

“Alien Pregnancy” – Draft by TROGDOR297

“Steady...Steady...” Dr. Simon Templeton slowly slid his scalpel into the tissue of the still form on the table. It was some sort of alien beast that they’d recovered at their last planetary stop. This specimen had attacked one of their scout parties, and they’d been forced to kill it. Now as per their standard protocol the Doctor was performing an autopsy.

As head of science aboard this vessel, he wasn’t expected to perform such procedures himself. On similar craft the head of science was typically more of an administrator, handling oversight of the various scientific departments within the craft. But Dr. Templeton, a thin balding man in his 50’s with a pointed goatee, was far more hands on than some of his peers, and very often was the one wielding the knife, such as today. He deftly sliced through some connective tissue, removing what he assumed was the creature’s stomach. He placed it on the metal tray held by the biology department head, Dr. Julia Vasquez.

“What would you like me to do with it, sir?” She asked.

“Put it in stasis with all the others,” Templeton replied, sounding bored. He poked deeper into the creature’s cavity, looking for its liver. Dr. Vasquez nodded, walking over to the large cryo-stasis machine. The device was capable of keeping tissue fresh in suspended animation for years. As of this moment their storage was already filled with countless samples from this most recent voyage. After labelling and bagging the sample, she returned with the tray to stand beside Dr. Templeton.

Dr. Julia was an incredibly lovely woman, kind, and fiercely intelligent. She was utterly devoted to her department and its work. A woman of hispanic descent, her dark curly hair cascaded down past her shoulders, though today it was tied up in a no nonsense bun. Her olive skin shone in the bright lab lights, her full lips pursed as she watched the doctor work.

“Dr. Vasquez” Templeton addressed her as she returned.

“Yes, Dr. Templeton?” She replied, looking over his shoulder to see what he was focused upon.

“What would you reckon this is?” He said as he removed a small bright orange organ, placing it unceremoniously on the metal tray she held.

She stared at it, her mind racing through the multitude of alien anatomy she’d handled throughout her ten years of work. “I’d say it’s analogous to the human appendix, sir?”

He nodded thoughtfully. “I bow to your expertise, Doctor.”

She smiled, appreciating his validation. Dr. Templeton had always been kind to her, almost like a second father. Once again she bagged and stored the sample.

“Oh my” Dr. Templeton said, as he poked ever deeper. “What on earth could this be?” Very carefully he slid his scalpel in trying to sever the ligaments holding the mysterious tissue in

place. Dr. Vasquez couldn't see what he was trying to remove, so patiently waited by his side. "Almost...almost..."

BOOM

Far off the sound of an explosion rumbled. The entire ship rocked forward before righting itself. Dr. Templeton, unprepared for the sudden shift, fell forward, his scalpel slicing directly into the organ he was trying to remove. A bright blue fluid poured out of it, mixing with the beast's internal fluids.

"Son of a bitch!" He yelled. He stood up straight, pulling off the rubber gloves angrily. He marched over to the comm unit and called the bridge. "Captain!" He yelled. "Tell your pilots that we're supposed to avoid asteroids, not run into them!"

The captain's voice crackled through a tinge of panic noticeable "Wasn't an asteroid, Doctor. We're under attack!"

The doctor's face twisted in confusion. "Attack? By who! We're a peaceful science vessel!"

The captain replied, voice grave. "A fleet of pirates. Don't know how they found us, but they knocked us out of warp-speed. We'll try and fend them off, but we may have to evacuate"

Templeton's face went white. "Captain...please do all that you can to hold them off. There are years worth of scientific discoveries on board, to lose them..." He trailed off, not wanting to even consider that possibility.

"No promises, Doctor. We're only lightly armed" The captain said, ignoring the Doctor's concerns.

Templeton stormed away from the comm unit, running a hand across his head where he used to have hair. "Shit, shit, shit." He stood breathing heavily for a few seconds. "**SHIT!**" He yelled at the top of his lungs.

Dr. Vasquez approached him, grabbing him by the arms. "Simon, it'll be ok, we can always collect more samples"

He shook his head. "Some of these are irreplaceable! Don't you understand how incredibly lucky we were to obtain some of these! And now they'll be gone!"

Dr. Vasquez met his eyes with her own "Only if we have to evacuate. I'm sure the captain will be able to hold them off.

As if summoned by her very words, a red light in the corner of the room began to flash, with a loud siren accompanying it. The signal to evacuate.

Both of their heads dropped with sorrow. "Fuck..." She said. She looked back at the cryo-stasis storage. "Could we...could we take some with us?" She offered.

He shook his head. "It's all dead tissue. Travelling by warp it'll be at least another month before we return to homebase. It'll all have decomposed by then..."

Another explosion caused the vessel to shake. The two doctors held their hands out to balance themselves. Outside in the hall the sound of people running and yelling echoed through the steel doors.

Julia stared at the storage, then an idea came to her mind. A very terrible idea.

"Dr. Templeton...it's not all dead tissue."

"What are you talking about?" He was silent for a moment as his mind flipped through the seemingly endless samples they'd brought in. Then he came to it. On their first stop they had encountered a large mammalian species, very similar to a cross between a horse and a gorilla. During the autopsy they'd managed to harvest a number of eggs. As an experiment they'd attempted to fertilise them using samples taken from a live male of the species. They'd been successful on two of the attempts. They'd promptly frozen the fertilised eggs, leaving them in stasis until they could get home and incubate them in a lab. Now they would die, turned to ash with the rest of the samples.

"I fail to see your point Dr. Vasquez, we have no way to transport those eggs.

"Don't we?" She said, placing a hand on her lower stomach.

Dr. Templeton's eyes widened. "Julia...no. You can't be serious."

She nodded "I am serious, Simon. Like you said this is years of research! I'm willing to do whatever I can to save it"

He smiled weakly. "I appreciate that my dear, but, think through this logically!"

She reached out and grabbed his upper arm. "I have. Like you said, we'll only be travelling a month. Once we arrive back home you can surgically remove them and then we'll incubate them as planned."

Simon shook his head "I don't know, Julia. It seems too dangerous. We have no idea how it'll affect your body!"

She shrugged. "I'm willing to take the risk"

Dr. Templeton thought for a moment, still unsure of the correct course of action. Another explosion, this one closer, made his decision for him. "Ok, retrieve the samples"

Dr. Vasquez hurried to the cryo-stasis storage. After punching in the 5 digit sample code, the machine whirred before producing the sample for her. She retrieved the pair of eggs, and slid them into an injector device. Each of them was the size of a marble, and shimmered with bioluminescence within the cylinder of the injector. She walked back and handed it to the doctor.

“You’re sure?” He said.

She nodded. “Let’s get it over with”

Lifting her shirt to expose her lower abdomen, Templeton applied a numbing gel just below her belly button. Then after waiting a few moments for it to take effect, he jabbed her with the injector, pressing down on the cylinder. She gritted her teeth through the pain as the device pierced her flesh. Removing the cylinder, Dr. Templeton filled the injection site with a topical gel, designed to act as a replacement for human flesh in extreme medical situations.

He stood and nodded at her. “Ok, it’s done. Let’s hope they take”

She nodded, before joining him in running for the door. The door to their lab opened to a hallway filled with hectic crew hurrying towards the escape craft. Holding hands so as to not be separated, Dr.’s Templeton and Vasquez made their way through the ship. A minute later they filed into one of the escape ships, then strapped themselves in. Moments later the ship departed. In the rear viewport they could see their massive exploratory vessel broken and dilapidated, surrounded by at least a dozen pirate craft. One such craft, noticing their escape broke off and began to chase them.

Dr. Templeton, freed himself from his restraints and ran to the cockpit. “Get this craft into warp, NOW!” He yelled. The pilot nodded, punching in a trajectory. Grabbing the control lever, he pushed forward. The warp engine rumbled beneath them. Just before the craft took off across the stars, the ship rocked as the pirate frigate tailing them open fired upon them. And then they were gone; the pilot’s viewport filled with the bright lines of stars passing in warp speed. Templeton sighed with relief.

He returned to where Dr. Vasquez was still strapped in, looking worried.

He rested a hand upon her shoulder. “Everything is fine. We’re on our way now”

She smiled gratefully, leaning back into the seat “Thank goodness. Things were a little dicey for a bit there” He nodded, agreeing with her assessment.

“Come on, let’s go get you checked out” He said, gesturing for her to follow him. Undoing the restraints she got up and set off into the ship alongside him. Moments later they arrived at the medical bay. Although calling it a medical bay was overly generous, it was a simple office room, with an exam table. A nervous young man waited inside, still shaking from the excitement of the escape.

“Excuse me, Dr...?” Templeton wasn’t familiar with the med-tech who sat before him.

“Not a Doctor, sir. Just a technician.” The young man said, as he stood.

Templeton nodded “Very well. Do you have an ultrasound here?”

The technician nodded, leading them in. Julia got up and laid down on the exam table, lifting her shirt. The technician brought out the ultrasound machine. Templeton instructed him where to use it. On the screen the image of her uterus appeared. Attached to her uterine wall were the two eggs.

“Very good, they both took. Now it’ll just be a short trip back home, and we’ll get them out of you” Templeton said sounding relieved.

Julia nodded with a smile, sitting up. As she got off the table, she had to catch herself as their escape craft rocked once more.

“What the hell was that?” Templeton asked. He looked out the viewport and saw stationary stars. “We’re not in warp!” He stormed back to the cockpit. “What is the meaning of this! Why aren’t we in warp?!”

The pilot turned to face him, face pale. “This is as far a jump as I could calculate in such a short time period. You said we had to jump now, and so I did.”

Templeton nodded, his temper receding. “Ah, ok. Fair enough. Please chart the course home and get us moving again, if you would be so kind.” Templeton turned to leave when the pilot spoke again.

“I can’t sir...” He said, sounding nervous.

Templeton rounded on him. “What? Why?!”

“The pirates sir...when they hit our craft before we jumped...they damaged the nav computer. I can’t warp us anywhere!”

“So what are you going to do then?” He asked.

The pilot shrugged. “I’ve already sent out a distress beacon, but who knows when they’ll respond to that. Could be weeks, could be months...we’re pretty far out here”

“Goddammit...” Templeton said. Then a thought crossed his mind that made his blood go cold. Julia. The eggs. If they were trapped here for months...

“Fuck!” He yelled, before running back to the med-bay. There he found Julia still sitting on the exam table. “Simon? What’s going on?”

His face was pale, his voice bleak. “I’m sorry my dear but...we’re trapped here for the time being. We don’t know when someone will make it here to retrieve us.”

“Oh...” She said, hands instinctively going to her stomach. She looked back to him, face distraught.

Dr. Templeton turned to the technician. “Does the medical wing have surgical capabilities?”

The technician grimaced. "Not really...if it's an emergency we could maybe make something work?"

Julia shook her head. "No, that won't be necessary."

Dr. Templeton looked at her in shock. "Julia! We have to get them out of you. Forget the science, this is your own safety on the line."

She looked at him sternly. "Rescue will come, Simon. I will be fine. There's no need to be overly hasty."

Dr. Templeton sighed. "Very well my dear, but if things become dangerous, you must promise that you'll let us remove them."

She nodded with a smile "Of course, Doctor. Now let's go find our rooms and get something to eat, I'm starving"

FIRST MONTH

Dr. Templeton knocked once on the cabin door. "Come in!" Came the voice of Dr. Vasquez from inside. He opened the door and walked in. His companion was laying on her bunk, reading. She smiled at him warmly as he entered. "Good morning, Simon"

He nodded back "Good morning. How are you feeling today?" He asked.

She slid her legs off of the mattress, rising into a sitting position. "I'm feeling fine, thank you!" Her hand instinctively rested upon her stomach. Templeton stared at it. She hadn't started to show until two weeks ago, but now she appeared to be bigger every day. The shelf of her stomach curved out from her body just below her breasts. She was approximately the size of a woman five months pregnant. Her clothes couldn't cover her form entirely, a sliver of tan skin showing where the edge of her shirt just failed to reach her waistband.

He walked over and offered his hand. She took it, leaning on him as she stood.

"Do you mind?" He asked, gesturing to her stomach.

She shook her head with a smile.

He gently lifted up her shirt, and then pulled down her waist band so the entire stomach was exposed. Kneeling before her, he scanned back and forth, inspecting it. All in all she looked perfectly healthy. Her skin was blemish-free, which shocked him. With how quickly she'd grown in the past week he'd expected that she would have developed stretch marks, but her skin had maintained its elasticity very well.

He pulled her clothes back into place, standing before her. "You sure you're feeling ok? This is medically unknown territory here. If you're feeling anything out of the ordinary please tell me."

She cocked her head to the side, smiling at him. "Simon, I'm fine. Other than the obvious change-" She rubbed the top of her belly to emphasize her point "- I feel exactly like I did before."

He frowned. "That's surprising. You don't feel tired, or nauseous? Any other typical pregnancy symptoms?"

She shook her head. "No, not really. I mean, I'm not really pregnant? Or I guess I am...it's hard to say. As you said we're in new ground here. It's miraculous that my body didn't outright reject them"

Templeton nodded rubbing his chin "Agreed...The species did appear to be part primate, so perhaps there was enough similar DNA?"

"Maybe?" She said with a shrug. She reached forward and grabbed him by the hands "Simon, I'm ok. Stop worrying"

He sighed loudly "Alright, I'll try. Shall we get some food?"

"Excellent idea" Julia said, walking past him out of her room.

They walked to the mess room, side by side. Dr. Templeton had started to drone on about his new plans for their next expedition once they were back. Julia nodded along absent mindedly, but she wasn't listening. She had lied to Simon, she was feeling things out of the ordinary. Simply put she felt amazing. She felt full of life, quite literally. Her skin was smooth and clear, better than it had ever been, her hair full and luxurious. And at all times she felt a warmth emanating from her womb that spread through her body, comforting her and calming her. All things considered, she was really enjoying the experience.

She reckoned it was due to the hormones of the aliens mixing with her own, but she also already felt terribly protective of the things inside her. She logically knew that they would have to be removed at some point, but she also knew she wished to prolong that moment for as long as she could. And so she would continue to lie to Simon, to placate his fears lest he do something uncalled for.

"What would you like today?" He asked, as they stood in the mess hall.

"Mmm, something with meat" She said, salivating at the thought.

"Aren't you vegan?" He asked, raising an eyebrow.

She paused, blinking, a frown forming on her face to complete her look of confusion. He was right, she was vegan. Why had she said that? A growl in her stomach gave her a clue.

"Sorry, you're right...Just a large salad, thanks." She went to sit down, still feeling out of sorts about what had just happened.

They ate in silence, Dr. Templeton watching her carefully. “Do...you want some of my chicken?” He asked.

She shook her head “No, thank you. I’m fine with the salad.” But after each swallow she grimaced. Dr. Templeton tore off a drumstick and handed it to her. “Julia, clearly the species inside of you are carnivores, just...eat it. I won’t judge you, no one will”

She looked upset, but she still took it from him. She gave it a sniff, then took a bite. She let out an audible moan of satisfaction as she chewed on the poultry. Simon stood up with a smile. “I’ll get you some more”

“Mmmf, fank you!” She said with her mouth full. She ploughed through the new plate he brought her, savouring each bite.

This was fine, she thought, just a small concession to get herself through this. She could go back to being vegan when this was over. For now, she was going to eat meat and she was going to love it.

SECOND MONTH

“Any response overnight, pilot?” Dr. Templeton asked the officer sitting in the cockpit.

His face grim, the pilot shook his head in the negative. The doctor sighed, this was not good. Their craft was capable of surviving dead in space indefinitely, that’s what the escape craft were designed for. What couldn’t survive indefinitely was Julia. They had to get her back to an operating room ASAP, she was already getting dangerously large, and they had no real idea how big she could potentially get.

“Please send out another distress signal” The Doctor asked, wiping a hand across his forehead, a sign of his stress. The pilot shrugged. “If you want. We’ve been sending them out every other day, but I can do one right now”

Dr. Templeton waved him off. “No, no, if you’re doing it regularly then it’s fine.” The door to the cockpit whooshed shut behind him. He groaned, a mix of dismay and frustration. News of the attack would’ve made it back to command by now, where the hell was the search and rescue team!?

Across the ship, Dr. Julia Vasquez was also feeling a mix of frustration and dismay. She sat in her room sitting cross-legged upon a cushion on the floor. Her belly rested in the cradle formed by her legs. To an outside observer she would look to be a woman nearing the end of her pregnancy, her stomach a round globe projecting from her body. Her skin was still smooth with nary a stretch mark in sight. Her belly button had just recently popped out in the past few days, a small brown nub in the centre of her orb of a belly.

She sat there with eyes closed, meditating. She’d started doing it each morning to help her maintain her calm and sanity. She’d grown so much over the past month it was starting to worry her. The feelings that she’d felt before were still true, the warmth, the feeling of

energy, the effects on her skin and hair. But as her stomach had swollen to the size of a basketball, she'd begun to stress about how much more things would progress.

She expected that she was lucky in a sense. She was experiencing almost none of the symptoms that a typical pregnancy would be accompanied by. No nausea, no odd swelling of her digits or limbs, no difficulty sleeping. There was just one other change she'd noticed, but it was a drastic one.

Her belly wasn't the only thing that had grown. Recently she'd also been subject to changes in her bustline. Her previously perky breasts had grown heavy, hanging down so they were resting atop the horizontal surface of her belly. They'd become wider as they went down, their bottoms spreading out where they lay against her gut. The most dramatic change was to her nipples. Her already brown areola had become darker, and her nubs had become elongated, almost an inch long while resting soft.

"These I could do without" She said with a sigh as she cupped them. They were warm in her hand as well, veins visible against the surface. After they started to develop she and Dr. Templeton had theorised that the embryos within her came from a mammalian species that breastfed, and their hormones had intermingled with her own. They hadn't yet pinpointed why the growth had been so drastic and ample, but she hoped that she wouldn't have to suffer much more.

She'd always been comfortable with her breasts and had no desire to see them larger. The growth she'd endured thus far had brought a feeling of tenderness and increased sensitivity. When she tried to stuff the pair of distended teats into her tops she found the friction against her nipples irritating. She sighed, releasing them from her grasp, a slapping sound emitting as the soft flesh of her breasts collided with the taut skin of her belly.

A knock on the door startled her. "Who is it?" She called out.

"Simon. I've got your breakfast" Came the response.

"Just a second" She called. With a decent amount of effort she heaved herself to her feet, then padded over to her dresser. Though their relationship had grown more involved with the situation that they found themselves in, she still had no desire for Dr. Templeton to see herself naked. She grabbed a set of clothes and pulled them on. The stretchy fabric of the science division uniforms was designed to fit most body types, but certainly not hers. Most of her stomach was exposed as the hem of her shirt only reached halfway down the front of her distended gut, which then hung over the front of her pants. She took one last look at herself in the mirror and sighed.

"Come in" She said. The door whooshed open a moment later and Simon entered with a tray laden with bacon and sausages. Her diet had transformed to be almost entirely focused on meat. Before this ordeal the thought of consuming this much animal flesh would've sickened her but she couldn't help the cravings now. As Dr. Templeton walked past her to set down the tray, she eagerly snatched a handful of bacon and began to munch on it. A moan of delight escaped her pursed lips as the fatty meat crunched in her mouth. "I shouldn't enjoy it this much, but fuck, bacon tastes good" She said after swallowing.

Dr. Templeton nodded with a smile. "I think most of the human population would agree with you on that" He turned to face her, giving her an appraising look. "How are you feeling my dear?"

She shrugged, causing her stomach to bounce slightly. "Mmmph, okay I guess? My breasts are sore, but other than that, nothing crazy." She bit into another piece of bacon, eyes shut with pleasure as she ate.

"Have you felt any movement yet?" He asked, raising an eyebrow.

She reopened her eyes to meet his gaze, then shook her head. "No, nothing. I went down to the medbay yesterday and did another ultrasound. They're developing roughly at the same pace as a human pregnancy. Just...much larger."

He nodded, staring at her gravid form. "Much larger indeed..." For a moment they stood in silence, Dr. Templeton watching and considering, Dr. Vasquez continuing to munch on bacon.

Dr. Templeton rubbed his chin. "Once again I must ask... Are you sure you don't want to remove them? We were already treading paths never tread before, but now things are starting to breach the realms of imminent danger!"

Dr. Vasquez shook her head. "Simon, you're being over dramatic. I'm fine! I feel fine!" She grabbed a fork off the tray and speared a sausage, before biting off half. As her right hand held the fork with the remaining half of sausage, her left began to absent-mindedly rub the side of her swollen belly.

Dr. Templeton looked at her dubiously. "Julia. I don't know where this sense of nonchalance is coming from, but this is serious! We're only two months in and look at you!"

She bit the other half of the sausage off her fork, waving him off as she chewed and swallowed. "Don't patronize me Simon. I'm obviously cognizant of my current situation, but what you're forgetting is that this is my body and I understand its limitations. Did you know that multiples run in my family?"

Dr. Templeton shook his head. "I didn't, but I don't see how-" Julia cut him off before he could finish his retort.

"My brothers are twins. Same with my Uncles. And last year my sister carried triplets to full term!"

He raised his eyes in surprise. "Wow, that is quite the pattern...but still I don't see how that's applicable"

She rolled her eyes at him as she ate another sausage. "It's applicable in that some part of our genetics makes us fit for it. Vasquez women for whatever reason are good at carrying babies. So when I say I feel fine, and I'm going to be fine, please just trust me. I know my

body.” With that she sat down on the bed with the tray of food beside her and waved him off. With a sigh he turned and exited the room.

Julia sat in silence as she finished the food upon the plate, thinking about the exchange that had just occurred. She lied back in bed and began to gently rub her stomach as she pondered.

A number of quandaries raced through her head. Had Dr. Templeton always been that short? She could’ve sworn he’d always been a few inches taller than her, and yet just now when they’d met she’d definitely had an inch on him. And where did that defensiveness come from? She’d been almost hostile to Simon when he’d suggested acting with only her safety in mind. Before Dr. Templeton had arrived, she herself had been stressing about what was going to happen to her. Even now she logically knew that the current situation was untenable, and that if help didn’t arrive soon she would have no choice but to surgically remove the babies.

She stopped her movement, eyes jolting open with a start. Why had she thought babies? These were alien specimens growing within her, not children. She grabbed her notebook off a nearby shelf and wrote down a note inside.

Hormonal impact on host may have triggered psychological maternal response. Physical development may extend beyond sexual organs.

She returned the notebook, then grabbed her datapad. She wanted to distract herself, so she began to sort through the scientific reports they’d begun writing while they’d been on their ship. She needed to remain focused and cogent, and not let these hormones get the better of her. But despite her best effort, within minutes her hand once again rested gently upon the upper shelf of her gut.

THIRD MONTH

Julia’s breath was steady but laboured as she moved. A thin layer of sweat coated the skin on her face as she stared ahead with determination. Her hands gripped the metal bar that rested on her shoulders, large metal weights attached on each end. With a deep breath she bent her legs, squatting down then pushing back up, the muscles in her legs tensing as she rose once more.

As her diet had increased over the past month, she’d started to get restless, her body brimming with energy. She turned to exercise as an outlet, though her typical regimen of cardio had become difficult with her new shape, and so she’d turned to lifting weights to keep herself fit. It had the side benefit of keeping herself distracted from the ongoing changes to her body.

Julia was bigger in every way. After her realization that she’d grown taller than Dr. Templeton a month ago, she’d begun tracking her height daily. She’d grown almost a foot in the past month, bringing her height to well over 6’.

What was remarkable was where the growth was occurring. Her legs hadn't increased in length whatsoever, her hips still at the same high as it had originally been. Instead her torso had grown, her musculature and skeletal structure stretching taller. Early in this development she'd been worried that this continued stretching of her spine would impact her core strength, with her vertebrae being pulled apart. It was during an exam a few days ago that they'd discovered to great shock that she'd somehow developed an additional two vertebrae. Additionally both her hips, shoulders and rib cage had widened.

Whatever hormonal interchange was occurring within her was having dramatic effects on her, as her body grew to adapt to the constantly developing aliens within her womb. The stretching of her torso was necessary when presented with the reality of the enormous, round, taut swollen form of her belly that had kept up with the rest of her growth. It projected horizontally from underneath her bust, arcing forward over two feet, before returning back to her hips. It was nearly perfectly round, spreading away to either side of her, though with her torso widening as well it only extended past a small amount.

Her breasts had also refused to cease their inexorable expansion, spreading out further along the top of her rotund stomach. They'd grown fatter and fuller, plumping up into large round teats, each now larger than her head. She wore the standard issue tank top, and had managed to stuff her bust into it, although that had used up all the fabric available, leaving her stomach completely exposed.

She gritted her teeth as she completed another squat, grunting from the effort. Though her legs hadn't lengthened at all, they had grown. Her calves, thighs, and buttocks had developed thick powerful muscles, which she'd been thankful for as it had allowed her to remain mobile. As her mighty stomach continued to expand, her legs continued to thicken to support it.

After rising from her squat once more, she set the barbel back onto the rack with a clank. Stepping out from beneath the bar she exhaled with contentment, as she dabbed at the light sweat that had formed on her face and chest with a towel. 350 lbs, a new personal record.

She walked to the other side of her room, steps steady but slow. She'd had to constantly adjust her gait over the past weeks, as her center of gravity shifted as she grew. Staring at herself in the mirror she shook her head, with wonderment. This shouldn't have been possible for her body to adapt in this way and yet here she was.

Dr. Templeton had more frequently and insistently urged her to abandon this course of action. Each time she'd refused him. There'd been a time where she'd agreed with him that continuing on would be dangerous to her health, when her body would no longer be able to handle the growth of what rested within her womb. Until her body had adapted, growing and changing, getting larger and stronger, allowing her pregnancy to go on unimpeded.

She no longer corrected herself regarding that detail. She was pregnant

Author's Post-Script: My attempt an Alien Pregnancy story. I liked the angle of it being sort of self-inflicted, as I've never liked the rapey/violation vibes these types of stories often fall into. I never finished as I didn't have a great way to continually describe the growth that was occurring, in a way that I liked. Bodies morphing and stretching to accommodate a larger belly makes sense/can be forgiven when drawn (i.e. RiddleAugust's Vixen in Wonderland), but when written out it draws too much attention to it, and it becomes a little...weird.