

Built For Breeding

DISCLAIMER: This story contains fetish content of breast, ass, and belly expansion, lactation, cumflation, aliens, and surrogate pregnancy. All characters depicted engaging in any sexual acts are over 18.

The asteroid field lay dark and still, only being disturbed by the tiny glint of a vessel nimbly weaving through the rocks. The blue, white, and gold paint of the mechanized chassis stood out like the rest of the stars against the black abyss.

Veeewwwmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm

The low hum of the engines could only be heard inside the cockpit, as the pilot quickly and precisely maneuvered the flight controls. Only taking her hands off the main stick to occasionally adjust power output or recalculate object trajectories.

The null gravity of space made all the debris outside appear to be rapidly shifting and spinning while the inside of the cockpit was almost totally still. Flying like this was always jarring, but nothing she hadn't handled before.

L>> Pilot, I've updated the asteroid paths. Echo, please provide her with new potential flight paths.

E>> Already on it. Please try to be mindful of our wings Lady Mercury.

The monotone voices announced their corresponding actions through the earpiece inside the pilot's helmet. Almost immediately after, new trajectory lines traced across the inside of the glass. First orange to estimate asteroid trajectories, followed by several blue paths to identify possible routes in between.

"I'm well aware Echo. Remember, I was flying skimmers through canyons long before I met either of you." Meliora retorted playfully. Clearly amused that her NHP (Non-Human-Person) companions were displaying worry at this, despite all they'd previously been through.

L>> Yes pilot, we do. But is it mandatory that we be flying through this field at these speeds?

The fusion thrusters of the mecha left a long trail of white plasma as it swerved through more rocks to emphasize Lumen's point.

"Well, we don't know how long Harrison Armory is going to leave that research station abandoned. Just going through the field is quicker than forcing open their local blink gate, and the faster I can get us in and out, the better."

L+E>> Understood, we trust you.

It was not even a few more minutes before they reached the station planted on one of the largest rocks. The recovered H.A. infantry code was recognized by the station's shield generator and allowed the machine to easily pass through. Its speed slowed drastically as Meliora sharply angled its thrusters towards the surface of the asteroid.

After nimbly touching down, the slim and fine, jet-winged mecha walked over to the station's hangar door for entry. But instead of opening, the hangar door met them with an error message. Their code was not unrecognized, but the hangar doors had been sealed for some reason.

"Well damn, guess it'll be a bit harder than that. I'm going to take us over to that emergency personnel access hatch off to the side. Once I'm in, I'll release the lockdown to let you inside." Meliora said, clearly annoyed that she would have to undo an emergency hangar sealing.

L>> Pilot I would advise against entering the facility alone.

"Why? The Armory abandoned it, is there anyone left inside?"

E>> Wide area scans are revealing no substantial organic activity.

"Is it filled with any hazardous material or gasses?"

E>> Interior climate remains nominal.

"When was the station's fusion core last changed?"

L>> Based on the timestamp of the signal we intercepted as they were abandoning the station; they would have changed it a few days before.

“So, there’s no H.A. members inside the station. The climate control is still fully functional, and interior hospitable. The station still has power, as well as emergency power to fall back on, and?...” Meliora inquisitively listed off all the answers her NHPs had provided. Questioning if they could provide her with a reason as to why she could not enter the station.

L>> If something goes wrong, we won’t be able to reach you.

“We have the colony drones. You can use those to cut a hole into the hangar. If I can’t get it open for you, you’ll still be able to get in and get to me.”

L+E>> . . .

Both co-pilots silently opened the cockpit of the mecha. Still wanting to change Meliora’s mind, but neither of them having any argument to do so. Meliora gently floated out of the pilot seat, and down to the Emergency access door using the gas jets on her hardsuit.

The round hatch was wide enough for a normal sized person to only have to duck slightly to get in. It opened easily as Meliora activated her data-pad and passed a false personnel-distress signal to the lock; using the infantry code once again. Once she was through, the door sealed quickly and began to repressurize the airlock.

****Krkpsssssssshhhh****

The air inside her hardsuit hissed out as Meliora released the latches on her helmet once the airlock had been filled. She shook out her brilliantly-shiny platinum hair, as she removed her helmet to reveal a delicate statuesque face and bright cyan eyes. The rest of the hardsuit quickly followed to reveal a figure befitting for a princess that was adorned by a slim flight-suit, with a white and blue jacket matching the colors of her machine.

E>> Lady Mercury, please do not remove your hardsuit! A wide area scan may not have detected anything, but that doesn’t mean there’s no danger!

“I’d need to take my gloves off if I want to access any of their data terminals. Then at that point the suit would be open anyway. At least like this I have better maneuverability if I need to escape. I’ll be leaving it by this hatch since it’s right next to the hangar, that way I’ll be able to get it on and get to you quickly.” Meliora said sternly as she began to focus. She held her datapad out into the station hallway only revealing her hand.

Using the data-pad’s camera, she carefully panned it around to check down both lengths of the hallway for anything dangerous. Seeing nothing, she carefully peaked some of her head out to check again with her own eyes. Once again finding nothing.

Feeling satisfied that she was in the clear, Meliora stepped out into the hall and made her way over to an access door into the side of the hangar. Her first attempt to open it was met again with the error tone of a sealed door. Trying to use the access code to open it produced the same buzz.

“Hey friends, looks like the entire hangar has been locked. Pretty sure it was done by admin. I’ll have to get to the lab’s command station if I want to open it.”

L>>Understood, we’re already chipping away at a joint section of the door. It shouldn’t take us any longer than 2 hours.

“Lovely, while you’re doing that I’ll make my way to command. If I get there first I’ll let you in, and hopefully pick up some useful info along the way.”

E>> Understood, I will keep monitoring your position as you proceed. Please keep your comm channel open Lady Mercury.

“Can do Echo, much appreciated.” Meliora responded with a surprising amount of ease in her voice. She’d always had the ability to stay impressively calm in the face of the unknown. Much to the confusion and concern of even people that knew her personally.

The white lights of the research station kept every corner lit as she casually strolled down the halls. Meliora’s boot clicking against the floor was the only sound to disturb the quiet hum of the machinery. As she walked, she took great care to thoroughly observe her surroundings for anything that might be important. Unfortunately, nothing was spotted.

Any items that had been left here were clearly superfluous. Mugs, dinnerware, the occasional paperweight, some clean and untouched redundant lab equipment. Nothing that wasn't easily replaceable, and definitely not worth taking back with her.

What was left was also in terrible disarray. Clearly when the staff had left the station, they had done so in a hurry. There were no signs of struggle, and nothing indicating that there would've been an attack; so why had they left?

Getting closer to the command center, Meliora stopped at the door to one of the main labs. One of the terminals inside hadn't been fully shut down. If the staff had left in a hurry, they may have forgotten to scrub its data. After using her datapad camera to pre-check the interior of the lab, she quietly stepped into the door.

"Echo, do a local area scan of the room I'm in." Meliora kept her voice hushed just in case of any potential stragglers that could've been hiding in the lab.

E>> Nothing humanoid. Although I am picking up a singular small life-sign in one of the lab's partitions. Luckily it seems to be contained within an enclosure.

"Oh dear, probably one of their lab rats that they left behind, poor thing... I'll bring it back with me once I get the doors open." Meliora responded to her co-pilot's mostly monotone voice with her own that was filled with pity for the poor creature.

E>> It seems to be slightly larger than a rat Lady Mercury.

"Rats can get very big, especially if left unattended. It's probably been eating its fill of any food that was left since there's no other rats for it to share with." Meliora responded, trying to diffuse the rising worry in the NHP's voice.

Making her way over to the data terminal, it awoke from sleep the moment it recognized a human figure standing in front of it. Not only had it been left on, but also unlocked.

The first thing Meliora saw on it was a record of the lab's most recent notes. The scientists had probably been rushed out before they could fully copy and delete these last ones. Only one page was left, but that was better than nothing.

“Hey Lumen, I found some notes for this lab. I’m going to read these out loud so you can get them written down in case I can’t pass the file over.” Meliora said as she readied her data-pad to begin transmitting the document back to her mecha.

L>> Understood, our signal is primed to receive, and I’ve got speech-to-text recording active. Ready when you are pilot.

“Lovely, this is knight Meliora Mercury of Boulder Company for the House of Stone. Currently reading off discovered lab notes of Harrison Armory research station 1N-F14-T3 in Karrakin space, sub-sector B33-G. ‘Reactor cycle: #47, research log: #646, subject: B1G-BR3E0 from neighboring Karrakin nature preserve world, researcher: Dr. Joanne Dreyfus.

It’s becoming increasingly difficult for us to even keep an accurate count of the amount of the subject that we’ve been able to produce. Assuming no errors, the current youngest one we have in lab 4 to be studied today is #2,561. The majority of others have been sealed and shipped off back to Harrison Armory prime worlds.

We’ve already had to shunt many of them out into space, despite my protesting. Luckily they can survive the vacuum of space, so hopefully they will end up somewhere nicer than here.

It is important that we keep as many of the subjects available to us as we can, to make sure we have enough for study. Luckily, due to the subject’s only known goal being to produce more offspring of itself, we will easily be able to replenish our supply.”

L>> Pilot...

The NHP uncharacteristically interrupted its pilot in the middle of her reading.

“Hold on Lumen, there’s still more here. ‘I am pleased to report that not only has the subject been able to reproduce with every variety of test animal that we have provided for it. But its biology and genetic structure have also remained the same every single time. Truly amazing, the ability to produce offspring with any mammalian or reptilian species that we’ve been able to test, and spawn genetically pure descendents every time.

The separation tests have also begun to show results. The rats have been showing signs of depression and distress after less than one quarter of a

reactor cycle of being separated from the subject. The case is similar with our other animals. Since the primary subject dies shortly after procreation, all test animals have shown immense attachment to the offspring.

The test animals that we've allowed to mate with the subject have become noticeably larger after, and have also displayed more prominent maternal characteristics. All our records indicate that the larger animals have been able to produce larger quantities of offspring after each mating with a subject. This all but confirms our hypothesis that each time a creature is allowed to mate with a subject, its genetic structure is modified and improved upon, to better produce more subject descendents."

L>> Pilot!...

The NHP's voice was now expressing more audible concern.

"Hold on Lumen! I'm getting close to finishing, then we can discuss theories after. 'This may unfortunately be the last research log that I am able to provide as the head of this project. Harrison Armory is planning to relocate research and establish a new team of entirely male researchers, claiming that myself and the other female research staff on this station have been *compromised*.

These claims are objectively absurd. Both myself and the other brave women who have volunteered as test subjects for this research are providing invaluable data. We have proven extensively that every kind of human female, no matter how unfit for childbearing or at any level of fertility, can successfully produce offspring with the subject.

If Harrison Armory wishes to use the subject to further the Advanced Evolution Soldier Program, then more human research must be conducted. Research that myself and my female colleagues have been more than happy to provide, and yet our loyalties are being questioned.

A primary Armory Task-Force is already aboard the station, claiming to be here just to *observe* our research. If that is indeed the case, then this will be the perfect opportunity for me to demonstrate to them the amazing abilities this subject possesses. The current test will be conducted using myself, and I can already show both the improvements that the subject has been able to make to my current biology, as well as the further improvements that this test will produce. If that doesn't con--"

L>> PILOT! The reactor output is fluctuating!

****TCHIK!**TCHIK!**TCHIK!**TCHIK!****

****VSSSHHH!**SLAM!!!****

Meliora looked up in shock as her co-pilot's words were cut off by the clicks of the lights and terminals losing power. Followed by the heavy emergency door slamming shut. For a moment the room was left in total darkness before the emergency power caused the lights in the lab to hum back to a dim life.

"Well damn... Guess they didn't change that fusion core after all. Echo, Lumen, I'm trapped in the lab. How long until you've made a hole in that door?" Meliora tapped at her earpiece as she tried to communicate with her mecha. Still keeping her signature cool, but the annoyance in her voice at being trapped was very clear.

"Echo, Lumen? Are you hearing me?" Concern was now evident in her voice as she received no answer.

"Shit... All the emergency doors are blocking the signal, and nothing besides the life support and lights have power. There's gotta at least be something I can do in here besides just waiting arou--"

****Squplaat!****

Meliora unfolded her sword as she whipped around to face towards the direction of the viscous splat. She slowly and quietly stepped forward to look into the dim lab partition. Seeing nothing at her head level, she slowly looked down to see a small turquoise blob. About the size of a basketball, with several short bumps all over its otherwise smooth and transparent body; it bobbed and jiggled idly in place.

"Huh... I guess you're that subject. Heh, you seem too soft to be a part of the Harrison Armory. They really want you for a 'Super Soldier Program'?" Meliora's fear was gone. Now totally replaced by amusement at the actual appearance of the subject in the notes. The blob inched towards her, seemingly in agreement with her question.

Meliora squatted down to look closer at the creature. Putting on one of her gloves, she carefully poked at the ball's very slimy exterior. It sprang back

with each poke, and the blob continued to wiggle a bit each time. As Meliora pulled her hand away, it left a strand of very sweet smelling slime.

“Weird... How do you even ‘mate’ with other creatures? Can you do it with men and women? Do they just take a piece off of you and inject it in?” Meliora mused these questions to the silent blob expecting no answer.

However, she was pleasantly surprised to see that the bumps on it seemed to protrude further out in response. Happily expecting further interaction, Meliora leaned closer to make sure to see what it would do next. But she got too close.

The moment the blob could feel her body heat, the bumps erupted from its surface into full tentacles! Meliora attempted to slash with her sword, but the blob was shockingly fast, and it was faster than her. In moments it had her arms and legs pulled back. Strong enough to hold her in the air, suspended in an X position.

“GAH! WHAT THE FUCK?! Let me go! Put me down right this instant!” Meliora shouted in a vain attempt to stop whatever the blob was now attempting.

Ignoring her protests, another bump on the blob extended outwards toward her forehead. Meliora screamed and struggled against the creature to try and stop it, but it was no use. The tentacle pressed onto her forehead and smeared a layer of the same sweet-smelling, clear goo across it.

The effects were immediate, her desire to struggle and fight the creature was almost totally erased. She felt terrifyingly calm. Almost all of her distressed emotions had been rubbed away by that single stroke of the creature’s slime.

“*Whah... what did you... do to me?...*” Meliora’s mind and vision were hazy as her brain tried to process this sudden forced change in her emotional state. All her strength to resist was gone as the blob reached up and tore open the entire front of her flight suit. Fully exposing the gentle curves of her chest down to her groin for it.

“*H-h-h-hey... whah... stop thah... I said stohp thah...*” Meliora’s voice continued to be devoid of strength as she tried to use her words to dissuade the creature. It then reached up two more tentacles to smear the same slime across her breasts.

****Guuuurple!****

****Streeeeeeetch!****

“NNNNNGH!.. Haaah, haaah, haaaaah... Whah?! What the fuuuuuuck?!”

The sensation of the slime across her tits was electrifying, even the cool air of the lab on their skin was enough to bring her to cum instantly. With her head being too clouded by the creature’s substance and the orgasm she’d just been struck by, she watched helplessly as her tits rapidly swelled to the size of melons.

The two fatty teardrops hung heavy off her body, covered by a web of veins. Milk was now freely dripping from them to form a pool underneath her, with the nectar that flowed down her thighs. She’d never had children before, she’d only had sex a few times before this. Why did her breasts look like she might have been the mother of ten? Answers were unable to form in her head as the blob reached up another slimy appendage to smear across her womb.

****Guuuuuuuurple!!****

****Streeeeeeeeeeeeetch!!****

“HAAAAAHHHHNNNNNNNGH!!!”

The back breaking euphoria returned, but it did not pass this time. Meliora could feel a magnificent sensation within her. She could feel the eggs inside her womb growing, and multiplying by the second. Her udders expanded again in response to the size of kegs, eagerly anticipating the arrival of hungry babies. She could feel her tummy starting to bulge out as her womb stretched and enlarged to be able to produce more and more.

Her pussy lips twitched and puffed in agitation as the creature slid a tentacle across them, bringing a healthy amount of her juices back into itself. Meliora was a drooling, blubbery mess while she watched the blob shiver slightly after taking in her lustful release. Then something white began to form in its center.

****glorp**glorp**glorp****

Just a little bit at first, but it grew rapidly.

****Glorp!**Glorp!****

Now the blob was starting to grow in size as it filled more and more.

****GLORP!**GLORP!****

Meliora watched in her delirious heat with the slightest twinge of fear as the creature grew to the size of an exercise ball. Filled to the brim with a thick and creamy white substance.

She had neither the energy or will to resist the blob as it curled tentacles around her thighs and hips. Nearly instantly stretching them to double their previous girth to prepare for the monumental brood she would carry.

MMMMMMMMNGAAAAAHHHH!!!

She **needed** relief, she was sure she would die without it. Her core was ravenously hungry, the eggs **needed** to be fertilized. As the blob reached up more tentacles, Meliora's groin greedily welcomed them as they slid into her ass and pussy. Finally, she had been filled.

GLOOOOOOOORP!!!

STREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEETCH!!!

"NGAH-- AAH-- AH-- HAH-- AUG--!!!!!!..."

The only sounds Meliora could produce were tiny strained mewls as she felt gallons of the creature's recreated and modified human cum begin to rush into her tummy.

GLOOOOOOOOOORP!!!

STREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEETCH!!!

GLOOOOOOOOOORP!!!

STREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEETCH!!!!!!

Her breasts and hips raced to swell adequately for the anticipated demand, quickly doubling their current size. But her tummy went so much faster. Nearly instantly to the size of a beach ball popping out her belly button; next an exercise ball, then a boulder. Had her vocal cords not been tired and spent, she would have screamed louder with each gallon she hungrily took in.

She'd gotten too heavy to hold, but that was fine, the blob needed to restrain her no longer. Meliora rested atop her bloated belly, weakly trembling as each further pump of seed into her was eagerly received by yet more unfertilized eggs.

GLOOOOOOOOOORP!!!!!!

STREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEETCH!!!!

GLOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORP!!!!

STREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEETCH!!!!

Still more and more she filled. The slimy substance covering her flesh had ensured that no matter what, she would stretch to hold more until not a single egg was left unseeded. Another pump and her tits ballooned out before her, big enough to fit her original body inside of each one multiple times. Yet another and her hips filled and stretched to a width near equal to her own height. One last final burst, and her belly groaned as it grew to the size of a vat.

The only article of clothing that had survived was her open jacket. Everything else had been ripped apart by the creature or Meliora's own swelling assets. The skin of her fully-exposed, pregnant mass, was taught and shiny with clear slime, sweat, and many other bodily fluids.

The blob's tentacles weakly fell out of Meliora's holes, and it lay on the ground, deflated and spent. But there were **soooooo many more**. Meliora could feel them within her as they kept forming. They'd begun to grow the moment the first deluge of the creature's seed had entered her, and they kept growing still as every last egg received the necessary ingredients for a new blob.

Fighting for space, they continued to each grow closer and closer to their full sizes. Meliora could feel the countless wriggles inside her tummy as many of them felt invigorated enough to push out against her insides. So much more of the slime was being spread within her by the growing creatures, it all felt unfathomably wonderful.

Every inch of her breasts, belly, and butt groaned as her skin strained to hold together around the still growing flesh. With every second that Meliora stretched, she felt like she might burst more and more. But she didn't. The orbs inside her needed her to stay healthy so they could fully develop, and they would make sure to swell her as big as they would need.

She could feel that the blissful blobs would continue to grow inside her, and she would continue to stretch for them. All she could comprehend was feeling. The feeling of her entire expansive, motherly mass being so excessively stimulated at being pushed far beyond its fullest potential.

Meliora never wanted it to end. She wanted to keep growing, to keep making more of the blobs forever. Luckily, her co-pilots still had yet to cut through the hangar door. She would get to stay here a while, and enjoy every second of it.