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A sci-fi story about a troop of women who are stealing 'excess matter' from Earth.

Contains: Breast Expansion

Might makes Right

The silvery-blue ship hung in space on the far side of Earth's moon, undetected by human telescopes. The ship was long and sleek, with a spherical forward section, and two bulbous shapes protruding from its stem. The rear of the ship began with two round shapes that tapered off into long cones with main thrusters at the tail.

A young woman in a skin tight silver jumpsuit banged on a cabin door.

"Kimra where are you!? We're going to be late for morning review!"

"I'm coming, I'm coming. Don't get your panties in a bunch Kily."

The door slid open into the bulkhead with a hissing sound, and a redhead emerged, dressed identically to the first."

"What are 'panties?'" Kily asked.

"They're these things earthlings wear, they go over your..." Kimra gestures to her pelvis. "Under your clothes."

“We don’t wear clothes under our clothes, Kimra. You’ve been spending too much time with these primitives.”

Kily thought her friend’s half-bare breasts looked larger than her own K-cups, and questioned her as they walked down the corridor.

“You look kinda big, Kimra. Have you been holding back your tributes?”

“A little bit.” Kimra confessed. “There are a thousand of us, she’ll never notice.”

“The Queen is gonna put you out an airlock if she catches you.”

“It’s barely two cup sizes Kily. And she’s not a Queen, just a General. She has power because we let her.”

“Goddess.” Kily cursed. “I’m going to get demoted just for being your friend. K-1 has power because she **has power**.”

“Whatever..”

The two women rushed into to a cavernous compartment near the center front of the ship. They took their places among ranks of other women, all dressed in the same silvery-blue jumpsuits, with different hair and skin color. Down to the last woman, they each possessed K-cup breasts, filling their uniforms with round, flawless cleavage.

Standing on a dais at the front of the room was an impossibly beautiful woman. She looked about thirty and wore a skintight jumpsuit so black it seemed to absorb the light. Her hair fell in luscious blonde waves to a perfectly rounded ass. Her own half exposed breasts rose out of her suit like twin planetoids, nearly three times the size of those possessed by her assembled underlings.

“Good morning Ladies.” The Queen spoke in a commanding tone. “I am pleased to report that you collected nearly half a ton of mass in the last cycle, and I expect you all to surpass that number today. The science ministry tells me obesity levels on this backwater planet are down nearly a tenth of a percent since our arrival. The Blue Council will be pleased with your work here.”

“We’re projected to meet our quota within the next thirty cycles and with any luck—“

As ‘Queen’ Karsyne spoke, she paced across her platform, eyes drifting over the ranks from woman to woman. As her eyes lit on Kimra, she paused.

“K-623.”

Kimra blanched. Kily stared ahead, pretending she didn’t know the woman standing beside her.

“Yes!? *-er-* My Queen?”

Karsyne stepped down off the dais and approached Kimra. She waved a woman in a green uniform standing nearby.

“Step forward, K-623.”

Kimra took a hesitant step, as the green-clad woman stepped up beside the Queen.

“Scan her.”

Every woman in the chamber knew this was pure pageantry— the Queen surely knew any information the science minister could give her. The woman read off Kimra’s vitals nonetheless.

“Height 165.72cm, weight 63.37kg, hair red, breasts...” The minister paused.

“Well?” Karsyne demanded.

“M-cup, My Queen.”

Soft murmurs of surprise spread through the assembled women.

“Quiet in the ranks!” An officer somewhere ordered.

“Someone’s gotten a little greedy...” Karsyne whispered, walking in a slow circle around Kimra and looking her up and down. She turned to Kimra’s friend.

“Haven’t they, K-624?”

“-er- Yes, My Queen.” Kily replied.

“It seems it’s time for another lesson. Who’s next on the list?” She didn’t wait for a response. “Send in K-1723!”

The assembled women stood waiting for several minutes. A blonde woman in a silver uniform bearing C-cup breasts ran in. She stood before the queen at attention, gulping air.

“Congratulations K-1723...” The Queen said, turning back to Kimra.

“Wait, please, no!” Kimra sputtered. “I’ll go donate the extra right now, please don’t!”

“Silence, K-623!”

Karsyne held up two fingers, and Kimra felt a tingling in her chest. A single tear spilled from one eye. The Queen’s uniform creaked as her gargantuan breasts swelled slightly larger. Kimra felt the nanomaterial of her uniform slide across her skin as it retracted, collapsing against her torso as her once impressive chest deflated to tiny mounds, barely A-cups.

“Listen, all of you!” The Queen said more loudly. “Lest any others think my rules are mere suggestions, or to foment mutiny on my ship. Know that my power is beyond that which you can see. I *am* this ship, and my word is absolute.”

She gestured to the younger woman as she had Kimra, and the blonde cried out in ecstasy as her modest breasts began to swell. Her own uniform creaked as it stretched until her cleavage spilled over it as much as the ranks of women before her.

“You are now K-623.” The Queen said to girl, who beamed broadly at her newly enlarged chest.

“What shall we do with this one?” The science minister asked. “Airlock?”

Kimra knew any pleading was useless at this point, but her eyes darted from K-1 to the science minister and back. Occasionally she glanced at the new girl who was replacing her, and the breasts that had been hers mere seconds ago.

“Let’s not waste the resource just yet. We’ll give her one more chance.” Karsyne said. “Send her to Engineering. A few hundred cycles scrubbing thruster tubes should teach her some humility.”

She turned to Kimra. “You are now K-237481.”