purchased you some clothing just two days ago."

She turned, showing off the diamonds of skin revealed by the overly tight button top.

"P-pretty s-sure," she stammered, stomach gurgling from her latest 'feed.' "I think it'd be w-worth getting some larger sizes in advance. Bigger bras too."

"I got you some Double-Ds, I think."

She blushed, not used to talking about her body so openly with her partner.

"I've, um, outgrown those too." She straightened, focusing her mind towards scientific endeavours, and away from emotional embarrassment. "I believe I may be an E-cup, but we can't rule out further increases in size. Make sure they have good support too: they're getting heavy."

"I bet. They look real nice though."

And as was increasingly common, his little compliments made her feel quite warm and fuzzy inside, in a way she never had. She chalked it up to mood swings, and continued her research upon the seed. As Arturo left for the nearest town, she idly scratched at her foot. It was getting quite numb lately, and her upper leg too.

"Side effect?" she wondered aloud. It was likely so, but it was worth recording and looking over. She made a reminder to herself to get Art to help her with some blood tests, just to make sure everything was safe.

The sound of the bunker door shutting informed her that he had left, and it was then that she unbuttoned her top, letting her now-large breasts sag a little, overflowing their cups. They were cramped and in need of a good massage, but it was her stomach that concerned

her. It was large, wonderfully so, and while it frightened her with its rapid growth, it excited her far more.

“I can’t wait to meet you,” she said lovingly, cradling her belly. “My little one.”

Something was wrong. She was growing too fast, too big. Her belly was now like that of a woman nearly six months into pregnancy. The fat had dissipated, having provided the necessary fuel to burn for her rapid expansion. It left her belly heavy and rounded, her navel popped outwards. Her breasts too had continued to surge forward: they were now fat, ripe E-cups that bobbed and jiggled with the slightest of movements, looking utterly maternal. She was often sleek with sweat simply from the strain of growing and expanding, but despite her desire to hinder her growth, to reassess her mad undertaking, her own unnatural instincts were pushing her forward to consume more and more.

Irshad continued to eat, and increasingly it was fish and other food of the sea that dominated her diet. She had even started to enjoy swimming in the bunker pool rather often - the one that connected to the lake. She joked that her pregnancy was making her feel like ‘a creature of the sea.’

Arturo was beginning to set nets and numerous rods, and even looking into other automated fishing technologies to draw from the large, plentiful lake. It was, after all, a very large body of water, teeming with life. The only problem was keeping on top of Irshad’s increasingly focused diet.

“F-fish,” she said one morning, as he tried to offer her some bread and jam. “N-need fish. Nngghhh!”

Her belly trembled with need, and to their astonishment, it *visibly expanded* before them.

“Ohhhhhhhh - NNgggghhhh!!! OOhhh Art! UGGGhhhhh . . .”

She clutched her gravid dome, trembling as it surged forth one inch, then another, *then another*. Sweat poured down her forehead, and her large breasts grew as well, pushing against her now overly-large cups. Her nipples strained, indenting against the material, and despite everything - the discomfort, the unending pressure - she also felt an incredibly horniness.

“Oh God! Art, I need you again. It’s - ohhhh - it’s s-starting.”

“Again? Are you sure?”

The incredibly pregnant woman looked to him, her eyes revealing her mixed confusion, anxiousness, but also an underlying, intense desire.

“Now. I n-need you to fuck me. It’s the Seed. It - ohhhh - it needs it! It’s making me need *you!* Please, cum in me again!”

He did exactly that. They rested her upon a bed, her gravid form still a little sleek from sweat. Her bulging breasts were free from her top, and he massaged them, banishing their soreness temporarily. She groaned with need, spreading her legs like a woman in the act of birthing, and despite how expansive her body was, Art found himself just as turned on as her. Well, nearly so. He’d always had a thing for pregnant women, though he’d kept that on the down low all his life. But now here was the love of his life - even if she didn’t reciprocate that particular emotion - and she was unbelievably pregnant, and with his baby no less! Whatever the alien technology had done to her, it had also given him a chance with her, and he wasn’t wasting it.

“Get iiiinnnnnn mmmmeee!”

He’d never seen her so desperate, it was even worse than her first pangs of desire. He rubbed her belly, taking in its size and firmness, and then he positioned his hard cock and slid it within her.

“Ahhhh - yes! Yes! Art! I need you! Yes, yes, yes!”

She thrashed wildly, clutching her dome and rubbing her nipples. To his astonishment - and hers - a small stream of white fluid burst from her right nipple as she teased it, then from her left.

“Holy crap Irshad, you’re making milk! You’re lactating!”

“D-don’t stop! It’s a normal b-biological response. Important for ch-childrearing. P-perfectly normal!”

But nothing about it was normal - it had only been three weeks since their coupling which had produced this baby, but now it was like she looked almost eight months along. She had also grown another inch in height, and was drawing close to becoming equal to him if it kept up. And yet her body was intoxicating to him, and he loved the way she pleaded and begged for him during the act, while at the same time dominating him with her orders. She was still the Irshad he knew, just with a skyrocketed libido.

“K-keep going! N-need more c-cum!”

He thrust faster. Art leaned forward to grope and knead her breasts, causing her to squirm. In a moment of spontaneity he leaned over her rounded dome, using his height to place himself over her and suckle at her breasts. Instantly his mouth filled with sweet milk, and he down it, gulping more. He switched breasts, drinking from that one. Irshad cried out in response - it felt so strange and yet so wonderful, and accompanied by his thrusts it made her feel pleasure beyond anything she’d known.

“OOhhhhhhh - yes, baby! I’m carrying your baby, Art! We’re doing this!”

“Oh God, I love you!” he declared.

She froze a moment, and the two of him realised what he had said. But at that point his balls tensed, and her body quivered, and they came together as he shot his seed deep inside her. His hard manhood throbbed in her tunnel, causing her to spasm, and it was a long few moments before he could pull back. She gasped, clutched her dome. Once again that powerful numbness returned to her limbs. She assumed it was simply the aftereffects of orgasm, but it felt far stronger this time - almost impossible to feel her fingers and toes.

“You - Art, did you just say you *love* me?”

He tried to be his usual calm self. “Um, look, so you know I’ve always had a crush on you, right? So, when I said that just now -”

“UGGGHHH!”

Irshad held her belly. She pushed herself up awkwardly, toes still numb, and nearly fell forward due to the lack of feeling in her feet. Art managed to catch her, astounded by her heaviness.

“Doctor, what’s going on?”

Instantly he was in medical mode, and so was she.

“I - I don’t know. Pressure, though. Lots of p-pressure!”

They both looked at her belly, which began to expand further. She whined in a high, reedy voice as her dome trembled and pushed outwards another several inches. The pressure was incredible. Milk poured in streams from her nipples, dripping over her belly and soaking into the bed. There were more strange feelings, too. A tension in her tailbone that felt like a different kind of pressure, and a tugging at her ears. Art looked in astonishment as her ears seemed to flatten a little further against her head, and the tips of them expanded slightly.

“What the-?”

But her belly was her main concern - it felt heavy and full, and there was a thrum to it that she had first felt when the Seed of Desire was implanted in her body. When it had dumped strange chemicals into her system. It was accompanied by a feeling of extension in her spine: she realised she was growing upwards as well, her height lengthening.

“I’m getting taller again! I think - ohhhh - I think I just hit six feet!”

Her limbs shook, her spine stretched. Arturo gasped her body expanded right before his eyes.

“*Dios mio* Irshad, you just grew again!”

“M-make that 6’1!”

W-we need to track this,” he said. “Can you stand?”

She just groaned. “M-my feet aren’t responding. I need you to wh-wheel me to the medical bay! Quickly!”

Arturo ran to get a wheelchair while his partner squirmed. Irshad cringed as the feeling in her toes dissipated entirely. She felt a strange burst of energy as it occurred, and in response her belly expanded yet further, just an inch or so, but enough to make her wince and clutch her expanded dome. That tugging in her ears repeated, and the strange pushing sensation in her tailbone that made her shift in discomfort. It was becoming more powerful there, but she was too distracted to try to shift awkwardly and look.

"T-too much," she groaned. She didn't even have the desire to get the recorder. It was all going wrong. It made no sense: everything indicated a normal pregnancy so far! A simple boost in fertility from the Seed of Desire! But then, perhaps she'd taken too much as an article of faith: after all, it wasn't like the ultrasounds and scans were working on her belly at the moment. The Seed of Desire was causing interference in some strange way.

"B-but it had f-felt - oh God!"

Arturo ran in, pushing a wheelchair. He quickly helped her bulging body to the wheelchair, during which another inch of growth occurred - this time vertically. She must have been 6'2 by that point: exactly equal to Arturo in height. She was briefly beyond words while it happened, and only when it was over did she realise she was still utterly naked.

"H-help me p-put my panties on at least."

"Sorry doctor, but I don't think anything will exactly fit you right now."

She looked over herself, and realised what he meant: among all the chaos, her hips had expanded considerably, enough that putting on her panties would strain their fabric beyond what they could take. But more than that, a strange protrusion was pushing out from her backside, a lump of flesh that was almost conical in shape.

"A tail? Is that a tail?"

"H-have to remain scientific," she muttered in response to Arturo's shock. "Make observations. Pregnancy is experiencing complications - oohhh - and different changes are manifesting. Appear to be growing some sort of t-tail. Toes are n-numb. Height - getting taller. As tall as lab partner now, m-maybe an inch taller."

Another groan, another inch of height growth.

"Definitely t-taller now. There are concerns that mutation is resulting f-from Seed of Desire's influence on h-human biology. Ngnh! B-but possibility of balancing effects could remain. Simply have to d-determine cause and effect."

Art sighed, unbelieving that Irshad was still clinging to her scientific mindset even with everything going on. Her ears looked like they had extended somewhat, thinned as well. He managed to wheel her to the medical bay as fast as he could, though he had to occasionally stop as another burst of growth occurred. The formerly lithe doctor now looked due to give birth, if not a week overdue, and her height was astounding. She'd always been

tall for a woman, now she was just a couple of inches short of an NBA player! Much of that growth had occurred in just the last two hours, and there was no telling where it would end.

“Are you okay?” he repeated.

“F-fine! Just keeping calm. Can’t feel my feet though.”

“Numbness?”

“I think. Can you - ohh - check for me?”

He got her to the medical bay and placed her near their scanning equipment. He was preparing some of it, getting ready to check her blood pressure and blood results and get another potentially futile ultrasound of her belly when he suddenly stared in shock at her legs. Irshad must have noticed his surprise, because she looked up at him, clutching her belly as it rocked.

“What - UGGGNHH - what is it!?”

It took a moment for him to get the words out.

“Irshad, I don’t want you to freak out.”

“J-just tell me! I can t-take it.”

Another inch of growth height and stomach-wise, another expansion of her breasts. They were coated in sweat from the effort of bulging out, and were nearly a size larger than Es, sitting heavily upon her distended womb.

“Your feet. Irshad, the reason you can’t feel your toes is because they’re *gone*.”

There were few things that could shock Irshad Khan’s mind, but this was evidently one of them. Her eyes went wide, and she tried to shift her seating in order to put her legs up. She couldn’t see them beneath her life-filled stomach, but with enough effort she could extend them, however number they were.

“Oh. Oh God.”

Art had told the truth. Her toes were gone, and her feet were oddly flat, like slightly bony paddles. They were just smooth, slightly longer. At that very moment, she felt another pang of hunger, and it was instantly followed by a sweeping numbness upon her feet. She watched - and felt - in terror as her feet literally *shrank*, the excess flesh melting back into her body, leaving her with thin, almost fin-like ends to her legs now..

Another inch of growth. Then another. Her strange tail-like growth pushed out from her ass, changing the shape of her backside. She poured sweat as it burst from her, pressing against the back of the chair. With a great crash, the sides of the wheelchair came apart, and it was only thanks to Art’s timely intervention that he was able to grab her lumbering form and shift it to the lowered hospital bed. It was just low enough for her to sit upon, but even sitting was stranger now: her tailbone pushed outwards, her ass expanding as a strange new limb continued to form.

“Oh God, Art! My feet! Art, please hold! Art, I’m fucking scared!”

He did, not knowing what else to do. He held her trembling body as the lumpy tail expanded. She groaned, gritting her teeth, grasping her sore breasts and rubbing her overly full, 'past-due with baby' stomach.

Suddenly, yhe sensations ended.

The two were silent a long time, waiting for something else terrible to happen, but thankfully it didn't. Irshad's feet were utterly changed, now looking more suited for travelling through water than walking. She doubted she even *could* walk properly now. The parts of them that had disappeared had melted back into her own body, further fuelling her grotesque changes, including her bizarre, fat tail growth.

Something had gone very wrong with the experiment, and it was causing her to transform. To grow, in largesse as well as height.

"I think . . . I think I might have rushed past the testing period," Irshad said.

They both looked over her tall, 6'4 swollen body, the both of them silent in astonishment.

Entry 7:

Things have gone wrong. Very wrong. What is happening to me?

End of Entry.

To Be Continued . . .