

The Life Aquatic, Part 2 (Aquatic Giantess TF Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

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

The Life Aquatic, Part 2

The Reflection

Irshad tried to approach her situation from the clinical point of view of a scientist. She had been rash, she knew that now. She had inserted the Seed of Desire into her body with Arturo's help with only a rudimentary understanding of its biological possibilities and power, and now she was paying the price for it. She had intended to become pregnant, overcoming her infertility by harnessing the power of alien genetic engineering, but in her impulsive desire to beat the tick-tock of her biological clock, she had inadvertently caused her body to change more than she could ever have imagined.

She regarded herself in the mirror, appraising herself not as a scared human woman but as a calm geneticist and analyst. She was seated in a wheelchair, one modified courtesy of her lab partner and recent lover, Arturo Diaz. She was deeply thankful for the work he'd put into it, because it allowed her to remain mobile despite the absence of her feet following her latest transformation. That had been two days ago, and she was still getting used to wheeling herself about awkwardly.

Irshad sighed, her heavy breasts rising and falling significantly, and her belly seeming to expand against her bathrobe. It was a fluffy pink colour that completely failed to suit her, particularly given it was Art's. It made her chuckle slightly, to think of him wearing it. The younger man had no real sense of shame. No, that was too mean a way to put it. He was not ashamed of the things that others cared too deeply about that didn't matter. For him, hot pink was just a colour, who cares what others think of it? All that mattered was the comfort. And she had to admit it was indeed quite comforting. Still . . .

Another sigh, and she parted the robe as best she could, revealing as much of her naked body beneath as was possible before the large mirror upon the wall. A small moment of hesitation and bodily anxiety overcame her, but she quickly clamped down upon it. Irshad the woman, who was fearful for what was happening to her body, had to be silenced. Irshad

Khan the scientist had to be in control right now. She activated her recorder as she stared at her body, and began to speak.

“This is Irshad Khan, recording on the date of the 30th of April, 2017, regarding the current state of the Seed Project. I record this entry as an unofficial, highly *illegal* extension of the Gamma Project, which involved the arctic discovery and analysis of technology of extraterrestrial origins. I do not intend for these recordings to serve as anything but evidence of knowledge and understanding in the event that I am caught. But they are also a form of confession, and perhaps a form of coping mechanism as well. With that in mind, I will discuss the latest results of the insertion of alien technology into my body.

“I have . . . changed. The Seed of Desire belonging to the Gamma Species has had unexpected effects upon my body. I had projected that it would boost my fertility, allow me to create a child either through parthenogenesis or by way of later insemination. The latter proved to be the case, where not long after insertion I became unnaturally aroused and craved the injection of semen into my womb by way of penetrative sex.”

She blushed a mere moment, thinking back to that wonderfully arousing, utterly needy sex with Arturo. She'd had no control over herself, and yet it remained a good memory to her, especially since her state of arousal, while reduced since then, had not returned to pre-insertion levels. She continued to find her fat nipples stiffening in Art's presence, her feminine tunnel becoming unexpectedly moist when he moved in a manly way or shifted something with his strength in her presence.

She coughed, realising she had awkwardly paused.

“Ahem. Since the successful impregnation my bodily growth has been significant. It is as if I am advancing through pregnancy at an alarmingly rapid pace. In the three weeks since our . . . coupling, I have advanced to what seems equivalent to nine months along with child. My belly is h-heavily distended. I have also experienced . . . I have experienced extreme breast growth. I have always been lithe - my breasts were 32A-cups in size - but now they appear to be 34 EE cups, which is . . . alarming, to say the least. I admit I am unused to being so . . . top heavy. Arturo has been wonderful, always going into town and purchasing new bras for me, I am very thankful for him and all he has done, and I -”

She cut short, blushing a little as she realised she was once again thinking of her younger partner. She placed a hand on her naked stomach, rubbing it lightly as she got back into the role of scientist.

“But other changes are more unusual and highly disturbing. My hunger has been extreme, though it has slowed as of late. I crave fish and seafood most dominantly, and having them raw has been increasingly appealing. But far more significant is the fact that non-human characteristics and alterations have begun. My ears have begun to elongate, and my feet have shrunken, leaving the ends of my legs almost spade-like in shape.

Moreover, I have a large growth that is tail-like. It is only a couple of feet long, but it is wide and heavy, and Art has had to modify the chair to accommodate it. It is barely flexible, but I can feel cartilage there, and . . . I swear I can feel more forming. These are the changes I am experienced, but I worry there may be more mental ones as well. There is an immense pool that links to the nearby lake here at the Olympian Peninsula, and lately I've been feeling the desire to . . ."

She took another heavy breath as she looked at herself in the mirror.

"This is ridiculous," she said. She switched off the recorder and threw it across the room in a fit of pique. She placed her head in her hands. "Goddammit, what the hell have I done to myself? How could I be so stupid?"

She regarded herself in the mirror. Irshad Khan the scientist had fled the building, and only Irshad Khan, scared woman who was terrified over what was happening to her, remained. Her form in the mirror was incredibly pregnant, looking perhaps a little past due. Her belly was rounded and pronounced, the sides swollen out a little with amniotic fluid so that her lithe waist was not so lithe anymore. Perched atop her rounded mound were her breasts. They were big, *very big*, and quite flushed. A deep curve of cleavage formed between them, even without the restraint of a bra, which she sorely needed. They had a slight sheen from overnight sweat, likely a result of not only her increasing core temperature but also potential further growth. Just the notion of them getting even *bigger* made her feel weary. They were far too big, and this was matched by how much her nipples had expanded in size, becoming darker brown and fat, surrounded by a wide areola. Perfect for feeding babies.

"God, am I even making milk yet?" she grumbled. Part of her hoped so. At least that would mean they wouldn't get much bigger. If they weren't making milk yet, then they could go up a whole extra cup size, a daunting thought.

But then everything was getting bigger. She was 6'4 in height now, having become much taller than her normal 5'7. She felt more muscular too, and indeed her legs and arms did seem to have developed further strength, perhaps simply to cope with all her forward weight. She shifted her wheelchair around to look at her side profile, tactfully ignoring just how distended her belly was.

"Look overdue," she muttered.

She raised a hand up to feel her ear facing the mirror. It had thinned, expanded, lengthened. It didn't look elven anymore, but perhaps almost aquatic: partly transparent at its edging, and spreading out like a slight fan. Her absent feet were more obvious from this side too: missing entirely, her ankles thinning to a thin plane. She didn't have phantom pain, per se but she did keep trying to reflexively curl her toes, only to find those nerve endings didn't exist anymore. She couldn't even awkwardly stand anymore, even with crutches: Arturo had

done his best and every attempt had only been slippery and dangerous, especially given her lopsided centre of gravity thanks to her rapid pregnancy. The only counterbalance was her tail, which was also obvious in the mirror. It was fleshy, lumpy, wide. Not at all thin and elegant, but instead the width of her expanded pelvis, pushing out from her tailbone but much of the flesh connecting to her rear. It made sitting awkward, as it didn't sit horizontally to her but diagonally, necessitating the alterations to the chair. It made her wonder just what the Gamma Aliens looked like. After all, there was no doubt in her mind that she was adopting some of the traits of them. What else could possibly explain her changes?

All in all, she felt like a bloated whale of a woman, and all the worse for her decreased mobility. She didn't feel any movement or stirring in her stomach yet, another concern, but in a greedy way she didn't care as much for that. Despite wanting to be a mother so badly, she was becoming more concerned for herself. As if reminding Irshad of her maternal duties, her stomach growled loudly. She rubbed it, groaning, the pangs of hunger returning once more. She needed fish. God, she needed fish to eat. Raw, if possible.

"Art, I really hope you return soon," she said as she covered herself in her bathrobe. "I'm so darn hungry again. And . . . damn it. I don't like feeling lonely like this."

She tried to ignore the way her nipples stiffened at the thought of her lab assistant, but it was too late. She was all alone, and she wasn't recording herself. She remembered back to the way Art had thrust into her on the day he'd impregnated her, over and over again. God, he'd been so big. His penis was certainly impressive, and he'd known exactly how to push her buttons, especially in her highly aroused state courtesy of the Seed of Desire. She panted a bit more, groaning slightly as her nipples throbbed. They ached at the slightest thought of his touch, and her nethers tingled at the notion of being probed by his manhood.

"Mmhhmm," she grunted. "Oohhhh . . . so fucking horny again. God, are normal pregnant women this aroused?"

She bit her lip, but was unable to hold it in. She regarded herself in the mirror, and for whatever reason, was not as disgusted with her body as before. Now, a slight fascination remained. A desire to have her lab assistant grope and squeeze her body, and fuck her all over again.

Yes, fuck. A crude word for her logical mind, and yet so deeply appropriate.

She wanted to be fucked again.

Her strange, stubby tail shifted on its own, undulating a little, and she tried to curl her toes pointlessly as she pulled back the bathrobe. She began feeling at her tender breasts, stroking her sensitive areola and squeezing her fat nipples. She immediately moaned like a woman out of a porno, and as much as it embarrassed her it also turned her on all the more.

“OOhhhh . . . Art,” she said, closing her eyes and imagining him. His youthful, adorably lanky twenty-six year old body all over her older one, his young vigour and enthusiasm. She continued to squeeze her massive boobs with one hand, fingers sinking into the sensitive flesh, even as she lowered the other to her vulva. Slowly, she began stroking her clitoris.

“Mmhhm . . . yessss, ohhhh. F-fuck. Yes, Arturo, fuck me. Right there. I n-need you.”

Faster and faster she rubbed her clit, and she began not only feeling her fat, round breasts but also her rotund stomach. She felt so damn big, not only in her pregnancy bloat but her expanded height as well. She felt like a giant, which she certainly was for a woman. She hadn't grown lanky like Art in his height, but instead grown in proportion to all her body parts, and in that mirrored reflection she appeared like a powerful goddess of fertility, like some heathen subject of worship who possessed animal parts for some mythic reason. She continued to masturbate, her pleasure rising, almost as powerful as with Art but not quite approaching that high.

“Oh God! Even my belly is s-sensitive! It f-feels good. Rub my belly, Art. Feel the ch-child we made. I want you to cum inside me again. Fuck me Art, f-fuck me!”

She trembled as an explosive orgasm came over her body, her breasts wobbling heavily as she shook in her seat. Her tail automatically shifted a few inches, trying to curl on its own, and in turn she moved her legs, uncaring for the moment that she couldn't curl her toes. To her astonishment, the fin-like ends of her legs curled instead, just slightly, but then she was lost in orgasm again.

“OOhhhhhhhh Art! Art, YES!!!”

Entry 9:

I have begun having sex dreams and day dreams about my lab assistant. I don't know how to feel about this, but they are very powerful. This is shameful to write, but many of these strange fantasies involve him getting me further pregnant. Some even involve us swimming naked together in the bunker pool.

Note to self: possible to get him to retrieve vibrator sex toy without involving too much awkwardness? Will consider.

Pool Girl

Arturo did indeed return with raw fish, by which time she had done her best to clean the smell of sex off her person. He offered to cook it, but instead she scooped it down almost greedily, the contents of her stretched womb needing it to be raw.

“C-can’t help myself,” she grunted as she accepted the sashimi he had purchased, along with raw fish.

“Um, do you need the head?” he joked.

She exchanged an awkward glance with him for a moment as she realised that it was only partly a joke, and partly a genuine question. She shook her head, even though the head *did* look suddenly tasty.

“No . . . at least, not yet.”

He smirked, and set to cutting them properly and serving them up on a plate. After all, even if her hunger was unnatural and strange, why be uncivilised about it? She thanked him, as she had many times before, and shifted slightly in her wheelchair, wincing.

“Everything okay?” he asked.

“Yes, *fine*” she said, a little coldly. “Sorry. I think it’s the hormones.”

“Well, you always were a bit of an ice princess, Irshad.”

She chuckled. “And you have always been far too relaxed, though I could do with more relaxation now.”

“The chair is uncomfortable? Has your tail grown again?”

She grabbed the arms of the chair and wriggled her expanded rear as best as she could. “I think - yes, I think so. Darn. I had hoped . . . but that would be foolish. Of course it continues to grow. It moves on its own, sometimes.”

He showed interest, even as he cooked up his own fish in the kitchen before them. “I’d have thought it was too stubby for that.”

“There’s definitely muscle there, not just fat. And cartilage. I swear sometimes I can feel vertebrae forming.”

Art seemed to consider this, in his own relaxed way. He teased the end of his thin moustache in a way that looked adorable to her eyes. The hormones were clearly affecting her again.

“Hmm, I’ll modify the chair further. I’m no engineer, but I have a good idea of how to add some padding and widen the space at the back.”

She grunted. “Thanks, but I’m afraid it soon won’t be enough. I’m turning into a damn whale.”

“No you’re not. You’re turning into an *alien* whale.”

“Gee, thanks.”

“Anytime,” he said happily, turning over a flathead fillet. “But you know I don’t actually *think* of you like that, right? You’re still the same Irshad in my book.”

“The same one you carry a torch for?” she blurted out. Her eyes briefly went wide when she realised what she’d said.

Art hesitated a moment, before breaking into his same laid-back smile. “The very same.”

In that moment, she felt something in her heart flutter. Her nipples hardened, and a warm flush burned in her core. She locked the feelings away as quickly as she could.

“Well, thanks, Art. But I shouldn’t have said that.”

“Blame the hormones.”

“Pardon?”

“The hormones! You’re not only pregnant, you’re *alien* pregnant, right? So whenever you do or say something you regret, just blame the hormones. It’s what I would do.”

“What you would do and what I would do is very different, Art.”

“True, true. For instance, if I were you, I’d be relaxing way more on a big hammock, and feeling my big boobs.”

She rolled her eyes. “You’re such a lech, sometimes.”

He shrugged. “I’m a red-blooded male. More fish?”

“Please, anything to sate this annoying hunger. God, will I even fit in this wheelchair soon?”

“We’ll come up with a solution. Something to help you relax. Maybe we should get serious about that hammock? We can get a big one - you’d be taller than me standing up now, after all.”

She considered it for a moment. She did need a better way to be comfortable - it was important during pregnancy after all - but a hammock wasn’t what her body told her it needed. Quite the opposite in fact. It needed to be *submerged*, on a deep, primordial level.

“Actually,” she said. “I think I need a bath.”

She looked over herself. Even if she wasn’t looking overdue with child, her incredible height would be another factor of difficulty.

“Hmm, a big one. Can’t use the bunker pool, I’ll just sink. But something that can hold all of me.”

Art took a bite of his fillet, and made a satisfied sound.

“I’ll get right on it.”

“It was just a hypothetical Art, I don’t want you to -”

“Hey, I said I’ll get right on it. I’ll head into town again tomorrow and start shopping around.”

She couldn't help but smile, and unlike her usual demeanour, this one stayed plastered to her face.

"Thank you, Arturo," she said. "Thank you deeply."

He shrugged. "No problem. Need anything else?"

She blushed heavily. "Bigger bras. I think - I think I'm growing again. And if you could get another bathrobe and some large maternity bathers?"

"Easy done. Anything else?"

She thought of the vibrator, but put the thought away quickly. She could cope without it. It was too embarrassing for someone as stoic and private as her.

"That's all," she said. "Thank you again."

"Just don't run off while I'm gone," he said.

It took her a moment to realise the joke, and then she groaned.

Entry 10:

Arturo Diaz is the perfect laboratory assistant. In fact, with his contributions, I am happy to label him as my partner in full, an equal in this fascinating and frightening scientific endeavour. His care has been more than I could have asked for. He answered the call to aid me, and stayed when he realised the full extent of this undertaking. It is therefore understandable that I am developing feelings for him. I do not believe these are legitimate romantic feelings - I cannot say I have ever felt such in all my life. Instead, they must be a byproduct of my alien pregnancy, as well as an emotional fallout from my changing body and reduced mobility. I shall have to keep on top of this, particularly since other changes are occurring.

I grew another inch last night, and my ears are longer. There is a rash that has developed beneath my arms on either side, adjacent to my ribs, and that is of concern as well. As usual, Art is meeting all my requests and requirements without complaint. He has even played some of that infernal music of his to settle me. To my surprise, I've found some of his 'Mex-beats', as he calls them, oddly soothing to listen to. I have to contain my feelings around him, however.

I should have gotten that damned vibrator.

Over the next few days, Arturo worked to install a properly-sized hot tub within the bunker. It was hard work, and took a great deal of his time, which made Irshad feel quite guilty. He

didn't mind: in fact, he relished the work, enjoying the honest freedom of using his newly purchased toolkits for good, practical creation. Irshad hovered about in her wheelchair, occasionally asking questions, occasionally ducking off to be alone. He didn't begrudge her - he couldn't imagine the changes she was going through, and while he didn't often say anything too explicitly out loud, even with her alien pregnancy and weird changes he still carried a strong torch for her.

In fact, in some ways she had only gotten more beautiful in his eyes. As a self-admitted red-blooded male, he often found himself peeking at her expanding bustline, which by now were among the largest he'd ever seen on a woman, pregnant or not. They were often a little flushed, but perfectly rounded and wobbling, and he got a little red-cheeked also when he was caught looking. Even her pregnancy was beautiful, in a way, though he certainly didn't voice that aloud. He'd always thought pregnant women looked gorgeous, elegant, almost divinely beautiful in a way. Seeing the usually stoic Irshad, frightened as she was of her changes, occasionally stroke her belly lovingly made him feel like he was falling head over heels for her. She didn't even seem to recognise what she was doing, and somehow that made it sweeter. She'd clearly wanted a baby for some time, and her maternal instinct was outpacing her own adaptation to her new role. But he knew she'd get there in the end.

What else would happen at the end, of course, he had no idea of guessing. She was still growing in height, and at last measure had expanded to 6'6, as tall or taller than many professional basketball players even! Her belly was expanding too, though slower now, and her ears were increasingly fan-like in shape, developing three points that were like fish fins, thin membranes stretched between them. He'd purchased some F-cup bras to contain her ample bosom, and for now they contained her incredible bust line, though she claimed they were still growing. Inwardly, he was a little excited by that prospect. Ever since their passionate sex that got her pregnant in combination with the Seed of Desire, he'd been fantasising about having sex with her again, even with her changes.

But the big ones were her legs and tails. The former had melted away even further. Her legs were becoming thinner, and now they ended about a quarter of the way up her calves, rather than at her ankles. The fin-like shape at the end remained the same, and like her ears now had three cartilage-like bone structures that spread out, joined by a membrane of skin. Irshad found them oddly sensitive to the touch, as if they were new limbs just forming, instead of old ones rearranging. Nevertheless, she didn't like them touched, particularly since she had thirty six years of experiencing human feet, and now was having to adapt to something altogether different.

But her tail was the big one. It was undeniably a tail now. In just a couple of days it had grown out another foot and a half, and was still pushing its way further from her body. It

was heavy, not just for her but the structural integrity of the wheelchair, stretching its limits, particularly as it thickened even further. It was subsuming much of her lower body, gradually becoming more vertical in parallel to her spin as her legs withered away, and merging with her hips entirely. Art tried to avoid asking, but he was occasionally curious as to if her . . . well, her ass, had been subsumed into it as well. She insisted these days to leave her while she showered in the bunker changing block, even if it was quite the effort for her. Irshad was well aware herself that her asshole had shifted, pulling backwards into the underside of her tail, and the only consolation she had was that she was expelling nearly zero waste these days, as all of what she imbibed was evidently fuelling her changes.

Still, Arturo Diaz continued, wanting to get his lab partner comfortable as her body swelled. It was hard, sweaty work, and he found that he was taking his shirt off and wearing shorts as he dealt with the setting of the foundations within the bunker, the welding of necessary equipment, the setting of the large tub. Irshad watched his tall, lanky body, even if he was shortstuff compared to her now. Even sitting up, she was nearly equal to him in height, and yet she couldn't help but still see him as wonderfully manly. It meant she had to wheel herself away repeatedly just to 'take care' of herself, often in isolated, sound-proofed areas so he wouldn't hear her crying out his name in pleasure as she rubbed her breasts, belly, and sensitive genitalia.

"Mmhhmm . . . A-Art," she would moan, her tail beginning to waggle a little more. "N-need you s-so badly!"

And afterwards, she would awkwardly pull herself out of her chair, using the hanging loops Art had kindly installed, and lean against a railing as she showered and dried her enormous, naked body, feeling like some strange giant.

"As if he'd even be attracted to me anyway," she mumbled, rubbing her bloated womb as she took a heavy breath. She tried to avoid scratching the rashes on her sides. Whatever was happening there, she didn't want to interfere. She didn't even want to think about it.

Finally, the hot tub was finished, and Irshad couldn't be more excited, in her stoic way. Her body in the days following the idea had continued to develop and change, the Seed of Desire giving off strange energies within her, even in its reduced and shrunken state. Her legs had shrunken further, not just in width either; they now ended mid-upper calf. Furthermore, her height was now 6'7 and still growing. As before, she was not becoming lanky: the rest of her body was growing in proportion to her height, making her appear increasingly like a giant. Her tail growth continued, now at least three feet long and more and

more vertical in relation to her spin, forcing her legs at a strange diagonal angle. It had also slowly changed colour: it was getting darker and darker than her usual olive skin tone, its surface was beginning to develop what seemed like smooth denticles, akin to a shark, though without any sandpapery texture whatsoever. In fact, it felt pleasantly smooth. Its end was no longer cylindrical, but instead developing horizontal flukes like those of a whale, which only increased her self-deprecating remarks and Arturo's own jokes. It made her incredibly eager to get into her bathers and into the water.

"Are you ready to enjoy a nice hot tub?" Art said with a smile.

"Please, just fill it up already," she groaned, rubbing her stomach. Her tail flapped a little, positioned now where her legs would normally be, over the edge of the wheelchair's seat. "I n-need to get in the water. Oohhhhhh . . . it's like it's instinct."

Indeed, just being near the much larger adjacent pool was making her desperate to enter the water. Some instinctive need implanted by the Seed, by the Gamma Alien instinct, made her need to get in the water. She was almost frustrated by Arturo's insistence on bringing her out here just for the 'inaugural opening' of the hot tub.'

As it was, he simply smiled and turned it on, and the tub began to fill with lovely warm water. But it was taking, much, much too long for her tastes, and it made her incredibly impatient.

"Is it done yet?"

"No."

"Is it nearly done?"

"Irshad, you can literally see that it isn't."

"God, these stupid Gamma Alien instincts. When will it be done?"

"Hmmm, how long is a piece of string?"

She sighed, laying back in her chair and rubbing her rotund stomach, which now looked quite overdue, almost as if she were six months pregnant with twins instead of about to drop with one baby. It felt good, at least, to stroke and rub her belly, and she was doing so more and more casually as she listened to the pleasant sound of water running. Her ears seemed more sensitive to sound now, and so she closed her eyes and just listened, occasionally flapping her tail and trying to ignore a nonexistent itching in her nonexistent toes. As she waited, her mind floated to more sensual matters. To her impregnation. Once more, she found herself smirking a little, imagining that sensation upon her once again. She tensed, pulling her brain away from such primal needs, and thought of her baby, or perhaps even babies, within. Nothing could properly scan her womb yet while the Seed of Desire messed with their instruments, but she was beginning to feel a little tenderness to the contents of her bizarre belly. Would her young be all they imagined them to be? Would she be a good mother to her young?

She opened her eyes. Why had she just thought of her baby or babies as her 'young'?

"All ready!" Art said, snapping away her attention. He gestured to the finished tub, which looked utterly spacious and *luxurious* to her eyes. He too beamed, outwardly and inwardly, pleased at himself for going to all this effort to make her feel better. To Art, a beaming smile from Irshad was as rare and valuable as a diamond itself.

"Please get me in there," she said with a straight face, suppressing the smile. But it was hard to suppress the joy exuded just by her body; the squirming anxiousness to get into the full tub.

"Do you need help?" Art asked.

"No, I think I should - yes. Yes please."

He cracked a grin and wheeled her up a ramp he'd constructed beside the tub. Very careful, he worked his tired muscles to hoist her heavy, increasingly large body out of her chair.

"C-careful!" she gasped, clutched her arms around him.

"I w-will be - Nggh! Did you p-put on some w-weight recently?"

She gave him a sharp look. "Don't even joke."

Irshad felt her full breast squish against his chest, and her nipples harden with arousal. She had never noticed how, despite his tall and lanky figure, Arturo was also quite muscular and manly. He smelled wonderful, like a strong labourer after a day's hard work, and as he gripped the underside of her tail for leverage she almost seized up in shock: she didn't expect him to so easily touch her there, nor for her to want him to touch her more.

"You okay?" he asked. He could feel her large, hard nipples against him, and he was doing everything he could to avoid revealing his throbbing erection to her.

"Y-yes!" she said, her voice an almost girlish squeak.

He got her down into the tub, and she welcomed the warmth and comfort of it, as well as being able to part from the feelings of his touch. The latter was too intoxicating to confront just yet. Carefully, Art stepped down, lowering her onto her butt, allowing her fin-like lower legs to rest in the water, and her tail to curl under her and upon the tub floor. He pulled back, looking over the increasingly huge, increasingly pregnant woman he once called his boss.

"So, how does that feel?"

She luxuriated for several moments, almost not hearing him. The water felt so natural, so right, as if her body was *meant* to be in it, meant to soak it up. She rubbed her heavy womb, appreciate how much lighter it felt in the water, and her tail felt all the better for the wetness also. She lay back so that only her head was above water, ignoring the oddly itchy sensations beneath her armpits. Right now she was in heaven.

“Mmmhmmhhhhmmmmmm,” she moaned almost orgasmically. It might as well have been an orgasm; she couldn’t recount a nonsexual moment that felt so sexually charged as this. It was like entering Nirvana.

“Good, then?”

“Mhmmm,” she repeated, nodding, eyes shut. “It feels *right*. God this feels right.”

“Shall I join you?”

She nodded, her breath steady, her mind elsewhere as she simply . . . *existed*.

“You may,” she said, in a voice that was almost a coo.

Art looked at her, fascinated for a moment, his gaze lingering upon her swollen belly. It was heavy and round with pregnancy, and even in her bathing top and swim skirt (the only thing that could reasonably fit her new form) it was easy to see the outline of her incredible bust. She appeared like a pregnant sea maiden, half human and half ancient fae, and something about her exotic nature intrigued him yet further. He stripped off his shirt and joined her, submerging into the warm water opposite his transforming friend and occasional lover.

“You look *very* comfortable,” he remarked, as he continued to ogle her strange, fantastical body.

“Mmmhmm . . . I am.”

“And you look a bit bigger, too. Are you sure you’re still 6’7?”

“Don’t care. Just want to enjoy this. It’s good on my belly.”

“I imagine so. I’ll stop talking now.”

There was a long silence as they both relaxed in the bath.

“Did you want me to leave?”

She shook her head slowly in the water. “No. Stay. I’d like you to stay.”

He smiled, relieved that she had said it outright. Beneath the water, his erection died down slowly, despite his continued arousal. He simply took in Irshad’s form, just as she took in the remarkable calmness of finally being in water, surrounded by it, her heavy body slightly buoyed by it. They stayed there for almost twenty minutes, completely silent, simply relaxed and in one another’s company. Irshad let go of her anxieties, even her need to maintain her stoic facade. She occasionally grunted or groaned, but always in response to some muscle losing its tension, or some part of her body developing just that little bit more. Indeed, she could feel her changes upon her once again now that she was submerged in water, particularly the rashes at her sides. But whereas before that would have panicked her, now she didn’t care. All that mattered was the here and now. On a deeper, instinctive level caused by the Seed of Desire, it also felt like her body was adapting not just to her new environment, but to accommodate her growing young, as well.

“My young,” she whispered to herself, cradling her stomach.

“What was that Irshad?”

She opened her half-lidded eyes, looking at him demurely. “Nothing, Art. Just imagining something.”

“I’m going to get out now. Might make us some food. We’ll, make *me* some food. You’re easy to ‘cook’ for these days, on account of the lack of actual cooking required.”

“That’s nice,” she said, closing her eyes again.

“Do you want to get out as well?”

“No. I’ll stay a bit longer. Relax this tail. I think it’s growing out a bit longer.”

“Oh, is that, um, is that good?”

She took a heavy breath, and she could see her large nipples pressed heavily against the fabric of her bathers.

“I think . . . I think it is. I’ll be okay. I’ll call you if you’re needed.”

Art shrugged and got out. He gave her one last look, and then left.

Twenty minutes later Art brought her fish to eat while in the tub. Irshad stayed in the water or another four hours

Entry 11:

Water speeds my changes. I am continuing to grow at a faster pace while submerged. My tail is now over four feet long, and has entirely subsumed my hips. My legs now end at the knee, albeit with larger ‘fins’ - for they increasingly look like a sort of alien fish fin. I feel very overburdened with young by this point, even more so. I appear to be pregnant with twins in the eighth month or so, merely judging from my perusals online. Certainly it feels that way, though I have yet to feel movement. Still, I sense that life is within me, alive and growing safely, and that my body is adapting to keep them so. It is a frightening prospect, and not one I can entirely approach with an analytical eye. After all, did I not do this to also become a mother?

Yes, the water is indeed wonderful. The Gamma Aliens were most definitely a water-based species for at least part of their life cycle, this much is certain. And I won’t deny that I increasingly feel like a water creature. With the growth of my tail I feel like some sort of half-alien mermaid. No, that is not true. It may just be the hormones making me emotional, but I feel more like a whale. Or a walrus.

And horny. I certainly feel aroused. I should use the scientific terminology. It is difficult not to think about Art - my lab assistant - while I am experiencing such wanton lust. It is even more difficult to be in the presence of him, or to see his gaze at my chest (it is about the only good thing about these overly-large mounds as far as I am concerned, that they attract his male gaze so easily, so wonderfully).

I really, really need that vibrator.

Bathing Together

Arturo was enjoying spending more and more time with Irshad in the hot tub. He even spent some time painting some colourful murals on the bunker walls, and even getting beach-appropriate music that was nice and soothing for when he joined her. Irshad, who normally would dislike such a thing, didn't seem to mind as much. She seemed to have gained a second wind with her transformation, whether from hormones being pumped into her from the Seed of Desire or simply the luxurious feeling of resting her large, pregnant mermaid-like body in the water. He liked to think it was the second one, as it stoked his pride more than a little.

"You know, this really is nice, isn't it?" he said.

"Mhm," she nodded, breathing slowly as she clutched her rounded form. "How do you mean?"

"Well, you're comfortable, for one."

She opened her eyes. "I wouldn't say totally comfortable. I can still feel every part of my body growing and changing into some alien . . . thing. My belly feels pressurised, and my chest . . . well, the less said about that the better. And there's this tail."

"Still, it's sort of nice here, just the two of us, isn't it?"

She nodded again, feeling very much like that was the case. "Like old times, only without all the distractions of the other staff."

"Especially Higgins."

"I hated that man with a passion. His theories were pedestrian. How he ever managed to get onto the Gamma Project is a question I asked myself every - Ngh!"

Art shifted in the water, slightly closer to her.

"Everything okay?"

She waved him off, still clenching her teeth. "It's - ahh - it's okay. My stomach is just so t-tight at the moment. God, sometimes I f-feel like a living womb with appendages."

"Is there anything I can do?"

She worked to control her breathing, still rubbing her taut dome. Whatever was packed inside her womb, it felt like it was growing faster than she could accommodate sometimes.

"It's just v-very tight," she muttered. "Rubbing it helps. Some oils t-too. It feels best in water where I can keep touching the skin, but I c-can't easily reach all of it."

Art's blood raced a little quicker at a sudden thought. He hesitated a moment, before deciding to give voice to it.

"Would you like me to help?"

She looked at him with her usual deadpan expression. "Help . . . how?"

“Well, not to put too fine a point on it, but I have hands too, Irshad. You may recall I’m rather good with them. I can help massage your belly for you. Help you take a load off, in a sense.”

Irshad was about to give some standard sarcastic reply to her friend and assistant, when suddenly she felt a twitch at the lower region of her belly. She sighed; it had been doing that so often recently! Perhaps a nerve or something was being stressed, or given her alien state, she might be developing *new* nerves. Either way, it was another source of irritation, and one she could not easily reach, particularly given she couldn’t exactly sit up with ease between her round belly and developing tail.

“That . . . would be appreciated,” she said, trying to keep her face calm.

“You sure?”

“I am. Just be gentle. The underside needs rubbing. Please.”

With a warm smile, he moved into the water right up beside her. He marvelled in that moment at her height. She would have easily been seven feet in height by now. Or length, given her prone state. There was something beautiful about it that he couldn’t describe, like she had taken on the appearance of some great goddess of the sea, pregnant with a demigod. Which, he guessed, made him the lucky mortal who did the deed. He tried to not think of the pleasurable sex they’d had in the leadup to her present condition, and instead focus on her belly.

“Everything alright?” Irshad asked.

“Just fine,” he replied. “Want me to start?”

She took another heavy breath, her nearly-head sized boobs rising and falling on her full chest. “NNghh! Yes, please do.”

He got to work, placing his hands on her firm stomach and beginning to stroke it gently, cupping the underside and rubbing gently. She shuddered a little at the sensations of his hands upon her, and the strangeness of having another caress her belly. But it did feel wonderful, and not just for her. Arturo marvelled at the smoothness of her pregnant mound. His hands compressed the skin slightly, displacing the immense amount of amniotic fluid that was in there. Her stomach was huge, and tight, yes, but it was also supple, and he was able to find a gentle rhythm that soon elicited a series of low, pleasurable moans from her.

“Mmhm . . . k-keep going,” she grunted. “It f-feels good. Very good. Yes, right there. If you can get the other side too, please?”

He drew closer, so that his topless torso was against her body. She was wearing a loose bathing top, one that fit over her engorged breasts but left her belly bare, and so their skin touched gently as he sidled against her. He wasn’t trying to be flirty, with her increasingly large size, he needed to be right against her to massage her pregnant form. Still, he couldn’t deny that it excited him. Her tail undulated slightly below the waterline,

rubbing against his legs. The denticle-covering was smooth and soft in an alien way, and combined with her beautiful upper half it gave her the appearance of an ethereal mermaid. Her vestigial legs shifted a little to accommodate him.

“Is this okay?” he asked.

She skipped a breath. Her heart raced a little faster, and to her annoyance and excitement her nipples throbbed. She could feel a moistness in her vagina, which was located just above the join of her alien tail. She bit her lip, and tried to concentrate just on the peace that Arturo’s ministrations were bringing her, the way his fingertips brushed her belly and worked away all the tight spots and tense nerves.

But it was impossible to fully put it away. She looked down at him, now so much shorter than she was, and herself so large in other areas. There was something very cute about him, and very lovely, in the deep concentration he showed in massaging her pregnant form. She moaned, perhaps a little *too* erotically, as he continued, pressing further against her. Briefly distracted, Art accidentally brushed against her right breast with his upper arm, eliciting an even more sensual moan from her.

“OOhhhhh - oh, Art.”

“S-sorry!” he stammered, feeling embarrassed. “I didn’t mean to, uh, touch you there. Again.”

“It’s o-okay. Just get back to what you were doing.”

He continued to massage her, marvelling at how large she was. On a regular woman, her belly would be full with triplets, but due to her now giantess-like size of seven feet tall, it was simply proportionate to a woman with twins. Still massive, though. He continued, and as he did, his partner became continually distracted by the need that was growing in her overly-full chest. A need to be further touched there. A minute passed before she bit the bullet.

“Art . . . could you touch me up there, again?”

“Up where?”

She gave an awkward smirk, unable to keep her scientific mindset going while she was so turned on. Instead, she reached her hands around behind her and removed her bathing top, peeling it away slowly and more than a little seductively, letting her breasts go free. They were like two fully ripe cantaloupes upon her chest, and they settled down on her belly a bit, freed as they were from their confinement.

“MNMhmm,” she moaned, “that’s better. Would you massage them too?”

Art tried to avoid looking too enthusiastic, but in truth his penis was now rock hard with a throbbing erection. He stood slightly, making sure to keep his waist below water, and placed his hands on her boobs.

“Are you su-”

“YES! I mean . . . yes, I’m sure. Please. Be gentle, they’re a little sore.”

He began to squeeze and rub her breasts, avoiding her nipples carefully.

“N-no, get them as w-well, please. They’re s-sore. I’d like you to touch them.”

He didn’t fight back. With her increased height, he needed to raise himself over her body. Yes, she was technically ‘sitting’, but at a minimum of seven feet tall, he couldn’t do it sitting down without feeling awkward himself. But it did also give him an excuse to lean against her, and feel her wonderful body against his.

“Yesssss, oh God, that feels m-marvellous,” Irshad groaned. Art was doing everything she needed, rubbing the tension away in her nipples, caressing the sensitive and flushed undersides of her too-large tits. He’d been wonderful in bed throughout their occasional entanglements, but the care he was showing her enlarged bosom now was positively heavenly. Soon it became impossible for her to avoid moaning in pleasure.

“Should - should I stop?” he asked. He didn’t want things to get awkward, but he wasn’t eager to stop.

She shook her head. In fact, she reached a long limb out and pulled him closer against her. She felt his raging hardness against the taut skin of her belly, and it awakened something in her. That primal need, once more.

“Don’t stop,” she begged, and it was truly an act of *begging*. She would have pleaded and promised anything to keep him going.

Art continued, becoming more daring as he pressed her breasts together, forming a canyon of deep cleavage. He rubbed his thumbs over her nipples, pinching them slightly in a way he knew would drive her wild. She began to caress his back, pull him more heavily against her larger, almost-giantess form.

“Yesssss Art! Yes! Oh f-fuck, yes! I want this! I want *you!*”

She lowered a hand and began to tease at her genitalia, stroking her own throbbing clit. Her body trembled with pleasure, and her reduced legs kicked feebly even as her larger tail thumbed powerfully against the hot tub floor.

“Ohhhhhhhhh! Mmhhhhhmh!”

Art groaned as well. He began to stroke his cock with one hand, pressing his face against his lover’s breasts. They were immense and pillowy, and perfectly rounded. Her nipples distended, pushing outwards, as if begging to be sucked upon. He didn’t fight their demands, and began to lick and suckle at her motherly nipples, bringing her to ever further heights. The two pleased one another, and soon Irshad had battered away Art’s hand, taking over its job of seizing his hard cock.

“L-let me t-take care of that!” she declared, her great body huffing and heaving. Her breasts wobbled heavily as he groped them, sticking his face in her deep cleavage. She almost giggled like a woman very unlike her, but managed just barely to hold back.

“Yes! I love that! Right th-there!”

“God, your tits are so amazing Irshad! I’ve been wanting to squeeze these monsters for a while now.”

“You d-did this to me, in a way,” she said, lost in pleasure. “The Seed may have ch-changed me, but it was your *seed* that g-got me knocked up. That started all the rest. Your the reason I’ve got this b-big belly and - oohhhh - these massive mammaries!”

“And I’m so fucking glad,” he grunted. His balls were tensing, threatening to blow at any moment. “Now let me take care of this too.”

He lowered himself slightly, keeping her magnificent chest at eye height, pressing his face into her boob. He pulled away her hand, and began stroking her clitoris expertly.

“OOhhhhhhhh - aaaahhh - ah - ah - AAAAHHHHH!!!”

It was the final step she needed. Her immense body seized up in orgasm, and she stroked even more furiously with her hand upon the shaft of his cock. Art clung to her, holding her belly and motorboating her magnificent breasts, and then he too exploded.

“Irshad - oh fuck, I’m gonna cum!”

“Do it!”

He did. The overwhelming pressure unleashed, and thick wads of his semen shot against her belly and along her side. With the splashes of her increasing tail, the water was low enough that some of it shot onto her beasts as well. They both cried out, clutching one another, a much larger pregnant half-alien woman and her still-human lover.

It took some time to come down from the post-coital high, and then they were silent for a time.

“That was . . . good,” she finally said.

“More than good, I’d say,” Art said with a laugh.

“Fine. Very good.”

“Are we - what does this mean for us?”

She looked away. “It was a need, nothing more. Part of my changing biology.”

“The things you said -”

“Are still all true. I’m carrying half-Gamma babies. My body is half-Gamma. But we know the young in my body belong to you as well. You should have a . . . a right to take part in their development.”

He raised an eyebrow. “What does that mean?”

“Mhm. The same it meant when the project was ongoing. I might need you for de-stressing more often.”

He grinned, though inwardly, he had hoped for more feeling from her than that.

“I’ll take it,” he said.

Entry 12:

The couplings between myself and Lab Assistant/Partner Arturo Diaz have begun once more. It is akin to second trimester restoration and increase of arousal in human pregnancies. I must be truthful in these entries: the pleasure is intense. Far more so than when I was a human. When we come together, I find it difficult not to say things out loud. Things I would rather keep private. I know that Arturo has feelings for me, and I have feelings towards him, but surely just as a friend and partner? But when he touches me.

I find it difficult to write about such matters. Just putting this down to paper is making my growing body heavily aroused. I need to get in the water again, and call him. God, it's getting so hard to leave the water these days, particularly since we have to use an industrial stretcher from the bunker depths.

The rest of the changes continue, and -

Sorry, I need to call him. I need relief. I'm starting to feel a strange instinct for him to ejaculate inside me again, but I'm sure this is just further arousal.

Regardless, I need him now.

End of entry.

Aquatic Creature

Irshad whimpered, clutching her belly and breasts, all her mounds (or as much of them as she reasonably *could* grasp). She was growing again, the pressure was unbearable. For the most part her changes were slow and steady, increasing over the days. They had sped up a week ago when she began soaking in the hot tub, but that was only an increased trajectory. Yet sometimes, without rhyme or reason, she had a sudden onset of what could only be called a 'growth spurt.'

“NNgghhh!! Oh . . . f-fuck. G-God! OOhhhhhh Mmhhmm . . . ah - ahh - ahhh - AAahhHaHHH!!”

Her heavy chest trembled, her overly full F-cups flushed and overheated, weighing heavily upon her distended belly. She could feel the pressure in both of them, the yearning to grow yet further, and it made her grit her teeth in a strange combined mix of discomfort and pleasure. Despite the wrongness of it, despite being frustrated with their gargantuan size, a part of her spurred forth by the Seed of Desire's changes wanted to grow yet bigger, more round and full and capable of producing great streams of milk for her young.

“Why - why does that s-sound soooo goood!?” she groaned, lowering one hand to clutch her pressurised belly. It expanded one inch. Another. Another. “MHhmpfh!! NNGHNGH!! Oh God, h-how much am I g-going to g-grow this time!?!?”

There was no telling: sometimes was mere inches, other times she grew nearly a foot in some places. She could feel her tail stretched outwards even as her legs pulled into her body, fuelling the further growth of her larger appendage. More and more cartilage developed, and her whale-like fins expanded outwards, becoming large and rubbery and magnificent. She bounced it against the pool floor, causing the rest of her heavy body to shudder and shake, and the water of the hot tub to spill out onto the concrete bunker floor.

And yet still she grew.

“MMHmmm . . . ahhhhh, G-God! When will it end, d-dammit!”

All she could do was grasp her belly, willing it both to grow and to stop growing. It was alien instinct and human anxiety warring together, and it was made worse by the increasingly deep rash on her sides that now resembled a series of five deep grooves under each armpit. She focused on not scratching them as she experienced her changes. She grew yet again, her entire form swelling, becoming more giant and heavy, and not just in her belly and breasts either; all of her. It was as if she was becoming a giant: she had crossed the 6'8 mark several days ago, and now she felt several more inches add on. She was taking up more than half the space of the hot tub with absolute ease, and while she couldn't stand thanks to her ever shrinking legs - now just stumps that ended above the knee before fanning out to fins - her tail was swelling to fill in for where her feet could have been.

If her feet were a large horizontal fin.

“J-just end alreadyyyyy!” she cried, sweating profusely. Her hair was matted with sweat, and her breasts were sleek with it, sitting above the water and appearing like large fleshy floatation devices.

Finally it ended, and she spent the next couple of minutes gasping, regaining her breath. It took some time to apprise her new altered self.

“So b-big,” she stammered.

She examined the newest changes, taking in the ‘damage.’ Her belly now looked overdue with twins, and felt as much too. It was enormous and heavy, and felt utterly full with numerous contents that shifted about inside her. When she felt over her belly, it was like many round objects were squished inside her, and it made her think that perhaps she was not pregnant with anything approaching a human child, but instead *alien eggs*. It certainly felt like that now.

Other changes were present. She must have been at least 7’4 in height now, though perhaps it was easier to think of it as length. It was like being a giant, and this was exacerbated by her increasingly large tail, which was like the back half of a walrus. The smooth denticle-like covering that had started some time ago now fully covered her lower half. It was a dark grey, almost black at her fin, though it sometimes seemed to shine in a strangely translucent manner while in the water. Her breasts had enlarged yet again.

“Can’t even fit a bra on this huge body,” she complained. She grasped them both with her hands, but even though her hands had grown with the rest of her, her boobs had bloated up disproportionately in relation to the rest of her. They must have been in the realm of a G-cup, nearly the size of her own head, and incredibly sensitive to the touch.

“Like a stripper,” the scientist said, rolling her eyes. She held up her hands. “But what stripper has these?”

Between her fingers a thin, slightly green film membrane had developed. For all intents and purposes, she now had webbed hands.

“All the better for swimming with,” Art had said the previous day, putting on his best ‘Big Bad Wolf’ voice. It hadn’t amused her, though at least it had helped normalise it. It only added to her increasingly aquatic nature.

“And how are those rashes?” she wondered aloud, shifting as best she could in the tub to examine her side. They had healed over a lot, and now appeared to be even deeper in her side, like five bloodless cuts. She ran her fingers over them . . . and they disappeared within. She immediately experienced something equivalent to having too much food in her throat . . . in her side.

“H-holy shit!” she said. “I’ve got - they’re . . .”

She fell unconscious, her head falling into the water.

Bubbles rose to the surface.

“Irshad? Are you in the tub? I got those books you wanted about - oh my God! No!”

Arturo ran to the side of the hot tub, dropping everything. To his horror, he could see Irshad’s bloated, pregnant, half-alien form in the water, her eyes closed. She was completely submerged. His heart cried out in agony, and time seemed to slow as he vaulted into the water and grabbed her heavy form. She had expanded once more since he’d been out - gone only a few hours and she was already bigger! He heaved at her form, trying to lift her to safety.

“Please Irshad! Stay with me! I love you! Please stay with me, Irshad! You can’t die, we’ll figure this out!”

With great effort, he pulled her shoulders out of the hot tub, her head rising above the water line and slumping over the back. Her enormous bosom was bare now: clearly she preferred being naked when he wasn’t around, though she still had her modesty swim skirt stretched around her whale-like bottom half, at least. Panic raced through his mind as to her state: how long had she been under? His heart pounded, anxiety overcoming him as he tried to feel for breath. He placed his hand on her rather prodigious chest even as he placed his ear against her lips, trying to send lung activity.

“Please Irsha, be okay, please be okay.”

“Arturo, what are you going on about?”

He practically leapt into the air, falling back into the tub and becoming submerged himself. He pulled himself back up.

“Irshad? What the hell! You were underwater! I saw you - you were drowning!”

The increasingly giant woman rubbed her eyes with a webbed hand, a hand that he noticed was becoming slightly darker in tone, almost grey.

“Wha -? The last thing I remember was going light-headed when I realised . . . when I realised . . . oh my God. Art, I fell unconscious only an hour after you left, following another growth spurt. I was underwater for hours!”

“How - how did you live?”

With a blush on her cheeks, she raised her arms on either side, and pointed at what had developed on either side of her body.

“Wow, okay. You have gills now.”

“Fully functioning, apparently,” she said, a little embarrassed. She could still feel the imprint of his hand upon her sensitive breast. “It gave me quite a shock. I guess I’ve been . . . sleeping.”

Arturo laughed, a nervous, still-anxious laugh. “Wow! Okay,” he repeated. “I guess you really are a fish woman now, or a sort. Sleeping underwater, I’ll be.”

Irshad looked down, and realised she was naked, her large breasts showing and her nipples visibly throbbing.

“Um, Arturo, if you could bring me my top.”

He blushed. “Of course. I’m just glad you’re okay, Irshad. I was - I was dreadfully terrified something had gone wrong. Holy shit, I don’t think I’ve ever been so scared in my life. I - how much did you hear of what I said?”

She shook her head again, feeling at her hair. It seemed shorter lately.

“Just something about waking up and not dying. Why, was there something else?”

“No,” he said, almost a little too quickly. “I’ll . . . I’ll get us some food. I’m just glad you’re okay.”

“Me too,” she said, and gave a brief smile.

He walked away, still breathing heavily. When he reached his room he broke down crying, unbelieving how real her apparent death had been.

“I meant every word,” he said to himself, realising in full what he’d told her while he thought she was gone. “I really do love her.”

As this happened, Irshad examined her appearance. She was becoming too large for the hot tub, even though Art had ordered an extra-large one and even constructed it with alterations for further width and depth. She hoped the size growth would be over soon - for all her occasional self-deprecating comments about being a whale, she was fearful that she may end up exactly that, even if it was a smaller one.

“So big,” she mused. She had never been a particularly vain woman, but her pretty Iranian looks and lithe beauty had still been a source of pride for her. There was nothing wrong in valuing one’s looks. But now she was not even human, and with the darkening of her skin along her hands, and her tail, and even the loss of some of her hair, there was a genuine concern that she might abandon humanity entirely.

“Stay like a scientist,” she said. “No time for office romance. No time for fear. Just data. Work out the best solutions, and test your theories. Don’t be afraid when they’re disproven.”

And yet still, she couldn’t escape her anxiety, particularly as the pressure in her body remained.

Nor could she escape the image of Arturo’s face in her mind, his look of abject horror, total eclipsing fear, as he thought she was dead.

And the look of utter relief and love when she had been okay.

Entry 13:

Eight feet today. Eight feet, three inches, to be precise, and still growing. Art had to get the tape measure. It is only three days since the incident with my gills, and yet I have grown a full foot in height since then. The changes are coming more rapidly, and I have experienced another growth spurt in that interim. I feel immense, giant. It would be easier if I were simply becoming overly tall and lanky, though that would not be good for my spine, I suppose. But instead, I am getting bigger all over. I can safely say now that I feel literally like a giant from ancient legend, a Goliath beside my David.

Thankfully, Art has yet to fling a stone my way, though he makes the occasional joke to keep my anxiety low. I'm not sure how he does it: he has always managed to make me smirk at a wry comment directed at me without ever making me feel like a target. Perhaps it is because he so readily jokes at his own expense, or perhaps it is his easy way.

Regardless, I am thankful for his presence, and his renewed commitment to our . . . coming together when my arousal increases, as it does so often. I still feel that strange need to have him impregnate me. I once easily banished those thoughts, but they are becoming stronger. I shall have to approach the matter with some delicacy if I discuss it with him.

My other changes continue: tail longer and wider, breasts a little larger, stomach now looking full with triplets, etcetera, etcetera. My legs occasionally twitch, but I have largely lost all use of them now. I have resigned myself to the truth that I will likely never get them back again without years or even decades of extensive research of the Gamma alien species. In just a few days, I think I will simply have a pair of fins, albeit ones that seem to have increasingly interesting patterns on the membrane, and long 'whiskers' that seem to serve no purpose. No doubt the species were aquatic in nature, this is undeniable now. Or, if they genetically modified themselves extensively, then a portion of the species modified them as such, and the last use of the Seed involved such a transformation. It explains not just the gills and tail but the ears as well; I can hear better regardless, but beneath the water it is as if I am hearing with the most perfect clarity I have experienced. Ever. I have taken to listening to Beethoven beneath the water, and enjoying the crisp quality through my waterproof speaker.

Water continues to hold a fascination for me. As I outgrow my tub, I find myself gazing into the Olympic-sized pool within the bunker, the one that holds such great depth and feeds into the wider lake system. To be free and floating upon it sounds like heaven to me, even if I know it is my new instincts.

Perhaps if I grow a little larger?

But no, that would require -

Perhaps.

Date Night

Art had agonised over his feelings for some time. He had always carried a torch for Irshad Khan, even when he'd first become her lab assistant. He had never been interested in older women before, but this brilliant Persian beauty with her lush dark hair and steely eyes had immediately grabbed his gaze, and never let it go. It didn't matter that she was ten years his senior. In fact, that fact only entranced him further. She had a wisdom and knowledge and confidence he'd never seen in a woman his own age, and her dry wit and stoic manner was similarly enticing. He'd carried those feelings, he'd thought, to fruition, when she called him to her bed to 'unwind', and during the years they worked together they continued to have sex a number of times. A simple compliment from her on his technique felt worth a thousand words; he could think of no higher honour.

But, as he'd discovered when he received that letter from her months ago, he carried a deeper interest in the brilliant doctor than simply lust. And while he had come to terms with the fact that he carried a torch for her, he hadn't expected to realise that he was, in fact, head over heels in love with her. Even throughout the strange insanity of her project, as her body warped and changed and grew, he only fell more in love with this modern day mad scientist who would test an alien impregnation device on herself as a solution to her infertility, and as a way of understanding their technology further. And while it had all gone wrong, and their sex had been more driven by her primal lust than true returned interest, his unrequited feelings only grew. Much like she was, in fact.

"Even as you grow bigger and stranger, you grow more beautiful too," he whispered to himself, as he gazed across the great bunker swimming chamber at her lounging in her hot tub. She was over eight feet in length and still growing, clutching herself as she experienced yet another growth spurt. Her leg-fins were almost fully developed, though their colouration was changing to a dark grey, and her hands were also changing in pigmentation. To their shared surprise, her pupils had grown also, becoming more alien in aspect. This they should have seen coming: if she truly was becoming aquatically-oriented, it made sense to be able to better see through the dark depths. Her hair was receding, much to their disappointment, but strange little bumps appeared to be developing along her scalp, perhaps to replace them.

It was a lot to take in, especially that overdue triplet belly of hers, one that was now almost large enough to contain *him*, given her giantess size. She was clearly overburdened by it all, constantly needing further deliveries of fish and other foods, but he was happy to meet it. Neither knew of any way to reverse or stop or even just temporarily halt her changes. The train was moving, and it couldn't be stopped now that it had left the station.

Certainly, she was understandably anxious, but Arturo felt, as he often did, that things would be alright.

In his mind, she was becoming something beautiful, in order to carry the child or children they'd made together. To him, that was something deeply special. Just as she described dreams of water, he found himself dreaming and daydreaming of what she would look like, and he found himself amazed at the possibilities that lay ahead.

She was a miracle.

Which meant he needed to show her, especially during such a trying time. As her tail darkened to that same dark grey colour, making her more and more like a giantess of a mermaid, Art set about preparing a secret surprise, a way to show her how much she meant to him. They had continued to enjoy their shared sessions in the tub, him suckling at her giant breasts and stroking her clitoris as she groaned. But that was sex, not romance. Not true connection. So while she slept in the hot tub pool, as she often did not thanks to her gills, he went into town and gathered what he needed.

Irshad woke underwater. She stretched, and felt the discomfort of the walls around her. She rolled her eyes, frustrated at the lack of space that was decreasingly available to her. There was so little. Her tail was practically folding over the edge. It had further developed as well: it no longer had a single horizontal set of fins. They had split, arcing to form a thin 'X' that was surprisingly flexible, despite the unusual configuration of unfamiliar muscle. Arturo, in his usual manner, used a pop culture reference to describe it.

"It looks like your tail is an X-Wing from *Star Wars*," he said. "It's got the S-foils in attack position, and the snub nose is ready to fire."

"Charming," she had replied.

Still, it made her given an amused chuckle now. She hauled herself up awkwardly, using the metal bars Art had kindly installed. Her belly had grown more. Gods, it looked and felt like she was pregnant with quadruplets, even though she felt the spherical eggs shift and pushed against one another in her belly.

"Oof!" she exclaimed, as she managed to get onto her 'butt.' She didn't really have one anymore: as far as she could tell, her body didn't excrete waste at all. It was like the perfect bioengineering of the Seed of Desire and the Gamma species had allowed them to refine their bodies to perfectly use all the energy they took in.

"Grown again," she muttered. It was difficult to guess without Arturo to measure her. At a guess, given the length of her heavy, rounded tail and her enlarged upper torso, she

was probably somewhere in the realm of 8'3 or 8'5. Taller and larger than any human being had ever been.

“And more pregnant too.”

She felt especially hormonal today. Art had left her some dried fish while he was away, and she ate it readily while weeping for no apparent reason whatsoever. Evidently, Gamma species aliens experienced hormonal mood swings like humans. Either that, or her half-alien status was simply replicating some of the human symptoms. Regardless, the eating made her feel better, especially since her continued growth required continued eating. As she ate, she realised why she felt so morose. It wasn't just her increased horniness, or her strange desire to feel a man's seed enter her womb again. It wasn't just her discomfort or her lack of mobility and loss of legs.

No, it was something else.

She missed Art. He'd left a note telling her he was sorting things out in town, whatever that meant, and in her more emotional state she simply wanted his presence near hers, to hear his dumb jokes and odd pop cultural references and his discussions on every topic under the sun. She took a breath, steadied herself. Perhaps a little session of masturbation would help her.

After a number of fruitless attempts, she gave up. It wasn't the same without him either.

“He should be back soon,” she said. She relaxed back into the tub, tried to listen to her body and its changes, and ignore the slow passage of time.

She hadn't noticed she'd slipped asleep again until the sound of pleasing Beethoven woke her: *Moonlight Sonata*, her favourite. She opened her eyes, and to her shock the sky was dotted with slowly shifting stars in numerous colours. She lifted herself up, thankful that the musculature of her arms was increasingly athletic, and rose out of the water as best as she could. She clutched her belly, so full of alien eggs and amniotic fluid, and placed her webbed hand on the bar to help prop herself back. It was then that she gasped: the entire chamber was filled with shifting lights.

“What on earth?”

“Just a little light show, don't worry.”

She gave an embarrassing squeak of surprise, causing her heavy breasts to wobble tremendously upon her naked chest. She'd abandoned bras a while ago, especially since she and Art now engaged in their 'de-stressing sessions' quite frequently. Nothing fit her, after all. Still, she hadn't counted on him being next to her. He was dressed in a fine suit that

matched his figure handsomely, and his hair was done up smartly and professionally. He was seated at a table, one laden heavily with all kinds of seafood that smelled wonderful to her senses. It made her wonder if her sense of *smell* was improving also: it made sense, given her aquatic nature. It would help in tracking prey and even members of the same species. Certainly, she could smell a large variety of fish and food of the sea upon the table, each one laid out elaborately. They smelled, in fact, much more delicious and fine than much of what she had been eating, and much of it was delightfully raw: her new preference.

“What is this?” she asked, her voice a little deeper now, given her size.

“What does it look like?” he asked with a mischievous grin. He gestured to the various projectors around the room, each a safe distance from potential splashes, and all of them projecting impressive light displays across the walls and ceiling of the chamber.

“It looks . . . beautiful,” she said, smiling a little. With her enhanced vision, the lights were even brighter and more captivating than they would have been for her partner. She rested both hands on her swollen boulder of a stomach, and caressed it lightly as she took it all in.

“Glad you like it. I was going to have to make it all very obvious, but then you fell quite deeply asleep while I was away. Leaving behind all that food was a good decision.”

“Are you saying you deliberately put me into a food coma, Arturo?”

He laughed. “Well, I don’t think you’re complaining. It looks like it went to all the right places and then some. You’ve grown again.”

She blushed a little. “Eight foot four, I think.”

“Try eight foot six, maybe even eight foot seven. You look marvellous.”

“I look like a gigantic whale.”

“Whales *are* marvellous, Irshad.”

Somehow, the little joke made her giggle. It was unlike her, but then this whole situation was different.

“What is this, then?” she asked.

He stood up, bowed, and gestured to everything he’d set up.

“It’s a *date*, Irshad, if you’d be willing to accept my offer of it.”

“And if I refuse?”

“Well, I’m not one to take away food. But I figure the big dramatic romantic gesture is the sort of thing I’m about. I’m not always deeply laidback, you know.”

She laughed again. God, he was breaking her stoic exterior like he was wielding a sledgehammer.

“That’s two laughs! A new record!”

“You should be proud,” she said with a smirk, as she lifted her tail in the water and draped it softly back down again. “But what is this about Art, really?”

His expression became briefly dashed before he recovered. "I mean it, Irshad. It's a date. I'm asking you out on a date. And because you're confined to the tub at the moment, I thought I'd bring the romance and an evening of pleasure to you."

"Art . . ."

"Wait until you've heard me out. I've got your favourite classical music set to play, and given that you've been unable to appreciate the sky trapped here in this bunker, I've decided to bring the sky to you. And instead of eating all the same cheap tuna and salmon over and over, I've decided to raid the finest seafood shops in the Olympian Peninsula. I've even brought oysters and abalone - the last was expensive, I can tell you. You'll find some lovely lobster, as well as snow crab and proper halibut and sea bass cut finely and left raw - but with a dash of spice layered over!"

"Art, this is all very nice, but . . ."

"And, as you can see, I've dressed myself up nice. I also got something for you, but only if you want to wear it."

At that last comment, she perked up. "Something for me?"

With a smile, he stepped over to a cardboard box and opened it. With a large flourish, he unfurled a great red robe of sorts into the air.

"Had it custom-made," he explained. "It wasn't actually part of this date's preparations, but it was ready for pick up today, so think of it as destiny. It's a waterproof weave that's light, but thick enough to serve as a comfortable covering. It has a number of loose belts that you can tie around yourself to be comfy, like a bathrobe. It stretches easily, and it's designed to accommodate further growth, not that the shopkeeper understood what I meant by that. You can wear it underwater as long as you want; its designed to have a comfortable lining on the interior that'll keep you warm as well as snug. What do you think?"

Something in her heart gave way at that moment. Her hormones hit her all over again, even harder than that morning. She instantly began weeping tears and cursing herself for it. Art moved to her side, the edge of the hot tub dividing them.

"Shit, I've done something wrong, haven't I? Is it too much? I know you're not the super romantic type. This was a bad idea."

"No! No, it's not that, it's just . . . this is all so much Art."

He slowly reached a hand out and patted her arm. With her incredible size, she couldn't help but give a dark chuckle at the ridiculousness of it; she was nearly twice his size - over that if one took the belly and boobs into account. It was like being consoled by a teenager.

Except he wasn't a teenager. He was someone who clearly still liked her - maybe even loved her - despite the literally *alien* changes to her body.

"You know you can tell me anything, right?" he said.

She sobbed a little more, her entire stoic facade crashing down. She felt the familiar pressures of change continuing to develop her body, making her more and more like the Gamma species, but in this moment she felt incredibly human. Flaws and all.

"It's just . . . I don't deserve this, Art," she said. "I'm a fool. I made myself a mutant monster using an alien device I didn't fully understand, all because I was desperate to grow a child. I wanted to be a mother, and now I'm a freak."

"You're not a freak, you know that. You're just . . . different."

She sniffled. "One way to put it, Diaz."

"The fact that you're calling me by my last name tells me that hope is not all lost." He gave that same charming smile, felt the end of his proud little moustache briefly, as was his manner. "Irshad, you are the most incredible woman I have ever met, and I mean that. Not only did you keep this project alive, but you've furthered our understanding of this technology more than we ever did in years at Project Gamma. But more than that, you're also damn fucking brave to be doing it, and I don't think it's foolish, what you're doing."

She raised an eyebrow down at him, and beneath her giantess gaze he broke a little.

"Okay, so it was a little foolish. Probably a lot foolish, actually."

"Very, exceedingly foolish. The fact that I've developed a large walrus tail is evidence of this."

"Could be a whale's?"

Again, she couldn't help but chuckled softly, wiping her watery tears from her dark eyes. "I certainly feel like one."

"The point is, Irshad, you're not going through this alone. I'm here to help."

"You help too much, Art. I wanted a lab assistant, not a lover."

"Well, you got both. I can be just the assistant though, if that's what you want?"

She looked across the vast chamber, at the wonderful lights shimmering on the dark concrete surface like the starry night sky, at the meal he had prepared, at him looking so handsome and adorable in his suit, small compared to her and yet all the more desirable for it.

"I . . . I don't think I know what I want anymore, Art. I really don't. I was mad to do all of this."

"Well, my mama always said that making decisions on an empty stomach was a recipe for disaster. So why don't we eat first, and then we can talk?"

As if sending her a direct message, her enormously heavy stomach growled loudly, the tight surface practically *vibrating* in response.

"That sounds like a good idea," she said.

They began eating in silence, both of them enjoying the ambience. Arturo couldn't claim he'd gotten everything he'd desired out of the conversation, but neither had Irshad

rebuffed him entirely. He felt powerfully for her; not only what she was going through, but the cocktail of emotions that must be swirling through her. Certainly, she seemed to enjoy his company, and as they ate - her rather ravenously, moaning with each bite - Irshad began to talk of other things. Her subjects ranged from favourite books to her latest film disappointment (Art had brought in a TV monitor on wheels a few weeks ago) and even the two of them laughing at old memories of their respective youths.

It was, in its own ambiguous way, a quietly relaxing and romantic experience. Irshad continued to sneak glances at Art's form, and it wasn't just from lust either, though that was always present on a low level. No, she also felt something else, something she couldn't quite quantify and yet she could never claim to have felt before. A subtle warmth in her core that came just from spending time with him.

She was on the verge of exploring what that feeling might exactly be when suddenly her core underwent an altogether different feeling: a rapid tightness.

"UGGGHH!!"

"Is everything alright? Another growth spurt?"

She clutched her form, her large webbed hands running over her wet belly and tail.

"OOhh . . . ahhhh . . . y-yes. It's - mhmm - it's a big one, t-too! Very sudden! A lot of p-pressure!"

She gripped herself as the changes occurred. They were as before, only even more powerful than she was used to. All she could do was hold on for dear life and breath as regularly as she could while her entire form distended and grew. Arturo watched in amazement as her belly stretched tighter and tighter, before finally expanding outwards several inches. Irshad cries out like a woman in labor as what were likely to be eggs within her swelled in size. They were not the only thing that swelled either. Her entire form grew, her arms becoming more overtly muscular even as they grew, akin to a female swimmer's arms, if not a man's in terms of their strength. Her tail also became more powerful, muscles developing rapidly even as it stretched longer. It was not thin, however. Like a great walrus lower half, it fattened up considerably, though not nearly enough to subsume her belly, which was obviously still incredibly pregnant.

"MMhhmmm, stay with me Art! S-stay with me!"

"I'm not going anywhere, Irshad. I'm right here!"

She nodded, desperately wanting to take his hand but knowing she would crush it with her much larger fist. Her fingers extended painfully, her discomfort immense as the digits elongated, spreading further apart to provide a larger webbing. They were still flexible, but increasingly alien-like. She grit her teeth and groaned, thrashing in her increasingly miniscule pool. All of her was getting bigger, from her tail to her fins to even her boobs. To her dismay, they grew yet another cup size in relation to her body. Both were definitely the

size of her head now, perhaps even a little larger. But they were nothing compared to her belly, which was now bigger than the largest size of beach ball, and getting bigger by the moment.

“You can do this Irshad! Just breathe and focus!”

“It f-feels like I’m g-giving b-birth!” she cried.

Art paused, panic in his heart. “Um, are you?”

“N-no. I don’t think so! J-just so much pressure!”

She trembled, pressing against the side of the hot tub. It groaned against her weight, and as she pressed against it, there was an almighty creak. A segment cracked, and water began flowing outward.

“Shit!” Art said. “I’ll fix it!”

But Irshad was already looking beyond the tub to the pool just metres away. The full, deep, enormous body of water that could accommodate her. Something instinctual fired off within her brain. A calling to move, to submerge ever more fully. She could not explain it, but like a bird leaving its nest for the first time, having never flown before and yet taking to the air anyway, she understood a simple truth.

She could swim now.

“DON’T!” she called, her voice further altered, now even deeper in tone. She turned to face Arturo, and shook her head. “Don’t! I need to get out, Art. I need to g-get out - aahhh - r-right now!”

Art looked at her with shock. “But Irshad, the pool is too deep. No offence, but you’re big and -”

“Trust me. These ch-changes are strange. NNhgh! V-very strange. But I know what I’m doing. I’ve g-gotten this far listening to my b-body. The Seed is telling me what to do.”

Art nodded. “I trust you.”

The two got to work dismantling the edge of the hot tub further. With her great thrashing weight, particularly with her tail, Irshad was able to tear the side apart, and Art pulled aside a portion of it to prevent any injury. She fell forward, catching her heavy body with her large arms. They were rippling with muscle, and Art could see that her forearms were starting to develop what looked like little fins as well. Her belly nearly dragged on the concrete floor, and her enormous breasts wobbled heavily, but she managed to pull herself to the lip of the large bunker pool.

“Trust me,” she said again. She closed her dark eyes, and felt a second transparent film settle over first. She smirked - a way to have her eyes open underwater without losing visual quality. It was just further confirmation of her decision.

She pulled herself over the side, and disappeared into the darkness.

Arturo waited with mixed awe and anxiety, hoping she could swim.

He waited. And continued to wait. And waited some more. His heart pounded with tension, his whole being filled with fear that he'd made the wrong decision letting her leave.

And then the water halfway across the pool exploded upwards in a great splash as her enormous form emerged. She was still huge - easily nine feet now in length - and her belly was the largest part of her beside her tail. But she moved through the water with a surprising grace, the fins that were her legs arcing automatically to help direct her movements, and her four-finned tail shifting and altering to carve a path through the pool. She used her webbed hands to direct herself, and while she was not especially speedy, she moved consistently, her body buoyed and relieving the weight of her enormous pregnancy.

Irshad beamed, unable to keep from smiling. She was overcome with joy, her body freed from the prison of the tub. It had served its purpose, but now she had so much more room, and could swim and sleep and eat within this far larger space. She laughed out loud, uncaring how ridiculous it was in that moment. Her stoic self would return in time, but for now she was giddy, and it was easy to blame the hormones brought on by pregnancy and change.

And other hormones were flaring too. She brought herself up to the side of the pool, her loins tingling, her heavy breasts burning with the need to be kneaded and sucked.

"Art, this is wonderful!" she called.

"You like it? You had me scared!"

"I was . . . celebrating. I need you to celebrate with me, now."

"You want me to swim with you?"

She shook her large head. "No, I need you to fuck me. I can't fight it anymore; this body has needs. I need you to cum in me again."

He was flabbergasted. "Um, are you sure? It may be difficult."

"I don't care. I need you right now. I need you *inside me*, Art. I want you to fuck me."

He stared, captivated by the sight of her grandeur as she slowly shifted through the water, finally free and in her new element. And then he smiled, his raging erection rising to the occasion.

"I'll get my snorkel," he said.

To Be Continued . . .

- Date night - water date organised by Art
- Glows in the water
- Bioluminescence

Current State: Irshad Khan (36)

- **6'4 tall**
- **9 months pregnant**
- **Feet gone**
- **Tail begun**
- **EE cup size breasts**

30th of April, 2017

Arturo Diaz (26)

- **Laidback, calm, down-to-earth, loves music and his moustache**

To Be Continued . . .