

Dr. Sofia Sontez stomped onto the bus, satchel in hand. Today had been a ridiculous, horrid day. Not only had she been informed her lab's funding had been cut, but she'd also been ordered to destroy everything that had to do with their research, no matter how valuable it was.

Said research was the identification of a strange life form. It had been found partially thawed from a glacier, and had stumped biologists by defying taxonomical classification, not fully resembling any documented organism past or present.

It was first thought to be some sort of ancient marine mucilage—which Sofia had once heard described as 'sea snot' by a marine biologist—given its clear, gelatinous form—perhaps it was a colony of tiny ancient microorganisms. Or perhaps it was a type of fungus, a slime mold? Further research indicated that neither of these were not the case— not only was it not a colony of organisms, it somehow didn't seem to be an organism itself, lacking any sort of cells or recognizable biological processes.

But nonetheless, the thing was *alive*.

Once fully thawed and warmed sufficiently, the specimen could ambulate, though fairly slowly, and responded to stimuli despite not possessing any obvious sensory organs. The warm temperature it functioned best at was consistent with several previous periods in the Earth's history during which the creature may have thrived, assuming the thing originated on Earth.

The hypothesis that Sofia *had* been testing was that this creature suggested an entirely different ecosystem, one that didn't appear to rely on carbon and cells to function—a completely novel form of life that *must* have evolved elsewhere.

But the government had apparently decided obscure biological research was not worth their money, and had promptly withdrawn their financial support.

Which was why, instead of destroying the specimen as she'd been instructed, she'd found an unused gallon container in her lab and unceremoniously scooped the specimen into it, the thing twisting like a trapped octopus as she screwed the top on and stowed it in her bag along with a few pieces of lab equipment to sustain the thing once she got it home.

Did she have a plan of what she would do with it once she got it set up at home? Of course not, but that was future-Sofia's problem. For now, it was safely tucked in her bag, and—

The bus hit a bump, and with it Sofia's bag hit the metal grab bar she was clutching with a distinct, horrifying, shattered glass sound.

Sofia's heart plummeted as the sound drew the curiosity of the woman standing beside her. Sofia shot her a *mind your business* kind of glare before hurriedly opening her bag to assess the damage.

“Shit, shit—”

The specimen container had broken, jagged pieces glinting amongst the lab equipment.

And the specimen? Currently pooling in the bottom of her bag like spilled gelatin, the fabric lining darkening as it appeared to be soaking through.

“Shit,” she whispered again, hesitating to reach into her broken-glass-riddled bag. Was it injured? Could it *get* injured? She braced herself and did her best to avoid any shards when she reached in, intending to...what? Scoop the thing up in her hand? Nobody had handled it without gloves, but surely...

Her fingers made contact with the thing—it still retained heat from the lab’s warming lamps, and had a slick, jell-o-like feel to it that retreated from her intruding hand, soaking further into the bag.

“No, no...”

She lowered herself into the closest bus seat, setting her bag in her lap as she attempted to corral the thing, but it withdrew every time she managed to touch it, sinking further into the fabric.

Then a feeling of moisture met her lap and she lifted the bag to see, to her horror, that the thing had soaked through the outer layer of the bag as well—and was now soaking into the fabric of her pants, sticky, translucent strands stretching between the bag and her lap as it held on.

She quickly lowered the bag, hoping no one saw. What was it doing? She didn’t think it had been given fabric to interact with before—was it exploring? It had shown a certain degree of curiosity when presented with new stimuli in the lab, maybe—?

The warmth grew, and now there was a distinct wetness atop her thighs that made her shudder, mind racing with possible contamination and toxins the thing might be leaching into her skin.

She had an agonizingly long ride home—she lived on-campus during the week, but there was no way she was keeping this thing there—and so for a while she sat, deliberating on what to do as the warmth atop her lap grew. Maybe she could get off at the next stop and find a public bathroom to clean herself up in? And she would need another container, maybe one of those takeout ones for noodles—?

Suddenly she felt a distinct *twitch* atop her thighs, making her jump. She peered into her bag, and found that the slime had fully soaked through, not even leaving a patch of dampness behind. Shit.

It moved again, this time more of a squirm, and she gasped as it *wriggled* under the fabric and right against her skin, making her shiver with disgust. Was it trying to soak into *her*?

If that was its intent, it appeared to give up on this, and instead began pulling itself up her thighs, as if drawn to...

It was surely at least a 21 degrees Celsius on this bus, quite comfortable

for herself, but, likely rather chilly for the specimen. In the lab, when presented with a heat source, it would often squirm closer to it, basking in the warmth— not unlike the warmth being given given off by the blood-vessel rich region between her legs.

“Nnno, no, no,” she whispered, pressing into her pant leg to block its path. It simply parted and slid around her attempted blocking, coming to the edge of her under wear, where it began to soak in.

“*Shit*,” she cursed, squirming and squeezing her legs together in attempt to dissuade it. She had to get off this bus. Where were they? She squinted out the window in attempt to orient herself, but then—

The specimen tentatively, exploratorily, pressed against her.

She gasped at the feeling, clearing her throat when the sound attracted some attention from travelers around her. Despite her attempts to clamp her legs shut, it *trickled* downwards, prodding as if curious—nudging her clitoris and making her bite back a yelp. Her mind raced, she couldn’t just reach down her pants on a bus, there were several people within visual range no matter what angle she hid her hand with her bag—

Then, seeming to have located the source of the warmth, the specimen pressed in, and *in*.

She clamped a hand over her mouth to stifle her gasp as the thing *entered her*, continuing to prod curiously at the walls of her vagina. *What the hell was this?* But then the gentle prodding turned into a pressure as more of the thing slipped inside her, thickening as it explored, stretching her slightly.

She went rigid, clenching her jaw and gripping her bag as she choked back a whimper. The majority of the thing was still clinging to her underwear and pressing warmly against her vulva. Could she pull it out if she could get off this bus? What if...

A strange tingling began to grow across her vulva. Was she having some kind of reaction to it? The *last* thing she needed was irritation in that particular region on top of the rest of this, but the tingling didn’t shift to the itch or prickling of an allergic reaction—instead it became warmer, stronger, and then she could feel her pulse throbbing through the sensitive skin there then...

She’d used a pump toy before, the suction drawing forward more blood flow that had left her vulva and clitoris briefly plump and sensitive. The sensation that occurred next was similar to that engorged feeling, only it didn’t stop at a level that could be caused by suction. While the specimen continued to press deeper into her, what she felt now was a *swelling, rapidly* of the entirety of her vulva. Urgently she pushed the bag back to look down at herself—and to her horror, even through her slacks, she could see the outline of her labia and clitoris through the crotch of her pants—and could see them slowly but visibly pressing out further.

“The *fuck?*” she whispered to herself, voice hitching as the specimen pushed more of itself in, sending a throb of stimulation through her—one that could *clearly* be seen in her swelling vulva and clitoris continuing to press through her pants. Her clitoris, usually rather petite and often missed by ex-boyfriends, was nearly the size of small marble.

She pulled the bag back to her, covering herself. *Okay. Okay. There’s no pain, so it’s probably not injuring me*, she thought, cringing as the specimen continued to prod along her walls. *I’m not getting dizzy or nauseous or hot like I would if I were getting poisoned, so...*

And yet, she could feel her vulva and clitoris still swelling beneath the bag, still pressing into the fabric of her pants. A particularly well-placed prod from the specimen made her tense, made her clitoris pulse bigger—pressing right up against the weight of the bag on her lap. The sparks of stimulation made her jump, made her reflexively shove the back off her sensitive parts—made her seemingly startle the specimen, which, in one slick pulse, retreated inside of her.

She slaps a hand over her mouth to muffle her gasp, the thing filling her more fully than any boyfriend or toy she’d experienced, pressing against every nerve ending as it slid deeper, deeper. She dug her nails into the bag as it found her cervix, a sensation she’d never enjoyed. *Surely it wouldn’t—?*

But her question was quickly answered as it *continued* deeper into her—and Sofia began to feel a strange fullness where she’s only ever felt cramps.

“*Shit,*” she cursed, that feeling of fullness, of pressure increased, somewhere between a full bladder and full stomach. *That jar was roughly a gallon*, she thought. *Pregnant women usually only have...What? A fraction of a gallon of amniotic fluid in them at full term? Granted, there’s still a whole fetus taking up space too, but—*

Her abdomen began to push against her waistband.

“*No,*” she whispered, pressing a hand over it and tightening her abdominal muscles in attempt to squeeze it out, but if anything, this simply encouraged it as more of the slime poured into her—dragging against her G-spot and making her tense, making her clitoris— *still* growing and now grape-sized and obviously pushing through her pants like a mini hard-on—throb as her belly began to swell into her hands, reaching distinctly food-baby sized.

Heart racing, she pressed both hands to her middle, trying to hide that panic growing alongside her belly as she gave a solid Heimlich-maneuver shove into herself.

This seemed to only upset the specimen, who squirmed at the outside pressure, writhing against her G-spot, making her go rigid and cease her pushing to bury her face in her bag, muffling a groan at the stimulation as her belly continued to swell. She dared to peek an eye open, and was met with the sight of an orange-sized vulva cushioning a protruding, cherry-

tomato clitoris that tented her pants, the fabric beginning to darken as dampness soaked through.

She made a choked sound somewhere between a disbelieving, hysterical laugh and a sob—and shoved her hand against her belly again. “Get out, get out—”

The specimen was quick to retaliate this time, seeming to have picked up on how best to get her stop as an undulation of pressure rolls down her vagina, pressing against her walls until it reached her opening, stretched to coat her swollen labia—and wrapped decisively around her clit.

She yelped, going rigid again, her hips jerking involuntarily at the feeling, drawing several passengers’ attention. She ignored them, hands falling away from her belly as it continued pressing outwards, bringing her to a healthy second-trimester sized, like a half-basketball hidden behind her bag.

“St—stop,” she whispered, pleading began to bleed into her voice as she brought her hands back to her belly—but this time she didn’t get a chance to press as the specimen gave another undulation inside of her, this time stronger, more decisive as it pressed on her huge clit.

“Ahhh,” she managed to stifle most of the whimper—eliciting a few concerned murmurs from people around her—her hips rocking into the feeling. It was a bizarre sensation, as she was used to stimulation beginning outside and going inwards, but it was very stimulating nonetheless. Seeming to have decided this was the best way of keeping her occupied, the specimen didn’t stop this time, continuing its peristalsis-like undulating against her walls, her G-spot, her throbbing clit as it filled her further.

*Is this thing—?* she began to think, but the specimen gave a particularly strong undulation that made her bury her face in her bag and clench her jaw, legs shaking, hips jerking as if searching for more friction. Her belly continued to grow, pushing to a late-second-trimester cantaloupe size when she had gotten on the bus visibly not pregnant. What if people noticed? What if people were recording her right now, shaking and whimpering?

But those concerns were quickly wiped from her mind as she began feel that same tingling sensation again— this time in her breasts.

“No, no—” she muttered as if the thing could understand her, or care if it did, but to no avail as that tingling turn to warmth, then to a throbbing, then to pressure, and she watched in horror as petite B-cups began to visibly bulge over the cups of her bra through her blouse. That same tingling appeared in her ass, thighs, and hips, and she began to feel herself rising slightly in her seat as her ass plumped. *Is it...redistributing itself?*

“Mmm,” she whimpered, the specimen giving another undulation, stronger, this one more like a push, out of her, against her clit. Her pants were soaked through with her own wetness, the fluid allowing the specimen to glide in and out of her easily making an audible *squelch* with each thrust

that she was sure the people near to her could hear. *The swelling must've increased the size of my Bartholin glands too*, she distantly reasoned, wincing as her bra cups cut into her swelling breasts. She brought a shaky hand to her back, locating her bra hooks through her shirt and managing to get them undone after a few tries, sighing with relief as her bra slipped up over her now-freed breasts, having grown to softball-size, her previously-petite nipples apparently having followed suit as they poked out into the unyielding fabric of her blouse like pencil erasers.

*This type of growth took place over months with all kinds of hormones and chemicals to let the body to stretch*, she thought, unable to turn off the scientific part of her mind despite herself. *Is it...changing my chemistry?* Her ass and hips gave a pulse of growth as if to answer, further tightening her pants, pulling them more taut over her clit and vulva and making her gasp. *Is it chemically increasing secondary sex characteristics? Like a second puberty...?*

Her breasts pushed out against her blouse, now straining the buttons and allowing glimpses of her tan skin as they grew to grapefruit-size, nipples thickening visibly through the fabric to fingertip-sized, her still-throbbing clit continually stimulated by the specimen who now shifted and—there was no other word for it—began *fucking her* from the inside, undulations turning to purposeful thrusts that made Sofia's body jerk with the force and feeling of it, biting the strap of her bag to the high moan that rose in her throat.

"Ah—ah—ah—ah—ah!" she grunted quietly which each thrust, trying to pin her thickening thighs and hips from rocking with the movement, the unfamiliar feeling of motion rippling through fat at her rear and softball-sized breasts.

"Ma'am...are you okay...?"

Sofia cringed at the voice, at the idea of being noticed while this thing swelled and fucked and inflated her body. "Don't f—ah—feel good," she managed to choke out, the thing still plunging in and out of her.

"Do you need—?"

As if purposefully trying to humiliate her, the thing gave a hard, decisive *thrust* out of her, into her plush vulva and *squeezing* her huge, throbbing clit, making Sofia gasp, making her desperately try to relax the muscles of her pelvic floor to keep it at bay, but—

She climaxed. She managed not to scream, instead opting for a choked sob of "*Nnnoo*," as she curled in on herself in attempt to conceal her body—or as much as she could with her cantaloupe-sized belly and grapefruit-sized breasts. Her inner walls contracted, relaxed, and contracted again as the specimen thickened inside of her, pressing back against the contractions as if in retaliation for her pressing into it before, the feeling of fullness, of her vaginal muscles squeezing something making her shudder with unwanted, humiliated pleasure.

“Ma’am—?”

“Fuck *off-f!*” she growled, voice shaky as she rode out the climax, though unfortunately this outburst drew the attention of even more passengers around her.

“Is she okay?”

“She’s not seizing or something, right? Shaking like that?”

“Might be on drugs or something.”

She hugged her bag to herself, trying conceal herself as much as she could despite the onslaught of attention. She’d just *orgasmed* in front of all of these people.

The thing seemed to detect the pressure of her arms, squirming inside of her warningly. “I—I’m not doing anything,” she pled, “I—I’m sorry. P—please no more.” Miraculously, the thing settled in her belly—and moments later relief crashed into her as she realized they’ve arrived at her stop.

Heat gathering in her face and eyes decidedly downcast, she stood, clutching her bag to herself to hide her swollen form best she could, though she couldn’t do much for her now obviously too-small slacks that strained around her newly-plump ass and thighs. Her face reddened more as she scurried to the front of the bus before she could hear anyone’s reactions, the movement making her feel how soaked the crotch of her pants was. The unfamiliar weight of her body nearly makes her stumble down the stairs as she disembarked, her center of gravity off.

Thankfully, she was the only one getting off at the stop and thankfully, the bus drove away without further incident. She blew out a breath as she watched it go, looking down at her swollen breasts pushing out from under her unhooked bra and her late-second-semester belly beneath it.

She looked obscene—How would she explain this to anyone? How would she get this thing *out of her?*

“A—at least I’ve got you fucking contained,” she seethes, and set off, nearly waddling, to her apartment.