

## Filling Space

A budget charter shuttle, one sorely in need of a paint job, slowly descended to the surface of a nearly-desolate moon. Inside, passengers milled about the dusty cabin as the lights flickered off and on. Some chattered, others laid in a fitful sleep, and a few tried to keep their children from crying too loudly. The packed cabin was a little reminiscent of air travel on Earth long, long ago, which anyone these days would have only seen in ancient videos.

The craft rattled as it docked to the shipyard, which was one of the only notable features on the surface. Besides that, only craters marked the dark, dusty satellite. Once the landing sequence completed, the main port slid open to reveal a pristine, white hallway delving deep underground. The passengers began to crowd and press through at a drowsy pace. Among them was a young woman with her coat's hood pulled low, just past her eyes. They all trudged along as those moving a bit faster gradually pushed to the front and split off, including the woman with the hood. Back in the transport, stewards swept through to wake up any stragglers and shoo them off the ship.

The woman kept a brisk pace down the tunnel. She could see an opening a ways ahead, and as she drew closer, the bustling cacophony of noises past the exit became louder. Finally, she emerged in an entry area filled with customs desks and gates. Several other tunnels converged here, bringing even more passengers flooding through from different ships. The woman gambled on which line would be faster and took a spot. After what felt like a few hours, she was finally called forward to a desk.

"ID and visa please," the older woman behind the desk murmured, only briefly glancing up before looking back down at her monitor. The hooded woman dropped a card and a folded document through the chute below the window. "Let's see here... Yahsra B-... Balkien?" She asked, peering back up over her glasses as she stumbled over the woman's last name.

"Balkinnen," Yahsra replied flatly, trying not to sound too snippy after waiting through the several days of travel and long line.

"Right, let's see... Work visa for Cygnus- indefinite... Can you remove your hood, dear?" She asked, holding the ID up and squinting at Yahsra.

Yahsra did as requested, pulling the hood away and revealing her face. Dark brown, wavy hair fell past her bronze cheeks and ended just below her shoulders. Her big, hazel eyes blinked a few times as the harsh light of the room now reached them directly. Yahsra could feel the woman at the desk glancing at her nose, which was a bit big- something she was always self-conscious of.

"Well, alrighty then, let me just clear you in the system," the woman said after a moment, now tapping a few keys. A slot slid open and Yahsra's papers dropped through, along with a

new station ID card. "Welcome to Omigro station. The Cygnus lab is in section B on level 46," she said with a smile.

Yahsra took her things and began to find her bearings in the station. Past the checkpoint was a large area filled with people waiting to get through security for departures, roughly matching the number flowing in from customs. Through the main entryway to that room, the structure became truly cavernous- practically an underground city with buildings reaching up dozens of stories to meet the ceiling, which simulated a sunny Earth-like sky on its screen. She looked around in awe, idling on the walkway as electric bikes zipped around in the vehicle lanes. Eventually, she found her way to the central elevators and hopped on one.

She waited through several other stops as the large platform descended, then stepped out onto the 46th sublevel, which was about halfway to the very bottom of the base. There was still a decent amount of open space here, but it was definitely more cramped than the top level. It felt much closer to the typical interior of an orbital station. She set onto the labyrinthine route to Cygnus as the other passengers getting off on the level split off into various other directions, likely toward their housing areas.

Yahsra finally arrived at what appeared to be the lab entrance. It was pretty sterile-looking and unassuming- about what one would expect for a professional research firm that doesn't need to attract customers. She pressed a button on a keypad outside and swiped her station ID when it prompted. After several moments, a tinny \*come in\* buzzed out of the little speaker on the pad, and the doors slid open. The interior was somewhat dimly lit with lots of flat, stone-like surfaces and some stylish furniture in a waiting area.

"Welcome. Yahsra, correct?" A thin woman called from behind a large, granite-textured secretary desk.

"That's right," Yahsra affirmed, approaching the desk. She placed both of her IDs and her Cygnus contract on the desk, and the woman looked them all over.

"Alright, this all appears to be in order. Glad to have you here," she replied with a smile after a few moments, returning the documents. "I've just sent over information about your quarters, as well as some program details and a schedule. Feel free to reach out if you encounter any issues. Good to see that you travel light," she noted, glancing at Yahsra's lone backpack.

Yahsra gave an affirmative nod and thanked the secretary, then pulled up the information on her datapad before navigating to her assigned room. She saw only a few people coming and going. The dormitory pods only seemed to be in sets of four, and most of the occupants must've either been busy, already out for the day, or sleeping in their rooms. Yahsra had heard that, depending on what tests she would undergo, it was possible that she would be advised to stay in the facility for a couple of days at a time for observation.

She arrived at her pod and fiddled with her ID at the keypad by her door, pausing for a moment as she could hear some faint noises coming through the next door over. It sounded like someone moaning, but she couldn't be sure due to the sound-proofing. Yabsra swiped the card and stepped through the wide door. The accommodations were actually fairly nice- easily better than any other place she'd stayed. All the rooms and furniture were surprisingly large compared to the usual cramped station interiors. She had a quaint lounge area with a comfy-looking couch and standard customizable faux-window display, a full personal bathroom, and a bedroom with a queen-sized bed.

Her datapad pinged with a message before she could really settle in. The sender was listed as 'Operator' and the message ordered her down to a nearby exam room. Yabsra dropped her bag and hurried over, not wanting to cause any problems on her first day here. Luckily, it was a pretty quick walk.

It was truly a mystery what Yabsra's time here would hold. She didn't even know what might happen tomorrow. They could have her testing something straightforward like a new pain medicine or vitamin, or some cutting-edge procedure with untold side effects. It was unfortunate, but this was about the only sure way to eventually get a research position without being a top graduate from a well-renowned school. Yabsra's chemistry doctorate meant basically nothing for someone just starting out, so she would 'put in her time' like most other graduates in the hopes of having the job she actually wanted. It was an unspoken rule across most major research firms, and it ensured they had a good supply of dedicated test subjects.

Yabsra knocked on the exam room door, and opened it after a few moments of no response. A woman in a lab coat and surgical mask sat at a desk in the far corner, and she spun around suddenly as Yabsra entered.

"Oh! So sorry, I didn't hear you. Yabsra, correct?" The woman inquired as she crossed the room, sliding some kind of lens-covered visual apparatus off of her head. She shuffled some things around on her cluttered desk and grabbed a few instruments and syringes, seemingly at random, before motioning to an exam table.

"Yes, that's right. I was asked to report here. Are we doing some kind of baseline physical?" Yabsra asked, sitting on the table as requested.

"Well, a rudimentary one, yes. On paper, you're already the perfect candidate for our metabolic study," she explained. "So we'll be starting immediately."

Before Yabsra could ask for details, the woman stuck her with a syringe. Yabsra recoiled in shock, but regained her composure after a moment. At her demand, any further injections would come with some kind of notice first. This 'Operator' woman didn't explain a whole lot about what was going to happen other than that she should expect an increased appetite and metabolism, and should return biweekly for analysis. Otherwise, Yabsra was free to spend the rest of her time on the station doing whatever she pleased. She was also given a stipend card

for any food on the station since the tests were likely to increase her costs. It seemed a little overkill, but she wasn't going to complain about a literal free lunch. After the exam, she headed back to her quarters to catch up on sleep.

The next morning, Yahsra awoke feeling mostly normal, but by the time she blinked the blurriness out of her eyes, her focus went straight to how hungry she was. It wasn't too unexpected; she had pretty much skipped dinner the previous day with all the onboarding procedures. She threw on some clean clothes- a spaghetti-strap cropped top and some scuffed up cargo pants- and headed out to see what was around.

Yahsra wandered the level's endless hallways until she finally found the shop district, mostly navigating via her nose as the scents of various foods began to overpower the slight odor of ionized air. A burrito shop immediately called to her, but selecting from the menu proved to be a tougher task. The breakfast chorizo and bacon/potato burritos both sounded amazing, according to her stomach, but they looked massive. Even if she managed to finish one, it would probably keep her full until the evening. With some light mental gymnastics, she convinced herself that she could try some of both and save the leftovers for later. It was a decent plan, since she'd be thinking about whichever she didn't get for the rest of the day anyway.

She watched the cook grill up the meats and eggs, then slide them into their respective tortillas, then adding cheese, and fried potatoes alongside the bacon one. He made the gargantuan effort of actually wrapping the things up look trivial, and both looked like they were about to burst at the seam, but somehow stayed in one piece. He slid the two beasts into a big paper bag, which couldn't even be folded shut at the end with how full it was.

Yahsra eagerly took the bag, surprised by the heft of it, and swiped her stipend card, then grabbed a soda from the machine near the register before searching for a table. She spotted an open one in a quiet corner, but froze in her tracks as a pastry shop set out some fresh croissants and donuts.

*"Don't listen to your stomach," She told herself. "You can't even finish what you've got right now, you won't want anything else, like, two seconds from now anyway."*

She took a seat and returned her focus to the burritos, unwrapping the chorizo one first. It was incredible- smoky, a little spicy, and rich from all the cheese. The plan was to eat about half of this one and half of the other, but after what felt like just a couple of minutes, she was down to only one or two remaining bites. It'd be a shame to save such a pitiful little portion of it, and she wasn't feeling too full, so she polished it off, taking a moment to lean back and close her eyes as she savored the last bites.

Still not satisfied, and definitely still wanting a taste of the other burrito, she sat back up and refocused, quickly unwrapping it and taking a bite. It was just as good, if not better. The crispy bacon and fried potatoes added a satisfying crunch. She devoured half of it quickly and

paused to consider whether to go through with her plan to save any of the meal for later. She still didn't feel full at all, and since money wasn't an issue, she decided to just go for it.

The second half was gone just as quickly as the first. She balled up the wrapper and leaned back in the chair again, not noticing her hands instinctively moving to her belly. She rubbed the sides, surprised at how tight the skin felt under her palms. As her hands moved lower, it also became apparent that her tight crop top was riding up. Yahsra's eyes widened as she instantly pulled her shirt back down, and actually looked down at herself for the first time. As she let go of the shirt's hem, it immediately slipped back up over the top of her belly.

To her horror, her rounded, bloated stomach was nearly sticking out past her breasts. Her hands rested again on the skin, poking it gently to help convince her that, yes, what she saw was real. It was taut and firm to the touch, and would have easily been enough to convince someone that she was about six months pregnant, were it not for her upper belly being much more pronounced from being filled over a matter of minutes.

Yahsra quickly turned her chair away from the view of anyone else in the food court. She kept rubbing it, as if she expected it to start going back to normal, and didn't really know what to do. This breakfast was easily the most she had ever eaten, honestly more than she could even imagine a person eating at all, and it was a shock that she still wasn't full. She expected to probably be eating more and burning more calories, but the fact that she could suddenly put away this much in a single meal just one day after being injected was a shock.

In the absence of the usual full feeling she expected, Yahsra did begin to feel something else. Her hands continued to explore her belly, massaging the tight skin, and she didn't want to stop. Even the risk of embarrassment wasn't enough to deter her. A couple of her fingers inadvertently brushed over her now-shallow belly button, which elicited a sensation that made her immediately return them to the spot. She pressed her middle and index fingers firmly against the sensitive button, which caused a gasp to escape her lips, as her knees clamped together and her hips pressed forward.

Yahsra's eyes widened again as she blushed and looked around, snapping out of a slight trance. She quickly stood up and threw her bag away, opting to bring the soda back to her room, despite how thirsty she felt after eating so much without even a sip. As she passed by the pastry shop on the way out again, her willpower crumbled. She purchased a big variety box to snack on for the rest of the day.

She had to brace a hand against her belly as she walked, learning quickly that a brisk pace was far too much to expect in her current state. Her belly felt heavy and tight, but wasn't telling her it was tapped out by any means. Eventually, she got back to her pod and carefully sat down on the bed, cracking open the soda and finally taking a swig. Yahsra kicked her legs up onto the bed and leaned back against the headboard as she flipped the TV on, taking some more gulps from the bottle. She picked a channel after some surfing and went back for another

drink, surprised to find only drops left. How could she have finished a liter and a half before even finding something to watch?

It certainly showed on her stomach. She had digested precious little of the breakfast, and her upper belly was bulging out even further, forcing her to lean back more. She was so big that the weight of her breasts upon her stomach was uncomfortable, not to mention her bra beginning to strain against her tight skin. Now in the privacy of her room, she decided to just ditch her clothes, save for her panties, which hadn't become a problem yet.

Before long, her stomach was drawing her attention away from the show again. It loudly rumbled and churned, prompting more intense massaging. A few light burps bubbled up, but barely enough to relieve the pressure. Yahren was so focused on what was going on in her tummy that it didn't even register when she passively flipped open the pastry box. That was, until her hand went back to grab something and found no purchase, causing her to look at the now-empty container in confusion.

The feeling was short-lived, as this was becoming a pattern today. Yahren let out a huff and leaned back, continuing to massage her gurgling gut. The activity inside, along with the weight and pressure, had her head buzzing, almost like a high. She couldn't stop rubbing the sides from the top down to the bottom, taking in just how big it was. She could easily be mistaken for being eight months pregnant. The fullness was also finally setting in a bit as the pressure had increased.

A more intense, sudden belch burst from her lips, breaking her out of the trance-like fog. There was a bit of an ache, not a stomach ache, but like a need waiting to be filled. She traced a finger around the edge of her belly button as she mentally prepared to press it again. She brushed over the sensitive dip on her stomach, now more acutely feeling the buzz in her lower body. She rubbed it again with a little more pressure, causing her legs to tense up and her hips to flex, which forced another gasp from her. Her other hand went to meet the heat between her legs, finding that her panties were already thoroughly drenched in the front.

In the comfort of her room, she didn't even need to think twice. She slipped her hand under the waistband and slid her middle and index fingers into her pussy. She pressed them upward and rubbed gently. It was surprisingly difficult to reach past her rounded stomach. Moving her hand the way she wanted was a little strenuous, as her arm already had to press firmly against the side of her tight belly, which didn't really have much give. Desperate for more pleasure, her other index finger traced light circles around her belly button, brushing over it occasionally.

That aching need intensified as she pressed the butt of her palm against her clit, gliding her fingers in and out easily with how much she was dripping. Her breaths became heavy, and any burps that built up were released with a panting exhale as she continued.

Finally, she couldn't stand the temptation any longer, and pressed her belly button again. Yahsra's legs clapped shut around her hand as she gasped, then let out a sultry groan. Her hips gyrated against her hand. She kept moving her palm in what little way she could, managing to still press and rub her clit between that and her bucking hips.

She kept rubbing and prodding at her sensitive navel. With this full of a belly, it had surprisingly become nearly as erogenous as her pussy. Her inner thighs were soaked, and she soon found herself nearing an orgasm. Yahsra flipped onto her side, eliciting a loud slosh from her gut, accompanied by a sharp belch as the contents of her belly settled again. She humped her hand vigorously while the other cycled between clutching her taut, swollen belly and playing with her belly button again when the overstimulation faded enough.

After practically no time, Yahsra gasped and arched her back as she came, gushing warm juices onto her hand, which splattered across the sheets in front of her. The way her belly pressed outward as she tensed up and pumped her hips made her appear even rounder. Each exhale became a moan as her hot, quivering pussy crested the hills of her climax.

As the intensity subsided, Yahsra was left lying on her side, still occasionally shaking in the aftermath. She took deep breaths, causing her belly to rise and fall with each, as she regained her composure a bit. There was an unmistakable look of satisfaction on her face, with her eyes gently closed, accompanied by a content smile as she gently rubbed the side of her gut.

After a few minutes of orgasmic afterglow, she gingerly sat back up. The fullness was setting in a little more intensely now that the horny part of her brain was no longer driving. Yahsra glanced down at the mess she'd made of the sheets and sighed. She occasionally needed to clean up after masturbating, but usually laying a towel down was enough. She doubted it would have sufficed this time.

She slowly stood, bracing one hand on her belly like a pregnant woman, and another on her lower back as she leaned backward to stretch. She pulled the fitted sheet off the bed and threw it into the laundry machine before heading to the bathroom to wash up, waddling a bit and clutching her belly as she walked.

Once she turned on the shower, she caught a glimpse of her side profile in the bathroom mirror and paused. Yahsra stared at her huge, bloated gut in awe, now able to see it from another perspective. She really did look pregnant- very far along at that. She held her belly and turned to face forward, causing her breasts to wobble as she moved. From the front, she was still absurdly huge. The sides of her tummy bulged out a bit just above her hips as the feast had slowly settled, rounding her out more evenly. Her generously-sized chest didn't look quite as buxom with such a huge gut beneath them, but there was still something she liked about the look. Eventually, she managed to stop staring at herself, shaking her head in disbelief of the whole ordeal as she proceeded to wash up.

(more chapters coming soon)