

XENO-BIOLOGY TRANSPORT

By TROGDOR297

The federation courtroom was cold and sterile, the walls and floors featureless sheet metal. Such was the case for most rooms aboard orbiting space stations. This one was unique in that it had a window along one wall, no doubt installed to give the judge something to look at while processing convicts. The judge sighed as he sifted through his paperwork. He didn't remember why he'd agreed to this posting, but here he was. Wordlessly he gestured for them to send in the next defendant.

Inmate #20459 was a woman in her early 30's with shoulder length blond hair, a slim build with very minimal curves. Or at least as far as the judge could tell. The orange convict jumpsuits were very concealing. She walked through the double doors up to the podium before his desk, waiting silently. Her eyes were focused on him with a quiet defiance. He pulled out her paperwork. Three charges of Vandalism. He rolled his eyes, why were they wasting his time with this nonsense. It should've just been a fine for charges like that, but the federation had gotten draconian in the past few years.

"Inmate #20459, your charges are three counts of vandalism on federation property. How do you plea?" His eyes never left the paperwork. His voice was flat, and lifeless, sounding even more so as it echoed around the empty room. Just a few more and then I can be done for the day was his thinking.

"Guilty, your honour" She responded.

The judge looked up from his desk, with a start. "Guilty?" He questioned. She nodded once firmly. The judge shrugged, it didn't matter to him, if anything it made his work faster, as he wouldn't have to sit through any excuses she'd have thought up to try and prove her innocence. "Very well then, on to sentencing"

He ran her paperwork through the scanner on the desk. The computer analysed her personnel file and would provide the judge with sentencing options. They didn't have space for convicts to just sit around doing nothing in a prison, they were all put to work. The computer buzzed and then printed out a small sheet, which the judge tore off.

"Inmate #20459, you have a choice for your sentencing. Choice #1: Station Janitorial staff. Length of sentence. Two months. This work will be done on top of whatever your current assigned role is. Choice #2: Xeno-Biology Transport. Length of Sentence, dependent on destination. Your current assigned role will be put on hold while this work is done. What do you choose?"

The judge inwardly laughed. The sentencing computer could be so obtuse sometimes, its analysis not thinking logically about the options it provided. Why would someone give up their wages for who knows how long to act as a glorified cargo hand, when they could just spend two months mopping floors, all while still earning credits in their normal role. The federation for all its technology was awfully stupid sometimes.

"Xeno-Biology Transport" The inmate replied, her voice clear and sure.

The judge raised a single eyebrow. Once an inmate had made their choice he wasn't supposed to interfere, but he couldn't help himself. "Ma'am, are you aware that you may lose up to a year of your life on that trip if they select you to go somewhere in the outer rim? A year where you could be earning credits?"

The inmate nodded. "I understand. My choice is made"

The judge said nothing for a moment, then shook his head. Whatever. She was just another inmate, if she wanted to make a stupid decision that was her right. He stamped her paperwork, and pointed to the door. The inmate walked towards the exit door to the right, and then she was gone. "NEXT" Yelled the judge.

After she left the room, the blonde inmate was given a paper copy of her sentencing, including directions to head to the cargo bay. Xeno-biology transport staff were in short supply, and there was a merchant ship that needed her already. When she arrived at the cargo bay, a gruff admin directed her to a room behind a metal door near the entrance of the bay. She entered it to find a mostly empty room, except for the other people within it. Five other women in inmate jumpsuits were chatting amongst each other, waiting for someone of authority to direct them.

The newcomer walked over to the nearest pair of women, one a redhead in her early twenties who was chatting off the ear of the other, a woman in her forties with long black hair streaked with greys. They exchanged greetings cordially before the redhead immediately resumed her chatting. "I wonder what we're going to be watching over? My friend had this duty once and they transported Yentorian Bison! Oh man was that a messy trip, I think two of the inmates got mauled? Yikes, what a bad way to go. I don't think it's going to be something like that though, seeing as we're all women, right?"

The dark-haired woman shrugged. "I guess? So, what'd you do, blondie?"

"Vandalism" She offered nonchalantly.

"Really? And so you chose this? Why?" The black-haired woman questioned her, clearly being of similar mind as the judge.

The blonde inmate said nothing, as the door they'd entered opened suddenly. Through it marched a woman with a stern face wearing a federation officers' uniform. Behind her seven men in lab uniforms pushed in seven identical metal trays with a large box upon each of them. "Ladies! Line up against the wall" The officer commanded.

The 6 women complied, quietly arranging themselves in a line. The blonde inmate found herself at the end with the chatty redhead beside her. The officer surveyed them all for a moment, then spoke. "My name is Lieutenant Teresa Smythe. You will call me Ma'am. I am your commanding officer on this deployment. If you stay in line and stay out of trouble, then you and I will get along just fine."

The woman all listened in silence, not wanting to draw any ire from their new C.O. The stern-faced woman continued. "You have all selected Xeno-biology transport as your sentence, so you're probably wondering what we'll be transporting."

The redhead crossed her fingers and began to whisper. "Please not bison, please not bison"

Lt. Smythe grabbed one of the metal trays on wheels and rolled it forward. She pressed a button on the side of the box, retracting the sides and displaying the contents within. Some of the women gasped as they saw what it contained. "We'll be transporting Kendrucian's" Sitting on the metal tray was a pod the size of a backpack. It was covered with a sticky fluid, and looked like an enormous raisin.

The C.O. gestured to the pod. "Does anyone here not know what Kendrucian's are?"

"Tit-bugs!" The redhead blurted out. The officers face squirmed with displeasure but she didn't reprimand the young woman, instead she ignored her and continued on with her speech. "Kendrucians are an alien species who have an alternating birth cycle. The pods create a larval offspring that grow symbiotically within another organism, until they develop enough to the point that they can produce more pods, then the cycle begins anew. It's been recently discovered that full-grown larva produce a fluid that can be used as a universal antibiotic, hence why it is important that you ensure the specimens arrive safe and sound"

A woman at the far end raised her hand, the C.O. nodding at her to speak. "So, we just have to watch after these motionless pods?" Lieutenant Smythe shook her head. "The pods cannot handle the pressurisation of a spacecraft when it travels using the interplanar warp drive, therefore the only way to safely transport these creatures from planet to planet is with the larva in a symbiote. That's where you come in"

"It's been proven that human females are excellent candidates for symbiosis with the alien, with the larva taking root within the mammary glands, hence the nickname that our inmate so kindly shared "Tit-Bug". There they will remain throughout the trip until we arrive at our destination, at which point the specimens will be safely removed from your tissue and you will return home. The procedure is safe, and has been replicated in a lab enough times to receive approval. This will be the first voyage actually attempted with the species."

The redhead bounced on her feet, hand shaking in the air. The C.O sighed and nodded to her. "Yes, Inmate #20131?"

"How long is the trip, Ma'am?" She asked

"4 months" The C.O replied

The colour drained from the redhead's face. "But...but ma'am! For that length of time, we'll grow too big!"

Lieutenant Smythe shook her head with a sigh. "No, inmate, we will not. For those unaware, Inmate #20131 is referring to the first documented case of the species between two personnel on a deep space exploratory ship. Inexplicably the two of them sabotaged their ship to partake in a pointless competition to see who could grow their breasts using the alien more. It was a costly mistake and one we do not intend to replicate. The specimens that we will be injecting you with have been genetically modified so that their larva will remain dormant for the trip. The reports I've read have indicated that over a 4 month period they should remain dormant for the entirety so we shouldn't expect any levels of growth. And yes, you heard me correctly, I said 'we'. I will be transporting a pair of the larva myself, both to increase the amount of cargo

delivered, but also to prove that this method of transport is safe. Now, if there are no more questions, then let us begin”

Whether the women agreed to what was happening or not, they didn’t want to risk worsening their sentence, so they all complied. Alongside the C.O. they all unzipped their uniforms and stripped them down to their waist, leaving their torsos bare. The men in labcoats opened the boxes of the remaining pods and began to wheel them towards the women. Smythe stepped forward first, thrusting her chest out proudly. She had a decent figure underneath the rigid officers uniform, with toned abs and perky breasts. The lab tech stroked the top of the pod, summoning two stinger tipped tentacles. The lieutenant stepped closer, and the pod, sensing movement, struck out, each stinger injecting her just above the nipple. She winced slightly then stepped back, as she began to redon her uniform.

The rest of the inmates, having seen the officer receive her injections, all quickly stepped forward to receive their own. Beside the blond inmate, the redhead bounced forward with a giggle. She was easily the curviest among the women there, a pair of full double-f cups jiggling with every step. “Ouch!” She moaned as the pod injected her. The blonde received her injections at the same time without making a sound. As they returned the redhead looked at her and rudely pointed at her chest. “Hey, what happened to you?” The blonde inmate had only modest breasts upon her chest, but that’s not what the redhead was referring to her. All across her chest were surgical scars, covering her from collarbone to the underside of her breasts. “I had...a lot of problems when I was younger. I’d ask you not to stare, thank you”

The redhead placed her hands over her mouth. “Oh my god, I’m so sorry, that was so rude of me. I won’t ever mention it again. My names Amy, by the way” she said, offering her hand. The blonde looked at it for a moment before taking it. “Call me Sandra” She replied. The dark-haired woman joined them. “If we’re making introductions then I’m Margaret, but you can just call me Mags”

“Alright ladies, get yourselves ready, we’re shipping out now!” The lieutenant's voice echoed throughout the room as she finished securing the last few buttons of her officer’s coat. The woman dutifully lined up and followed their officer out of the room and back into the main cargo bay. A short walk later they were walking up the gangway of a large freighter ship. As they were lead down the hall, they passed room after room being stocked with food supplies. “The main purpose of this ship is to deliver food to the station orbiting the planet we’re going to. We’re just hitching a ride because they have space” The C.O explained as they passed.

A few minutes later they arrived at their destination. A decently large room with 6 cots along one side. Beyond that the room was mostly empty except for a few tables for them to have meals at. Smythe gestured them inside. “Get comfortable ladies, this is your home for the next 4 months” After they were all in, the door slammed shut behind them.

Sandra, Mags and Amy sat down on one of the tables, while the other three women made their way to the cots to rest. It didn’t take long for Amy to begin talking once again.

“Oh my god. Can you believe it! This is the last thing that I thought we’d be transporting! I honestly hoped it’d be something cute, like a Floofnarg, but I guess there’s not much demand for those. Did you all read about what happened on that ship where they first discovered these? With Lucy and Kaitlyn?”

"It was Kendra" Sandra corrected her.

"Right, right, Kendra! Duh, stupid of me. My god, I remember having my mind blown when I first read about that! How big they got? Ridiculous! And now here we are, with the same aliens inside our breasts! How wild is that!"

Mags shrugged. "The C.O. said we aren't going to grow at all, I wouldn't get too excited"

Sandra nodded. "The federation is too smart to let something like that loose without restrictions in place. I heard once they got the ship back to port, they locked those two up for a long time. Sounds like it wasn't worth it"

Amy sighed. "I guess you're right... But could you imagine! All of us with gigantic alien tits! Tee hee hee! How absurd would that be!" Mid giggle she snorted, causing the other two women to laugh, which just made Amy laugh more.

Sandra wiped a tear of laughter from her eye. "Yes, that would be absurd. Well let me just say that I'm very glad I met you two. This four-month trip would've been pretty long without friends"

Mags and Amy nodded in agreement. Having friends to spend the time with would make the time fly by. As the other women drifted off to sleep the trio continued to chat long into the night.

As the week went on their friendship was firmly cemented. It turned out that the trip wouldn't be as dreadful as they'd expected. The next morning a datapad was provided for each woman, allowing them to provide themselves with personal entertainment to pass the time. The first of their meals arrived shortly after. It wasn't gourmet cuisine, but it was enough to leave them all satisfied; most didn't even finish their meals. The only exception was Amy. The young woman had a big appetite.

"I've just always eaten a lot, I guess?" She explained during their second meal as Sandra and Mags pushed their unfinished plates to their bubbly friend. "Got a good metabolism, y'know?" Amy said through a mouthful of food. "Never seemed to gain weight, either! Well...except for here" she said with a giggle, shaking her chest back and forth. Though the loose inmate jumpsuits covered their figures well, even it couldn't hide the jiggle of her large breasts.

Sandra smirked. "Ah to be young, eh, Mags?"

Mags nodded. "Don't get used to it, Red. A few years more and then those pounds won't go to the place you want anymore"

Amy stuck out her tongue at them. "You two are such party poopers"

Sandra held up her hands in mock defense. "Hey now, no need for such harsh language" She teased. "We're just being honest"

Amy flipped them off as she finished off their plates.

They didn't see much of C.O. Smythe through the first week. She occasionally would stop by for a status report, to make sure the group of inmates were still all healthy and well, and more importantly not showing any signs of growth. But after a week had passed, it seemed the federation's claims had been true, the larva were indeed dormant and would not be growing during the trip.

At the start of the second week, a different problem arose. Lieutenant Smythe came in for her daily inspection and checkup of the ladies. This time when asked if any of them had any problems, they all raised their hand.

Smythe crossed her arms over her chest. "Let me guess. You've started to feel irritation?"

The women all nodded with agreement. "Yes, Lieutenant! It's becoming unbearable!" Amy cried out.

The lieutenant nodded. In the reports she'd read there'd been some mention of this side effect, irritation and pain in the breast tissue in many cases, and then early this morning she'd begun to feel it herself. She would never let it show to these inmates, but she had to agree with the redhead, it was indeed becoming quite unbearable. It was like her breasts were burning from the inside out. The reports had concluded that the discomfort was not permanently harmful to the patients in the long run, they just had to wait it out. Easy for them to say, Smythe thought, they didn't have to go through it.

Sandra raised her hand. "Ma'am, may I speak freely?"

The lieutenant nodded her acquiescence. Sandra stepped forward to face the group. "Ladies, I think I've discovered something that may help! I've found that if you squeeze your breasts tightly it'll reduce the irritation!"

Some of the other inmates raised their eyebrows skeptically, until Amy stepped forward. "I trust you, Sandra!" With her hands she grabbed each of her large breasts and squeezed hard. "Ohhhh" She sighed, her eyes closing with relief. "Wow! It really worked! You've gotta try it!"

The other inmates all quickly followed, grabbing their own busts and squeezing tightly. Cries of elation echoed amongst the group as the pain subsided within each of them. Amy looked to the lieutenant who still stood before them unflinching. "Lieutenant, won't you do it?"

Smythe shook her head. "I'm fine, thank you. As you were ladies" The lieutenant exited the room returning to the main corridor, straight backed and stiff as always. However, as soon as the door closed behind her, she took off at a spring down the corridor, until she made it to her cabin. Her breasts were on fire and if this was the cure she'd do it, but not in front of the inmates.

Once inside she hurriedly fumbled to undo the buttons of her officer's jacket, desperate to remove the heavy garment. Once it was off and she wore only the federation issue tank top beneath, she took her firm c-cups in both hands and squeezed. "Mmmm....fuuuuuck" She moaned with delight. The relief was immediate, and if anything it was followed by a wave of pleasure. She collapsed onto her bed, breasts still in hand as she continued to squeeze them. As she continued to grope and compress them, she felt a wave build inside her. She

immediately released her hold on her breasts, sitting up immediately and vigorously shaking her head to clear her mind. What was she doing?! Such behaviour was highly inappropriate for an officer, she shouldn't be getting herself off in her cabin like some sort of teenage school girl. The irritation in her breasts had ceased, and that was enough. She redonned her uniform and returned to her paperwork.

That night a noticeable change had come over the inmates. Before at meal times they would all sit and chat, while they slowly made their way through their food. Tonight, instead there was silence, except for the sound of forks on plates. Each woman leaned over her plate and shovelled food into her mouth with gusto. Amy had been served first, and had finished her plate before the last inmate had been served. "More, please!" She asked politely. The ship crew looked from one to another and shrugged. They'd been given provisions for a crew double the size, so they had plenty of extra meals. They pulled out another from the serving tray and handed it to the redhead. She dived into it with as much gusto as the first. For the first time since they'd started, each woman had completely cleaned her plate, while Amy had polished off two.

The three friends lay on their cots side by side. "Whew, that was some good food! Did it taste better today to you guys?" Amy asked.

Mags rolled over to face her. "You know, it actually was good. Although maybe it was just good because I was so hungry! Honestly, I could probably still eat. How about you Sandra?"

Sandra sat up to address her two of her friends, but before she could say anything her stomach growled. The trio giggled. "I guess there's your answer!" Sandra said while laughing. They continued to chat for a while about things they'd been watching on their datapads, before they all decided to turn in for the night. Before long, all six stomachs could be heard growling.

A few days later, Lieutenant Smythe was finishing off her second plate of breakfast before she prepared to check on the inmates. She let out a satisfied burp before she rose to get dressed. She didn't know why she was so hungry lately. Maybe it was hormones, or something to do with your body requiring more calories while traveling in warp. She didn't know, nor did she care. Her toned abs were still visible when she lifted up the bottom of her tank top, and that's all that mattered.

She donned her uniform pants then grabbed her rigid coat and began to button it from the bottom. It had been tailored to her and fit her proportions precisely. So, she was quite surprised when she got halfway up her chest and had difficulty securing a button. She pulled on the two edges of the jacket, the motion squeezing her torso tightly, until at last the button found its hole. But when she released her hold on it, the fabric immediately began to strain. She had equal difficulty doing the next one.

"What the fuck is going on?" She said angrily. Did laundry shrink her jacket? Those bumbling buffoons. She undid the straining buttons and removed the jacket, before walking to her closet to grab a secondary jacket she had. As she pulled out the other jacket, she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror beside the closet. Laundry had not shrunk her jacket, she'd grown.

She stripped off her tank top to expose her breasts. Her bust had been the same size since she'd finished puberty twenty years ago, until today. The perky c-cups had swollen to double d's, though no less perky. They sat high on her chest, round and firm. She cupped them with

her hands to feel their weight, giving them a lift before dropping them. They barely jiggled after she released them. "Hormones indeed..." She muttered. She would have to check in with medical later that day.

At the same time across the ship, 6 inmates were having similar revelations. Sandra, Amy, and Mags all sat on their cots with their tank tops pulled up to expose their breasts. "Bigger, right?" Sandra asked. The other two women nodded. Sandra had barely had breasts to start with, so the growth on her was obvious. Mags was a little bit bigger but not by much. Amy on the other had developed quite a bit. Her double f-cups hadn't grown much further down her chest, but they had grown fuller, like someone had taken a half full balloon and pumped air into it. They now were like a pair of round grapefruits on her chest.

"What do you think happened?" Mags asked, eyeing the other two's breasts, a hint of jealousy on her face.

Sandra shrugged. "I dunno, but it happened to all of us." She said pointing to the other three inmates who were also in various stages of undress, inspecting their swollen busts. They all had grown, though no one as much as Amy.

"Maybe it was something in the food!" Amy suggested, bouncing up and down on her cot. The motion caused her firm jugs to hop slightly in place. "I did eat the most after all?"

Sandra nodded thoughtfully; the pattern did track. They'd all grown roughly the same amount except Amy, which matched their food consumption.

They all sat in silence mulling it over before Mags spoke. "Ok, maybe we're all thinking it, maybe it's just me, but I'm gonna say it. Maybe we're ignoring the very obvious cause of our growth."

"What?" Sandra and Amy answered in unison.

Mags held up her hands in frustration. "Are you kidding?! What did they inject into our breasts a week ago!"

The other two women looked down at their chests, contemplating what Mags had suggested. Amy shook her head. "No, Mags, that can't be it. They're dormant, remember? If it was the larva then we would've started growing right away!"

Mags scoffed with dismissal. "Ehh...I don't know."

Sandra reached over and patted her older friend's shoulder. "I'm sure that's not it, Mags. Amy's right, I read the reports about that incident, and Kendra's growth happened immediately."

Mags sighed. "Fine, fine. If you say so. Either way, it's still fucking weird. I thought my tit growing days were long over!" The other two women chuckled. "Just think of it as an extra bonus!" Sandra said with a shrug. Mags nodded. "Yeah, just some get more bonus than others, eh, Red? How do they feel?"

Amy went pink with embarrassment. "Really good actually..." She gave a shimmy, causing them to shake back and forth. Goosebumps appeared on her skin, as she bit her lip.

"Can...Can I touch them?" Sandra asked.

Mags laughed. "So, we're just gonna go straight to the prison lesbian lovers cliché?"

Sandra rolled her eyes. "I didn't say I wanted to fuck her, you bitch. I just wanted to feel them, come on, I know you're curious too"

Mags shook her head. "I'm good thanks"

While Sandra still glared at Mags, Amy reached out and grabbed the blonde's hand, and placed it upon one of her breasts.

"Whoa!" Sandra said, surprised at her friend's brashness. Amy's skin was warm under her palm, the flesh taut and firm. "Damn, these feel incredible" Sandra said as she gave the one she held a squeeze. The reaction from Amy was immediate. Her legs crossed together as she squirmed away from Sandra's touch. She'd involuntarily let out a deep moan of pleasure. Before she'd pulled away Sandra could have sworn that she'd felt Amy's breast flex in her hand.

"Holy...Holy shit" Amy said panting.

"You ok, Amy?" Sandra asked looking concerned.

"Oh yeah, more than ok, that felt...wow. We may just have to become prison lesbian lovers" she said with a wild grin on her face

The three of them laughed at the idea, as the doors to their rooms opened with the arrival of their breakfast. The three women quickly dressed, slipping their new breasts into their tank tops then zipping up their jumpsuits. The loose jumpsuits still hid any sign of the ladies' growth, except for Amy's. Her breasts now left a clear curve on the front of her suit.

Once again, the women all quietly ate their meals with fervour. After the last night's meal, the food crew gave all the women double portions, to avoid them having to ask for more. Most of them finished both dishes. The two that didn't sent their leftovers to Amy who gladly gulped them down.

That night, all modesty was dropped amongst the inmates as a common understanding had come between them during the day. Word had spread rapidly amongst the 6 women that for some unknown reason their new breasts were incredibly sensitive and pleasurable. While they all had the decorum to not just start groping themselves during the day, as soon as the lights went off, all bets were off.

Amy was the first to let go of her inhibitions. In the silence of the dark, the sound of her zipper being undone could be heard, followed by the rustling of cloth as she removed her tank top. Then the moans began. First, they were quiet whispers as she first began to grope and explore her new tits, but as she got into a rhythm her voice became louder and louder. "Oh fuuuuck. Mmmm...Holy shit..that feels....ooohhhhhh...good" Her yelps of pleasure echoed throughout the room. Around her the sound of several more zippers being undone was heard.

Soon all 6 women were voicing their orgasmic pleasure as they pawed desperately at their swollen busts. Their cries of pleasure formed a choir of sexual joy that rang down the ship's corridor. All of them failed to notice through their throes of pleasure that as they pressed into their breasts, their breasts were pressing back.

Eventually each woman brought themselves to orgasm through their self massaging, all except one. Amy still whimpered as she continued to grope and squeeze her tits, but still she came no closer to orgasm. "Fuck...goddammit...I just...I just want to cum...god, I'm so close...Oh, FUCK!" She cried out as two pairs of hands joined her own, in massaging her melon sized breasts. Amy let go of her breasts, to run her hands through her hair with wild delight as she succumbed to the ministrations of her two friends. They touched every inch of her tits, until at last she yowled with ecstasy as her orgasm rocked through her. "Th...thank you" she said weakly. Sandra and Mags leaned over and kissed her on each cheek. Prison lesbian lovers indeed.

Early on in the third week lieutenant Smythe lay in her bunk, fraught with despair. It had been several days since she'd first noticed that her breasts had swollen slightly. She'd dismissed it at first as hormones, and gone to the med bay to get herself checked out. They'd run a few tests on her blood, and found nothing out of sorts. She'd returned to work with peace of mind. That peace of mind had been shattered since then as her breasts had continued to grow since then. Laying on her back with only her tanktop on they stuck out in front of her, like twin torpedoes. She guessed they were roughly the size of her head at this point. Inexplicably they were defiant of gravity, jutting off her chest instead of slumping like she would've expected.

Worst of all though was the sensitivity. They were just dying to be touched, to be squeezed, to be pleased. Any sort of sudden movement brought twinges of sensation to her, that made her freeze in place, eyes shut, lips pursed, until the pleasure passed. She was desperate for release, but she would not risk staining her reputation. She'd worked for years to become an officer of the federation, and would not have any further progression tainted because she was painted as some sex-crazed bimbo. She looked up at her protruding tits with disgust. With a bust like this she would probably receive that title regardless.

It didn't help that every single night, the sounds of her charges partaking in what she only assumed was an orgy sounded through the halls. Lieutenant Smythe reckoned that if she got herself off now, she'd be louder than all of them combined.

Her mind turned to the inmates. She hadn't seen them in days. The same day she'd first noticed her own growth, she'd noticed it in the inmates as well. Specifically, inmate #20131, the redhead. At the time she'd been only slightly smaller than Smythe herself was now. Though they hadn't specifically asked the lieutenant about their growth, she could sense it in their curious faces. So, she'd vowed to not return to them until she had answers about what was happening. Since then, she was no closer to discovering the cause of their growth. She placed her hands over her face and grunted with frustration. In response her stomach growled its own frustration.

That too was inexplicable to the lieutenant. She was consuming an absurd amount of food daily, without any sort of impact on her figure, besides her bustline. It just didn't make any sense. She'd just finished eating a massive platter, and yet her stomach still demanded more.

She stripped off her tank top and walked to the full-length mirror to inspect herself. She still looked as good as she always did, even better now some would say. Her arms and legs toned, her stomach flat with defined abs, her skin without blemishes...wait. What's that?

In the mirror she noticed peeking out from underneath her newly huge jugs two faint lines of discoloured skin running vertically from the top of her abs. With one hand she lifted her breasts and ran one hand up her stomach until she made contact with the discolouration. It almost felt like something was there. She pushed down on her flesh with two fingers on either side of one of the marks. Doing so exposed a dark cord running beneath her skin. The lieutenant audibly gasped, her blood running cold. She knew what that was, knew what it meant. She hastily donned her top and threw her officers jacket on, only buttoning the bottom few buttons, as she knew the rest would never close now.

The lieutenant burst into the inmates hall while they were in the middle of breakfast. "Stop! All of you stop!" She cried out. The inmates all looked confused, but they put down their forks and complied.

The lieutenant's eyes scanned across the room, her feeling of dread worsening. From what she could tell they'd all grown as much as she had, if not more. Each woman wore their jumpsuit with the zipper pulled down to their navel, exposing white tank tops that supported deep valleys of cleavage. She froze when she saw the redhead. Shit, she was big. She was at least double the size of any of the other inmates, her breasts like a pair of large watermelons sticking out tremendously from her chest. Her white tank top was stretched to almost transparency, her hands continuously tugging on the front of it to stop it from riding up. Through the thin fabric her nipples were clearly visible, two nubs at the end of each ponderous tit. If she was ashamed of her near nakedness, she didn't show it, she wore an easy smile on her face as she waited for her C.O.'s next command.

The lieutenant let out a deep sigh. "Ladies...I'm sorry, but I have terrible news. As you all have noticed, our breasts" She gestured to her own full rack "have started to grow uncontrollably, and I now have deduced the reason why" She paused for a moment, unsure of how to break the news to them, before deciding to just rip off the Band-Aid. "I don't know how... but the larva in our breasts have awoken. Our growth is because of them"

"Well yeah...we already knew that?" Answered Mags, her voice bored.

The lieutenant looked confused. "How...how did you know that?"

"It was pretty hard to miss these" Mags said as she and Sandra each grabbed one of Amy's jugs and lifted. There pressed against the redhead's abdomen were two thick dark cords that pulsed rhythmically. The larva's feeding tubes, just like Smythe had found on her own body "They became visible a few days ago, and we put two and two together pretty quick" Mags continued.

Amy squirmed under her friend's grasp. "Gentle please! Ooo, fuck, so sensitive" In their clutches her tits tensed and flexed, the larva inside active. Amy bit her lip as she grew closer to climax. Noticing her, Sandra and Mags released their friend. "Aww..." Amy moaned. "I was close..." The rest of the inmates giggled.

Smythe shook her head. "You knew?! And you've said nothing! And you're still eating!"

"Well yeah? We're hungry?" Said one of the other inmates.

The lieutenant let out a cry of frustration. "Don't you know what this means?! What's going to happen to all of you?!"

"We're going to grow big fucking titties!" Amy said joyfully, having recovered from her near orgasm.

"And...and you're ok with that?" Smythe said aghast.

The inmates all nodded, murmuring their agreement. Sandra stepped forward to explain. "We've all discussed it, lieutenant. The reality is that those two who were first injected...they only got that way because they grossly over indulged, and injected themselves with multiple larvae. Plus, I think one of them had a hormone condition or something like that? Anyway... as long as we all have only one each, and eat only moderate amounts of food, we shouldn't reach such ridiculous sizes. Right?"

The lieutenant looked around the room at the smiling group of women. She had to agree that their logic was sound. If they practised moderation then what was the harm? They were going to have to undergo surgery when they reached their destination regardless. She sighed. "Alright then, as you were ladies." Without hesitation they returned to their breakfast. Smythe turned to leave when a voiced called to her, she looked over her shoulder to see Sandra catching her eye. "Feel free to come join us tonight, lieutenant" She gave Smythe a wink, then herself returned to her breakfast. The lieutenant blushed then hurried out of the hall.

That night after the inmates had finished their nightly orgasm-filled fun, silence cloaked the room. Silence except for the occasional growl of a stomach. Amy's stomach. She whimpered quietly in the dark. "Ohh...so hungry". Within her breasts each larva quivered angrily, demanding more sustenance. The motion sent pleasure and pain racing through her body. "I know...I know, I'm hungry too" She moaned.

Beside her, Mags whispered angrily. "Stop talking to them, Amy, they're just bugs. They're like a tapeworm. Now go to sleep!"

Amy rested her hands atop her titanic tits as she chided her friend. "They're not just bugs, Mags. They're mine. And they're going to make me grow so big!"

Mags sighed, defeated. "Yeah, yeah, whatever"

Across the room they heard the sound of the door opening, then footsteps in the dark that approached and then stopped before their bed. "Amy? Mags?" Sandra's voice sounded in the dark.

"Sandra! Where were you?" Amy said, sitting up with a start.

"Getting you this" The sound of plastic containers being opened hit their ears, only moments before the smell of food hit their nose.

"Food!" Amy squealed with joy. Sandra found her friend in the dark and handed her two containers, which Amy immediately began to shovel down.

"Where did you get that?" Mags asked her friend.

"I snuck out. I used to work on a ship like this, so I know the usual maintenance code work arounds." Sandra said casually.

"She shouldn't be eating more..." Mags said firmly. "She's going to grow much bigger..."

"Oh relax, she'll be fine. Here I got you one too, I know you're just as hungry as I am"

Mags felt her resistance crumble away, as the smell of warm food filled her nostrils. Her stomach gave a little growl. She couldn't deny she was hungry too. With a grumble of thanks, she ate her midnight snack in silence along with her two friends.

A week later the lieutenant lay in her bunk, staring at the ceiling. She was going mad. She hadn't returned to see the inmates after their last talk, though she still heard them every night. Somehow their screams of pleasure seemed to get louder each night. She could even pick out the fevered cries of the redhead, from amongst the chorus of moans.

Contrarily the lieutenant had had zero release. Her resolve remained strong, though her desire had only increased over time. She hadn't left her cabin in days, not wanting to be seen in this condition. So instead, she'd done nothing but eat and sleep and grow. She'd told herself that she would keep her consumption to a minimal amount, but every meal she just ended up gorging herself, her body demanding more and more calories. As an officer she was entitled to whatever amount of food she'd desired, and every day she desired more and more. The result of her actions was clear in the size of her incredibly engorged breasts.

Laying on the bed, each of them dominated her view, an entire horizon of pale creamy flesh. Each sat full and round atop her rib cage, like a pair of skin-coloured basketballs. Within them the larva rustled about endlessly, demanding attention, but she refused. She would not give in to this temptation.

She got out of bed and went to look at herself in the mirror. She sighed. It wouldn't be long now before she would no longer be able to see her abs at all, just a wall of tit-flesh wider than her own torso. She studied her breasts, taking in every last detail. She'd read all the reports, watched all the security footage of that first incident, but it was another thing entirely to watch it occur to one's own body.

Her nipples had swollen to keep pace with her growing tits. Each pink nub was the size of a hockey puck. Around them she'd started to develop the nest of angry pulsing veins that had been signature of both the original girls' experience. When she'd seen the pictures in the report, she'd always imagined that they must be painful, but having them now she could barely feel them, they were just another part of her.

She turned to the side, admiring the projection. "Goddamn..." She muttered. Her bust shot out from just below her collarbone nearly horizontal, before it curved down and around to where her enormous nipples sat, almost a foot from her torso, before continuing underneath and up to meet her rib cage once again. Where the bottom of her breasts met her torso, the inch thick

black cord of the feeding tube pulsed against the skin. She'd always worked hard to maintain her physique, being proud of her thin waist. Well, in her current condition, her waist had frankly never looked thinner.

She returned to her bed, being careful to gently lie down. She'd only made the mistake of carelessly flopping down onto her bed with her new tits once. The motion had driven the larva wild, forcing her to endure a tidal wave of pleasure. She'd had to do a minute of deep breathing to regain her cool. That was the closest she'd come to cumming since this ordeal had started. Laying on the bed she stared at her impossibly round tits once more. When laying still like this she could sometimes see the motion of the aliens beneath, pressing against her skin. One such moment caused a momentary bulge to press against the upper curve of her right breast, causing pleasing tingles to radiate across her skin. With a huff she closed her eyes.

As she lay there, questions that she'd been wrestling with ran through her mind. Why did this have to happen to her? Why did she choose this stupid posting? Why did these damn bugs wake up? But the one question that kept haunting her was, why did it all turn her on so much?

She couldn't take it. It wasn't just the physical sensations the aliens provided. It wasn't just how good her body looked with these gigantic tits (even though she would never admit that out loud). And it wasn't just the sound of the inmates getting each other off every night in very vocal and expressive ways. It was all of it, altogether, all at once. She hadn't been this horny since high school, in fact she would bet that she was probably hornier now and she had no way to release, not without risking her reputation.

Through her cabin door she heard the first moans of the evening. She gritted her teeth. Those god-damned inmates, and their nightly fuck-fests. They were supposed to be prisoners! They should be acting like prisoners!

"That's it, time to put an end to this!" She said as she rose from her bunk with a grunt. She marched to the door, and then stopped. She couldn't go down there and then reprimand them while topless, especially as she likely had bigger breasts than any of them at this point, seeing as she'd had access to more food. No, she needed to still be an authority figure, and to do that, she needed to be dressed like one.

Through her datapad, she ordered laundry to send her an XXXL male officer's coat. There was a delay in the response from the laundry crew, but after she typed out some messages threatening court-martials, they quickly complied. A few minutes later it arrived in her cabin. She tore it out of the wrapping and slung it on, not bothering to put on the customary tank top underneath. As expected, the fit was all wrong, but at the very least it was large enough that she was able to do up all the brass buttons from bottom to collar with her breasts snugly inside. She had some difficulty reaching the ones at the very outside, as the fabric barely had enough give in it to reach, but with the use of the mirror she was able to succeed. She tucked the bottom of the jacket into her officer's pants and surveyed herself in the mirror. She frankly looked ridiculous, with the officer's jacket stretched across her bust, its brass buttons just barely holding it together. From the side she looked like a giant capital P. It would have to do. She left her cabin and set off down the hall.

As she walked down the corridor, her foot-wide flesh orbs bounced within their snug container. She started to do her deep-breathing exercises to avoid arousal. Soon she

theorised that she may have made a mistake wearing the jacket. She would've chosen a larger size if there was one, but this was her only option. Even with its incredible size it was too tight for her bust. Not that she was uncomfortable. More that the snug garment was squeezing her breasts together, which was stimulating the larva. Through the thick fabric she could see her breasts bouncing and flexing in their felt cage, the aliens within reacting with ever increasing intensity to the stimulation that they had been desperate for. Her breathing pace quickened, a drop of sweat forming on her brow. It was getting very, very difficult to ignore them.

She paused before the door, the sounds of passionate lovemaking very clear coming from within. She stood up straight and opened the door. "Inmates!" She commanded as she entered the room. "Form u- oh fuck..." The lieutenant lost all confidence as she surveyed the women before her. The three on the right were engaged in a three-way chain of cunnilingus with each one squeezing and massaging the breasts of the one servicing them. It was difficult to tell which was bringing more pleasure to each woman, the tongue's teasing their wet clits, or the hands groping their swollen breasts. As Smythe had expected these women hadn't grown as large as she had, their breasts only reaching their mid abdomen. The same couldn't be said of the other three women, the blonde, the brunette, and the redhead. That damned redhead. Sasha and Mags were each at least as large as the lieutenant. The brunettes' breasts were round and fat like the lieutenants, while the blondes had a slightly more blimp-like shape to them. Regardless they each filled the women's laps as they each sat across from each other, rubbing the ends of their breasts against each other, the thick stubby nipples of Mags overtaking the impossibly tiny nubs that were Sandra's nipples. Each of their heads were lolled back as their bodies writhed with pleasure delivered from their breasts. As Smythe watched them, she could see the breasts visibly bulge and distend as the larva within rustled with delight.

The lieutenant was irate. How were they as big as her? How could they have kept up with the calorie consumption, the lieutenant fumed. Wait...why was she angry...was she...jealous? Impossible! She didn't care if they were bigger than her, right? Besides, if there was anyone she should be jealous of, it was Amy.

The young redhead was away from the group, seemingly happy to provide solo pleasure to her own self. She was kneeling between two cots that she'd pulled together and had rested a breast upon each of them. Her face was buried between them while she ran her hands over top of them to squeeze and massage every inch of flesh she could reach. Unfortunately for her that was only about half of them. They were like a combination of the other two women's breasts, in both shape and size. They were somewhat blimp like, but far rounder near the end, like an enormous teardrop turned sideways. And as for size...Smythe reckoned if she stood up, they'd have reached her thighs, although larva filled breasts had a tendency to defy gravity, so perhaps they'd just stick straight out. At their peak they were 18" thick. Their ends were capped with bright red nipples the size of small cookie tins. Unlike Smythe whose ends were only just starting to develop the lattice of veins that wreathed her nipples, Amy's had become fully ensconced. Half inch thick deep blue veins criss-crossed the front of her enormous tits, pulsing with the constant flow of blood.

More beads of sweat formed on the lieutenant's brow as she laboured to maintain her breathing pattern. Coming here was definitely a mistake, so much sensuality was overwhelming. She had to get out of here or else she wouldn't be able to help herself.

"Look girls, the lieutenant!" Sandra called out, grabbing the attention of the other inmates. She and Mags stopped rubbing their colossal jugs against one another, and

stood. The other inmates, except for Amy, also stopped what they were doing and began to approach the lieutenant.

The lieutenant's eyes darted back and forth along the wall of breasts that were approaching her. Within her coat her breasts tensed and bounced eagerly. "Stop it!" She whispered. Oh gods, she was talking to them. Within moments she was surrounded, her back against the wall with the inmates in a semicircle around her, each one's taut firm tits pressing into the ones of the inmate beside them. The lieutenant closed her eyes, knowing that would be the only way she'd be able to articulate "In-Inmates! I am your commanding officer. And I have come here to put a stop to this ridiculous behaviour!"

"But lieutenant...don't you want to join us?" The voice of Sandra called.

Smythe gritted her teeth. Holy fuck, yes did she want to join them, but she would die before telling them that.

"Mmm, I think your two friends want to join us" Sandra purred.

Smythe opened her eyes to view with dismay at what Sandra was referring to. Upon her chest her breasts were vigorously bouncing up and down in place, desperate to break free from their cloth prison. The brass buttons were holding for now, but each surge forward caused them to strain. Their movements were completely involuntary, Smythe could do nothing but watch as her tits struggled to break free while waves of scintillating pleasure emanated from them.

The inmates drew nearer. "What are you doing?" Smythe demanded. Still they approached. "Stop! Return to your bunks! I am your commanding officer! Hey?!" Two of the inmates had grabbed her around the arms to hold her still. "Let go of me! I am lieutenant Teresa Smythe of the federation and I demand...OHHH!" Mags and Sandra had each placed both hands upon the lieutenant's tits and had pressed towards her torso with their whole body-weight. Smythe went dizzy, the sensations she'd felt before had just been tickles compared to this. The larva within went wild and when Mags and Sandra released their pressure, they bounded forward causing her breasts to surge forward by several inches. The force of the motion pulled the lieutenant forward, knocking her off balance, but the inmates holding her arms kept her upright. Despite all this the jacket still held.

The lieutenant righted herself, panting heavily. "Don't...don't do that!" She demanded. "Again" replied Sandra. And once more Mags and Sandra leaned into the lieutenant for several seconds before they released, the lieutenant's tits expanding against the confines of the jacket, gaps beginning to appear between the buttons as the fabric desperately held on. The lieutenant moaned involuntarily, her body racked with delight, but still she pleaded. "Please...I beg you...stop". "Again" Sandra commanded, and again they went. Now they stopped pausing in between. They would push in, and then her breasts would push back each time swelling a little further. "Stop! Stop!" The lieutenant cried though each time she meant it less and less. She was so close to release.

One final time they pushed in with all their might and held it. Underneath their grasp they could feel her tits bucking and tensing, desperate to expand. "Harder!" Sandra demanded, at which point she and Mags increased their pressure. The lieutenant couldn't breathe, the sensations were too intense. "Please..." She whispered.

"Please, what?" Sandra replied.

"Please...more... I...I want more" The lieutenant said, voice broken. Sandra nodded with a grin. She and Mags gave one last push into her writhing flesh, before releasing. Her tits, free from the pressure, expanded out in all directions. With the sound of several pings, they burst the coat open scattering the brass buttons across the floor. The lieutenant stood limp in the inmate's grasp, her tongue out, eyes rolled back in her head as two weeks worth of built up orgasms raced through her. Her tits quivered visibly, finally free from their confines.

"Come, let us give the lieutenant a proper welcome" Sandra instructed the other girls. The lieutenant was responseless as they led her across the room to where Amy lay. The redhead raised her head as they approached. "Oh hello, lieutenant, won't you come lay with me?" She cooed, beckoning her towards her with her hands.

The inmates lifted the lieutenant and placed her on top of Amy's cleavage. The red head moaned with delight at the added pressure atop her swollen tits. From this position the lieutenant was helpless as the 5 remaining inmates spent the rest of the evening focusing their entire attention on pleasing her. Not that she minded. Endless orgasms flowed through her as 5 pairs of hands and tits touched and caressed every inch of her for hours on end.

Several hours later, Mags awoke to a sound; a cry of pain. She looked around in the dim light. To her left lay the lieutenant fast asleep, surrounded by the three smaller inmates. They'd all curled up around her and her impressive tits which even now still trembled with unsated desire. She heard the cry again, to her right. She rolled over to investigate.

There she saw Amy, sitting up straddling her cot, her breasts resting upon the mattress before her. The veins on the front had swollen thicker and pulsed angrily. The cries of pain were coming from her. "Oh god, it hurts...what's...what's happening. Why are you hurting me, babies?" She said as she gently rubbed the upper reaches of her shelf of flesh that spread out before her for two and a half feet. Then Mags heard another voice.

"Shh...shh...it's ok, Amy, you're going to be ok. I know it hurts, just let it happen" Mags looked around Amy's breasts to see Sandra kneeling on the floor in front of her. With each hand she was gently massaging the larger woman's enormous nipples.

"Sandra!" Mags hissed. "What are you doing?!"

"Shhh!" Sandra said, with a finger over her lips. Sandra then beckoned her over. Mags scampered over and knelt beside the blonde. "We need to help her" Sandra whispered when she was close enough.

"What's happening to her?" Mags asked, one eye upon the wall of quaking breasts beside them. It appeared that the larva inside were angry.

Sandra gestured for Mags to massage Amy's nipple like she'd been doing. "It's the aliens. They've grown large enough to spawn their pods, but I think they waited too long. The pods may be too large, we'll have to help her"

For several minutes they kneeled there, their own breasts pressing into the edge of the cot while they massaged Amy's massive nipples. It seemed to bring her some relief as her cries of pain had subsided slightly. But then all of a sudden, they got louder. "Oh god, it hurts!" She cried.

"Here we go," Sandra whispered. "When the pods emerge be careful not to drop them"

Mags nodded. Inside she wondered why Sandra knew so much about this, but she let it slide in the moment. A few seconds later, a dark spot emerged in the center of Amy's nipples. The dark spot got bigger as the pod slowly pushed its way out, her nipple swelling and opening to allow its passage. After a few seconds it pushed its way out and fell into Sandra's hands, the pod itself the size of a pinecone. A gaping hole an inch wide remained at the center of her nipple where the pod had pushed out.

"Yikes, that looks painful" Mags said with a grimace.

"It's not," Sandra assured her. "Pay attention, we're not done yet!"

Mags looked forward just in time to catch the pod that had been ejected from the great nipple in front of her. A few seconds later another started to emerge. While this continued, Amy lay with her head against her breasts, gently caressing them as she moaned with a mix of pain and relief.

Just a couple of minutes later and they each had 4 pods resting on the floor before them "Ok, I think that's all it" Sandra whispered. "You ok, Amy?" She asked. From a few feet away, behind the wall of tits, they heard their friend quietly moan. Sandra nodded, satisfied. Then in one swift motion she scooped up all 8 pods, resting them atop her breasts, then started to make her way for the door.

Mags followed her. "Hey! Where are you going?!"

Sandra turned at the door. "To put these somewhere safe, don't worry, I'll be back"

Mags bit her lip with indecision. This was all very strange, but she trusted Sandra. She gave her a nod of acceptance. Sandra, not willing to wait for Mags to second guess herself, keyed open the door and was gone. Mags gave a sigh and then returned to her cot. Amy had returned to sleep, the only sign that anything had happened to her at all was the hole in her nipples, which had already almost completely closed up once more. Mags rubbed a hand over her own fat nipples and shuddered. She didn't care what Sandra said, it still looked painful.

The next morning Mags awoke to the sound of the lieutenant's voice. "Get off me, get off me! Mmm fuuuck. Don't touch me there!" Smythe was attempting to extricate herself from the three inmates who had slept with her, which was proving rather difficult as they clung to her, hands groping and squeezing whatever flesh they could find. The lieutenant at last stood, free. Her breasts had swollen since last night, the attention given to the larva had clearly driven them to grow. Her perfectly round orbs now reached her waist. She stood with her hands on her hips surveying the inmates. "Inmates. I would ask that you join me in striking the events of last night from the record. It was a momentary lapse in judgment on my part, and will not be happening again" The inmates giggled. Not only did lieutenant Smythe look ridiculous trying to reprimand them with her normally tight bun completely in disarray, and tits the size of medicine

balls on her chest. They also laughed at the idea that it had been a “momentary” lapse, as their orgy centred around the lieutenant had lasted for several hours.

The lieutenant glared at them. “Quiet! Now then, if that’s all clear, I believe we can continue the remainder of our voyage...wait a minute. Where’s inmate #20459?”

Mags looked to her right. Sandra’s cot was empty. She’d said she’d be back. Where did she go?

The lieutenant looked furious. “Does anyone have any information about where the inmate has gone?”

Mags raised her hand. “She left last night, Ma’am. After Amy...um...after she released...her pods”

Amy gasped with delight. “That wasn’t a dream! Oh my goodness, I’m a grandma!” She squealed while hugging her enormous breasts.

“Pods, so soon?” The lieutenant mused. That was bad news. Larvae only expelled pods once, and pods couldn’t survive for long periods in the pressurised vessels used for space travel. This whole voyage would be for naught if they all produced their pods before they reached their destination.

Then a terrible thought came to her. “Wait...you said the inmate took the pods with her?”

Mags nodded. “Yes, why?”

“Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit” The lieutenant began to swear as she headed for the door. They had to find her immediately, and she had a good idea where she’d be. She walked as fast as she could down the hallway doing her best to not jostle her tits. They’d been hard enough to manoeuvre with before last night, before she’d awakened the larva. Now they were sensitive to any sort of sudden movement, the waves of pleasure nearly paralysing. God she’d been stupid, but gods had it felt good. There was no denying that she’d enjoyed every second.

She arrived in the cargo bay corridor. Each of the rooms in this hall held several tons of food, enough to feed someone very hungry. She walked down the hall slowly, inspecting each of the door control stations. She found what she was looking for, on the third room on the right. The terminal had been clearly tampered with. She pressed the door access button, but nothing happened. Whoever had altered the terminal had ensured that this door would remain closed.

In her back pocket she felt her datapad vibrate. She pulled it out to see an incoming video call from an unknown sender. She answered, having a good idea who’d be on the other end. Sandra’s face popped into view, a devilish smile on her face. “Hello, Lieutenant. I see you’ve found my hiding place”

The lieutenant glared at her. “Inmate #20459 open this door immediately!”

Sandra yawned. “No...I don’t think I will. I’m quite comfortable in here, me and my friends” She turned the camera to view the 8 pods that had fully developed overnight, sitting on the floor

before her. Sandra stood and approached them, running her hands across their tops. Stinger tipped tentacles emerged from all 8.

"Don't. You. Dare" The lieutenant said through gritted teeth.

Sandra said nothing but smiled, as she squeezed her breasts together and ran them through the swarm of tentacles. In an instant each breast was injected by 8 stingers. "Ahhh" Sandra sighed with delight.

The lieutenant swore angrily. "Why?! Why do this Inmate #20459? Answer me, Sandra!"

Sandra opened one of the crates, causing a mountain of food to fall forth and create a huge pile on the floor. She settled into it, sitting comfortably upon a metric ton of foodstuff.

She grabbed a piece of fruit and bit into it with a grin "Well, dear lieutenant, I guess we'll start with the fact that my name isn't Sandra. It's Kendra"

The revelation hit the lieutenant like a ton of bricks. How had she not noticed before, how had she not recognized her. Sure, her hair was a bit different, longer than it had been in the incident. But all the other evidence was irrefutable; the scars, the unique shape of her breasts, the way that for some reason her nipples refused to grow unlike anyone else injected. Even now just looking at her face it was obviously her.

"How?! We have your personnel file!" The lieutenant was flabbergasted.

"Doctored, of course. As soon as I was released from prison, I created a new identity for myself. One, I didn't want to be known as the tit-bug girl wherever I went, but two, I also knew I'd never be able to get close to them again if I remained myself"

"How did you know we'd be doing this?" The lieutenant demanded.

"Oh, I've been studying the research for awhile, dear lieutenant. So, I knew when they'd been approved to be transported, and soon after I knew where. Then it was simply a matter of committing the right misdemeanour to get myself on board" She took another bite of fruit, her eyes rolling back with pleasure.

Kendra continued on "Of course, the aliens we were transporting were going to be dormant! But where's the fun in that? Well...as someone who's had...close experience with them, I knew the way to stimulate them, to wake them up. And when the tissue inflammation arrived one week in, I had the perfect excuse to share my 'cure'. And well, you know what's happened since then. I just had to wait until someone grew large enough to produce pods. Amy, the sweet girl, was happy to oblige, though rather unknowingly"

The lieutenant said nothing, her mind racing but no words able to reach her mouth.

Kendra continued her gloating. "I must admit, I think I've enjoyed it more this time around. Competing against Lucy was...fun, but not as much as fun as getting to enjoy our developments with the other girl's. You had fun last night, too, didn't you lieutenant?" Smythe's mouth went dry, at the memory. It had been more than fun, it'd been the greatest sexual experience of her life. "That...that's irrelevant! You never answered me, why do this?!"

Kendra pursed her mouth into a pout. "Why isn't obvious? Didn't you watch the reports? They must have included my final correspondence with Lucy, my professions of elation at how good it felt to have them all inside me?"

The lieutenant nodded; she'd watched the video several times.

"Well, there you have it! I wanted to feel that again, but more! When they removed my pets, I felt empty, like something was missing. And now, I'm whole again. Anyhow, ta ta, lieutenant. I've got to go, my babies are hungry, and mama's gonna feed em" She gave a laugh and shut off the video.

The lieutenant leaned against the wall, sliding down to the floor. They had to get in there, to stop her. The growth of Kendra's tits the last time had torn the food-tech floor to shreds. These cargo rooms were much smaller. With her data pad she immediately called for maintenance. They may not be able to undo Kendra's tampering, but they could cut the lock.

24 hours later and the lieutenant was getting desperate. She'd received no more correspondence from Kendra. She could only imagine how much she'd grown since yesterday. The maintenance techs had complained to the lieutenant about the difficulty of cutting through one of these doors, but when she reminded them that the alternate was total structural collapse of the ship they got to work.

"Almost there, Ma'am" One of the fellows informed her.

She nodded, eyes closed as she tried to focus. She hadn't slept last night. Her symbiote filled breasts wouldn't let her. After receiving the stimulation they desired, they'd become insistent. She'd laid awake all night while her enormous breasts continually flexed and tensed, demanding she pay attention to them. The battle of wills had continued all night, and into today. Even now standing there in the open, her body was awash with waves of pleasure as her tits continued to ache for her touch.

A loud heavy clank sounded. One of the techs placed a crowbar in the seam of the door, and heaved. The heavy doors slid open slightly, until the automatic opener kicked in and they slid the rest of the way with a whoosh. The lieutenant stepped forward into the room and sighed.

Kendra no longer lay atop the pile of food, as it would appear that she had consumed it all. She instead sat atop one of the crates, while she continued to grab food from the open one beside her. "Oh , poo" She said, noticing the lieutenant before her. "You got in" She gave the lieutenant a frown, before stuffing her face with another handful of food.

The lieutenant surveyed the woman before her, and the colossal pair of breasts attached to her. It had only been a day, but it'd been a day when she'd fed them endlessly. The larva had rewarded her with considerable growth. Though she sat upon a crate 5 feet in the air, her breasts reached the floor in front of her. Or, they almost did, the lieutenant noticed that their round ends hovered just slightly above the cold steel plate. Just as the first incident they'd maintained their blimp like shape with their growth, large ovals of flesh when viewed from above. At their thickest they had the circumference of a mini trampoline. The nest of veins had spread, encompassing her tiny little nipples by a foot in each direction.

"My gods, Kendra..." The lieutenant said under her breath.

Kendra grimaced as her stomach growled loudly. She moaned softly, as one hand rubbed her stomach. She gave the lieutenant a grim smile. "You know I think I may have overdone it this time. They get first dibs on my food, and right now they eat more than I can put away" She pulled her breasts apart to show off her stomach. Her entire mid abdomen was covered in thick black feeding tubes running up to her breasts. Each of them constantly pulsed as they sucked whatever food she consumed up towards the awaiting larva. "But then again..." She said as she took another bite of food and leaned back on to the crate behind her. "...It feels so amazing that I don't think I care...mmm...fuck!" She cried out as her breasts tensed and surged, another growth spurt hitting her. The lieutenant just gaped as she could visibly watched Kendra's tits inch towards her. At any one time several bulges could be visible on the surface of her skin as the larva tossed and turned within.

The lieutenant looked around the room. Against the left wall, were the 8 original pods, which had since deceased, unable to survive on the vessel. Her eyes scanned the rest of the room. "Have you not produced pods?" She demanded.

Kendra propped herself up once more to address the lieutenant. "Nope, the first two tried, but..." She paused, biting her lip as another wave of pleasure hit her. "...but I held them in. You can sort of communicate with them; you know? Anyway, they grow faster when they haven't expelled pods" She laughed, shovelling more food into her mouth. "God damn, lieutenant, you can't imagine how good this feels. Trust me, I can tell how desperate you are for release right now, the way your tits are trembling. That's nothing compared to...ohhhhh fuuuuck... compared to this"

The lieutenant didn't even try to deny it. Her breasts were on fire with lust. She shook her head. "Kendra..."

"What!" Kendra responded harshly, scarfing down more food. "Are you going to try to stop me? Stop me before I tear this ship apart? Well, I'll tell you right now, I'd rather die then give up my pets. They're everything to me" She closed her eyes and bit her lip as another growth spurt surged through her, adding inches to her bust in every direction.

The lieutenant shook her head. "No, I'm not here to take them away, I understand how dear the relationship is" She hefted her own monumental tits in her hands. "I don't think I'd be able to give them away either now" Her tits quivered in response, which brought a smile to the lieutenant's face. "No, I'm here to make a deal, Kendra"

Kendra paused, raising one eyebrow. "What kind of deal?"

The lieutenant stepped forward and sat upon the inner edge of one of Kendra's tits. The weight of the lieutenant's body upon her bust made the blonde moan with uncontrollable delight. Underneath her legs Smythe could feel the larva wrestling under the skin. The feeling made her pussy begin to drip. She ignored it and turned to face Kendra.

"If you continue to eat and grow, you will indeed tear this ship apart. I can't have that, and if you want to continue enjoying your 'pets' as you called them, you don't want that either"

Kendra huffed. "What's the alternative? If I stop eating, I'll starve"

The lieutenant, produced a syringe she'd obtained from medical that morning. "The alternative is we put you in a medically induced coma for the remainder of the trip. Nutrients will be pumped directly into your intestines to ensure your survival. The medicine should also put your larva back into dormancy."

Kendra narrowed her eyes, her arms grasping the top of her tits protectively. "This seems like a trick. What happens when we arrive?"

The lieutenant shrugged. "The planet we're traveling to is lush with fertile farmland, we'll arrange for you to be looked after for the rest of your days"

"Why would you do that, that seems expensive..."

The lieutenant smirked. "Not as expensive as a new ship"

Kendra nodded "Fair point. What about the rest of the girls?"

"They're being put on strict rations to minimise any further growth. They are also being confined to separate quarters. Hopefully that should keep the rest of the voyage incident free."

Kendra nodded. "And you?"

The lieutenant smiled "I'll manage, I am an officer after all"

Kendra looked out across her expanse of breasts to where the lieutenant perched upon them. This seemed like the best deal she was going to get.

"Ok, I'll do it" she said with a frown.

With a nod the lieutenant hopped off her perch within Kendra's cleavage, then walked around the outer edge of her breasts to reach her torso. She quickly injected the syringe into her neck. Within seconds Kendra's world went black.

She awoke with her mind in a fog. A bright light shone over head. She cleared her eyes, adjusting to the light. Above her was a teal sky, a bright yellow sun overhead. Where was she?

She looked around: before her was a moderate sized wooden house, around it in every direction were fields of crops. She herself was sitting on a raised cushioned chair in the middle of the yard. Her breasts rested gently on the ground several feet in front of her.

She heard a voice yell. She turned to see its source. Several women were exiting from the house, several very busty women. Mags and Amy made it to her first. Amy, her usual chatty self, began talking before she'd gotten close "Oh, Sandra! You're awake...oh...sorry, I guess it's Kendra, right? That's going to take awhile to get used to. How do you feel? How is it with so many? It must feel good right?"

"You, ok?" Mags asked with a smile.

Kendra nodded. "Yes, I actually feel fine. Oh!" The other three inmates had rested their hands upon the outer edges of her breasts, marvelling at their size and eager to have a feel. "Mmm, what happened to you lot?"

They were all bigger since the last time she'd seen them, well except for Amy. It seemed that a single larva without competition peaked at the size that Amy had been, she looked no larger than she'd been the night she'd produced pods. The rest of the women, had all grown to match her. All of them with two-foot cleavages, round impossibly full breasts that projected out proudly off their rib cages.

"After you left, Smythe separated us, so we all kept to ourselves until the end of the trip. Once we arrived, we were set free. We asked the lieutenant if we could join you where you were going and she agreed. So here we are."

Kendra blushed from embarrassment. "Aww guys, you didn't have to do that"

"We wanted to, silly!" Amy chimed in. "If it weren't for you, we wouldn't have these" She pointed at her enormous tits with both hands. "Besides, we couldn't abandon our Prison Lesbian Lover"

They all laughed. "Well, I'm glad you're all here. Oooo...fuck. The larva are starting to wake. Do we have any food, I'm starving" Before her, her breasts began to squirm and twitch.

Amy nodded. "There's plenty of food for all of us. C'mon girls lets go get our host some food" She and the three other inmates set off back to the house.

Mags and Kendra watched them go. "Sorry you're not inside" Mags said with a shrug. "You frankly wouldn't fit in there. They told us they'd eventually return with a structure to hold you"

Mags stepped behind her and placed her hands upon her stomach against the feeding cords. She placed her lips upon Kendra's ear. "So how does it feel, to have so many?"

Kendra shivered with pleasure. "Unbelievable, Mags. Once I produce my pods, you can all feel this way too...Wait...with your size...wouldn't you all have produced pods?"

Mags nodded "Yeah, we did back on the ship. But we did so while monitored by the lieutenant. She immediately took them away for disposal to ensure that we wouldn't end up like you. Oh, I almost forgot, she wants to speak with you"

She pulled out a datapad and handed it to Kendra. It buzzed for a moment before Lieutenant Smythe answered, only her face visible. "Ah, Kendra. You're awake. How do you find the farm?"

"It's perfect," Kendra said. "Thank you, and thank you for letting the girls stay with me. Where are you?"

The lieutenant smiled. "Oh, I'm nearby, I intend to take up permanent residence here as well."

Kendra raised her eyebrows. "Really? Why?"

The lieutenant chuckled. "Because I don't think I'll ever be able to fit on a ship again!" She pulled the camera away from her face, to reveal her entire body which was laying upon a sea of breast tissue. Her tits had maintained their spherical shape, but they were now each at least 12 feet across.

It was Kendra's turn to gape. "Teresa?!"

Smythe's face was smug. "I had to take up your offer my dear, and I have to admit you were absolutely right it is so much better with multiples inside you."

Kendra nodded. "So, you took your own pods"

The lieutenant nodded "yes...and every other inmates"

"Holy shit!" Kendra swore. "Does that mean that you have..."

"Twenty-two in each. Let me tell you my dear, it is heavenly." The camera shook as the entire mass of her alien filled breasts rumbled beneath her. "Thanks for the heads up about calorie consumption, by the way, I may have accidentally starved myself otherwise. I had the boys cook up a genetically modified high calorie density slurry. It doesn't taste too great but...who needs food when you've got these. Mmmmm fuuuck" She moaned as another rumble passed through her.

Kendra smiled. 'Good for you lieutenant, you deserve it. Can...can the girls and I visit? I'm sure we'd like to play with you again"

"Of course, of course! I'm just next door." Kendra looked to the east where on the horizon seemed to be a facility of small buildings, and then one large warehouse.

The lieutenant winked at her. 'I'm in the big one, let's hope I don't grow out of it! See you soon Kendra my dear."

Kendra shut off the data pad, just in time for the girls to bring out platters of food. Her stomach growled loudly. She addressed the women surrounding her, as they began to place each platter within reach upon her impressive bust. "Girls, we're going to take a visit to our old C.O. But before we do..." She took a bite out of a load of bread "I think I need to be a bit bigger"

THE END

