

Brood Planet (Multi Broodmother TFTG)

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A Story Prompt Tier for Spacebanana

Humanity is under threat of alien invasion, not that they know it yet. But this alien invasion is not interested in exterminating humanity, but simply turning its dominant species into enormous alien broodmothers to further their galaxial conquests. Unfortunately for 21-year old Allen and his family, that means big changes are ahead, and ones they might never be able to fully adjust to.

Brood Planet, Part 1

'Population is approximately eight billion. They are mammalian, expressing milk. Bipedal, though.'

'Hmm. But they are intelligent, yes?'

'Highly, at least for this sector, though not nearly to galaxy-standard, which means the other spacefaring civilisations will have little to say about it.'

'The Grotenar will dislike it.'

'They are far from this system, and their conservationist stance is unpopular. No one will care for these 'humans' when we harvest them. They are primitive.'

'You said they achieved space flight?'

'Well, mostly primitive. We can erase those records easily. They have few missions to even their lunar body.'

'Hmm, what uses? Warriors?'

'Hardly. They have no exterior plating, and substantial modification would be required. They have warrior instincts, yes, but are far too fragile, and the training to make them accustomed to our weaponry would take too many resources.'

'Administrators?'

'That is a possibility. Their young are best suited for this, as it will allow the indoctrination methods to be pursued swiftly.'

'How long does it take them to mature?'

'Eighteen to twenty of their local solar cycles.'

'Hmm, a great deal of time, for little result.'

'Which is why I suggest the adult population become broodmothers for our own young, secure this sector of space and serve as the broodhive for the wider system - there are many moons on the larger gas planets that can serve as eventual colonies.'

'Hmm, not a bad idea. Will their bodies handle it? They do brood, yes? They gestate?'

'Somewhat. It takes three quarters of a solar cycle for brooding to complete, and usually only for one young.'

'So few?'

'But their capacity could be easily increased. This is the most efficient mutation to place upon the species, if you will it. It will enable cradle centres to be established swiftly, and takeover of the planet will also be much easier if we make them gestate immediately.'

'They won't like it.'

'They won't have a choice. No doubt some can fulfil other roles, warriors and administrators and servitors and the like, but this far from our cluster systems, a cradle centre is just what we need.'

'Very well then. Send in the transponder ships. Bathe them in the necessary gene modifiers, and let's begin production on a new brood planet.'

'I'll send them immediately. They won't know what hit them.'

Allen was feeling tired as he headed home from his job. An ordinary twenty one year old man, he was living the typical college life, studying his English major to one day be a writer, and working at a nearby Wendy's in the afternoons to support himself. He was a perfectly average person, with a medium build and height, short brown hair and brown eyes, and the kind of face that gets lost in a crowd rather easily, it was so average. It sometimes annoyed him, because it meant that when he was serving customers, his generic features made him a prime target for petty complaints, insults, demands for refunds, and even weary conversations about why the ice cream machine really was broken, and no, he wasn't being lazy.

He'd just had such a shift, which explained his exhaustion. This tiredness was only exacerbated by the fact that it was his younger sister's twentieth birthday, and so there would be a whole hassle of excitement and drama when he got home. He loved Sarah when they were younger, but ever since she'd been a teenager and her looks had become quite popular, she'd been obsessed with being one of those popular Insta-girls on social media, always taking selfies and turning every occasion into a chance to get more likes and attention. And this entire evening would be *all* about that.

“Great. Just fucking great,” he said to himself as he headed down the highway. The sun was already lowering over the horizon. He’d had to stay late at Wendy’s to close up, all because his annoying manager had decided to have a bit of a power trip after an angry customer chewed them all out. “Now I’m going to arrive late, and Sarah will never let me hear the end of it.”

It was then that an immense flashing light from above practically blinded him. He shielded his eyes, and had to screech to a stop on the side of the highway. He was grateful he lived in a small town, and that there were no cars he could see on the road, or else it could have been a disaster.

“What the hell is that?”

He got out of the car and shielded his eyes again as he looked up. The bright blinding nature of it dimmed somewhat as it passed, and it was then that his jaw dropped in awe.

“No. No way. It can’t be.”

It didn’t last long before rising back into the clouds, but it lasted long enough for him to know what he was looking at. It was large in size, perhaps the size of a large yacht, though who could tell at that distance. What he could definitely tell was its shape: a wide silver disc with a metal bubble above and below it. The almost stereotypical shape of an alien UFO.

“Holy shit, was that - it had to be! Holy fuck, I just saw an alien spaceship!”

He coughed a little, feeling suddenly a little odd. The last rays of the spaceship’s light left him, and for a moment he felt quite itchy, as if something strange was soaking into his skin and down into his core, causing his gut to churn. It bubbled, and he worried he was about to puke.

But then, as quickly as it had come, the feeling passed, and all was normal again. It was as if the spaceship had never appeared at all.

“Was that even real? Surely I saw it!”

He gaped, looking at the clouds and distant horizon for some minutes, even as the sun descended further onto the horizon.

“Did that light . . . do something?”

He was jolted from his shock and curiosity by the horn of a passing car.

“DON’T STOP ON A HIGHWAY, YOU MORON!”

He had to dodge a beer can being flung at him. He took one last look at the sky, trying to grapple with what he might or might not have seen. Then, with a weary sigh, as if he hadn’t just witnessed something incredible, he drove back to his parent’s house, where he still sadly lived, to ‘enjoy’ his sister’s birthday party.

'Dosing is done. It'll spread quickly through the population centres.'

'Any witnesses?'

'Oh, we had a few slipups. Grengher division fucked up, as usual. We need to punish them with menial labour. They like to 'fly low' apparently. I imagine a few dozen ships were seen. Apparently they like to dare one another by dropping their cloaking profiles.'

'Well that's just ridiculous. We're trying to mutate a species for the empire, here!'

'Unfortunately, they're very good at their job.'

'Fine. Well, how long will it take? I've never been part of the overseeing of a cradle planet transformation before.'

'A couple of weeks, max. Hard to tell with mammals, but I've taken the liberty of boosting their milk production. They should be seeing the first growths in just a few hours.'

'And their young? I don't want to cause issues there.'

'Not to worry, they'll only be affected once they reach adulthood. We'll be causing weather events to ground their vehicles soon, and when the population is largely immobilised we'll be able to care for their young and indoctrinate them into their new roles.' They won't like it, but at least the training centres will be on planet.'

'Good, good. Let's get to work then.'

Allen mumbled his way through the lyrics while his parents sang enthusiastically.

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU! HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU! HAPPY BIRTHDAY DEAR SARAH, HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!"

His sister was wearing a tight blue dress that was so tight on her figure that it made him deeply uncomfortable, and she spent the entire song giggling and cackling and making that stupid pouty face social media girls always did, taking selfies as she did so.

"Oh my Go-od you guys! I have the best family ever! I'm so excited to post this!"

"Just make sure to edit my terrible singing voice!" their Dad said.

Allen just rolled his eyes at the fakeness of it all. Of course, this was just the family dinner - all vegetarian, just like Sarah asked for - the real party would be a private thing she'd organised that they *definitely* weren't invited to. But this made a good online post about how 'loving' and 'perfect' her family was, despite the fact that their Mum and Dad were in the middle of organising a separation due to their work lives crushing any romance they once had, and that the two siblings couldn't stand each other.

“Allen! Can’t you smile for just a few of these pictures! It’s my big day and I want to look perfect when this goes on my socials!”

“I don’t want to be on your socials,” he said. “They’re stupid, and annoying, and I don’t like being posted on them.”

“Now Allen, just let her have this,” their dad Ethan said.

“It’s okay if he doesn’t want to be in them,” Heather, their mom, replied. “Allen prefers his privacy, don’t you dear?”

“Thanks Mom,” Allen replied. “Can’t we just cut the cake?”

“Oh, you would prefer that he not appear in a family photo, wouldn’t you, Heather? After all, who cares about having a family unit in just one family photo!”

“It’s not for a family photo, Ethan! It’s just for Sarah’s online thingy!”

“It’s not a ‘thingy’, Mom!” Sarah replied. “It’s, like, my future! I’m one of the most popular girls on campus when it comes to an online presence. I could be an influencer.”

“Please, influencing *what*?” Allen laughed. “The colour of dress a random girl across the country wears? Way to aim high.”

“ALLEN!” Ethan yelled. “Don’t be mean to your sister on her birthday.”

“Yeah, *Allen*. Not like you have much of a future, anyway. How many times are you going to change your university degree?”

“I’m not changing it to ‘influencer’, I can tell you that, because it doesn’t exist!”

“LET’S JUST EAT CAKE!” Heather yelled.

The room fell silent, the disjointed family feeling the awkwardness of their respective outbursts. Sarah was clearly upset, and she began to cry. As usual, her father leapt to her side, promising ways to cheer her up. Allen rolled his eyes, but was stopped by his mom, who just gave him a knowing nod. The one that said ‘I know, but not now.’

In their family, with its impending separation, it was already clear who would be going with who, until they found their own places to live. Sarah had always been Ethan’s favourite, and while Heather tried not to play favourites, Allen was of the distinct impression that she was one of the few people who really ‘got’ him, and understood his often irritable and introspective nature.

“Fine, let’s eat the damn milk-free veggo cake,” he mumbled.

Sarah mumbled a little ‘fuck you’ to him, and he returned it, before they began divvying out the cake. He noticed that his sister didn’t even really eat it, just take slices and photograph herself with them. Allen pushed his away after a single bite. They ate largely in silence. Their Dad didn’t seem to really notice; he was too busy watching the television on the other side of the room.

“Well, will you look at that, huh? A real life UFO!”

Allen's attention immediately shifted to the television, which depicted a blurry still image of exactly what he'd seen only an hour before. His eyes widened, and he stood suddenly, nearly overturning his plate.

"Holy shit!"

"Language, Allen!"

"Sorry, Mom. But look!"

Ethan laughed. "Crazy what people will think is real, huh? I bet it's faked."

The news banner simply read: *Thousands Across Central Region Claim to See Alien UFO After Blinding Light. More To Come.*

"That better not go too viral," Sarah commented, already texting her friends. No doubt she was organising the 'real party' now that the home one was done and uploaded. It made Allen angry that she didn't even care about their disintegrating family, but at that moment all he could truly care himself about was the image on the screen.

"I saw that too! I thought it was just a mirage or something, or I was too tired and seeing things, but it really was a UFO!"

"Yeah, right, this is just you trying to get more attention on my birthday!" Sarah muttered.

"I'm telling the damn truth!"

His Dad looked at him curiously. "Did you really see that? No offence son, but it sounds a bit farfetched. This just reeks of a slow news cycle."

"I'm serious! I saw it on the highway. It flashed me - or at least a lot of people - with some eerie blinding light and then it took off."

"Suuuure," Sarah butted in. "And how come you haven't mentioned it till now?"

Allen threw up his hands. "Because just like this, I knew people would think I'm crazy!"

"You always have been crazy, holing yourself up in your room to study, only coming out to eat and drink and piss like a total weirdo! Get some friends!"

Allen shook with rage. "I'm about to strangle you!"

"ENOUGH!" Ethan yelled. "Both of you to your rooms!"

Both the siblings turned to their father.

"We're adults, dad," Sarah said.

"Yeah, dad. I'm twenty one, and in case you haven't forgotten, Sarah's twenty today."

Heather gave her husband an amused, 'did you really think that would work?' look, one that clearly only made him further embarrassed.

"Fine, fine! Who cares about what Dad has to say! I'm going to my own room! Jesus Christ, can't have one family dinner . . ."

He moved up the stairs, Heather chasing him and trying to soothe his temper, which predictably only made a louder argument that carried around the house.

“Well done,” Sarah said, getting up in Allen’s face. “You ruined my birthday, you fucking weirdo.”

“Go take some photos of your crying face to post on the internet,” Allen responded.

She huffed, then stormed to her room upstairs as well, leaving Allen all alone.

“Damn, I think I did fuck everything up. Might as well go to my room as well.”

He walked up the stairs, stopping only to look at the image of that UFO on the screen, just a little longer. He knew for a fact now that he had seen it. But was it real? And if so, what did it want?

‘We should be seeing the first changes now.’

‘Excellent. I imagine it won’t be everything starting to appear at once.’

‘No, but there will be enough to make them confused. Half the world will be asleep, but the other half . . .’

‘Well, make it so they get it overnight as well. Take it by halves if possible.’

‘Not a bad idea. Most will suspect it’s coming, but it will avoid too many collisions and accidents.’

‘Exactly. We need this population converted into good broodmothers. If what these latest readings say is true, then they could be extra productive!’

‘I imagine it will be strange for them, suddenly becoming an alien race, destined forever to birth eggs for an empire they’ve never seen or heard of.’

‘Hmm, it would be. Good thing we’re the conquerors, eh? Besides, if we do this right, we can pick a convert or two to be our personal concubines!’

‘Now that would make the job all worth it.’

Allen woke, having felt unnaturally tired last evening. He remembered he’d gone to bed still pondering about the UFO, and angry at his sister, and at himself for starting yet another family fight. But the exhaustion had been overwhelming, almost unnaturally so, and he’d had to go to sleep. He assumed the others went to sleep early too, because he didn’t hear a peep from them either in those last hours of consciousness.

But now, as he came wider awake, he realised something was wrong. Dead wrong. At first he thought he was just bloated from dinner last night, or that he had experienced an

allergic reaction, or had caught a stomach bug. There was a pressure in his stomach that was constant, and it felt like he was huge. It was only when he actually brushed his hand over his usually slim form that he felt something that should have been utterly impossible, something that made him wide awake.

His belly was rounded.

He tore the sheets off of his bed, and gasped in astonishment at what he saw. It was impossible. It couldn't be.

"What the fuck is this? I'm - I'm - I'm pregnant!"

His belly was round and full and equal to the size of a woman in her sixth month of pregnancy. It had lost all of its usual body hair, and the skin was smooth and firm. He jabbed it with a finger, and winced at the shifting of what could only be amniotic fluid inside him. He stroked it again, and this time he moaned softly at its sensitivity, which caused his nipples to harden.

"My - oh fuck, my nipples too!"

They had swollen, becoming womanly and slightly off-coloured. The rest of him was unchanged, apart from perhaps a small addition of fat to his chest, which gave the slight suggestion of breasts. He refused to believe they had become such, however. He leapt to his feet - a little awkwardly due to his belly, and ran-waddled to the mirror in his room. With a horrified realisation, he saw that there was another change to his figure as well: a set of pale red antennae that were just a couple of inches long, twitching from the corner tips of his forehead.

"This can't be. This has to be a dream!"

And then, as if simply to prove that it was not, he heard a loud scream that could only have come from Sarah.

"Oh my God I'm fucking preggers!"

And then one from his mother.

"AAAHH!! Honey, what's - what's happened to my body!"

And then finally from his father.

"No! No, this is crazy! What the hell did we eat last night? I look pregnant!"

And soon the house was a cacophony of chaos, and Allen could only hold his belly and marvel at what the alien UFO had clearly done.

"H-how many others, though," he wondered aloud. He ran to the window, and flung it open.

And heard the entire neighbourhood, the entire *town*, waking up with cries of shock, surprise, and terror.

Brood Planet, Part 2

It took over two hours for them to finally calm and sit down as a family. Sarah was crying great heaving tears as she clutched her bloated, pregnant-looking body. Heather was seemingly catatonic, in shock that she was somehow pregnant again, her breasts larger than they should be - it was a detail Ethan noticed and didn't want to think any more about at all. His dad Ethan was trying to keep a calm mind, but as usual was looking after Sarah to the neglect of Allen.

Even as they panicked, they were all hit with strange surges of hunger, and had to sate themselves on cereal and buttered bread and snacks and anything left in the kitchen really. Obviously they attributed this to their strange new additions - the mass had to come from somewhere, but Allen was overwhelmed by how hungry he was: he actually took a huge bite out of just a stick of butter, and swallowed it greedily. It was like they were all possessed, and even Sarah who only ate vegetarian was suddenly in tears as she forced sticks of refrigerated sausages down her throat.

"I d-don't want to, but I'm soooooo hungry! I can't fucking stand it!"

"Language, Sarah!" Heather said, but any attempt to maintain family decorum was crushed by her father, who launched into a swearing tirade.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck, I need some damned fucking food already!"

Heather looked at him with anger, as she often did now that their marriage was on the rocks, and just as he often overlooked her opinions, he did so then, grabbing piles of biscuits out of the cupboard to consume.

"N-need more!" Allen whined, but he was left to fend for himself. He was astonished that his sister was eating so much, it wasn't normal. But then none of this was normal, and he simply had to get this out of the way. And so he gorged greedily on the chocolates and muffins in the dessert cupboard space, and even swallowed down half a carton of juice before his thirst and hunger was slaked.

In the aftermath, they all sat, breathing heavily, feeling even more stuffed to burst than they had upon waking.

"What. Was. That!?" Sarah said dramatically.

"I don't know dear," their Dad replied, "but it wasn't natural. We need - hic! - we need to f-figure this out. Heather, you s-stay here while I go s-see the neighbours."

He moved out too quickly to hear Heather's muttered response: "Sure, you leave while I mind the kids, as always."

Her antennae twitched angrily. Sarah and Allen exchanged a quick knowing glance, as if to say, 'look, even when the whole family somehow wakes up super pregnant and with gross antennae, Mum and Dad are still fighting. But the two couldn't look at each other long.

Heather took Sarah away to the bathroom - while she generally saw over Allen foremost, clearly she was more experienced in matters of pregnancy when it came to women, instead of men. It meant the twenty one year old instead had to deal with his situation personally.

First, he inspected himself naked before the mirror. His belly had not shrunk, but thankfully during the two hours of freaking out it did not seem to grow anymore. It was quite pressurised, and when he felt it, the skin dipped in a little as if it was full of amniotic fluid just like a real woman's pregnancy. Brushing his hand over his nipples made him wince: they were shockingly sensitive, and seemed to distend and throb randomly. It was clearly the case for the others too: he'd been treated to the deeply uncomfortable sight of his sister squeezing her nipples without thinking, and his Mom too.

"I actually look pregnant," he marvelled, heart still beating rapidly. "I actually *feel* pregnant."

But nothing seemed to move within his belly, even if there was a heaviness there that suggested an unnatural contents. He wasn't sure how, but he could somehow tell a new organ had grown into place to hold whatever it was. A womb. A uterus. A female organ made to *gestate*. It made him shiver in fear, almost as much as the sudden development of small breasts with their wider, slightly-red nipples. All of it was creepy enough, but the antennae twitching on his head made him think of the worst.

Aliens.

It was the only explanation, and it became more apparent when he heard yelling outside the house. He tried to race down the stairs but ended up sort of wobbling and waddling instead, feeling a weird jiggle on his chest. His sister was coming down too, and it annoyed him that apart from her little red antenna (already mostly hidden beneath her blonde hair), she at least looked normal. Well, as normal as a pregnant twenty year old, at least. One who was currently crying because she couldn't fit into her short shorts and crop top anymore.

"Get out of the way Allen!" she snapped, pushing past him. "What the fuck did you do, seeing that weird UFO?"

"I didn't do anything, so stop being a bitch! In case you can't hear, it sounds like the whole neighbourhood is infected!"

She sobbed as she reached the ground floor and pushed out the front door. "I'm not meant to be knocked up! What the fuck is happening? What am I going to do on my socials?"

Socials were the least of her problems. They reached the front yard, where their Dad and Mom were chatting with a terrified Mr and Mrs Henderson. Allen didn't even know their first names. As far as he was concerned, they were two oldies who were in their last fifties, if

not early sixties. They were nice enough, though they didn't have anything in common with him, preferring to tend to their vegetable patches rather than using technology.

But now, the two of them had the same set of reddened antennae, twitching away just like Allen's. And both of them were rounded as if pregnant at the sixth month mark. Mrs Henderson's top was bulging more than usual, her boobs having grown. Mr Henderson had a curve in his shirt that suggested breasts, and the outline of feminine nipples. Both looked utterly exasperated.

"It's the whole dang neighbourhood!" Mr Henderson said. "The Jolkins, the Hennas, the Sebastians, all of them!"

"Even the kids?" Ethan asked, eyes wide.

"Not the kids, no," Mrs Henderson said. "They seem unaffected. Near as we can tell, everyone that's twenty years or older - little Jess Mayes didn't change, and she's just shy of twenty by a week apparently."

"Maybe she'll change then," Heather said, slowly snapping out of her haze. The rest looked at her, and she looked to Allen and Ethan. "The UFOs. The ones that my son and thousands others spotted. It has to be them, right?"

"Aliens? Are you serious?"

"How else do you explain that everyone in the neighbourhood looks suddenly pregnant, Mr Henderson!?"

Allen's eyes widened. "The neighbourhood. I don't think it's restricted to that."

"What the hell are you talking about bro?"

He snatched the phone out of Sarah's hand, and tried fiddling with it. She quickly snatched it back. "What the hell, Allen? I don't care what freaky science experiment has happened, don't take my fucking phone!"

He snarled, trying to ignore a growing pressure in his belly. "Then you check it! You've got followers around the world, right? And you follow those stupid vacuous bimbo girls from around the globe too."

"Influencers, you moron. Not bimbos. And they're spectacular - I'm going to be one, once the government sorts out what the fuck they or whoever has put in our bellies!"

"I don't care, just check the accounts of anyone across the world right now."

She rolled her eyes, but did as he asked. And then went silent. The rest of the family did too, even as crying and moaning and loud arguments and debates carried across the local suburb. Sarah started to breathe more rapidly, her heavier chest rising and falling. Tears ran down her eyes.

"Sarah, honey, what is it?" asked her father Ethan.

She turned the phone and passed it to him.

"My God. Holy fuck."

Heather took it, and her jaw dropped too. She scrolled down the page. “Oh God. No, that’s impossible.”

She passed it to Allen. He already knew what he was going to see, but he forced himself to look anyway. He had to.

“Fuck,” was all he could say.

It wasn’t just their neighbourhood. It wasn’t just their city. It wasn’t even just their damned country. Their northern neighbours in Canada were bloated, their southern Mexican friends were rounded. Australians, Chinese, and Russians were waking up pregnant, or being alerted in the midst of night in a frenzy. Different time zones, but all being affected. Sarah’s social media alerts were lighting up like a damn Christmas tree: one of the male models she followed was posting up stories, poking and prodding at his belly and trying to discern whether he really had breasts (he did). Another woman was horrified: she was a celebrity who was *already* pregnant, but now doubly so, and her breasts further enlarged. A model that he knew Sarah looked up to on Instagram was posting numerous videos of her sobbing and crying, trying to figure out how to ‘unruin her figure.’ He passed back her phone, but not before seeing some news alerts about the President making a statement to the public, despite looking like he was just as far along, his suit carefully tailored to avoid giving the suggestion of developing breasts.

“The whole world, the whole world has fucking changed.”

Heather gasped. “The UFOs, the ones you saw Allen.”

“It has to be. This is some kind of alien experiment or something. I don’t know what else can explain it.”

Sarah wiped further tears, and Allen just sighed. He didn’t have time to babysit his slightly younger sister. In fact, despite the horror of the situation, he took some amusement in the fact that her model-perfect body was ruined by the situation, her red antennae twitching erratically.

“What happens next?” said Ethan. “Is it going to end?”

The Hendersons and the rest of the family looked to Allen. They all knew that he was a bit of a nerd, someone who talked about the possibility of alien life from time to time, and had all sorts of science fiction books in his room. But that didn’t translate to any actual expertise.

“I don’t know. If it’s affected everyone, maybe they just want to observe our reactions for a few days, so maybe we try to stay calm, avoid doing anything rash, and try to - NNGHHH!!!”

A sudden pressure in his gut overwhelmed him, and he clutched to his sister as he fell, pulling her down accidentally with him.

“What the fuck are you doing you stupid - OHHHH!! MMHMPHH!!”

She began to write on the ground as well, holding her pregnant dome and gritting her teeth. Heather went to try to help them, Ethan as well, but then the same must have happened to them, because suddenly they were writhing on the ground as well, alongside the Hendersons. Numerous other individuals all along the neighbourhood road and footpath were doing the same. Everyone was, as if they were all being affected by the dreadful pressure inside them all at once.

Allen groaned, trying to say something, anything! But it was impossible. The powerful pressure was radiating from his belly, but extending elsewhere as well. He attempted to stand, failed to do anything but kneel on the grass of his front lawn, and look over at his younger sister as she gave him a pleading look. He'd never liked her, always seen her as a brat. But at that very moment her pained looked *pained him*. She was still family, and her expression was one of torment.

The pressure continued to rise, becoming so bad that for a moment Allen thought he would burst. And then the floodgates broke upon, and further change came over his body seemingly all at once. Over everyone's bodies.

"N-N-N-NGNH!!! NNOOO!! AAHHHH!!!"

His belly expanded, growing outwards into even more of a dome, inch by terrible inch until it reached the seventh month of pregnancy, the eighth month, and finally the ninth month. It was immense and heavy, and as he wailed and gnashed his teeth, forced to bare it, he could have sworn he could feel something being *deposited* into his new womb. More contents to add to what was already there.

"OHHhhh GOD! G-GOD! F-ffffuck!"

His aching nipples stretched forth, and he whimpered as they felt like they were trying to rip free of his body. They swelled, dilating and contracting, remaining larger and larger each time, until they felt like they were half an inch long, if not larger. Tissue poured into his chest, resulting in the already fatty lumps to become full blown breasts. What could be easily disguised before could be disguised no longer as they swelled up to the size of B-cups, the same size as his sister. Well, the same size until now: she looked like she was sporting full Double-D's now, the size of all those instagram influencers she so rabidly followed.

"N-no! Not like this! I d-didn't want it like this!" she cried, clutching her boobs and then wincing at their sensitivity.

Allen also recognised that sensitivity, because he'd done the same damn thing in touching them. He could only hope they would become less pressurised, but that was a small concern for now, because at that very moment he was far more worried about the pressure just above his ass. Something was growing there, the flesh piling up and pushing

out, his spine extending vertebrae by vertebrae. He cried out, they all did in fact, and he shook his ass in the air like one of Sarah's ridiculous TikTok dances.

"Make it s-stop! Make it s-stop!"

Heather cried out as well. "Honey! Your ass!"

"I know, Heather, fucking hell I knowwww! EErruugghh!!"

Allen's pants could take it no more: they ripped open at the backside, and there was immediate relief as the material finally gave way. But that relief was short lived, because as soon as it happened, Allen experienced the alien sensation of a new sort of limb or body part forming. It filled like a balloon, only with liquid instead of air. He grunted and salivated as it expanded outwards, becoming fat and heavy and *rounded*, drooping down and possessing a weight that completely altered his centre of balance.

"Oh God! The food! All that f-food we ate. It's f-fuelling the ch-changes!"

Sarah's look was one of agony, and again he sympathised with her this time. After all, even if she was vegan or vegetarian or whatever just for the likes, didn't mean she deserves knowing she had ingested meat all to end up becoming more of a freak. But a freak she was becoming, as was Allen. As were all of them.

Even as the *thing* descending from Allen's pelvis swelled larger and larger, he saw the same occurring to each of his family members, as well as to his various neighbours.

"Insect abdomens. What the fuck? We're growing big insectoooOOHHH!!"

He doubled over again, and clenched his eyes shut as another wave of changes came over him. He tried to concentrate, ride out the pain and strange, unwanted release that came with the growth, but he was unable to rid himself of that image in his mind. The one that had big, red and pink insect abdomens growing out of his parents' backsides. The kind that had ribbed flesh, a soft carapace that swelled like an organ, utterly full of something he didn't want to imagine.

There were other changes too, though the abdomen was the worst of them. Allen's antennae extended by what felt like several inches, and he felt a strange welt develop beneath each eye, about two centimetres below them. His legs stiffened, and he couldn't help but scratch at the skin on the outside which seemed to harden slightly. His facial bones twisted, and as he screamed and cried out, his voice broke a little, becoming higher. The same was true of his Dad actually, as well as Mr Henderson, who he noticed was looking a little bit . . . softer than before.

Finally, the sensations of horrible change relented, and the various neighbours and family members were left panting, overcome with their enormous pregnant bellies and large abdominal growths. They looked to be the size of basketballs, if not slightly bigger, and there was a definite weight to them. Allen nearly retched as he turned his head to look at his own:

it was large and bulbous and horrifically *organic*, its rippled flesh undulating slightly as if it had a slow heartbeat.

Sarah screamed, as did Ethan. Allen and Heather were made of tougher stuff. Mrs Henderson fainted, and Mr Henderson waddled to her side.

“This can’t be happening! Why is this happening!?”

That was Sarah, whose Instagram body was now entirely ruined. Not only did she look ready to pop with pregnancy, but her boobs had literally popped open her shirt as well, having swollen to E-cups. Alongside her antennae and abdomen, she looked like a bloated bug queen of sorts. But then they all did.

“Oh. Oh fuck,” Allen said.

But before he could follow that thought to its logical and deeply terrible conclusion, there was a sharp ringing in his ear. In everyone’s ears. It was alien, like being scratched on the inner ear drum, and it warbled for a moment as something eldritch sounded. And then the sounds reformed, taking on a soft feminine voice.

“Greetings Earthlings. As you may have noticed, your world has been chosen for alteration for the purposes of the Zaar Galaxial Hive. As your backward world is far at the edge of civilised space, you have been fit to be turned into productive broodmothers for our race. Do not worry, your transformations from here on out will be much slower, giving you time to adjust to your new roles. Zaar Administrators will arrive soon to iron out the details with your world leaders, but in the meantime make sure to eat plenty, care for your unaffected children, and try to maintain a pleasant life. Best of luck growing your eggs, and all the best with the impregnation process to come!

One warning: make sure to obey all future instructions, and avoid conflict with your new Zaar overlords. Ours is a much more technologically advanced race than yours, and we would hate to have to destroy good broodmother material. If anyone experiences strange mutations, make sure to contact your local Zaar representative - more information on this later. It will be a strange and confronting time for you as the planet is converted, but know that you will be part of a new interstellar empire, doing your part to birth its children. And some of you, a select few, naturally, may be lucky enough to become the rich concubines of elite administrators.

For now, please stay in your homes unless strictly necessary, and try not to panic. Best of luck breeding!

The message ended, and this time there were no screams. Simply looks of disbelief. Allen rubbed his distended stomach slowly, as did a few of them. He and his sister exchanged another glance.

“We’re f-full of eggs!?” she said, stunned.

Allen could only nod. He could almost feel them inside him. He was full of alien eggs, as was nearly everyone on the entire planet.

And this revelation was, apparently, just the beginning of more changes to come.

Brood Planet, Part 3

Needless to say, Allen and his family, and the entire neighbourhood, all freaked. Already, they were horribly pregnant, with strange antennae growths from their heads, and large, bulbous insectoid ovipositors. All of them now looked feminine, and Allen's sister was starting to almost look like some sort of bug bimbo: she had always craved attention and tried to show off her bust, but now she looked overladen with a pair of E-cups. They gave him strange feelings, and he did his best to ignore that. The world was bizarre enough already without him getting weirdly aroused by his own sister's rack.

The next hour was spent in a mix of panic, confusion, crying, begging to the skies, and general grunting and groaning as they struggled to move their heavy bodies. Allen handled it better than most, and to his surprise so did his sister. Sarah had always been a drama queen, blowing up and playing the victim at the slightest provocation, but she was actually calming her parents, trying to get their dad in particular to calm down. Ethan seemed to be having a full blown panic attack, which wasn't a great help given that as he shifted, his large alien behind wobbled about, threatening to knock the rest of them over. Allen kept a distance and tried to be more clinical as he examined his own changes. Indeed, he wasn't wrong about before: the skin of his limbs had become harder, and there were spots where it was visibly segmenting, as if becoming exoskeletal, like an insect.

"A pregnant broodmother for an alien race," he said to himself, even as some of their neighbours screamed and cried, begging for God to save them. "That's what we're all becoming. I - I can't believe it."

But it was true, and once again he shared a glance with his sister, who was continually having to adjust her top so that her new boobs didn't spill out. It reminded him of his own pair: with his ass now so huge and his belly round and apparently full of alien eggs, he'd almost overlooked his new breasts. They were soft and full, a pair of D-cups, the kind he'd always hoped to get his hands on some day, not that he'd had the most impressive luck with his very ordinary job and study schedule. They jiggled and bounced softly on his chest, and like everything, they added to his overall weight. He slowly waddled around the corner to

their garage, hiding in their to grab a feel. Instantly he felt a pleasurable surge as he kneaded them.

“Mmhmmm,” he moaned, rubbing his large nipples. It made his belly tense a little, and his cock hard.

“Enjoying the tits?” Sarah asked him.

He jolted, only failing to jump on the spot because of the complete lack of leg strength he had compared to his many mounds.

“Sarah! What the fuck? Warn me next time!”

She rolled her eyes, placing her hands on her widened hips. He noticed that they were wider than usual, but then again, so were his. With a dread epiphany he realised they would have to be. After all, they were the kind of hips made for passing large eggs through.

“It’s not my fault you came in here to fucking feel yourself up, you freak!”

“I’ve got boobs now, of course I’m going to feel them!”

“And I’ve got a giant bug ass, you weirdo! I’m not touching it, though!”

Tears ran down her eyes, and her hands fell to her round stomach, openly exposed much like his, no longer contained by her shirt. He felt, for the first time in a while, sorry for his sister.

“It’ll - we’ll find a way out of this, Sarah,” he said.

“Like hell we will! Those were fucking aliens we heard! I’m gonna lose my bikini bod and everything!”

It was enough to make him instantly lose any sympathy. “Wow, that’s your big concern? Your fucking online socials? The hell is wrong with you?”

“The hell is wrong with me!? It’s meant to be my birthday-”

“That was yesterday!”

“Whatever, you ruined that by being a dick! Dad agreed!”

“And Mom sided with me!”

“She always liked you more! She - she - she - NGNHH!!!”

There was a pulse, a ripple across her flesh, and suddenly it hardened. Allen’s eyes widened, but then the same occurred to him as well. His skin segmented, like the chitinous exterior of an insect. Judging from the cries of his parents, it was happening to them, and probably everyone else in the city. He groaned, doubled over as much as he could around his belly, which was one of the few areas free of the effects. The chitinous skin turned dark, black and brown in areas like that of an ant. Sarah cried out, but he managed to bottle it up. His antennae went wild, picking up a new signal.

“Greetings again, earthlings! One small tiny correction. As you grow, your exoskeleton will be important to allow you to hold yourselves up! Don’t worry, your limbs are

now growing stronger to hold you up, but your womb and eggs sacs will be as stretchy as possible to accommodate all those eggs for when you really start producing for the Zaar!”

“When we *really* start producing!?” Sarah cried, unbelieving what she was hearing.

“This is just the beginning, I b-bet,” Allen stuttered. “UGGHH!!”

He bent over again, and true to the Zaar administrator’s voice, his limbs were indeed strengthening, becoming more powerful, capable of holding him up. He exhaled in relief, despite the fact that so much of his body was now covered in the plating of an insect. It was, at least, somewhat bendable, flexible, able to be shifted about. Unfortunately, Sarah didn’t have nearly the same pragmatic reaction. She took one look at herself, then at him, then back to her body.

And screamed.

It was a long, long scream.

It took several hours for them to come together and sit down to eat after the insanity of all that had occurred. The revelation that not only were aliens and galaxy-wide empires real, but now altering Earth to be a home for alien broodmares, was a lot to take in. But it was their bodily changes which were most horrifying and unbelievable. And, on another level beyond the discomfort and humiliation, just plain unwieldy. While their father was practically catatonic with shock at his increasingly female broodmother form, their mother had stepped up.

Heather had always been a practical woman, and that was something Allen had always appreciated about her. It was probably while they got along so well. She had instantly recognised that if their current ovipositor and belly sizes were ‘just the beginning’, then soon they would struggle to even fit through their own doorways. And so she had managed to distract them all by organising for all their necessities to go to the garage and on the porch, and for their family tents to be set up on the front yard. She even took a sledgehammer from the garage and went to town on the wooden side fencing that led to the backyard, so that they could easily reach that space as well. Ethan had freaked out, Sarah too, but Allen had backed his mom up, and managed to ignore his changes in favour of making sure they’d actually have food and drink and shelter available. Soon, other neighbours were following her directions, and Heather was becoming the unofficial leader of the suburban street. It was a distraction from their monstrosity, Allen supposed.

Moreover, it also meant that they had plenty of clothes and even bedsheets to cover themselves with. Sarah was very appreciative of that fact; she was most disgusted by her changes and wanted to cover up, particularly since she had the largest bust by far out of the

family. Allen still found that part awkward, and also how his own mother was visibly pregnant and full-chested as well. Certainly, Ethan also was having difficulty looking at the two women in his family. It was made worse by the fact that they had to cut holes in their clothing to accommodate their swollen and new parts. Still, Allen did manage to wear a loose pair of plus-size shorts that were not so loose anymore, as well as a large top lent by an obese neighbour who was giving them out. The end result was that they all still looked like alien freaks, but some sense of propriety remained.

Some sense of propriety, that was, until the urge to eat came over them. Already the family unit had experienced hunger, but even as Allen continued to reminisce on that UFO sighting, he felt the pangs of hunger return to his belly, with a fury he had never fully known. His stomach growled loudly, cramping in slight pain as it made known its desperation for food.

“Nngnhh . . . God - I’m s-so fucking hungry.”

“M-me too!” Sarah cried.

“Me as well,” Ethan complained bitterly.

Heather tried to be stronger, but no one could mistake the growling sounds emanating from her swollen belly, least of all their family.

“If we continue to eat, we’re only going to further fuel the changes,” Allen muttered. He ran his arms over his form, wincing at the tenderness where his skin was still hardening. All of them now had black-brown coverings across their backs, shoulders, and on their limbs, though their forearms were not yet affected. Their hips were also segmented like an exoskeleton, but their breasts, bellies, ovipositors, and faces were still soft, and showed no signs of changing, much like the aliens calling themselves the ‘Zaar’ had indicated. It didn’t mean the family weren’t fearing further changes.

“I’m not changing any f-further. I’m not being some gross bug queen!” Sarah cried.

“How do you think we feel?” Allen said, gesturing to him and his Dad. “We’re not even meant to be ‘queens’ at all!”

“Well, those tits say otherwise!”

“Sarah!” Ethan snapped at his daughter. “Not the time!”

“Enough!” their mother snapped. “We’ll hold out as long as we can. But if we truly need to eat to survive, we’ll do it. I don’t like this, no one does, but I’m your mother - and Ethan, I’m your wife - it’s my job to keep this family going, and I’d rather you be alive and . . . changed, than starving away.”

It was a morose fact they’d have to deal with. Every family and group on the block was dealing with it. It was made worse by the fact that they could hear some of those neighbours giving in to their hunger and devouring the contents of their refrigerators. Hell, the Hendersons were devouring entire sticks of butter, moaning as if they were fucking

orgasming! It made Allen moan in turn. He needed food. His body needed food, and his antennae twitched, *demanding* he fuel further changes. His stomach had already gotten tighter over the last few hours as they set up their front yard tent and supplies, but now it felt taut as a drum, demanding further growth. His breasts were much the same, and out of the corner of his eye, he could see Sarah kneading hers occasionally, looking sweaty. They all sat on milk crates that Heather had organised, so their large, heavy abdomens could trail off the end. She had tried to get the men of the family to wear bras, but to no avail. Allen had no intention of letting his sister mock him for that, even among this chaos. But it did mean his nipples were constantly throbbing, distending outwards as if begging to grow. Begging to have the fuel to grow. They all sat in silence around a makeshift fire, as many others were, waiting for someone to break first.

It was Ethan that broke, naturally. Allen suspected it would be. He loved his father, but he could be a weak man at times, and it was clear that the changes were affecting his psyche most deeply. He stood awkwardly, clutching his pregnant mount, and shuffled to the fridge.

“Screw th-this! I need to eat!”

He opened the fridge, taking out several sticks of butter, a number of sausages, some pasta from two days ago, chicken wings in need of cooking, and so on and so forth. The dam burst, and the rest of them rose up to get food as well, Allen included.

“Don’t hog!” Sarah pleaded. “I’m f-fucking hungry too!”

“Women first!” Heather called. “Ethan, don’t be a pig!”

“Me too! I always get left out!” Allen pitched in. “I n-need to eat so f-fucking bad!”

“Language, Allen! You need to - oh, f-fuck! I’m desperate for f-food, it huuurts!”

Soon they were all dividing and devouring. Allen could only concentrate on his stomach, and placing everything edible he could inside it, and even some things that should have been cooked. His antennae seemed to throb, informing him that his new gut could take a lot more in, without concern even for cooking. He took that as permission to swallow several uncooked sausages, as well as grabbing cookie mix and downing that as well. It was like the entire family had become a group of ravenous pigs, devouring all they could until they could take no more. But even when Allen felt so full he could burst, his antenna still twitched, demanding him to consume even more.

“M-more! N-need more!”

He and Sarah consumed the remaining milk in the fridge, fought over the last can of tomato soup. Their struggle was a sad one: they were almost entirely overwhelmed by how much they had eaten that they moved limply, slowly.

In the end, Allen won, and the final morsel of food remaining to the entire family was his. He gulped it down, and immediately regretted it. He winced, clutching his belly and his

new breasts as the pressure continued to peak. It grew and grew, making him even tighter across the taut surface of his skin, so that he genuinely feared he would split open. Sarah groaned as well, and while she clutched her belly, her greater focus was upon her breasts, which she massaged with a creepy kind of arousal, moaning in a way that he certainly did not appreciate.

“C-cut it out!” he called.

“I can’t help it!” she cried. “My f-fucking tits feel like they’re g-going to explode!”

“Same for my b-belly and f-fucking ass!”

Ethan and Heather were also squirming, trying to comfort one another - or at least Heather comfort Ethan - while they groaned and whimpered. The entire neighborhood echoed those same cries, and for a brief moment, Allen desperately hoped he would pass out. And then suddenly the pressure gave way.

“Oh G-God! It’s h-happening!” he cried. “I’m ch-changing again!”

“M-me too!” cried Sarah.

They reached out for each other, the two rival siblings still wanting some level of comfort and compassion from the other, but their hands could not quite join in time before their bodies began to expand.

“NGNGGHH!! OHhhhhhh s-so much! S-sooo muuuuuuch!”

With a cry, Allen held his belly. His hands separated further, no longer able to reach around his vast dome as more and more eggs developed in his belly. He could feel them, literally *feel* them growing inside him, causing his entire womb to expand to accommodate them. His breasts surged forth, becoming large and fat and heavy, and to his horror his nipples also fattened, and began to leak milk. He hissed, sucking in his breath as his boobs began to produce milk, and then he saw that his crying sister was far, *far* more productive than he. She cried out as they became the size of literal *basketballs* on her chest, compared to his mere large cantaloupes, and already streams of pale blue milk were streaming through her shirt and down her expanding belly.

“Damn it!” she cried. “They were already t-too damn - Ngh! - big!”

But still they expanded, and so did the rest of her body parts, Allen’s too. His insides churned, turning the fat and protein of his food to new body parts. His antennae grew out further, and his ass swelled, his ovipositor now becoming the size of a bean bag behind him, perhaps even a little larger. With a horrid grunt, he realised he needed to push. His hips cracked wider to allow this, and before he could realise what was happening he pushed, and something *descending* down from his belly, squeezing through his hips, and into his egg sac.

“Oh God! Oh f-fuck! I think I j-just pushed an egg!”

Sarah looked at him, wide-eyed. Her eyes looked darker than before, as if her pupils had grown. “What!? Did you just say - OHHHN!”

She spread her legs, and he could tell she was overwhelmed by the urge to push also. Allen looked to his parents, and saw that Heather was coaching Ethan through the process. He marvelled at his mother's abdomen - it was full and round and still growing, and he realised then that she must have started pushing eggs down a while ago and just decided not to worry them. She gave him a knowing look.

"You just need to breathe everyone! Big breaths, lots of oxygen, and push! I've done it before with you two, and I've been laying eggs for a while now, so just breathe and focus on pushing!"

Her words managed to galvanise them all, and they did as she told them, even as more changes came over their bodies. Allen ignored the strange developments occurring under his eyes, or the way his hair was growing out longer and darker. He pushed away thoughts of his jutting breasts, and even how his skin was turning a pale green where it was not chitinous. The same was true of all of them.

But all that mattered was the act of pushing. He grunted, bore down, cried out in an increasingly feminine voice. He had little doubt that he now looked like a woman: after all, his face had rearranged, and his lips had plumped up, and his jaw softened, not to mention the long silky hair growth. Add onto that the pregnant belly and boobs, and the voice, he was practically a woman.

But that very fact was confirmed when he pushed again, and felt a strange, wet sensation of arousal between his legs. He gasped, trying to ignore it, but the sensation of pleasure was impossible to put away. His cock hardened, but a chitinous growth formed around it, taking his cock into his body. It began to pump automatically as he pushed and strained the eggs from his belly into his sac, but even as that occurred, his hard cock continued to pound into *him*. It was like he had an internal vagina or tunnel, and his dick - which seemed longer than usual - was sliding in and out of it like on some mechanism, causing him to moan in pleasure.

"T-too good! Too f-fucking good!"

His sister wailed, grasping her breasts and sending milk everywhere.

"Allen! I've g-got something inside me! Something hard!"

"It's a c-cock! I've got a v-vagina in me t-too!"

"No! It can't b-Mmhmmhm!!"

She was orgasming as well, and so was his mother and father, despite themselves. Heather was most in control, but their father was incoherent as he bucked his hips. Allen cringed, realising he was also bucking his hips, but the horniness and pleasure was too great. Soon he was on the edge of a mighty orgasm, and then it spilled inside him. He wobbled, his taut belly shuffling with eggs, his enormous egg sac flopping about. It was the

most alien feeling in the world: he was both penetrator and penetrated at once, and his seed flooded into his own womb. The same, no doubt, was true of everyone else as well.

In the aftermath, they all sat panting, overwhelmed by what had just occurred, as well as the other changes. They now had pale green skin where their dark chitin did not grow, and their eyes were pools of black without irises. What's more, small growths beneath looked like the formation of a second pair of eyes. Allen hadn't noticed until Heather rubbed her own growths, but they'd all developed the beginnings of new limbs behind their legs. Almost like a *second* set of legs, in fact.

"What the fuck was that?" Sarah asked, her dark hair now pooling around her abdomen. Her tits were absolutely massive and bared to the world, having ripped through her top. Allen tried not to look at them. But they were . . . very big. He whimpered at the last little jolt of orgasm through his form, the last expulsion of his semen into his body, and another stirring began in his womb.

"I th-think - oohhh! - I think we j-just impregnated ourselves. With even more eggs."

Their jaws dropped.

Sarah and Ethan fainted.

Brood Planet, Part 4

It was up to Allen and his mom Heather to take care of the rest of the family. It was not an easy task: given their increasing size, the growth of further limbs, and the fact that their prodigious egg sacs now had actual eggs inside them, it was a struggle. Allen helped drag his father's unconscious body out into the fresh air in order to hopefully wake him, and he did his best to get him freshwater while the other former man slurred his words. Heather took care of Sarah, and to Allen's surprise she was quite deft about it, despite the fact that with Sarah's literally basketball-sized breasts, the daughter of the family was probably the heaviest among them. But as always, Heather was displaying a leadership and determination that the patriarch of the family had always lacked.

"There," she said. "We just have to give them t-time." She winced a little, and there was an audible gurgling in her pregnant belly. Allen tried not to think on how strange it was that his own mother was obviously heavily pregnant with alien eggs, and was increasingly full in the chest as well.

"I think - ahhh - that was another egg forming," she muttered.

Allen nodded in understanding, caressing his own swollen stomach. “M-me too. I think the Zaar really are true to their word. We’re going to be broodmothers for the rest of our lives.”

Heather nodded, weary but understanding. “I think you’re right, son. I’m so, so sorry. I never wanted a life like this for you, not that I ever imagined a life like this. It’s the end of humanity as we know it. Your own father too, turned into a broodmare . . .”

She gazed over at the man, who was slowly coming to.

“Perhaps some other aliens will save us,” she suggested, “or the military.”

But Allen just shook his head. He had inherited his mother’s practicality and realist mindset, evidently ever more so than her own. “I don’t think anyone is coming, Mom. I think this is it. I think . . . I think this is our life now.”

There was a long, protracted silence. Heather blinked a number of tears back, remaining as stoic as she could be. But the new female hormones in Allen’s system flooded him a lot more powerfully, and he began to break down. With some effort, Heather shifted to his side.

“It’s okay, honey. Let it out. Let it out. It’s going to be okay.”

“N-no. It’s not! We’ve become a planet of alien broodmares! It’s insane!”

“We have to be strong. For everyone. Especially for Sarah and your father. I know you don’t always get along with them, but we have to try.”

He sniffled, nodded, then spoke in his much more feminine voice. “Okay. Okay. I’ll try.”

“Good. We need to stay a family. Even through all . . . this.”

She gestured to her bloated rear, her pregnant belly, even her humongous breasts. It made Allen laugh a little.

“At least we aren’t as big as Sarah.”

“Heaven forbid! My poor girl, she always wanted a larger chest for those social media trend things. Now, she has them. Quite the monkey’s paw, huh?”

Another chuckle. They continued to care for Sarah and Ethan as they woke, but by that point they were all tired. The makeshift tent and garage setup they had created would have to be enough. Heather took some time to awkwardly waddle her long egg sac over to the neighbours to help them out, and it was soon clear she was effectively the local suburb’s leader, making sure everyone had food, supplies, and so forth, as well as aiding them in creating their own outside and garage spaces for their bloated bodies.

By the time Allen finally fell asleep, hugging his aching, overly full dome, she was still out there. His sister sobbed a little into the night before falling asleep too, and it was one of the few times he was sorry for her. Evidently, her breasts were far sorer and heavy than

anyone else's. Allen could only sigh, and try to catch his own rest. After all, his breasts were sore too. He hoped they didn't grow *too* much more.

The next day they each woke to further changes. The fact that more transformations had occurred was obvious from the very moment that Allen woke. He grunted, looking over himself, and for just a moment the whole notion of being turned into an alien egg laying female was just an absurd dream. But then his eyes opened.

All *four* of them.

"Holy shit!" he exclaimed, jolting instantly awake. "I've got f-four eyes!"

All four of them blinked together. It was astonishing: his vision carried more depth than ever, and furthermore he could see strains of colour he couldn't imagine.

"Is that - am I seeing ultraviolet light?"

It had to be. He looked around, pushed open the flap of his makeshift privacy tent. Above the rooftops, extending from the antennae, streaks of red were also present. Well, red was the best way to describe them. They were sort of wavy, a colour he'd never seen before and so could not accurately explain.

"Radio waves," he said. "Infra-red, too. This is crazy."

He only just noticed at that moment how utterly female he sounded, even more than yesterday. There had been no recognising his voice as male then, but now it lacked even a slight huskiness or rasp. It sounded, astonishingly, like that of a gorgeous Hollywood starlet: a sweet soprano that clashed with his obvious bloated alien nature.

"Ughhh, fully female now. Sort of. Still have an internal dick for knocking myself up."

He rubbed his belly, feeling the constant pressure behind it. It was larger than the day before, now a full beachball once more. He looked pregnant with twins, if not triplets, and close to full term at that.

"So f-fucking pregnant. OHhhh, and my tits!"

They were bigger, that much was clearly certain. The clothing he'd put on before he'd gone to bed was little more than a tight shirt to cover the top half of his belly and his new breasts, but it must have snapped off in the night. He hazily remembered something like that waking him in the night, before a 'freeing' sensation let his breasts hang where they may.

It was no wonder they'd pulled the fabric apart. They had to be overly-full F-cups by now, if not double-F's. He only knew that size even existed due to some . . . extensive research when he'd been a horny teen. Now, having them on his chest, flushed and full and aching with the promise of future milk production for his alien young, horniness was the last thing on his mind.

“So f-fucking sore.”

He kneaded his breasts, tending to them. They gave a pleasant response, especially his fat, dark green nipples. His dark chitinous plates were absent where his mounds existed: there instead the skin remained that pale green. At least he had the mercy of his breasts resting on his stomach, though that too was its own curse. He most certainly looked full term with triplets now. In fact, quads may well be an apt descriptor. He grunted as he shifted his immense weight, thankful only a little that the Zaar aliens had seen fit to strengthen his legs to carry the burden.

He was just about to grab himself breakfast - his hunger was vast by this point - when suddenly an urge to push came over him. He squatted down, his second set of legs still too short to reach the ground. He tried to hold off the foreign sensation, but was unable to. The urge, the instinct, was simply too strong. He clenched all four of his bug-like eyes, widened his stance (his hips had become wider as well), and bore down.

“NGNHH! OOHHHHH!!!!”

One by one, a series of eggs pushed through his hips, squeezing through the birth canal that had grown into place there, and then plopped free into his egg sac causing it to bulge further.

“WH-WHY M-ME!!!? WHY US!?!?”

His pleas as he strained and pushed did not go unheard. Even through the discomfort, and the rising pleasure that was almost as unwanted, he heard his sister squeal in horror.

“NO! FUCK NO! WHY!?”

She stumbled out of the garage, where a hanging bed cover had given her some privacy. But there was no privacy to be had for poor Sarah anymore. She too had grown and changed in the night, and it was *very* clear where much of the changes had been directed. Like Allen, her belly had swelled, and like him she was flushed and sweaty as she tried to hold off another pushing session, birthing her eggs into her ovipositor. But while she was horrified over her eyes, which also numbered four now, and her still-growing second set of legs, it was very clear where her true attention was: her freakish breasts.

For a moment, Allen was confused. Yes, they were much larger than his, bigger than basketballs now, with massive nipples that were awkward for him to see. But they had not grown too massively. That was his reaction, until he saw her lifting them up. Her dainty hands were no match for her massive melons, her palms sinking into the flesh and making her moan in a way that Allen didn't really want to hear from his own sister. But then he saw what she was appalled by, and why she was lifting her enormous boobs up: below them, small but evidently still growing, was a *second* pair of breasts. They were comparatively little,

just normal-sized really, at least for a normal human woman. B-cups, likely. But against her J-cup or larger titties, they might as well as not have existed. Except they did.

“They grew in overnight!” she exclaimed, covering her nipples as best she could from his view, and failing - they were the size of large thimbles with areolas the width of miniature dessert plates now. “Have you grown any more?”

Allen shook his head. “They just g-got - ughhh! - bigger! I don’t have m-more of them!”

He bore down, strained as a particularly large egg squeezed through his hips. Were the eggs getting larger too? Even as his hips widened, they felt heavier, bigger, like he was being split apart. He orgasmed a little as it pushed against his sensitive inner walls, clutched his breasts. It was embarrassing in front of his own sibling, but then again, she had her own problems.

“Mom!” she cried. “Help me! This isn’t fair, why doesn’t he have extra b-boobs! It’s not f-UGUGGHH!!”

She began bearing down as well, and soon both siblings were pushing. Their parents joined, stumbling out, Ethan sobbing like he’d given up all sense of shame and self-worth, leaning against his wife as she tried to keep everyone calm.

“It’s okay, we’re a family,” she reminded them. “We’ll push together, okay? One, two, three, PUSH! NNGHH!!!”

“NNGHH!!”

She led the charge, and something about that leadership inspired Allen, and the rest of them. Even Sarah quit her moaning, managed to get herself under control. After a short while the new birthing effort was finished, and each of them had filled their egg sacs with perhaps another ten or so eggs, if not more. Allen looked at his family members and realised that while they all had rounded stomachs, it was actually him and his father who were more visibly pregnant than the women. Heather had larger breasts, perhaps as part of being a woman, and Sarah was beating them all in that regard, but somehow the men of the group - former men, at least - were the ones most filled with eggs.

“This is c-crazy,” his father moaned, his voice also now quite a high soprano’s, albeit much more whiny than Allen’s. “We have to demand they turn us back! They can’t do this to us - they just *can’t!*”

The rest of the family, Sarah included, looked at Ethan with veiled contempt. Heather and he had a strained marriage, and perhaps Allen’s sister was finally seeing their father as less of a role model and more of the permissive, weak man he’d always been. Certainly, even Allen hadn’t realised how little power he had to step up. Heather had to carry his slack.

“Ethan, shut up! There’s no point whining. There are galaxy-spanning aliens. We don’t stand a chance. We need to eat breakfast.”

“B-but if we eat, we’ll ch-change! I’ll keep growing!”

She rolled her eyes. “We just have to accept it. At least try to live with it. I’m not letting my children starve.”

He crossed his arms across his naked chest, sulking. Sarah also sulked, though did not approach her father. As Heather set about getting food ready, and Ethan continued to whine in the background, Allen found his own space to examine his body. He was fully naked now, and no clothes would fit him, or any of them. He could feel his own member inside him, slowly building up more sperm to impregnate himself again.

“Fuck. I’m going to do that again, aren’t I?”

Thankfully, there was no indication yet of that happening. Allen looked out at the street and saw a number of individuals, neighbours they’d known their whole life, similarly struggling with their increasingly bloated, alien bodies. His nipples throbbed at the sight of Cindy Clyde several doors down who was breastfeeding her little toddler. The little baby was mostly unchanged, though appeared to have sprouted some antenna and a tiny ovipositor that it was giggling and laughing about. The tired, bewildered mother was simply thankful her infant was okay, and placed her against her breast to suckle from her. The sight seemed to flare up some instincts in Allen as well. A biological yearning to also feed his young.

“What are you thinking about?”

“GAH!” he rocketed to the right, causing numerous parts of his pale green mounds to wobble intensely. “Don’t sneak up on me Sarah, you scared the shit out of me.”

She rolled her eyes. “Bro, I did *not* sneak up on you. I’m heavy as a fucking house here. My tits are like half my old body weight. You were just lost in thought.”

Allen exhaled. “Yeah, okay. You’re right. This is all so crazy, huh?”

“Mega crazy. Fucking crazy. Insane as all shit.”

They shared a silent couple. He tried to ignore the strange sight of his sister’s prodigious bustline, just as she was trying to obviously ignore his pregnant femaleness. She bit her lip, clearly trying to communicate something.

“I’m sorry about the other night,” she finally said. “I shouldn’t have said all that stuff.”

He raised his eyebrows at her, shocked to hear her words. “Thanks,” he said. “I guess I was an asshole too. I guess it’s all small potatoes compared to what’s going on now, right?”

She nodded sadly, wiped several tears from her four eyes.

“At least we can see radio signals now?” he suggested.

It actually managed a chuckle from her. “Yeah, that’s super useful! Not!”

He laughed back, both of them sharing a bitter moment of humour.

“I’m growing extra tits, Allen.”

“I know. That’s weird.”

“Fucking weird.”

Another bout of silence. Without thinking, she began massaging her lower pair, and he had to look away.

“Oh God, I didn’t mean to do that! I’m sorry! They’re just so small, they’re getting squished by the upper pair. And it’s like - it’s like my body *wants* them to grow.”

He winced, and was about to say something a little cruel, until he saw the look of fear in his little sister’s eyes. “Yeah, it’s okay sis. I’m getting weird compulsions too. Apart from being hella hungry, I saw Cindy Clyde feeding her baby and, well, my boobs went all flushed. It was like I felt a need to start breastfeeding my own young, or something.”

He rubbed his huge stomach idly. It was full of pressure, and slowly growing. It had expanded another inch already, and he could feel another egg forming within it.

“Oh thank God!” Sarah said, and to his surprise she wrapped her arms around him, pulling him in tight. Their bare breasts squashed against one another, and hers were so large that his face was soon enveloped.

“S-sis! Sarah! I’m s-suffocating here!”

“Oh fuck, this is embarrassing! I’m so sorry!”

She released him, clearly having underestimated the sheer size of her gargantuan tits. They wobbled heavily, parting over her full pregnant belly, which to Allen’s annoyance was smaller than his own.

“What the hell, Sarah!?”

“What the hell? I was just, like, expressing that I was glad someone else felt like I did!”

“You just covered me in your tits, you fucking weirdo!”

She growled, stormed off in a manner that caused her ovipositor to collide against him rather deliberately.

“Weird fucking girl,” he said to himself. But even as he said it, he was hit with embarrassment. She hadn’t meant to make it weird. After all, they were technically both female now, sort of. And her tits were too big to really hug anyone without such a disaster happening. And she’d come to apologise to him and sort things out.

“Should’ve been nicer to her,” he said to himself. But that was when his stomach growled loudly, redirecting his thoughts towards food. “Fuck, I’m hungry.”

It would fuel further changes, and that terrified him, but as with several things, the compulsion to eat was overriding. To fuel further eggs, future laying, and future changes. His weak little secondary legs were only fifteen-inch stumps, but they were straining to grow further.

“OOhhh . . . food. M-must eat f-food.”

“It won’t be long!” Heather called. “For God’s sakes, Ethan, help your damn family.”

But Ethan was sulking in his tent, refusing to talk to anyone. Sarah was not sulking, but looked more despondent. They were all reaching their wit's end.

"NNGhhh . . . n-need to eat n-noooww," Allen whined. "P-please!"

"Still cooking!" his mother called. "I'm hungry t-too dear! I'm trying my - ahhh - best!"

But she suddenly stopped. They all did. A strange, warbling noise began on the horizon. The clouds parted above, and a great silvery UFO fly past at breakneck speed, causing the wind to briefly rush against them. A child cried out in fear somewhere. Ethan cried out to be rescued. But then the UFO passed.

THUNK.

THUNK THUNK THUNK THUNK

The entire family shrieked, Allen in a voice as high-pitched and girly as his own sister's. A series of quite large canisters, roughly the size of miniature fridges, crashed into the ground in every front yard of the neighbourhood. Thankfully, they must have been precision-guided, because each landed safely on the lawn and not on anything or anyone. Theirs was rounded and chrome, and steam came off its edges slightly.

"What - what is it?" Sarah asked.

The answer came moments later. The top opened up, and a number of mechanical nozzles extended out like great tentacles, extending out to each member of the family. At the end of the nozzle was a suction cup of sorts, built to be enveloped by a mouth. A pink, oozing substance dripped from the one that came close to Allen. It smelled *utterly divine*. Like the greatest, sweetest, most nourishing taste he could imagine. The device whirred, and another voice of the Zaar spoke.

'Hello humans. You are doing well to transform into pregnant broodmares. Already you are readying to birth our drones into the world, though you may notice some have more exaggerated or additional features compared to others. Worry not, your place in the hierarchy may be a little different, perhaps even blessed. Tomorrow, you will be fully evaluated to determine your suitability within the Zaar Galactic Empire, and your fecundity checked over. This nourishment will now be provided to you. It is the standard meal of our species, though yours is custom made to speed up your transformations and get your bodies working on producing more young. Congratulations future broodmares of the empire, and eat up! Yum!'

"I am *not* eating that!" Sarah cried.

"We can't," their mom said. "It'll - it'll change us."

But both were licking their lips. Allen saw his father grasp the nozzle and place it in his mouth. "I can't help it!" he cried. "I need food! I need it so bad!"

Once more the weakness of their father was exposed. Sarah looked at him with contempt. Even Heather did. But Allen couldn't blame him. He seemed even hungrier than

the women of the family. His womb was churning with a desire to make more babies. He was tired, exhausted, pressurised, and deeply pregnant. But there was no stopping the change to come. There was no chance at all, and he knew it.

Allen took the nozzle, and placed it against his mouth. The pink ooze entered his mouth, and he moaned in pleasure as he swallowed the delicious goo. Out of the corners of his eyes, he could see the others join in.

The next round of transformations and impregnations began moments later.

Brood Planet, Part 5

The slop was beyond tasty. Beyond delicious. It was a food so intoxicating that none of them could go back. Ethan desperately drank from it, weak-willed and needy. But the others were little better: Allen began to drink deep from the nozzle, followed by Sarah, and finally Heather too. For as much as their mother wanted to resist, it was clear that even her biological needs had superseded her intellectual ones. And so they gulped down the substance, even knowing it would lead to further change.

It first manifested as a rising arousal. The family's humiliation, each began to moan and groan as they devoured the delicious goo. Allen writhed, shaking his massive egg sac from side to side, causing his breasts to jostle as well.

"MMmhmmm," he whimpered, feeling himself over. It was humiliating. He was naked, his insectoid broodmother body on display, and now he couldn't help but touch himself. He squeezed his nipples, rubbed and caressed his breasts, even stroked his gravid belly. With his four eyes, it was easy to see out of his peripherals the fact that his family members were doing the same, especially Sarah. She had four breasts to contend with, and stroked them fanatically, shivering from their incredible sensitivity. It was all too much, and soon all of them felt their internal mechanisms begin to pump. Their impregnation had begun.

Ethan, as the first eater, was first. He stuttered, stopped eating the goo for just long enough to look utterly embarrassed. He whined in his high, newly-female voice, then began bucking his hips.

"Oohhhh G-God! Heather, h-help me! It's h-happening again! AAGGGHH!!"

Heather looked at him with something approaching mild disdain. Already, she had joined him, bucking her hips which looked to be getting wider and wider. She moaned in a type of tone that Allen had never wanted to hear come from his mother's mouth. Sarah followed, also providing a similar sound that embarrassed the siblings both. But he joined in not long after when the full internal thrusting began. He doubled over as much as he could

over his gigantic, near-beachball sized pregnant belly, clutching it desperately as his body literally fucked itself pregnant again all over.

“OOhhh, s-so much! S-so much! P-pressure!” he cried. “I c-can’t take it! OOhhh . . . mmhmm! AAhh!!”

He stopped feeling self-conscious and gave in to the overwhelming pleasure. This was him now, he knew. An alien broodmother destined to make eggs, and while his internal male organ thrust into his own womb, that didn’t sound so bad. It continued to thrust, ram, slide into his moist depths, and all he could do was squeeze his huge tits and pray it would end soon, or not at all.

“Yes, yes! Oh God, yes! Fuck, yes! YEESSSSS!!!”

His penile organ erupted within him, and he recoiled as it splattered his reproductive tunnel with torrent after torrent of life-giving seed. It was hot, wet, and there was the utterly alien sensation of it *sliding* down the passage and into his womb, impregnating new eggs with life that he could then begin to grow and then give birth to.

“OOhhhhhhh,” he moaned, still overcome with the changes. Sarah also orgasmed, squeezing her four tits. As one could easily predict, strong-headed Heather held out the longest. Ethan had impregnated himself first.

But it wasn’t over yet. Even trapped in that post-coital pleasure, Ethan felt more than just his womb churn. His second pair of legs began to grow, extending out. The exoskeleton expanded, and he gritted his teeth as new tissue and matter formed, making the legs longer and stronger and capable of more easily carrying his increasing weight. The same changes were happening for the others, and their existing legs altered to more insectoid configurations too, with his spreading wider to centre his body. Allen also clutched his scalp as his antennae extended slightly. His pregnant belly surged forth, but it was his egg sac that truly took off. It grew and grew and grew, going well beyond its current fridge size. His stomach emptied, the fuel for this change disappearing rapidly, and for a moment he was filled with terror: he might actually die.

Quickly, he tried to reach for the nozzle. But it was too far away, and with his huge belly and now-swelling tits there was no way to manoeuvre himself. Even his new legs wouldn’t help him. He made a brief swat at the nozzle, but only succeeded in knocking it yet further away. It was beyond his grasp, and it was making him panic.

“N-need food! Need to grow! C-can’t s-sustain it without f-food!”

He tried again, but failed. Again, but failed. His body was beginning to hurt. His heart was starting to *strain*. Food, protein, calories, all of it was needed to fuel the changes, and if he didn’t have that fuel, his body wouldn’t be able to take it. His egg sac was blowing up, getting so heavy there was no lifting it off the ground at all. His head case expanded, skull

lengthening with it. It was impossible to keep up with. All that mattered was the food. He needed it more than anything.

“P-please,” he drooled. “G-goo! Need good! S-someone!”

And then, suddenly, as if by a miracle, the nozzle lifted on its own. For a brief moment, Allen actually thought that it was just the alien technology, but when he looked to his left, he could see something in the air coursing from the nozzle. Or towards it. Something his new pair of eyes were capable of seeing.

It was coming from Sarah. From her mind.

Somehow she was able to control the nozzle *with her mind*. Even amidst her changes, she was directing it upwards, sending out beams of what could only be called *psionic* energy, lifting the nozzle up to reach Allen.

“H-how!?” he managed to stammer, even as his body shifted and altered and enlarged.

“I d-don’t know!” she cried. To their shared shock, she was growing a *third* set of breasts below her other two, and the middle and upper ones were still yet expanding. But despite this, her attention was on *him*. “I s-saw you in trouble, and I had to help!”

She gulped down more good from the nozzle.

‘And I reached out with my mind!’ she said, only this time, her mouth didn’t move. She was still eating. *‘Take it! Eat, brother! Eat, you idiot, because your body collapses!’*

‘Okay!’ he replied, and grabbed the nozzle with his chitin-covered hands. He realised even as he took it into his mouth that he somehow communicated that mentally. *‘I can do it too! I can do it!’*

‘Great! N-now just I-let me f-fucking grow all these extra goddamn tits in peace, alright? I’m becoming a freak here!’

‘So am I, but you saved me, S-Sarah! I’m s-sorry I’ve been such an ass.’

‘You have. But we’ve both got big asses now. God, this is insane. This is s-so fucking insane, and I’ve - OHHH!! M-MORE!’

Their talking broke down as the expansion continued. Heather and Ethan also changed. Soon they were all groaning and grunting and clutching and pushing and squeezing and moaning and orgasming and bloating and so on and so forth for minutes on end. It was excruciating and unbelievable, and yet none of them could quite help how deeply wonderful it all felt. It was wrong, so damn wrong, but they all felt as if their changes were nearly done.

They continued to eat the goo, guzzling it down to help fuel their changes. It was Heather that first managed to speak again.

‘Don’t forget to eat your food, kids!’

Everyone groaned at her joke. But somehow, it managed to buoy them up a little.

'That was awful, Mom!' Sarah thought. 'Just tacky! God, I almost want to post that on my socials.'

'I have to agree with my terrible sis,' Allen thought to them, 'that was bad. Not even Dad would make that joke.'

'Well, I was proud of it.'

Ethan groaned. 'Stop joking around! Someone help m-me here! I'm growing eggs. The aliens need to help me! Hello! HELLO! Change me back!'

'SHUT UP DAD!' the two siblings thought-yelled. Heather joined in as well, not even calling him 'dear' or 'honey' as she often did. The whole experience was making very clear exactly what kind of husband father Ethan was when the going got tough. So instead, filled with shame, the insectoid broodmother that was Ethan simply silenced himself, and continued to bloat up with eggs.

They all did, for a good number of hours to come.

Finally, the family was full. Everyone in the neighbourhood was, in fact. There was quite a lot of embarrassment as they looked over each other's changes, and their own. All over the neighbourhood and down the street one could hear expressions of shock, dismay, anger, frustration, even amused boasting or sarcastic comparisons being made between couples or siblings.

Allen's family was no exception. The latest bout of changes had been enormous, changing them to become what they could only hope was their final forms, lest they get any bigger. Their bodies had even diverged somewhat, looking a little unique, with Sarah being the most identifiably different of the group. The former thin, attractive girl that irritated Allen so much as a shallow sister was now the very un-proud owner of six very large breasts down her front. The top pair were easily the size of basketballs, perhaps just a little bit grown from earlier that morning. The middle pair were nearly equal in size, and were perhaps still growing to reach that point. The lower pair were easily F-cups or even G-cups, and looked compressed by the others. Sarah continued to knead and adjust them awkwardly, as if almost urging them to grow to get some relief from the weight of the heavier breasts above. She was having more success than perhaps she ought to, and that was because of the other strange development to her body: she now had an additional pair of arms, nearly fully grown, and with a third pair also developing.

"It's so fucking weird!" she whined, obviously overcome by the amount of limbs she now possessed, and still learning how to coordinate them. "God, it's sooo fucking gross!"

The fact that she was also developing what looked like additional breasts along her egg sac was also something that was worrying her, and the rest of the family. But no one mentioned it, least of all her. Six breasts was enough, particularly given that they had started seeping a milky green fluid, slightly darker green than their pale lime flesh, but undeniably milk nonetheless.

“Fuck! It won’t stop! This is awful!” she cried. *‘I hate this! Why am I more of a freak than anyone else!?’*

‘It’s okay honey,’ Heather reassured her, as she was doing so with many members of the neighbourhood. *‘It’s going to be okay. We j-just need to k-keep together, okay?’*

They once more slipped into psychic discussion, something they were already doing with an unusual regularity. Given how much food their bodies needed, and the never-ending amounts of pink ooze to consume, it at least made talking easier. Heather petted her daughter along her back, giving comforting words through her mind, even as she was forced to crease her brow and push more eggs to her ovipositor.

Allen’s Mom had also diverged a little from the others. She looked a bit bigger - not in the egg sac, but all over. As in, her limbs, her torso, her head, her arms and so forth, were all *literally* bigger, like she’d been supersized. It was not a totally subtle difference. If her torso was still on human legs, she could well be said to have grown a full two feet in height, if not more. It was a startling change, and one that only cemented her unofficial role as the leader in the community. People who had already looked up to her were now doing so quite literally as well.

“You’re going to be fine, Sarah. We’ll adjust. We’ll all adjust. Just look at me, right?” *Your giant mom!*

Sarah choked on her tears a little, nodded. “Th-thanks. *That’s a big help. Literally, lol.’*
‘Now honey, you know how I feel about you saying ‘lol’ as if it is a word.’

“Fiiiiine. God, end of the world and growing extra tits and I can’t even say made up words.’

Heather chuckled, and Allen joined her. Sarah was still upset, but the good thing about their altered bodies was that they were so busy making alien eggs and reimpregnating themselves that it was difficult to latch onto depression for too long. Heather was handling it best, and with her larger size and much greater crest and antennae, it was becoming increasingly clear that she could communicate across much greater distances, coordinating not just the neighbourhood’s relief efforts but those of the surrounding neighbourhoods as well.

‘I can’t quite explain it,’ she communicated telepathically. *‘It’s like I’m much smarter, and can carry on several conversations at once.’*

“How many people are you talking to right now?” Allen asked

She winced a little, and he could see numerous signals bouncing back and forth from her head: radio signals.

'Twenty seven,' she said. 'Twenty eight now.'

"Holy shit."

'Language.'

But while she was handling the horror show as best as she could, Ethan was just the opposite. He was freaking out as much as before, if not moreso. Part of that was his complete immobility. While the emergence of psionic powers had allowed each of them to move a little easier - after all, with a bit of practice, they were already finding instinctive ways to lift their egg sacs a little - Ethan had no such mercy. To his absolute shock, his limbs had actually started to withdraw, arms included. His belly had bloated lower, conjoining to his egg sac as if they were fusing to become one giant chamber. For what, no one quite knew, least of all Ethan. Everyone tried to help him, but he was almost catatonic with frustration and shame, and it was clear that whatever he was gestating, it was going to be bigger than the regular eggs the rest of them were making. His exterior was constantly sweating from the strain.

All of that left Allen himself. He didn't have the many milkers of his sister (thank God) or the tall height of his mother or the immobility of his father (thank God again). What he did have though, was eggs. Lots and lots of them. They were gestating at an astonishing rate, which meant that his behind was growing alarmingly too. While Sarah complained of her milky breasts, and Ethan complained of everything, Allen was complaining about the fact that almost every half hour or so he was overcome with the incredible urge to push newly developed eggs from his belly into his ovipositor. It was a damn good thing the skin could stretch, and that he was practicing his psionic ability to take the weight off of his egg sac, because it was very, very obvious that he was the most fertile and productive broodmother on the block. The sheer, agonising fullness of his rear abdomen almost made him wish that he could just hurry up and give birth to these eggs already. It was an insane thought, really, but the fact was that he felt like he would burst if he didn't push them. New ones were constantly being added to the spacious egg sac, but there was only so much room, even if the sac could stretch a great deal.

"UGghnnn!! Have to p-push again!" he gasped as that very need overcame him.

"Again? *Seriously?*" Sarah communicated in part-speech, part-psionic talk.

"It n-never stops!" he gasped. *'My belly feels like it's on f-fire. Like I'm never not making eggs.'*

'Gawd, if that's m-me and milk it'll be just as bad!'

"Well, at l-least you started as a girl! I'm s-stuck making f-fucking alien babies!"

“Let’s just both agree this s-sucks, hard,” Sarah suggested, squeezing her boobs in a now-familiar way with her two pairs of arms. Allen tried to look away, but to be fair, he was doing the same to his own bloated tits every time he orgasmed from pushing.

“Oh God! I’m c-coming! It’s h-happening!”

‘Gross!’

“Sh-shut up! I c-can’t help it! You were moaning when you were dripping everywhere before, S-Sarah!”

That was enough to shut her up. Still, after she had helped him, and approached him earlier, he’d tried to be nicer to her. The bickering didn’t stop, but it was more gentle-hearted now, even among the alien chaos. With one final push, Allen managed to squeeze the egg through, followed by two more, both of which filled his ovipositor to near total fullness. He gasped, his huge, overly-tight body trembling, and took to rubbing his egg-filled stomach just to soothe himself. He noticed Sarah doing the same, only it meant she caressed her many breasts, causing her to shiver.

“Jesus, can this get any weird?” she asked.

It was tempting fate, because at that very point, a UFO flew overhead, slowing until it hovered several hundred feet above their suburb. Everyone gasped, from their next-door neighbours to the couples up the street, to the still-cowering Ethan whose body was starting to look more like a giant, increasingly-limbless worm that Heather was doing her best to try and serve, despite his whining.

The UFO hung in the air for thirty seconds of rising tension before, finally, a voice spoke in that feminine warble they were now used to.

‘Attention former humans. Congratulations on becoming fully fledged members of the Zaar Galaxial Hive! You are now officially part of our extensive species, and you will soon bear the clutches of our many, many millions and billions of soldiers, scientists, farmers, producers, labourers, servants, administrators, record-keepers, so on and so forth. This is your role now, to be the broodmothers to keep up our economy in this section of the galaxy, and you will do a fine job of it on this new broodworld. Over the next few hours, we’ll be canvassing those with different mutations from the rest and assigning you your elevated roles. If you have additional body parts, strange aberrant growths, or simply exaggerated dimensions, then congratulations! You are going to be examined, studied, and given a special place within our hive. We look forward to helping you be the best broodmothers you can be.’

And with that, the message ended, and the family looked to one another.

“Um, doesn’t that message apply to a-all of us?” Allen asked.

There was silence in response, and a rising dread. The urge to push came over the transformed former male, and he pushed through more eggs.

Certainly, the amount of egg production in his body was aberrant enough to join the rest of his family. Soon, they would all find out what their additional changes meant for them.

Brood Planet, Part 6

The inspection came several hours later. During that time, Allen had continued to push more and more eggs out. Sarah, the sibling with whom he had warred with far too often in life, could only rub his ovipositor and whisper sympathies to her new 'sister'. Allen wasn't quite sure he liked that descriptor, but it was true, really; he was more female than male, especially given how goddamned pregnant he was.

"I'm sorry, brother, for everything," she said.

"It's - ahh! - okay. Guess this is p-punishment for being - oohhhhh! - such a dick of a big brother!"

"Well - nnggh - this is *my* punishment for being a vapid s-sister," she moaned, milk seeping down her chest. It was odd to see his own sister with six enormous, near-basketball sized breasts, each leaking green milk. But then again, it was probably awkward for Sarah to see him incredibly pregnant, straining as he pushed egg after egg from his rear vaginal lips. They certainly made an odd pair of siblings, now.

Still, both comforted one another while their parents were off by themselves. Their mother was only getting larger, her crest extending further. It was beginning to look magnificent, and the entire family were able to see the radio signals she was putting out and receiving. Soon, she wasn't just talking to the neighbourhood, but several neighbourhoods, and helping organise supply issues, shelter, comforting various individuals, working to get disparate families and partners reunited, and so on. It was magnificent to see, especially since her growing intellect and multi-tasking talents meant that she could also keep her focus on her family as well, all while occasionally pushing out new eggs.

Their father Ethan, on the other hand, was having a lot less success in his own coping of the situation. His egg sac continued to bloat, but the rest of him didn't, unlike the rest. His tits were mercifully small compared to everyone else, and his humanoid belly was only bloated a little. More than that, his antennae were shrunken, and he didn't have extra arms like Sarah was developing. Even his legs were more feeble. But what he lacked there seemed to be going entirely to his ovipositor.

"Something's gone wrong!" they heard him yell. When he was agitated, he didn't use the mental network, preferring to yell far too loudly. "Why are the rest of you able to move!? I can't move! I need bigger antennae - I can't live my damn ass!"

“Calm down, dear,” Heather said, though she switched to mentally communicate to her children secretly. *‘Your father is agitated. I think his mutation is different. Already I can analyse and see through various parts of his body. I suspect he is an incubator for something, though I can’t tell what yet. Don’t inform him; it will only make your father more insufferable.’*

‘Got it,’ they replied. They didn’t have time for Ethan and his super-sized egg sac anyway: they were too busy birthing their eggs, or working out how to milk Sarah. She whined as her over-full breasts had no outlet, and Heather was organising with some of the smaller, less changed individuals across the city to secure some milk pumps for her.

But before that could arrive, a series of strange machines did instead. They flew down from a hovering mothership, little disco-ball like devices with a number of what looked to be cameras set inside them, as well as dangling scanning equipment attached to bionic tentacles. Allen was a little disappointed.

“I’d hoped to at least - ngh! - see a real alien,” he complained.

Sarah chuckled. “We - f-fuck! Too much milk! - we *are* real aliens now, bro.”

He had to concede the point. There was little human about them now except their memories. Even their instincts had changed: it seemed ‘right’ somehow to be laying so many eggs, despite the continual pressure and discomfort. And while Sarah continued to complain about her breasts (and the fact that a *fourth* pair was apparently forming below her belly button, and growing quickly at that), it was undeniable that from the way she caressed her chest, willing her boobs to grow, that she got a dopamine rush from becoming a milk machine. Only Ethan seemed fully able to fight his changes completely, but his body was so useless that it made sense: only his egg sac was growing by this point. It was over two metres high and six metres long, and expanding. He hadn’t laid a single egg in hours. They were only growing, exhausting him.

The disco balls zipped around the neighbourhood, scanning and talking to various individuals. With their heightened hearing and overall senses, the family were able to ‘hear’ snippets of conversation, as well as understand the psionic component of the machine messengers.

“The Zaar welcomes you to our hive! How are you coping with your egg production? Any mutations that seem aberrant compared to other members of your new species?”

“F-fuck you! Change us - ahh - back! I don’t want to push out all these eggs!”

“Don’t worry, you’ll get used to that! You’ll only be more productive in the years to come, besides. We Zaar live long cycles, and our broodmothers especially so!”

“N-nooooo.”

The balls zipped around to a different family.

“How are you taking the changes, ma’am? It seems everything has worked out fine in terms of your transformation into a broodmother.”

“I’m no m-ma’am! I’m a guy! Please, you’ve got to - ohhhh! Why does it f-feel so good!?”

“Don’t worry, I can assure you that you are a female member of our species now. And that good feeling will be one you can learn to enjoy. After all, a good broodmother relishes the experience of laying her large clutches!”

“Oh God! But I wish it didn’t feel so - NGNHH!!”

“Hello ma’am, do you have a concern?”

“I don’t want to be this, but if I have to b-be, I’ll endure. But - nnggh! - what about my baby? She’s just a year old!”

“Fear not, ma’am. With your psionic powers, you’ll easily be able to take care of her. We will supply you with all the materials you need to raise her, and when she reaches her adult stage at twenty years old, she too can look forward to the blessing of becoming a broodmother like yourself! All hail the Zaar and their merciful brilliance!”

This didn’t seem to fully satisfy the woman, though she was clearly glad the children would be taken care of in some fashion. These conversations continued throughout the neighbourhood. Allen’s own family simply had to wait their turn, made all the worse by the fact that there was seemingly no clear pattern to the disco-balls’ trajectory. They visited the Hendersons next door, took in the facts of their changes as completely within expected parameters, and then shot off diagonally to another neighbourhood, only to return further up the street. It baffled Allen, and he could only idly amuse himself between his laying of eggs by drinking up the pink goo and gazing at the radio patterns in the sky where the alien machines had flown. They looked like webs before they faded away. He blinked all four of his dark eyes, and bore down again. Sarah did the same, while also pulling at her nipples to expend as much milk as possible.

By the time the disco-balls finally visited them, it was an embarrassing moment to do so. Both Sarah and Allen were loudly orgasming, their internal penises thrusting into their internal passages, once more self-impregnating them.

“Ohhhhhh God!” Allen cried. *‘It’s a lot, isn’t it?’*

Sarah gave him a humiliated grin, even as she felt at her tits with all three arms, the third pair having grown over the last couple of hours.

‘Yeah, supes embarrassing t-too. Fuck, at least you d-don’t have all these damn tits to deal with!’

‘Mine are p-pretty big! And when I f-fucking orgasm I push out a heap of eggs each time. It s-sucks!’

‘At least we c-can complain together,’ Sarah added.

They shared a sibling moment of shared frustration. Over across their front yard, their mother was also pushing out several eggs, though not as many. In fact, she was broadcasting kind words to *everyone* currently in the act, or being self-impregnated, helping them come to terms with it. Her voice had changed, becoming more powerful and queenly and authoritative, and while they had always tried to obey their parent, both Allen and Sarah now found themselves doing so instinctively, as if Heather was not just their mother but their *leader*.

It was at this moment that the disco-balls arrived.

"My, my!" one said in a shrill voice, while the other scanned and took photos of them. *"This family is unique! Sorry to have caught you at a bad time, but at least we can bear witness to the joys of pleasure that come from self-fertilisation among Zaar broodmares!"*

The entire family shot them nasty looks. Allen could see that Ethan was especially furious, but unable to speak as his own self-fucking continued. He still wasn't laying, but his ovipositor was now twice the size of Allen's own, and still growing.

"H-hehlp m-meaaeeaa!!" he managed, the father's words utterly malformed by his discomfort.

"Naturally we will help!" one of the balls chirped. *"But first we must scan you and see what marvels we have! Such magnificent mutations and variations to aid the Zaar Galaxial Hive!"*

The balls whirled about, spinning around the family, scanning them with every possible kind of device from their hanging metal tentacles. They conferred after a moment, and judging from their flashing lights and bouncing mid-air manner, they were quite excited.

"What's happening?" Sarah demanded. But as her milk leaked again, she switched to a mental voice that all could hear. *'Why are we different? Why do I have six - oh shit, eight - tits!? Why is our dad like blowing up into a huge monster?'*

'Hey!' Ethan mentally called.

'And why am I so intelligent?' Heather asked. *'And my son - daughter now, I suppose - Allen, laying so many more eggs than the rest of us combined?'*

The disco-ball drew near, spinning a little in excitement.

"Oh, I can answer that! Yes, I can! This is all very exciting. There must be some gene in this family that has allowed you to ascend to even higher levels than much of the rest of your species. There is only a few of your kind per million of your people, and so it is a great blessing to be the machine that has diagnosed you. Allow me to explain!"

A small hatch opened in the side of the little robot - if it even was a robot - and a smaller disco ball emerged. This one drifted into the space in the centre of the lawn, in the centre of the family grouping as well. It flashed, and suddenly it projected an image that display Heather. No, that wasn't Heather, Allen realised. But an image of the creature she

would *become*. Its crest was massive, its humanoid half easily four or five metres tall, easily looming over others of its kind. It had a large ovipositor and was clearly pregnant, but not horrifically so as he was. Instead, its greatest development were the satellite-like crest upon its head, as well as the little glowing receptors along its back, which served a purpose he had no idea of.

"We shall start with you, the one called Heather! This is what you are destined to be: a Hive Administrator. While you will still produce the necessary eggs for our hive, your main role will be in ensuring that the local hive operates at greatest efficiency. You will regulate the production centres of this planet, ensure the proper allocation of resources, and communicate mentally across hundreds of miles, linking in a network with other administrators. When necessary, you can also use the receptor growths upon your back to enhance the fertility or other features of a particular specimen, in order to maintain their productiveness within the hive."

'Oh, oh my,' Heather managed. 'That is . . . a lot.'

"No doubt you will be up to the task! Your job will be difficult, but your enhanced intelligence will make you more than up to the task, and you will have much greater privileges and powers, too!"

Allen could see his mother smirk, just a little. She had developed a small set of mandibles at the corner of her mouth - they all had - and they clicked with just a little contentedness. This would be, in some strange way, a step up for her.

The disco-ball - the smaller one - flashed again, and this time it displayed something that was difficult to determine at first. For a moment, Allen thought he was looking at a gigantic weather balloon that had crashed into a field, until he realised it was actually a Zaar broodmare whose egg sac was so incredibly large that its humanoid 'half' was barely a pimple upon it. It was pushing out something enormous; an egg that must have been the size of an entire eighteen-wheeler lorry, if not larger, and it was straining slowly to do so, as if the effort was taking not just minutes or hours, but *days*. Or weeks. The talking disco-ball floated to Ethan, who had a look of horror.

"Th-that's m-me!?" he stammered, looking back on his already-too large egg sac. The one in the image looked to be over forty metres in length, if not more, and half as many high. It looked almost impossible to exist.

The robot paid his panic no heed, or perhaps didn't recognise it. *"Congratulations, friend Ethan!"* it said. *"You are just as blessed as your partner Heather, albeit in quite a different way! You are set to evolve into an Evolved Brooder, an even rarer role! There is less than one of your kind per one hundred million of our kind, which speaks to your magnificent rarity! There are many castes to the hive, and normal broodmothers are not always sufficient to birth the largest members of the caste. The great Brain-Thinkers of the*

empire, the spaceborne Amoeba Dwellers, and the powerful Broodguard Titans all require much larger eggs, some incredibly large indeed, and much longer growth time. As such, you shall experience the great blessing of growing the largest of the eggs by far, and pushing them out over a matter of weeks in some cases! Glory to you, Ethan, for your fortune! You will be coveted in the empire, and will birth our future leaders!"

Ethan was not consoled by this. In fact, he merely whimpered, overwhelmed.

"But I don't want to!"

"Nonsense, don't be modest! This is a great honour! And any pain will be worth it for the glory!"

As annoying as their father had become, and as selfish as he had revealed himself to be, even Allen had to feel sympathy for him. The creature in the image looked totally immobile, a slave to their enormous ovipositor as it very, very slowly pushed out its massive egg. Ethan seemed to go into shutdown mode, while the hologram changed once more with a flash to display what could only be his sister Sarah's future. The family gasped at the sight, all except for Sarah, who gave a long, exaggerated groan of exasperation.

"SERIOUSLY!?" she yelled. "That thing is more tits than bug!"

She wasn't far from the truth. The creature in the hologram was still obviously shaped like a broodmare, but instead of simply having one set of large breasts, followed by all the rest of the vaguely insectoid body shape, instead she had a long row of gigantic breasts that went from her humanoid chest all the way to the underside of her egg sac, by which point the rows were no longer two breasts 'abreast' but four, then six! The sides of her big ovipositor also had breasts, and it looked like her large glands sweated milk also. Numerous young were attached to her many breasts, which look positively overburdened with milk

"My goodness, you are lucky! You will be the most loved of all broodmothers, dear Sarah! No child loves a Zaar more than the one that feeds them with endless supplies of milk. You have gained the Nurse Mother gene, allowing you to continuously produce vast quantities of milk. The amount of breasts you will grow could be anywhere between fifty to well over a hundred!"

"A - a hundred!?" she said, unbelieving what she was hearing.

"I know! We can only hope for that many!"

Allen used his psionic powers to shift his heavy body over to her side and pat his sister on the shoulder. She was still aghast, and frankly so was he. The thought that his sister would go from being a social media figure showing off her body to a gigantic nursemaid constantly producing milk for hundreds of young, if not thousands, was almost impossible to believe. He could only cringe at what fate beheld him: it was enough for him to groan, squat, and experience the mingled pain and pressure and pleasure of pushing out three more huge eggs.

“UUGGHHH!!” he moaned.

Somehow, it managed to get Sarah laughing.

‘*What?*’ he said mentally, because he was still groaning from the effort of exertion.

‘*Sorry!*’ she replied, laughing out loud while she psionically ‘talked.’ *‘It’s just, this is insane!’*

‘I’m just waiting to hear what horror show awaits me.’

And, as if to emphasise that very horror, one of the disco-ball machines hovered around him, clicking and whirring and buzzing with excitement.

“Oh my, what a fortunate family! First a Hive Administrator, then an Evolved Brooder and a Nurse Mother, and now a Hyper Breeder!”

Allen took a heavy breath, causing his milky breasts to bounce on his chest. ‘*A hyper what now?*’

“A hyper breeder! You are very lucky, young Allen. You are almost as rare as your father’s new kind. Hyper Breeder’s produce eggs at an immensely accelerated rate. Observe!”

The hologram flashed, revealing Allen’s future alien state. The image showed exactly what he expected: a broodmother surrounded by other, much smaller broodmothers. Their piles of eggs were already prodigious, but the broodmother in the centre had an immense egg sac, with eggs continuously flowing from it like a river, ever being pushed out and replaced. She was suckling upon nourishment supplied by common workers, and she was perpetually gravid.

‘*That’s my future?*’ he said mentally, bewildered.

‘*I’m so sorry, son,*’ Heather said comfortingly. ‘*We’ll make you as comfortable as we can. As a Hive Administrator, perhaps I can organise us to stay together as a family?*’

‘*I’m sorry bro. That sucks. At least you don’t have loads of milk?*’

The disco-ball nearest them hummed. *“Ah, but you two will stay together! Hyper Breeder needs a Nurse Mother to feed her millions of children - yes, millions! - and this will mean that the Nurse Mother’s own productive glands will increase in size and number to account for this!”*

The two siblings looked at each other, not knowing what to think. Did they even want to stay together? Allen wasn’t sure . . . but he was seeing a different side of his sister lately, and perhaps it would not be so bad. But the thought of pushing out eggs in that amount for his entire life . . . it was staggering!

It was enough to cause his egg sac to tremble, and him to bear down, grit his teeth, and groan as he orgasmed, another two eggs pushing through his rear lips. They touched the ground softly, guided by his automatic psionic power. Silence followed for a moment as the family took in all that had been said about them.

“Well,” the robot said, “we have no time to lose and an empire to contribute to! It’s time we got you lot into your new allocated roles!”

The revelation sent Ethan begging all over again, pleading to be changed back. For once, his complaints were very, very agreeable to the family.

Brood Planet, Part 7

The task of lifting up their bloated, overly pregnant bodies turned out to be less onerous than expected, at least. The disco balls, despite their tiny size, had a number of panels from which could extend little dishes. These dishes shot forth strange blue beams that made each of their mutated forms light as feathers, and so they were easily picked up by these anti-gravitic sensors.

“Woah! This is, like, too weird!” Sarah shouted out loud. She grunted as her ovipositor dangled a little. The act of being lifted must have frightened her into laying, because she proceeded to groan. ‘Oh no! Oh no, m-more coming!’

‘M-me t-toooo!’ Allen grunted in mental reply. He pushed, unable to help himself and not wanting to anyway. The pleasure of laying clutches was still ingrained in his mind, despite the burden of discomfort and slight pain. His rear lips parted even as he was lifted above the roof of his family home. For a moment he was terrified that the eggs would fall and smash on the ground below, but his new maternal instincts caused his antennae to flail about wildly. His psionic abilities, which already aided in mental communication and being able to lift his heavy egg sac, automatically reached out and arrested their fall.

‘Holy shit!’ he ‘said’ even as he moaned, pushing more out of him.

‘I kn-know, right?’ Sarah exclaimed back. He looked back up at her and nearly coughed up a litre of the pink goo they were always eating. She also was carrying several eggs psionically in the air, dragging them as if with an invisible net behind her. But his sister was also leaking. A lot. And somehow she was psionically dragging large puddles of her milk in the air beside and beneath her also. It looked like a spilled drink on the International Space Station, and it made Allen idly wonder if they too had become broodmothers.

‘S-so weird!’ Sarah managed. ‘You okay, bro?’

‘Y-yeah! Don’t like heights though!’

‘You’ll all be okay,’ Heather said in her reassuring tone. ‘I’m administering several others who are already closer to our destination. We won’t be too far apart. Stop screaming, Ethan. I’m trying to reassure our kids.’

But Ethan was having none of it. Even as they lifted hundreds of feet into the air and were carried forth to the city centre, he was crying and blubbing.

"Easy fo-for you to say!" he blubbed. "You're n-not the one getting turned into a giant freak!"

There was zero response from the other three members of the family. Sarah, Allen, and Heather simply all pointed to themselves, their irritation at his idiocy apparent.

'How did I ever marry you?' Heather asked. *'I'm starting to think this new life might be an upgrade.'*

'You know what I m-mean!' he cried mentally, before catching himself and returning to ordinary speech. "You saw that image of what I'm turning into! A fucking 'Storage Brooder' that grows eggs over years and even decades! Eggs the size of houses that I have to push out! You stupid disco ball things, you bloody *Zaar*, you take me home and change me back!"

"Sorry, but we can't be doing that!" one announced. *"As a storage brooder, you are simply too valuable. Don't worry though, given your long lifespan you'll have plenty of time to understand the great honour of bearing such gigantic prized eggs! You will do much for the Galaxial Empire, my friend! And though your burden is greater, I'm sure they'll be no greater satisfaction when you birth your first Titan breed! A two week labor will bring you the greatest reward!"*

"Tw-two WEEKS!?"

The drone chirped happily as it continued to take them alongside its brethren. They were floating most certainly towards the city centre, but it looked different. Semi-organic alien technology and large platforms were spread all over it, almost like a hive in construction. Several buildings were linked together with large pads on top. Landing pads, perhaps? Allen got the sense that they would actually be birthing and living chambers for the 'esteemed' broodmothers, of which each of them were one.

"Oh, I know," the drone continued. *"Much too short a labour for such a noble creation! But fear not, some castes of our species, such as the terraformer-behemoth and egg-selector, take much longer! You will be in a most blessed labor for nearly a year with the former in particular!"*

"I don't want to be in labor at all! I don't want tits! I don't want eggs!"

"Sorry to hear that friend, but remember that your planet has been annexed and conquered. Your body and new breeder instincts will comply whether you wish to or not, so you might as well embrace it."

'Listen to them, Ethan,' Heather said. *'I'll be able to keep in contact with you all and link us in mental 'chatroom' of sorts. We'll still be a family, even if more separated. I'll try to use my privileges so that we can occasionally visit one another. Wait, hold on, I just have to*

manage a small riot that broke out. It'll take more concentration than usual, so I'll just keep a private chat with you on the side, Ethan.'

The exasperated father was forced to keep chatting to his now-immensely intelligent, multitasking wife. She had birthed several eggs on the way, but whereas Allen and Sarah were simply dragging their eggs behind them, she was already advancing rapidly through the stages of psionic theory and actually *juggling* each egg with practised ease. It amazed Allen just to see it.

'Are you seeing this?' he asked Sarah.

His sister nodded. *'Jesus, Mom is awesome. God, Allen I'm pretty fucking scared. I won't have the control she has. At least Mom can communicate with all these people, and be, like, super smart and stuff. I'm just gonna be a big pile of milky tits feeding a bunch of aliens forever! It sucks!'*

Allen felt for her, he really did. The 'Nurse Mother' role looked incredibly taxing. The notion that his sister, who just days ago chased social media sensation with her slim yet buxom body, would now be stuck forever as a bloated broodmother constantly sweating milk and pouring it from her many breasts, it was utterly unbelievable.

'I'm sorry, sis,' he said. *'And for everything, too. I didn't mean to be such a horrible big brother. I know we always fought, but I'm glad we'll at least be together.'*

She chuckled, cringing a little as more milk dribbled from her buxom front. She squeezed her nipples with her four arms in order to rid herself of some more.

'S-sorry. So full. Wish this th-third pair of arms would hurry up and develop. I'm glad we're be together too, Allen. I'm sorry you're gonna be a superbreeder or whatever that is.'

'Yeah, the idea of p-pushing out that many babies and eggs and stuff is pretty hard to swallow,' he said. *'I wonder if I'll even be able to move.'*

'You will. It's Dad who'll be stuck. Poor guy, though he needs to calm down.'

They were closer to some of the immense pads now. A central one was clearly intended for Heather - Allen's antenna picked up all sorts of signal equipment constructed into the platform atop the skyscraper. It was clearly designed to enhance her telepathic abilities.

'Hey, so this is going to be really embarrassing for a few years, right?'

Allen turned to Sarah. *'What do you mean?'*

His sister smirked, even as she pushed out another egg. Of course, by the time she pushed out one, his larger and more fertile body had pushed out five, with a six squeezing through his sensitive lips at that very moment.

'Well, we're both siblings, but now we're both naked, and we're not getting clothes anytime soon.'

'Oh yeah, that is weird. Sorry. I'm probably going to be seeing your boobs a lot.'

She rolled her eyes. *'Gross pervert.'*

'Hey!'

'I'm just joking. These Zaar, like, clearly don't care about that kind of stuff, I guess. But I'll be, like, literally nursing not just my kids, and other people's kids, but your kids most of all, right?'

Allen froze, even as the drones began to float him and his sister slightly away from the family. *'Oh. Oh shit. Yeah. I hadn't even considered that. Oh God, that's - that's super weird, right?'*

'Super fucking weird. So I win.'

'Huh?'

'The 'who has it worst' award. I win.'

'I think Ethan has that. Dad is literally gonna be in labor for like a year with that one titan or whatever it was.'

Sarah shrugged. *'Well, I beat you at least.'*

'Don't count on it. The drone said millions on eggs. Millions, Sarah. Those aren't rookie numbers. From the image it looks like I'll be constantly birthing, twenty-four seven. I'd say that's worse.'

They shared a laugh together, one that was morose, tired, but also a return to the more fun rivalry of siblings, rather than the enmity it had become before the alien arrival.

'Let's call it a tie, then,' she said.

'Deal.'

Allen's stomach rumbled. He was starting to feel very, very hungry again. His womb demanded more of the nutrients that helped fuel his production of eggs, but there was none in mid-air, obviously, and the drones weren't offering.

'Are you as hungry as I am?' he asked.

'Starting to get there,' she whined. She was busy milking herself openly, no longer caring about embarrassment, at least while overflowing and engorged. He noticed several new breasts growing on the underside of her ovipositor, but didn't mention them. Sarah probably already knew about them and was not looking forward to making yet more milk. She was right, this whole situation would be supremely awkward for the poor siblings. Especially, he realised, when their bodies fucked themselves back into pregnancy again and again. He shook his head, refusing to acknowledge that part for now.

"My wonderful specialist breeders and role-takers," the drone announced, *"it is now time for each of you to take your roles. Here in the city centre you will be acclimated to your new bodies and occupations, but this is only a temporary measure for a few weeks. Ethan, our Storage Brooder, will have to be relocated out into the country to contain his sheer size, naturally."*

“But I don’t want that! Give me another role!”

The drone simply continued. *“And our lovely siblings here will be relocated to the immense hive we are making further down the city.”* It shone a light to the enormous dome being constructed, only in its earliest stages. Just judging from its circumference, which stretched entire suburban blocks, it would be the largest building ever located on Earth pretty soon. *“There they shall have a shared central chamber, so that Allen our Hyper Breeder and Sarah our Nurse Mother may collectively grow and swell the hive to magnificent proportions. Naturally, here in the tower our Hive Administrator, Heather, will remain to coordinate this entire seaboard and inland region. This continent will require only three such administrators in total, so I look forward to hearing how you get along with the others, Heather. Most administrators learn to love the company of their peers and the intellectual stimulation they bring, even if they never end up meeting ‘in person’ as you humans would say.”*

It was Heather that spoke, taking the lead as she had continuously done. Her thorax pulsed, another egg ready to descend, but the bloated broodmare matriarch focused on the drones. *‘Will we be able to see each other again?’*

The drone chirped. *“The Zaar are not cruel, just pragmatic! Each of you will be supremely busy, especially our Hyper Breeder and Nurse Mother here, and our Storage Brooder will find it exceedingly difficult to move - literally impossible by just a year’s passing . . .”*

Ethan groaned in frustration.

“. . . but yes, you will be able to meet. Only very rarely all at once, but family is very important to us Zaar, as you may have noticed. With the annexation of your world, you will have to come to terms with many of our traditions, but we will respect local custom where it is important. We promise you will see each other again. For now, however, I’m afraid it’s time to get you to your locations. Are there any last questions?’

Ethan gave his usual pleading to be changed back or even swapped with someone. He was thoroughly, immediately, and cheerfully denied by the drones.

‘Um, are our babies nice? Like, they’re not going to be cruel are they?’ Allen asked. He was equally worried about Sarah as much as himself. If their grubs or insectoid spawn were greedy, or jostled with one another to latch on Sarah, or otherwise viewed them as nothing more than broodmares, well, it would make everything harder.

“Not at all,” the drone reassured him. *“All spawnlings love their broodmothers and nurse-feeders, and honour them greatly. Especially the princess future-queens that you as Hyper-Breeder may birth.’*

“The what now?” Allen said, so startled that he spoke with his mouth.

But the drone was evidently finished with question time, because the drone fleet broke up into four smaller groups and began drawing them away from each other.

'Sarah, Allen, be strong for one another, okay?' Heather called. *'You have each other now. I'll do all I can for you. I'll always be your mother, even if - nnggh! - we're all birthing our own babies now. You stay safe!'*

'We will!' they both replied.

'I love you Mom!' Sarah added, and so did Allen after. *'And you two, Dad!'*

For all his cowardice and fear, Ethan did manage to get his mental communication back up and running. *'I - oh God - I love you two! Please visit me! I'm scared!'*

'We will, Dad!' Sarah responded. *'We'll find a way. Best of, uh, luck with it!'*

He could only give a sad face in response. He was effectively going to exist as a living factory for heavy duty organic vehicles. Not that the rest of them didn't have major burdens.

Heather took her place in the tower, and immediately the drones began working on constructing more around her. Her influence was across the whole region, and Allen was in awe of his mother, at how capable she was. He could only hope he could bring the same capability and pragmatism to his own role.

The siblings were pushed through the air, still birthing and leaking milk, until they reached their own place, in the centre of the only just-started hive. It would look amazing, once finished, that Allen knew. But they might not often appreciate that, given that they would be birthing and nursing within it. Still, the size of what would become their chamber looked utterly vast, at least five hundred feet wide. Hundreds of insectoid workers were building it, and Allen couldn't help but wonder if his future progeny would look like this. Certainly, they looked to Sarah with some interest.

"Oh no!" she called out loud. "You're not getting anywhere near my tits, thank you very much!"

The drones didn't seem to care about her statements. Together they were lowered until they sat on the semi-organic, rather comfortably plush ground of the hive roughly fifty feet apart. Easily close enough to talk and still catch each other's expressions also. Both were feeling overcome. Both were still developing. Both were needing to push more eggs out - Allen especially.

But most of all, both were feeling that rising, powerful arousal sweep over their alien forms once more.

'I - oh G-God - I told you,' Sarah managed. *'S-super awkward, r-right?'*

'Super,' he replied, grinning sheepishly. *'I g-guess we better g-get used to it though, r-right?'*

She laughed, only for that laugh to turn to a sudden groan of ecstasy. *'J-just don't b-be too loud, okay? It's s-so fucking w-weird to hear my brother cumming.'*

'At least my voice has ch-changed. Yours is practically the s-same. That's w-weirder!'

'You're such an asshole of a - oohhhh, God, yes! - of a big brother.'

'And you're - mmhmmh, fuck yes! - a terrible little sister!'

Another laugh, and then the pleasure continued, and talking was beyond them. Their bodies swelled with more eggs as they ejaculated inside themselves, and both could feel their chitin-covered bodies enlarge: Allen's in the egg sac, and Sarah with all her engorged breasts. Various insectoid workers gathered around them, ready to help aid the movement of eggs and attending to the needs of the pair. Already, hoses of the wonderful pink goo were brought to them, and Allen guzzled down greedily as he strained in both laying a fresh clutch, and inseminating himself yet again with a new one. Sarah squeaked as a little grubbling - some other broodmare's that had already hatched, was attached to her side. It began to suckle from her, and she moaned ever louder.

'Ohhhhhh s-sweet relief! More! Bring me m-more! Get them on m-me noow! I didn't realise I was so - ahhhh - full!'

The workers did just that, and soon she had over eight grubblings sucking from her teats or licking at the milk she sweated down her egg sac. She and Allen exchanged a glance, one of disbelief, horror, pleasure, and perhaps even exasperated amusement. Neither could have suspected their sibling relationship would ever be repaired, let alone this way. But it had, and at least they would always have one another.

And so, they continued, birthing and nursing and self-impregnating, their first proper day on the job.

The Hyper Breeder and Nurse Mother had begun their codependent roles, and they would continue in them for years, decades, and centuries yet to come.

Brood Planet, Epilogue

Fifty years later, Allen was well used to her role. She was a hyper breeder, and the regularity of her role demanded that she continued to push egg after egg after egg from her ovipositor daily. Her gravid body was immense, and was still slowly growing; she would not reach the apex of her size, she knew, for another hundred years. The Zaar broodmothers and other superior roles in their hierarchy lived long, long lives, and she could reasonably expect another four to five hundred under her belt. Still, it wasn't like she was unproductive with all that time: Allen pushed over a hundred eggs out of her body a day.

Her days generally went like this:

Wake up in the early morning, her body having automatically birthed a couple of dozen eggs while she was sleeping. Psionically direct hive workers to deal with said eggs while she fed on several tons of the pink slime that kept her body going.

Check on her sister: not part of her duties technically, but Sarah and she had been partners in the 'workplace' of the hive chamber for five decades now, and liked to engage in some conversation before all the moaning and grunting started. This also included double-checking any unique itinerary events for the day, which was not entirely uncommon.

Self-impregnation. This occurred at the same time as Sarah these days: they were 'in sync', so to speak. It usually marked the immediate end of their conversation, though the siblings held no mutual embarrassment over their shared pleasure: how could they after it happening daily for half a century? So sometimes they conversed still over the continued gasping and blissful cooing as their bodies made sure their wombs were filled with more eggs. Sarah, naturally, finished earlier, as she was not a Hyper Breeder. But as Nurse Mother this was also when her newest hatchlings - or more often mine - were attached to feed.

Then, begin birthing. This part was the easy one, even if it wasn't 'easy', per se. Her body had transformed, bloated, and then further evolved to tackle it though, and now it came naturally to her. The contractions would always begin either after the self-impregnation, or sometime *during*, which could always get a little awkward. Allen would then simply follow the directions of her body: wait out the eggs that were making their way to her tip, and begin pushing the relevant muscles to disgorge them from her body. As she did so, she psionically directed the hive workers - many of them her own children - to help shift the eggs to appropriate creches within the superhive. This was the main duty of her day, and it would take hours. Thankfully, even among the pressure and discomfort, her body had also adapted to make it a deeply pleasurable experience. During this time, several of her more regal hatchlings would also be attached to her large pair of breasts to feed. Her milk was considered to be 'royal milk', and thus helping to rear future broodmothers, including the very occasional hyper breeders.

Then, there was the lunch break, as she liked to call it. Her body would exhaust itself for a time, and she would then have time to consume more of the pink slime and relax for a bit. Despite spending five decades as a bloated Zaar Hyper Breeder, she still liked to partake in human entertainment from her past life as a man: this included playing a specially adapted video game console on a massive screen that could extend from the ground, or to watch her favourite old movies, or simply read some books she liked. Sarah similarly had time to relax, and they often simply chatted and joked on just about any topic, exchanging light-hearted barbs. Sarah's job didn't really have 'breaks' really, because there were always hatchlings attached to her many breasts. She had nearly three hundred of them now, and so looked like

a mother spider at times: numerous of my and her hatchlings - and those of other broodmothers across the city - all attached to her and feeding her endless supply of milk. Sometimes she needed more pink slime than Allen did. It was a source of endless amusement and frustration and discussion between them, and the sheer ridiculousness of how their lives had ended up as siblings never ceased to astonish them, even after years of this strange new dynamic.

After that, it was more birthing again, and often another round of self-impregnation. Around this time, their mother Heather would psionically speak to them, sometimes using the screen so they could talk 'face to face'. Their mother, despite being a crucial Hive Administrator, always made time for her children, despite having produced many more of her own. She also kept them in contact with their father, though talking to him was sometimes a hassle. He hadn't taken his role as Storage Brooder very well, and all of them agreed that his role wasn't exactly the funnest, even when weighed against Sarah, who still often complained of how many 'udders' she continued to constantly grow or be flushed full with. Ethan was easily the largest of all them, now the size of a twelve story building laid on its side. His humanoid part was like a mere pimple when weighed against the rest of him. There was a reason his living space was effectively an open field with weather generation to stop him getting too cold or wet: few other places could house him. His overmassive abdomen was storing and very slowly birthing enormous eggs and even live caste creatures for the hive that were crucial for space travel. Hell, their dad had just about flipped when he discovered from Heather that he was literally birthing - over months, mind - the enormous organic components of future colony ships.

Still, they made contact when they could, even if he was constantly grumbling and complaining of being unable to move. Unlike Allen, who got breaks, Ethan was constantly having to deal with contractions and pushing, even though birthing took literal weeks or months for him. The siblings still couldn't quite forget their father's cowardice all those years ago, but they were sympathetic.

But once they were filled in on hive news from their mother, whose mind was able to conduct over one thousand psionic conversations at once, they settled down for the night with another round of feeding, nursing, and eating. The evening was Allen's favourite part of the day. As if recognising that she needed a break, her body shut down its birthing for a time, and even Sarah's milk production lowered so she could store more over the night. Allen and her sister could finally get some 'exercise', even if their ability to move was more dependent on their psionic abilities than anything else. They shifted their heavy burdens to visit one of the stations around their enormous hive chamber, or even visiting another section of the hive if they wished. Most often, they simply visited separate locations outside the hive, aided by their hive workers, and enjoyed the setting sun in the outside air while reading, gaming,

painting, or engaging in some kind of hobby of their choice. Allen rather liked painting the outside and hanging them up inside the hive. In a few hundred years, she might even fill the interior.

Of course, things were about to change, and so her ambitions to 'colourise' the interior of the hive would have to be put on hold. She'd heard the rumours, of course, spread by other broodmothers across the city, including former friends. Ethan of all people had turned out to become quite the accurate rumour mill: his (or her) entirely immobile state meant that the more independent-minded workers and Zaar controllers had loose lips around the Storage Brooder. He passed information to his children rather readily, eager to anything to talk about, particularly since as much as they all still loved Heather, her commitment to the Zaar as Hive Administrator meant that she never passed on secret information: she had a job to do, after all, and operational security was one of them that she took annoyingly seriously. So it was through Ethan that Sarah and Allen learned the big secret of what was happening soon, and could only wait to find out officially from their mother.

It would not take long.

It was a completely ordinary morning several months after they first heard the big rumour. Allen had woken especially famished - she assumed she'd grown a little more over night - and so she quickly directed some nearby hive workers to move the eggs she had birthed overnight to the creches; the creches that were running out of space the last couple of months. That being sorted, she quickly directed them for her morning 'pampering.'

'I need some pink slime my darlings, please. Make it twice the usual dosage: I feel it's going to be a big clutch I'm laying today. And can you massage my ovipositor on the left side; it's a little sore today.'

'Yes, mother!' they declared lovingly. It stirred a strong maternal sensation in her.

Across the chamber, Sarah was yawning, having woken happily up a little later than usual. She stretched her many arms, already taking up the bundles of hatchlings offered by the hive workers and placing them at the breasts upon her chest: the bigger ones that would ensure they grew up to take more important leadership roles.

"Well, someone had a nice dream," Allen remarked, amused.

"Ughh, I dreamed I was a hot cheerleader, and had a cute boyfriend and everything."

"I can't believe you're still getting those dreams."

Sarah chuckled. "Ohhhh, God, I'm full of milk this morning. What a wakeup. I'm starved. Is it just me, or am I producing way more lately?"

“You do have a lot more breasts, I’ve noticed.”

She laughed again. “Not the kind of thing I’d imagined would feel normal for my ‘brother’ to point out fifty years ago. Ngh, but you’re right. No offence, but you look bigger too.”

“I f-feel it. Do you think we’ll get news soon. Y’know, about the Big Secret?”

Sarah shrugged, causing half of her breasts to wobble heavily. Gods, Allen couldn’t imagine what it would feel like to have that many, or be so permanently engorged. But then she likely couldn’t imagine being so full of eggs and constantly birthing them either.

“Hopefully. I’m dying to f-find out. But first I need to eat. Give me that slime, kids! Nieces and nephews! All of you!”

The pair sent further psionic commands, and the pink slime tubes rose to their mouths. They ate furiously, their bodies needing the fuel, but continued their conversation psionically, speculating on the nature of the Big Secret, and when it would be revealed. Their conversation was only cut short when suddenly both of their bodies began self-impregnating, and they grunted and groaned, trying to keep eating as they were flooded with pleasure - and their own life-giving semen into their wombs.

It was only after that passed, and as Allen readied to birth, and Sarah readied to receive the latest bath of hatchlings to attend to the hundred or so spare udders she had available, that the enormous screen rose in front of them out of the ground, switching on as it reached its thirty-foot high apex. Upon it was their mother, her enormous head with its immense crest showing just how incredibly intelligent and psionically gifted she had become.

‘My children,’ she communicated through her mind - she too was pushing out a couple of eggs, *‘I bring you very important news. News that I’m afraid will be very surprising, perhaps a bit confronting, but is necessary for our part in the Zaar Galaxial Hive and its continual expansion.’*

‘R-really?’ Allen managed, pushing out three eggs and managing to suppress an orgasm. *‘What could it be?’*

‘We’ve heard nothing!’ Sarah replied.

Heather raised part of her brow where an eyebrow once would have been. A mother always knew when her children were lying, even when they were each now technically in their seventies.

‘So, I can see that my former husband has been spreading rumours again. Well, he would know the truth of the matter then, given that he has spent the better part of thirty years birthing the organic components and living crew of what I will tell you now - just in case you have any misconceptions.’

Sarah and Allen exchanged a look. Both were hungry for information, even if just for confirmation and clarity. Sarah took another hatchling and began nursing it on her uppermost right breast, and then looked back to the screen.

'Well, I for one would love to hear what's going on!' she said in the most obviously coy voice imaginable.

Heather just chuckled. *'Ever my children, no matter how old you get. Well, I'll be brief, and excited, since you'd had time to prepare for the official part of the news, and won't be so shocked by it. Ugh - sorry, just had to push an egg out.'*

'Oh, just one?' Allen teased.

'That must be soooo hard, dealing with just one?' Sarah added.

Again, Heather sighed. *'I swear you two are in a permanent state of arrested development. Fine, down to business. We are, as they say, going intergalactic.'*

'Oooohh!' Sarah gasped, faking surprise.

'Quiet you,' Heather said, her expression smirking. 'I'm currently informing four hundred others of this circumstance, and still you take up much of my mental bandwidth. A mother's work is never done.'

'You're - ahhh - ughh - telling m-me!' Allen groaned, pushing out another clutch.

Heather nodded. *'As you have no doubt surmised, the egg production rate of an entire race of eight billion humans turned into broodmothers is entirely unsustainable. Not even the hive organisation can keep the planet liveable like that for a century. Turning an entire planet into broodmothers alone is an astonishing act the Zaar had never done before, and sunk immense costs into. And the reason for this - and this is information we Hive Administrators have known for some time and guided our new civilisation towards - is that the Zaar Galaxial Hive is moving forward on its most ambitious goal in history: the colonising not of another world, but another galaxy.'*

She paused for dramatic effect, and the drama was well-warranted. Both Allen and Sarah went eyes wide at this revelation. Allen even paused mid-birth.

'Wait - we're going to another galaxy? Like, not a new solar system, but a whole new galaxy!?'

Heather nodded. *'Indeed. We are going to be the first explorers to Andromeda. I'm glad you didn't know especially Allen, since you always were fascinated by space. Now I get to have the good fortune of telling you that despite everything - being a Hyper Breeder and all that - you will indeed be exploring the final frontier. We all will. Even Ethan - he's excited to be in less gravity.'*

Sarah and Allen looked to one another again. Neither could suppress their grins. Their bodies were hard at work producing eggs and feeding hatchlings, but the siblings' minds were entirely focused on this amazing news.

'Actually travelling somewhere,' Sarah said.

'Another whole galaxy. Sure, I'll still be laying eggs and you'll be feeding my hatchlings, but it'll all be new, Sarah!'

'Mom, this is exciting! You're coming with us, right?'

'Of course!' she responded happily. 'We're all going together. In just one month's time, to form a new hive - perhaps the most important hive in the Zaar collective since the original one. We're going to make history, my young ones. Our family is going to the stars.'

Allen laughed out loud, pausing for breath.

"Finally!" she cried out, even as she pushed out more eggs. "I saw my first UFO fifty years ago, and now I *finally* get to be abducted into outer space!"

There was a pause, and then her mother and sister laughed.

"Well," Heather said out loud. "When you put it like that, I guess this has been a long time coming."

The End