

Bimbo Brainslug
Incursions I
by Quixerotic

[The atrium at ISTI bustles with activity as we sit down. While I take my seat, my subject for today, Dr. Walker, makes the rounds. She is affable with everyone from the other head researchers to the janitorial staff. The people give me a wary glance, but I put it down to curiosity more than suspicion. The facility is gorgeous. It opened three years ago after a two year construction. The architect eschewed modern designs for something more like a Gothic cathedral. High above me, stained glass celebrates geometric patterns. Plenty of clean light comes through the other windows, enough to keep the hundreds of plants in the building thriving. They are expertly woven into the building itself, utilizing extremely sophisticated systems for hydration and soil enrichment — all of which are hidden, creating the feeling that the building has been abandoned back to nature. Dr. Walker joins me. It is 2043. We are approaching the twentieth anniversary of the first incursions. I finish setting up my equipment. We chat about the weather to test it. Then we begin.]

We can start with an introduction, if you like.

Oh, sure. I'm Dr. Irene Walker. I go by Iri, that's pronounced 'eye-ree' or like ivy with an 'r'. That's how I used to say it when I waited tables.

That was presumably before your doctorate?

Yes, it's how I paid for part of it. Uh, anyway, I am now the Director of the Institute for the Study of Transdimensional Incursions. ISTI for short.

Which makes you Iri from ISTI?

Should have put it on a business card years ago.

Well, Dr. Walker, usually my first question is whether you have ever experienced an incursion?

Of course. I can't think of a more natural starting point for your work. And before I answer, I want to point out for your records that I find what you're doing really ambitious and important. Honestly, it's something we should have done ourselves, ISTI that is, right from the start. We have collected many records, but not like the samples you've given me. You've been able to capture the human element while my staff remains fixated on data. That doesn't win much understanding from the general public. —

— Do you, sorry to interrupt, do you think that addressing the public understanding is part of your mission at ISTI?

Yes. If anything, that's the only point of our work. The incursions represent such a fundamental destabilization of the human existence. It throws everything — almost everything — we believed about the universe into question. And it does it in a way that makes it all the more uncomfortable for many people, both because it is invasive to our personal bodies and to our minds.

Ah, I know that you're a proponent of the Projection Theory, that the incursions manifest a base level of the individual's thought processes in order to fulfill their goal.

Proponent, hah. Should have been my name on the paper that proposed it in the first place. Not that Ernst didn't do fabulous work. I believe he cited me several times, actually. I was just slower on the acceptance than him. I think it's easier for men, but I suspected right from the beginning.

Because of personal experience? Sorry, I let us wander off the question from earlier.

Personal experience, yes. I had an incursion on February 8th right along with the others millions of people. I was a graduate student at the time, twenty-four. I lived in a condo with three other broke students. We spent all our time with our noses in a book. Well, noses against a screen. At that point, I had no idea what specialty I would pursue. I was heading toward a medical degree, but fought constantly to keep my options open. Guess I, correctly, believed fate would decide for me. It's strange how clearly I can remember the evening before the incursion began. None of us had Friday classes as the day was reserved for other academic pursuits, working on a thesis or meeting with some professor, things like that. Good idea in theory, but in practice it usually meant that it was the one night to blow off some steam. None of us had social lives outside the others in the trenches of coursework, but that never stopped anyone from getting drunk when they could. Two of our roommates had gone out to the bars, which left Cay and me at the condo.

Cay?

Cayson Palmer. I'd had a crush on him since our first class together in undergrad. The incursion isn't exactly how I thought it would come to fruition, but that was mainly down to the brainslug's inclusion.

Iri leaned against the sofa's arm. A textbook was spread out in front of her, a notebook occupied her lap, and a laptop sat beside her showing a word processor. The cursor blinked its steady, haunting rhythm. Somehow she was always aware of it in the corner of her eye. The flashing cursor and the vast expanse of blank page that followed it. She shifted her position, raising her crossed leg slightly to hide the demanding screen.

Nearby, she had a collection of drinks. A metal cup filled with water, a glass of wine she'd taken a sip of, and a soda sweating onto its coaster. The wine was her letting loose. The soda helped offset a caffeine headache, and the water was her constant companion going on four years. She reached for the water, took a sip, and moved to put it back. That's when she saw the slug.

Iri wasn't a squeamish person. The slug wasn't the squeamy type of invertebrate. It didn't ooze slime or prod the air with searching antennae. In many ways, it was the lack of

slugginess about it that made it noticeable at all. Roughly two inches from end to end, it was the gray color of ashy earth mottled with spots of green and black. Casting back to her biology classes and local knowledge gave no indication of what type of thing it was. She supposed it didn't matter and moved on to considering the best way of safely and quickly removing it.

The slug moved, not like a slug at all. Though it didn't have feet, it skittered all the same, moving with alarming speed from the side table to the sofa arm to Iri's arm. It reached her shoulder one heartbeat after her brain processed that it was moving at all. In the next, she felt something like a warm breath on her neck and cheek as it scurried up and into her ear. The sound of it nudging its way through the twists and turns of her inner ear terrified her. She tried to scream, to flail, to call for help, to somehow swat it away. None of these things happened as her body failed to respond to her explosion of panic.

Sudden paralysis was an entirely new problem which brought up a new front to the inner turmoil of panic and fear. Iri desperately wanted to express her despair through some reaction, but she couldn't so much as move her lips. Though only a few seconds passed, she felt the time stretching out, elongated by the adrenaline flooding her bloodstream. She even had time to worry that her body might snap back to responding and try to act out all her desperation in one fit of screaming and flailing. Her heart rate increased, thumping quicker and quicker as the noise inside her head went quiet.

Hello.

The voice came from inside Iri's head. It wasn't hers. She hadn't thought to greet herself. As she focused on the other voice, she realized that a presence was behind it. Something else, presumably the slug, had taken up residence in her mind. It almost came as a relief. She immediately accepted nine different horrible diseases that would explain the sudden twist in her life. Schizophrenia usually manifested around her age, she thought.

No, you're not schizophrenic.

"Please stop talking," she answered back.

If that is what you wish.

"No, wait! How are you talking?"

I am manipulating the auditory nerves along with language centers in your mind and thusly creating the sensation of a voice in your head that you do not control. Apologies if it is unnerving. To head off your next question, you cannot move due to my presence blocking neural receptors and redirecting the firing of neurons to counterbalancing purposes.

"That is much, much worse," she thought. "What are you?"

You do not have a word for me. You are calling me 'brainslug' so that is what I am.

Brace yourself, it will happen shortly.

“What? What will happen?!” Iri slapped her hand over her mouth as she realized she actually was screaming. With the return of control, she leapt off the couch and spun around looking for an external source of that voice. She saw nothing. The room looked as it had before the whole mad moment had started. She lowered her voice to a whisper, “What the fuck?”

Down the hallway, a door opened. Cayson stepped out of his room as he slipped earbuds into their case. He held up a hand at Iri, and she realized she must look frantic. “Everything alright, Iri?” he asked. “Thought I heard you scream.”

Time warped again before she could answer. Thoughts bubbled up into her head entirely unbidden. Iri had never really considered the origin of her thoughts before. From a chapter on neuroscience, she gleaned that thoughts cropped up from noticing things in the world and having part of her memory activate to weave together different possible scenarios. This required the external stimuli, though. She learned in that moment that a thought created without the corresponding stimuli was alarming and intrusive.

Before hearing Cayson’s voice, her body flushed with heat. Images popped into her head. She saw herself naked, kneeling in the middle of the hall while Cayson fucked her mouth. The image twisted to her bedroom with Cayson laid out and her body mounted on top, bucking and moaning as her breasts jiggled. But, they weren’t her breasts. Her breasts were small mounds that barely filled her B cup bras. In the image, she had the kind of tits that strippers envied.

The image faded, replaced by a new one. She saw herself again in the school library sitting at one of the study tables. The oddly large breasts had gone. She looked normal until the odd warping happened again. Her clothes vanished to reveal her breasts slightly larger than they’d been only seconds before, but that was not the only feature that changed. She viewed herself from the back as her pencil skirt disappeared to show a big, bouncing ass. The imagined Iri leaned across the study table, sticking her butt up and pulling open her ass cheeks.

Then Cayson’s voice came through. How long had it been since she saw him? A fraction of a second? She’d seen herself splayed open like a slut, dripping with need, faster than the speed of sound? She clamped her eyes shut in an effort to drive away the bizarre thoughts. Still they came. Between Cayson’s first two words she saw another four debaucherous scenes in which she offered herself up to an invisible partner. In each one, her features grew successively more extreme until she finally felt a cold stab cut through the cacophony of intruding ideas.

The image that put her over the edge was something barely human taking the place of her body. It didn’t disgust her, but it lost something all the other versions of herself had possessed. A sickly realization born of her own deductions slithered into her mind. It was a parameter. She’d been given a movie reel of her sense of perversion until it reached a threshold. Was the slug watching, too? Making notes with a little clipboard as it gauged her body’s response to bustier and sluttier versions of herself?

Again, time shifted. Cayson's question lingered in the air. His initial call had been of polite curiosity, but now he gawked at her with genuine concern. Iri searched for the words to explain what she was experiencing. It would sound like madness if she spoke it aloud, and she was still not convinced it wasn't. "A slug crawled in my ear and showed me a slide show of porn featuring me with bigger tits" wasn't an explanation someone would accept without followup questions. Still, she made an effort to try, believing any explanation better than the painful silence. The effort failed as reality once again slowed to a molasses crawl. She did manage to get out a plaintive, "Not again."

New thoughts bubbled to the surface of her mind, except these weren't fictional creations. The slug had dredged up memories and threw them at her almost reproachfully. In one, she sat with three other students working on a group project. They all looked to her for guidance and direction. She felt the memory of pressure in that moment, pressure to be better than the others, to be smarter and more authoritative. The memory fizzled away to be replaced by another. She was in bed, snuggled beside her ex-boyfriend. He stroked her hair and ran the flat of his knuckles across her naked back. This memory flooded her with contentment and peace. It lasted as long as the previous one, but still she perceived it as departing sooner.

The third memory resonated with her body's current flux of hormones and adrenaline. It was with the same boyfriend on a different night, and Iri recognized it with bitter clarity. Her boyfriend had gone out to celebrate something and called her to provide the finale to his drunken escapades. They fumbled together in the bed for a while before he grew demanding. In all their previous sex, he'd been overly patient and gentle. In this memory, he did not gently stroke her back, but pawed at her body greedily. He slapped her ass, playfully at first and then with a probing sensuality. Rolling her to her back, he pressed between her legs and let his cock drag against her pussy. She saw the grin that had mocked her constantly, his grin when he felt how wet she was for him. He called her names, whispered them into her ear as he licked and slobbered at her neck. He pushed into her, and she took him eagerly. Gone was the gentle young man. All that remained was his base instinct to fuck. Iri had loved it. The scene continued. She watched herself be used as little more than a warm slot for the young man's sexual frustrations. She remembered each orgasm and watched them replay in her mind as she felt aftershocks.

The memory evaporated like the others, but left her feeling more empty. It was a memory she'd frequently relived without the presence of a slug in her brain. No night since had ever felt so right, but it also created the seed that would end the relationship not long after. She had never consciously linked the breakup with that night of raucous fucking, but the slug apparently saw the intricate strands of connection easily. Reaching out to that presence in her mind, Iri demanded an explanation.

It is incongruous with expectation, the thing answered. Your moment of true contentment doomed your relationship. It is a complexity of your society. You are expected to be a strong, independent person. But, you were happiest being submissive. You believe you cannot maintain the strength in a relationship if you submit yourself. Further, you see it as a blighting upon your sense of self, harming your standing among peers who would never even know. You fear others

would find out. You fear the male would wield your submissiveness against you. Still, you innately desire to rid yourself of responsibility and control. Contradictions. Dissonance. These will resolve.

Iri frowned. Or, rather, she thought of frowning since she was still bound in the warping of time. She wanted the slug to know that she disagreed with its psychoanalysis. Except, she didn't, and quickly realized the futility of lying with a creature apparently playing with her synapses like a puppeteer. This meant the truth of her desires sat naked and exposed in the center of her mind. To her horror, time's stretching started to recoil. She was hurtling back to the moment when she would be expected to explain herself to Cayson.

“Iri?” Cayson asked, actual worry in his voice. The room felt off, as though a great amount of static had gathered in the corners and threatened to discharge at any second. Iri looked back at him with vacant eyes one second, a blink, and then her old self. “What’s happening?”

She breathed, timing them and slowing them. She counted to five on each inhale and exhale. Cayson could wait. Iri wanted to have control of her body back long enough to speak with confidence — No, she wanted to drop to her knees and suck his cock while letting him call her names. Another inhale. Her chest rose, and she saw the curve of her breasts come into view before they should have. Cayson's eyes were wide with fascination. Iri brought her hands to her chest and gasped, breaking her breathing pattern altogether. *Boobs! Big, proper, suckable boobs!* Her enthusiasm pushed aside any sense of shock. *And Cayson likes them. Maybe he wants to play with them. I should be a good girl and let him!*

In a swift motion, she peeled off the slightly stretched t-shirt and tossed it away. She'd had on a sports bra for sitting around the apartment. It was doing a remarkable job of containing her swelling chest, but soon it would be a problem. The elastic was too strong to break quickly. If her breasts kept growing, it would be incredibly painful for a long while before she got any freedom. Iri looked at Cayson and ignored the red color in his cheeks. “Help me,” she said in a small voice as she attempted to get the lower band over her swelling breasts.

Mechanically, Cayson did as she asked. His fingers brushed against her exposed flesh as he took hold of the bottom elastic. It caused a flush of heat through her body that was quickly offset by the cool air as he pulled the bra up and away. She raised her arms so he could lift it off her entirely. When she let them back down, the full weight of her chest wanted to keep pulling her toward the floor. She scooped the new D-cups into her hands and admired the feel of the soft curve. She hefted them and marveled at how delightful they felt. Her fingers ran along the small bumps surrounding her nipple, letting each one graze against her fingertip before she finally dragged her thumbs across the hard, dark cherry colored nubs sticking out from their peaks. It brought a shudder of fresh pleasure.

“What the fuck is happening?” Cayson said. The words were devoid of emotion, and his face was slightly slack. His eyes, though, watched the movement of her fingers with rapt attention. The rising tent in his sweatpants encouraged her to continue exploring her body.

“Do you like my fat tittes, Cayson?” she teased. “They’re brand new, and I really, really want someone to suck on them. Someone whose cock with ache to be touched while he licks my taut little nipples.” Cayson groaned and shambled closer to her. As though prompted by his desires, Iri experienced a fresh wobble of growth as she gained another cup. The same feeling coming from behind her stole the spotlight. She turned around in a circle for three full revolutions before stopping with her back to Cayson and her butt sticking out. “I think my ass is getting bigger, too. I need a big strong, man to help me get these tight panties off.”

Cayson volunteered to fill that role by reached for the hem of her shorts and gathering up the thinner material underneath. Iri noted subtle changes in her roommate as he slid her clothes off over the increasing roundness of her ass. Cayson looked taller. He was already a fit young man, but with every passing second he added defined muscle. The lines of his face grew sharper and more masculine. Most importantly, the lump between his legs continued to grow. It resolved into a distinct shape with the significant implication of both length and girth. She was staring at it over her shoulder for so long that she didn’t notice she’d been entirely stripped. Cayson ran his hand back up her leg, pressing up between her thighs until his palm cupped against her dripping sex. “For me,” he said. He spoke with such definite ownership that Iri nearly came. “Bend, I want to taste you.”

A strong hand pushed against her back, and she obeyed. Leaving her ass stuck up in the air, balanced her new chest weight by resting her palms on the nearby coffee table. Cayson’s hands continued to paw at her, making her feel, delightfully, like a piece of meat. He pressed his face into her ass, kissing and licking any part of her that caught his attention. He finally moved to her exposed pussy. His tongue licked around the outer lips, causing Iri to realize her pussy had gone bald. The wet tongue moved along her skin like a branding iron and sent sharp bursts of exciting heat up to a building core of pleasure. When he pressed his tongue into her drenched lips, she moaned fully. His hands moved up to the sides of her ass, pushing her cheeks together to slap against his face as he lapped at her pussy. She grew closer and closer to cumming. Excitement goaded her to drench his face with her pussy juice as she quivered on his tongue. And then, he pulled away.

“You’ll cum when I want you to,” he growled as he gave her ass a slap vicious enough to leave a scintillating hand print. “Get on your knees.”

The core of pleasure inside her pulsed with happy feelings as she turned around and knelt before him. He gave her a gesture to “get on with it” and so she yanked down his sweats and boxers in one motion while he removed his shirt. Washboard abs distracted her for the nanosecond that his cock required to spring upward after being freed from the clothes. As it slapped against her cheek, she knew that a more perfect cock didn’t exist. She also knew that it wasn’t the cock Cayson had possessed earlier that day. Somehow, she wasn’t the only one changing. Academic thoughts faded as she inhaled his scent. Precum oozed from the tip as it wagged in front of her. She waited, yearning to hear another order. “Suck it,” he said.

Slowly, she positioned her mouth against the tip, smearing the head back and forth across

her lips. She opened her jaw but left her lips together until she pushed her head down on his cock, letting him feel her lips drag across the sensitive glans. For a second, it seemed she might have overdone it, but he regained control. His fingers snaked into her hair, holding onto the back of her head. He thrust, not violently, but insistently. The first grazed the back of her throat. She expected to gag and ruin everything, but instead her muscles relaxed. On the second, he slid into her throat with ease. Cayson's groan rose to a higher pitch while Iri's tongue slathered eagerly along the underside of his cock. She wanted him to pump hot cum right into her stomach. She wanted him to still be cumming when he slid out of her throat and sprayed the rest of his load onto her face. She left one hand to squeeze and tease his balls while her other hand went to her own playground of a body. Squeezing her new tits felt more wonderful than she'd ever imagined, almost as good as slipping a pair of fingers into her slick cunt or prying open her ass cheeks to massage her rear hole with her thumb.

Cayson's other hand took hold of her head. His thrusts grew harder and deeper. She gurgled and spit when she got the chance. He was using her throat as a fuck-hole, and she loved it. A second later, he'd pulled out and slapped his cock between her tits. Lubed by her spit and precum, he slid his considerable length up the valley between her boobs. Happy to be used in a different way, she pushed them together, sealing his cock in a new, tight tunnel. He pushed harder against her, grinding his cock along all her soft flesh until the tip jabbed at the base of her neck to leave a slick spot of precum.

"Pussy, now," he said. He hauled her up and lifted her easily. His fingers dug in between her thighs as he positioned them. Iri thought she would fall until she thudded gently against the wall. Cayson lowered her until his cock wedged into her soaking lips. "This is what you want, right? You want to be slammed against the wall and fucked like a bimbo slut? That's why you have these big tits and that tight mouth. You strut around here in your tight little shorts begging to be bent over and spanked for teasing so long as the spanking leads to a hard dick spreading you open." He smirked at her before lowering his head to her breasts and nuzzling between them. His tongue circled one nipple and then flicked over it, giving her a fresh shiver of pleasure. He slid her further down, sinking his cock into her. "You'll cum when I do. Cause you're my slut. My little cumbunny whore."

She moaned agreement as she wrapped her arms around him. He thrust deep into her, waited for her walls to adjust, and then abandoned all forms of gentility. He slammed into her over and over, plunging deep into her receptive pussy as she wailed in pleasure. Leaving one hand holding her ass, he moved the other to her throat. The strength in his fingertips frightened her. It sent a clear message that he had the tools required to strangle her if he chose, but instead he lovingly and gently applied enough pressure to excite her. His thumb moved up to her cheek and pushed her head so her other cheek was flush with the wall. He slowed his strokes as he did it, giving her time to feel the throb of his cock inside of her. He pressed his lips against her cheekbone in a soft kiss before sliding up to her ear. There, he whispered, "Cum for me, slut."

Iri's brain flooded with pleasure. The jerking cock inside of her pumped cum straight into her womb while her pussy clenched around it. Her legs shook violently while her hands clawed and raked against the strong back holding them both up. She grunted and moaned out

incoherent praise mingled with disbelieving profanities. As soon as the first wave of orgasm ended, another followed driving her to the point of madness. The third made hatched a deep worry that it would never stop, and she would live the rest of her life in an excruciating cascade of pleasure until she was a gibbering idiot drooling for cock.

Finally, Iri and Cayson relaxed. His cock slid out of her with a torrent of cum. He gently put her on the couch and then collapsed beside her. Iri remained lost in pleasure with little bolts of lightning skittering through her body. The slug was entirely forgotten and sobered her quickly as it spoke again.

Good. Evaluation logged. Thank you.

And then, it was gone.

How did you react once it was over?

You know, it took a while for things to get back to normal. The onset happened so fast that no time passed at all. One second, flat chested mousy girl. Next second, big boobed bimbo. As I'm sure you know, the downswing took days. Cayson and I leaned into it, enjoying ourselves for another two days. Then we had some awkward conversations and really started to realize that it wasn't only us. I'm still not sure, even with my job, that I understand the implication of such a bizarre worldwide event. But, if I had to put it into a neat reply, I'd say that the insidious nature of the incursions is that they give you exactly what you'd deny you wanted. Accepting that has taken a while, but I'm comfortable with it now.

Did you stay with Cayson? Or did you pursue the incursion idea in some other way?

(laughter) Cay and I gave it a try. We had a lot of fun, but it was my fantasy, not Cay's. He said he enjoyed it and we had a few times playing together that let him explore it more. Ultimately, though, he didn't get the same return on it that I did. Then, we were becoming normal again and it felt like a natural break point. As for the second part of your question, after Cay I lapsed right back into denial about my sexual proclivities. Then, I met a guy, told him the story about the incursion, and saw this sparkle in his eye that made me know I finally found someone who could accept the mess of psychological nonsense at the root of it. We've been happily married for, oh gosh, more than ten years at least.

To step back for a moment, everyone has different theories about the incursions and everyone has a ton of questions still. Why slugs? Why February 8th? How did it only happen in safe circumstances? How did other people, like Cayson in your story, get roped into the incursion events? All of those, I hope groups like ISTI can answer in time, but for this interview I want to ask Dr. Walker — Iri, do you think that these events are benevolent or something else?

I'm not sure. It felt benevolent, I think. That's one of the harder things to remember. Maybe it was only ambivalent. That's the answer I'm more comfortable with. What's more unsettling, that some massive alien power or god or super villain is taking an active interest in our sex lives in an attempt to do good or that it's the same power running a random experiment on us. Probably my scientific backing, but I think the second option.

If you could have another incursion, would you want it?

Absolutely.