

# “ASTRONAUT FOOD”

*A Cosmic-Horror Slob Tale,  
By Z.O.B Industries/Zaftig Obsessions*

## PART 1: TEMPTATION

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*“When I was a little girl, my dad used to hit me, when I misbehaved. “You won’t tell your mother,” he said to me, “because if you do, I’ll send you to el orfanato.” The orphanage. It was an awful thing to tell a kid, but I believed it. Part of the reason I got into science was that I stayed in too much—trying to stay out of trouble. Trying to stay on Dad’s good side.... Negative reinforcement is a dangerous tool. It can motivate, but it also creates an eternal bitterness. Mom never offered me much positive reinforcement, only grudging acceptance when I succeeded, so I never really knew the*

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*rush and the pleasure of reward, until NASA.*

*I chased that dopamine high all the way into space.”*

--Journal of Eliza Gonzalez, PROJECT OUTBOUND logs

They found it orbiting Saturn. It didn't show up on radar, not at first, and Hubble never even caught a glimpse of it somehow. It was so huge that it caused a shadow on one of Saturn's moons; that was how they found it. That was how they knew where to send the probes.

And presto, as soon as a probe bumped into the Craft, it lit up like a Christmas tree. Millennia of micro-meteorites had probably pummeled it, but it had stayed silent. Now, a manmade object prodded the thing and it came to life. Bio-luminescent membranes flickered in the dark. Fiber-optic cables pulsed under massive sheets of anti-radiation armor grown from modified bone. The thing was terrifying, vast, enormous. It was empty.

It was their ticket to the stars.

Eliza woke on the first day of her shift with a pounding headache. They still didn't understand the stasis pods that filled the middle section of the Craft, the spinning section that simulated gravity. After years of tests, NASA and the other nations had decided they were "safe enough." What they didn't say was that submersion in the life-

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extending liquid would give you a hell of a hangover.

Climbing out of the vat of bubbling ooze, she groped for an oxygen mask. The inside of the ship stank of stale air... which made sense, since no one had breathed it for three years. Three years was the maximum amount of time they trusted the Craft to keep human bodies safe; any more than that, and the fluid began to effect small changes in cellular structure. Eliza's job was to make sure the fluid got a dose of proteins and enzymes that would keep it stable.

She pulled the breathing tubes from her nose, rubbery lengths of flesh, and with distaste popped one out of her backside as well. God, this ship is disgusting. Standing firm, she looked at her reflection in the chrome-like bulb of one of the Craft's control panels. A little muscle atrophy after three years, but still looking sturdy: broad hips, firm shoulders and her mother's long curly black hair, currently soaked in alien juices. There was a patch of fuzzy happy-trail over her privates, as she hadn't exactly been able to shave while in stasis. She shivered, and dug a bathrobe out of her trunk of belongings. There was much work to do.

"Log activate," she said to the dangling chain of microphones rigged throughout the spinning wheel. Red lights blinked. "Eliza Gonzalez, American branch of Operation Outbound, awake and out of stasis." Her stomach growled, and excess gas inside her churned—a result of pickling in that stuff, no doubt. "And hungry." She farted inadvertently as her insides adjusted to normal metabolic rates, and blushed. "Computer, delete that last soundbite. Okay, time to give these guys their three-year snack."

She followed her training, hooking tubes of bone into the stasis pods. Her teammates slumbered there, naked and dreaming. They still knew virtually nothing about how the Craft worked, so she followed the research to the letter, hooking the tubes up to NASA's home-brewed enzyme culture and letting it drip through the viscous

membrane of the pods to nourish her slumbering friends. The doses would take days to complete, but she was in no hurry. Everything was automated, and she wanted a snack.

The artificial gravity generated by the spinning wheel of chitin, pressurized air and organic metal around her kept her stable, as she made her way to the “mess hall” section. Reheated astronaut food was no picnic, but it tasted delicious after spending years basking in a puddle of skin-absorbed nutrients. She chatted with the friendly but idiotic cook-ware AI, and scrounged up a jumpsuit. “Log, make note: Previous crew caretaker did not properly wash the uniforms before going under.” She sniffed the pile of clumsily folded clothing. “Previous caretaker also had terrible B.O. and does not fold laundry well.” Rude, but it would make for a laugh in three years when the next pilot woke up. She had no idea how a ship full of women made the uniforms smell this bad, but they did. Maybe NASA hadn’t stocked them with any deodorant.

Women. It had to be women. The pods, it seemed, would not activate with men, or even a fifty-fifty ratio of men to women. No, the ratio had to be over a hundred to one, females to males. The NASA technicians could only puzzle at this, before shrugging and surrendering to the asinine will of the Craft. Thus, a new generation of female astronauts had been raised and trained relentlessly inside a decade— hailing from Russia like her training partner Karenina, or her sparring rival at the Cape Canaveral gym, Chunhua Xiang. And then there was her, the half-Latina badass offspring of an army woman and a crazy house-husband. Well, the Craft needed knowledge, not ancestral pedigree—and she had knowledge. Plenty of it.

She also had severe gas. “Ugh! Take note, log: Pre-stocked rations have a high carb content yielding the same results as baked beans.” She did some calisthenics, making the smelly uniform even more so, and then finally washed it. No need to waste water on a ship where every drop was precious. Supposedly, the nose of the Craft collected ice particles and melted them for supply use, but she didn’t trust this alien hunk of junk. It had just been left in their solar system, complete with instructions. Who

knew if it was benign? All they knew was that when you filled the pods and pushed certain controls, the autopilot kicked in and started furrowing space-time in the direction of a distant solar system. Currently, they were racing across the interstellar gulfs at just under the speed of light, a bubble of warped spacetime projected ahead of them and pulling them in its wake. No, she didn't trust the Craft at all. Because no matter how hard they tried, the scientists couldn't tell what laid on the other end of this journey.

Of course, mankind had to go. Terrible gastronomic noises or not. Just think of the possibilities, the understanding to be gained... The stench. A raunchy *brrrrappptf* rumbled out of her as she checked their course, and she grunted in annoyance. This was going to be a long trip.

The weeks slipped by easily. She played every simulation game they'd been able to pack; she maintained the weird pseudo-organic system of the ship as best she could. She slept fitfully on a military cot and awoke at every clank and hiss of steam. Most of all, she tried not to think about the fact that she was alone. Utterly alone, between the light of distant stars.

Something caught her attention after a few months of sitting around and eating MREs and protein bricks. The sphincter of tissue between the wheel sector and the rest of the ship—the unknown part—kept opening.

It would flash open in the middle of the night, or afternoon (time meant nothing out here, but she did her best to estimate based on the ebb and flow of the organic light-nodules) like a pink flower opening in the roof, then snap shut. She saw the flash of tunnels above and the hiss of atmosphere escaping, then it would close again.

It was bizarre. Nothing like this had been noted in the tests. Perhaps the ship was broken? If so, it was a smelly problem; a weird musk came from inside the doorway

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when it flapped open, and she wrinkled her nose at it. But they'd been told not to mess with the rest of the ship.

After a while, of course, curiosity enticed her.

She was bored, absurdly bored after six months, and getting out of shape. No amount of jogging and push-ups could stave off the hefty muffin top that accumulated around her waist, flopping inside her uniform like a donut of stored calories jiggling and rubbing against her jumpsuit. Eventually she decided, fuck it. If the Craft was built stupidly enough to kill all of them with a sphincter-vent malfunction, the aliens who built it probably wouldn't notice if she accidentally broke a few things.

So she stuck a cleaning broom in the sphincter.

The whole wheel section jerked to a halt. She was thrown off her feet and became immediately weightless, nearly smashing herself on a bulkhead. Finally, terrified, she swam-crawled through the air to the gap and looked through.

A long, fleshy green tunnel covered in weird cables led up into the main body of the ship.

Ambition had always been her downfall, at school. Her lofty ideals were not shared by other students, and so she'd had few friends even at Yale. She crawled up the pipe not out of some death wish, but out of sheer raging curiosity and desire.

She had to know.

## ASTRONAUT FOOD, PART 2: SEDUCTION

Chunhua Xiang awoke with a flashing red warning light pulsing in her peripheral vision. She reached for the side of her nutrient tank, slapped the release catch. The hood of the thing slid up and to the side, its diaphanous membrane slick with enzymes.

The warning light was a red klaxon they'd attached to one of the Craft's mysterious computers, wired into the life-support system, and she immediately knew what it was for. The light was going off because a "pilot" had died or abandoned her post. Chunhua struggled to lift herself out of the tank with atrophied muscles, pulling nutrient tubes from her throat, and immediately found something that made her grimace with revulsion.

She'd grown fat in hibernation. Well, not fat: "chubby" was a more accurate term. A plump potbelly, striped with stretch-marks, bulged from her middle. Her slim, toned astronaut's body had softened, porked up. It was infuriating. Someone, somewhere had fucked up—and she would find who was responsible.

Heaving herself out of the stasis pod, painfully conscious of the way her newly frumpy ass wobbled and her belly bounced, she groped for a towel and jumpsuit. Something smelled off in the pod ring area: had one of the other travelers died? This would be a regrettable event, mostly because of the stench and cleanup needed, but also because it would reflect badly on the People's Republic. They expected there to be casualties, of course: you didn't fly an alien ship across the galaxy without some difficulty, and it was entirely possible they all might die on this mission. But every life

lost would make her country look less competent, less able to use the gift they'd been given for the good of China.

She was annoyed by how ill-fitting the jumpsuit was: her small, pale bulb of a gut rubbed uncomfortably against the front of it, and she was surprised to find it a bit snug around her breasts, too. "Well, at least I got something out of the screw-up," she muttered in Mandarin, cupping her chest. Ooh, they felt nice, too. Likely over-sensitive from bathing in proteins for so long. A suppressed, subconscious desire to pinch them took her, and she crushed it automatically, as she'd crushed all sexual urges from a very young age—she was a servant of the Party, and there was no time for pleasure on such a schedule. Right now, she needed to find out what had happened in here.

The air was hazy; she squinted, and saw tiny particles floating over the brightest screens and controls of the Craft. Contamination! She rushed to one of the compartments they'd installed, and withdrew an oxygen mask. She had already put it on before she realized something was wrong: the tube running from the mask to the oxy tank had been cut.  
Sabotage.

Fear curled in her newly swollen middle. Who could be behind this? The Americans? They would certainly be delighted to fabricate a story about a Chinese takeover of the Craft, but somehow she doubted it would be this simple. No, it had to be the Russians. Only their crew members were stupid enough to think a woman trained from birth to fly this machine would be defeated by a sliced oxy tube.

She patched it up using electric tape and a few careful adjustments of the tank to make sure the pressure wouldn't burst her makeshift seal. Finally fresh oxygen flowed into her lungs and she shook her head, trying to clear it.

An American had taken the first shift. She remembered that much from the drills.

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Eliza somebody, a big-bottomed brown-skinned woman whose cheery attitude had been offensive. Their business here was serious, more serious than most of the other passengers knew. For it would be China who made first contact with the creators of the Craft; no other option was acceptable. To share the glory with other countries was unacceptable.

Had Eliza met some misfortune and died trying to operate the Craft? If so, she supposed it was one less problem for her to deal with. Lack of a pilot would explain her current pudginess: she'd been overdosed with nutrient fluids, over-fed in her sleep, her body betraying her by fattening up into a plump parody before she'd had the chance to awake. Even now, she felt uncomfortably full, liquid meals sloshing in her bloated gut.

**“Urrrrrp.”** Her soft belch echoed through the ship, wet and meaty, reeking of unwholesome bio-slurry. It was shameful, but nothing could be done about it.

Curious, she explored the Craft's ring section. A rhythmic banging sound was coming from another part of the ring, and she noticed as she walked that her feet lifted too far off the ground. The ring had slowed down. Gravity was not at the normal level. That stupid American! Lower gravity meant lower bone density—and a weaker crew! No wonder she felt so flabby and tired.

She approached the banging sound, curiosity pulling her. Always suspicious, she pulled a fire ax from the wall, one of the few precautions they'd been permitted to take as far as weapons. No guns was an obvious rule, but you could do a lot with an axe; there had been multiple UN summits before it was determined the world leaders were being idiots. Astronauts needed tools to survive. And to complete her mission, she'd need to be ready for any possibility.

The banging sound was coming from an aperture in the ceiling. A broom handle was half-stuck in a hole in the top of the ring: the hole in the ring aligned with the outer

portions of the Craft, the forbidden sections. She was, of course, destined to explore these and take control once the other crew members were “accidentally” killed. But it appeared the idiot American had done something so stupid that it defied comprehension: she had tried to breach the gap between the ring and the outer craft, alone, with no other crew members at her back. What insanity was this? No other crew had awakened, so it couldn’t be part of a U.S. covert operation. No operative in their right mind would enter an alien ship without backup.

Curiosity, she thought, and shivered. This had all the marks of a misplaced exploration; perhaps the American had thought herself a modern-day Magellan, squeezing her big disgusting butt through the Craft’s tunnels in attempt to be the first to know what lay in that direction. Or perhaps she’d sought to take control of the thing for herself. Utter foolishness: even their strongest scans hadn’t been able to penetrate the Craft’s larger sections. The alien creators, it seemed, had not wanted humanity tampering with their designs.

Well, there was nothing for it: she would have to awaken her comrades and find the American. But she wasn’t meant to activate them until it was time to kill the other crew members, and if she failed to do that, the records on the Craft would show she’d pulled her Chinese friends from slumber early. Suspicion would fall on her. Frustrated, she pondered a way to solve the mystery.

The next “pilot” to awaken would be Russian, and the Russians were not as idealistic as Americans. They would be happy to use any evidence of wrongdoing as a chance to exterminate the Chinese crew members. She would need an ace in the hole: some way to sabotage the rest of the non-Chinese crew without—

**Frrrrrrrrtpf.**

She jumped at the sound, then squinted in fury. It had come from her own rear.

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Her body was revolting: so overstuffed with calories and nutrients, it was literally venting the pent-up gas from her long sleep as she stood planning her coup. It was... not exactly a dignified backdrop for her plans.

***Frrrrumppttf.***

She blushed furiously and tried to hold it in, but the farts wouldn't stop. The smell, rich and offensive like fertilizer, seemed to slap her in the face. "Disgusting..." Then she had an idea.

She'd been overfed because the American hadn't been here to control the nutrient inputs.

What if the inputs were to "accidentally" increase, in the other pods?

Congratulating herself for her genius, she went to work immediately. A computer command would be traceable; instead of using the consoles, she simply worked to expand the dilation areas of the tubes, the stopgaps that kept the other crew members from being stuffed beyond belief by their own nutrient tanks. She made sure not to open them all the way—she didn't want any exploding crew members, at least not for now. But the Americans and Russians were in for a nasty, flabby surprise when they awoke. "Stupid capitalist pricks," she chuckled at one of the pod passengers, a freckled woman with large breasts and a serene face. "Let's see you represent your country when your belly hangs down to your knees..." She wasn't sure if the pods would fail-safe the sleepers out of slumber if they got too fat, but she was betting they wouldn't. In fact, the most likely outcome was that the pods wouldn't fail-safe until the sleepers began getting cardiac arrest from their own obesity.

After a pause, she moved from the American and Russian pods to her own nation's. It would look suspicious if they emerged skinny and the others came out bloated masses of flesh; even a single nonChinese survivor might point the finger at the

Party, and that was unacceptable. So she only dilated the feeding tubes a little on the Chinese pods. Her comrades would be plump and unpleasantly out of shape, perhaps with a little asthma, but nothing compared to the overflowing piggishness the others would display.

The work took many hours, and she went through several oxygen tanks. Chunhua didn't realize that the jury-rigs on her oxygen tubes hadn't worked; she didn't realize that the moment she'd breathed the contaminated air from the rest of the ship, her fate was sealed. Only when her belly growled with hunger did she snap out of her hyper-focused work coma and return to the consoles.

"Need some food..." The MRE's she found were distasteful, but they served. She re-heated one, gobbled it down despite the chalky texture and flavorless paste, and then another. And another. She'd eaten six of them before she realized she was stuffed... but still hungry.

"Must be the metabolism change..." She prodded her gut, now stiff and firm with the results of her feasting. MRE scraps littered her jumpsuit, and were smeared around her mouth. She wiped them away with a loud belch. Somehow, being a bit of a pig didn't worry her at the moment. She also didn't worry—for some reason—that she'd taken her oxygen mask off to eat. It seemed perfectly natural.

What wasn't natural was the tightness of her uniform feeling... pleasant. As if some sort of switch had been flipped, the severe constriction of the cloth felt intimate, enjoyable. Almost... *sexy*? Confused, she pushed these thoughts away. Psychological changes were to be expected on such a long journey. She would meditate them away before bed.

But the heaviness of her stomach in her lap... the weight of it, the heft of it. It seemed to hypnotize her. She found herself rubbing it, kneading it, and soon a single

word slipped from her lips, still stained with bland sauce and crumbs:

*“Wǒ xiǎng yào... gèng duō.”*

*I want... MORE.*

She did. She did want more, and this desire scared her. She wasn't gluttonous by nature: no aspiring astronaut was, or they'd be failed out of the psych tests her country had rigorously applied to her. She'd once fasted for almost a week just to prove her ability to overcome deprivation. She'd nearly died in that part of training, but it hadn't mattered, because she'd shown her mettle. She'd proven herself. Yet now she reached for another MRE, and another, their containers flash-cooking the food as it was opened. She gobbled it down, piping hot, and didn't care when it burned her tongue and throat, her almond eyes overflowing with painful tears. She wanted more. She needed more.

“Must be... infection...” It was the only answer. Something from the rest of the ship had tainted her, fueling this greed, this insane terrifying hunger. She forced down four more MREs before her body began to reject the food, vomit rising in her throat. It dribbled out the corner of her mouth before— to her utter disgust and panic—she swallowed it, seemingly helpless to resist the desire to do so.

“Shit. Shit, shit, shit!” Groaning and belching, farts squeaking from her lumpy ass as she staggered up, she fled for the med bay. Well, waddled: her stuffed state prevented a rapid jog, because that might make her puke, and for some reason she couldn't accept the possibility of leaking a single calorie from her body. She simply refused, on a fundamental level, to give up a single drop of the sloppily digesting food inside her. It was utterly unlike her—she'd purged her stomach to make weight for the Party's astronaut program. What was happening?

She took anti-histamines, sedatives, anything that would calm her shaking hands

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and slow her obsession with food. Yet she found herself stumbling, crawling back to the food stores, hauling out protein bars and bagged milk-substitute, gorging herself, astronaut food splattering over her body and sliding to the floor. Every lost drop seemed painful for her, and she grabbed at the crumbs and flecks, which moved slowly due to the bad gravity. Finally she'd eaten almost all of the stored food designated for her. It seemed impossible: those supplies had been stocked for a full three years' shift, and she'd forced it all into her gut, which now split the seams of her uniform and hung in a grotesque bulb from her frame. Somewhere in her mind she knew this wasn't physically possible: her skin was stretched too far, growing too fast. Something had modified her genetics. Her biology had been hacked. But the rest of the food was identity-locked; short of cutting off another pilot's finger, she had no way of getting to it. And she considered this. But at last she realized she could try somewhere else: the forbidden sections of the ship.

As the aerosol retro-virus in her blood converted every last calorie to fat, accelerating her lipid storage, she staggered towards the broom handle the American had left behind. Had something similar happened to her? Had she deliberately exposed the rest of them to whatever hung in the air around her? She belched and moaning, groping her hanging belly, which was roughly the size and shape of a yoga ball but far heavier, more dense, sagging off her and threatening to rip itself loose by sheer weight. Somehow her painfully stretched skin hung onto it, and kept her intestines from bursting loose and spilled their stuffed lengths over the deck. She began to long for death as the gas attacks hit her harder. A record. She needed to warn them—warn her countrymen. She slapped at a nearby console. “Computer... **HURRRRPpff** start log... **BRRRULCH**. Air is... tainted. Use oxygen masks. Sabotage, the Craft has been...”

She grunted and a huge fart erupted from her, filling the ring area with its yeasty stink. She leaned on the console, saliva and pulped MRE rations dribbling from her lips. “Can't fight... urge to eat. HIC! Ugggh. Body has... expanded... impossibly. **BRUH-huuRpp**.” She was dizzy, disoriented, yet somehow... aroused? How was that possible?

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That toxin or disease must have rewired her neurons—an insanely complex task to perform inside a few hours, and one that told her they’d vastly underestimated the Craft’s dangers. “Going into... main sections hurrpffh,” she groaned into the microphones. “Try to... cut off the tainted air... find the American. **BRUHULP.**” She puked into her throat again, and swallowed it, the stomach bile burning her esophagus. But she needed the food inside her. She couldn’t explain it, but she needed it.

“Have to jam the aperture open. Father...” She felt childish leaving such emotions exposed on a public log, but she felt ready to burst. Another mouthful, a single bite, might kill her if she found more food up there. “Father. Hic! I’m sorry I... failed you, and the Party.” She signed off just before another vile fart roared from her backside, making her cough and gag with its stink.

Using the fire axe, she jammed the hole in the ceiling open—just as the American must have done. The spinning of the ring stopped, and she floated into the air, weightless. It was just as well: she doubted she could have kept standing, with all this disgusting weight in her midsection. She reached out and groped for the opening. It was tricky, but she managed to get into the tube. The fleshy opening seemed to pull her inside, her belly dragging on the warm, wet walls. She felt as if she were being devoured by some terrible beast. Only her own pained whimpering and the gross, ever-present sounds of her flatulence and greasy burps told her she remained alive. Eventually the passageway opened up into an enormous space.

Brushing her shoulder-length hair out of her eyes as it floated free, she saw enormous walls covered in some sort of bone-like material, and high above, huge bulbs or tanks of some kind pulsed and sloshed with an unseen liquid. The place was nightmarish, womb-like; she’d known the creators of the Craft used bio-tech, but this was on a scale and level of advancement they’d never expected. She was curious and excited despite her panic and pain.

There! In the light of strange fleshy illumination-strands growing from the walls, she saw the American's face, meshed with the wall. She kicked off and floated her bloated, farting body up towards the round, brown face.

As she got closer she shivered with disgust. The American had become grossly fat; not surprising, considering whatever lurked in the air up here, but she was beyond simply obese. Her coffee-and-cream skin was distorted with flesh; only her head poked out of the red meat and strange bone-tubes of the walls, but it was clear the body embedded in the wall must be at least several hundred pounds. Her cheeks had grown into jowls that flapped free in the zero-G environment; her eyes were hazy and distant. Strange hypodermic needles of bone on strands of flesh occasionally prodded her neck, injecting her with something. With every injection she gasped, moaned and thrashed with what looked like rapture.

"Oh! Oh, *fuck* yes!" The strands of her hair were meshed with the wall, keeping her face upright so that the Craft's frightening apparatus could more easily reach the flabby brown folds of her chin and neck.

"Gonzalez! **URRRPppf**, status report!" She landed on a ridge of massive vertebrae and waved at the woman, trying to get her attention. Eliza turned towards the newcomer, blinking at her through a haze of drugs. Inside the walls, tendrils slithered around her massive legs and toyed with her loins; every touch was laced with endorphins that were absorbed through the skin of her labia and clitoris, thrilling her so deeply she could hardly focus long enough to form words.

"Chinese... chick! How's it... URRRRuuumph, hanging?" The load of feeding-slurry in her belly, much like the stuff from the pods but far more potent and delivered in gallons and not droplets, sloshed and gurgled inside her. It felt so warm... so peaceful. "I remember... you... URRpftt." She giggled, drunk on dopamine and biologically produced morphine substitutes. "You got *fat!*"



“Speak for yourself.” Chunhua was disgusted. The Craft had done something to this woman, but she also felt that the woman had done this to herself; she’d been stupid enough to come up here, after all. At least they now knew the purpose of the Craft: it was no diplomatic vessel. It was a prison, a prison of pleasure and poisons. She would not be taken in so easily as this American pig. “Can you get free? I can hurrp, get you out of there if you help me stop all of this.” She nodded at the horrific bio-machines around them. A shadow passed over Eliza’s swollen features.

“No way to... stop it. HURRP. This is our destiny, honey...” She bit her flabby lip as deep inside the wall, a flower of fleshy fronds tickled her dripping womanhood. “F-f-fuck! It’s a pleasure cruise, gordita! All you can eat, all you can burrrp fuck, all you can cuh... Cuh... C-come!” Her eyes rolled back as the expertly engineered masturbation tendrils brought her to climax, her overburdened heart pumping inside the flabby mess that her once-fit body had become. “Just let it happen... Just let the Craft t-take you,” she gasped. “It’s so easy...”

“Weakling.” Revolted, she nevertheless made an effort to save the American; she might need the girl as evidence, after all. She reached in the chin folds of the fat woman’s neck, struggling to gain a fingerhold. It was in vain; the folds and flaps were too sweaty, and she was too distracted, an illogical rush of blood to her groin making her pant and gasp with ridiculous, misplaced arousal. The Craft’s microscopic agents were pulling her strings, now. She even though Gonzalez looked... a little sexy, all puffed up and helpless like that. It would be so easy to just reach in and kiss her. And slip off her pants and straddle that fat, stupid American slut, force her to lick and lick and—

“NO!” She pushed away from the wall, and as she did, a flash of bioluminescence inside the meaty cliffs illuminated Eliza’s body. Chunhua’s estimates of “a few hundred pounds” were vastly, horribly wrong. The bulk of the woman’s shape stretched nearly fifty feet from side to side; visible through the vaguely transparent Craft walls, she was

enormous, bizarre. Fed and fucked into a blob as tall as a rocket booster and nearly as wide as the wings of a space shuttle.

“God, no, no!” She tried to swim through the air, but Eliza’s giggling announced a new horror: wriggling, wet tubes descended from the ceiling, slick with lubricant, seeking out a warm mouth to invade. They were attached to the vast “tanks” of liquid, and as one of them reached for her, she realized she was now part of the “cargo.” Screaming and thrashing in zero-G, she batted away the six-inch-thick ropes of flesh and tubing, but it was no use. Exhausted and overfed, atrophied from months in a pod, she was a lost cause. Four tendrils curled around her limbs; one began methodically stripping away her clothes with a toothlike extension, and another toyed with her lips, patiently waiting for her to drop her guard as it plugged her nose with twin cilia. As soon as she opened her mouth to breath, it would have her, another fattened calf for the ship’s larder.

She wouldn’t let it happen. She could hold her breath for longer than any of the other Chinese pilots; she’d been the strongest swimmer. But when a warm, slimy length of tubing coated in micro-barbs loaded with pleasure-inducing chemicals brushed the hair around her crotch, she gasped in surprise and horror... and a little bit of delight.

That gasp was her undoing. The feeding tube jammed its way past her teeth; the cilia exited her nose and a thick, tasty glop began pumping down the length of the thing and into her throat. Filling her belly. Filling her up, like force-fed livestock.

Her panic peaked as the lower tendril tickled the mound of her crotch—and then washed away as hormones in the feeding slurry flooded her system, reproductive urges kicking into overdrive, hunger ravaging her at the same time. Driving her insane with lust and greed. Now she knew why Eliza was so gleeful: giving in was fun. As grotesque as all this was, the Craft played her senses like a symphony, dosing her with ethanol and amphetamines and barbiturates in steady pulses, sending her into a limp, gluttonous

coma of swallowing and squirming. She thrust her hips out against her will, her body begging for more even as her mind broke under the strain of conflicting pleasures.

*No no no no no NO—*

A final, wet fart broke out from her hind-side, and it seemed like a flag of surrender. Her brain was buried in delicious chemicals, and she sank into a beaten, battered acceptance, becoming nothing but a bag of meat and desires.

Eliza had been right.

This *was* easy.

### **ASTRONAUT FOOD, PART 3: REALIZATION**

Something was wrong. Ilyana Sokolov sensed it, even before she woke up: in her biologically induced hyper-sleep, she felt constrained, crushed, and had dreams of struggling to squeeze into a skintight ballerina's outfit much too small for her frame. She had always been a big, sturdily built girl: her parents came from Ukrainian farm stock, and their pale features and strong jaw had been inherited by their daughter. So had their large shoulders and her mother's ample breeding hips. But in this dream she was not on the family farm, reading war reports by moonlight as she had done as a child: she was trapped backstage, at the Bolshoi Theater, her large feet jammed into too-small shoes. The stage director was scolding her, cursing her, telling her she was too *big* to be in

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ballet, why had she ever bothered, she was nothing but a big fat dairy cow—

She awoke to the flare of red warning lights and a buzzing electronic voice. “Warning. Warning. Maximum pod spacial capacity.” For a moment she couldn’t understand what was happening: she seemed swaddled in some warm and smothering material, rather than drifting in her stasis pod, like she’d expected. Then the lid popped off of the pod, fluid gushing over the sides, and she sat up.

Well... Tried to. Pulling the nutrient-respiratory tube from her mouth and throat, she looked down at herself, astonished. She had gone into the Craft’s stasis tube a heavily muscled, sturdy freckled astronaut, towering over the others like a queen at six feet and change with her pale skin and sizeable bust. Now, she was a caricature. What she’d taken for a foreign material crushing her inside the tube was actually her own body. Her waist was a huge inner-tube of white fat, bulging out in the front in a venerable sagging apron of flab. Her sides were decked with slippery rolls of flesh, her prized breasts had flattened and grown cone-like with extra meat.

A string of Russian curses sounded in the empty ring-portion of the Craft as the Slavic woman heaved herself out of the vat, shaking with fury. She’d been overfed in her sleep—stuffed, more like it. Even now, gas churned inside her body, her guts overloaded with the nutrient slop that they had carefully measured before leaving. She was a heifer, a disgrace, and as she blinked away sleep several ugly facts presented themselves.

One, she was fat. Frustrating, but she could deal with that. What she couldn’t deal with was the fact that *every other astronaut*, asleep in their stasis pods, also seemed to be fat. Flesh clogged the cramped spaces inside the pods and pooled up against the glass hatches. Bellies bulged and oozed under the transparent domes, and sleeping faces were jowly with flesh, grown round and moon-like. She knew immediately this was no malfunction—this was an act of sabotage.

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Another ugly fact: there was a clear contamination problem in the outer ring. The passage between the ring and the center of the Craft had become clogged, somehow. Gravity was extremely low: perhaps the Craft was still spinning under its own power, but the ring had stopped rotating around the center, and a large amount of weird-looking bio-matter was creeping in from above. Tendrils of weird vegetation curled out of a hole in the ceiling, and an old broom handle—its paint peeled with age—was jammed into the aperture there. Ilyana shook her head. Trust the Americans and the Chinese to fuck up something as simple as this.

She floated over to a supply locker, pulling out a space-suit designed for a woman much smaller than herself. Squeezing into it was both humiliating and embarrassing, old gas bubbles in her intestine squeaking out of her blubbery ass as she fought to pull the stretchy material over herself. Finally she did, tapping the seals on the helmet to make it airtight. She could only pray that whatever had floated in here from the Craft wasn't toxic. Her military training allowed her to identify changes in bio-rhythm or mood that might be caused by biological agents: Russia was no stranger to industrial accidents, after all. But right now, all she felt was hungry. Very hungry.

She pushed off the grated floor and drifted upwards, grabbing the broom handle. Billions of dollars in R&D, and this was what endangered the mission? Idiots. She pulled it out, noticing as she did the intricacy of the plant life growing down through the Craft's tunnels. It seemed to mesh with the walls, creating a burrow of moss and phosphorescent leaves that was almost fairytale-like. Ilyana didn't trust it one bit. Her country's fairy tales never ended well.

With the obstacle removed, the ring should have begun spinning again. But nothing moved. Frowning, she began digging at the leaves and vegetable matter around the opening, pulling it off in clumps. However, even when she cleared the crap away, the ring still didn't jerk loose. Something else was blocking it, further up the tunnel.

Her nerves jangling with unease, Ilyana pulled herself up the passageway. It would have been easy going except that her large body was foreign to her, and she kept getting winded and having to pause. Worse, the motion seemed to be agitating more gas-bubbles in her gut. Thick, rumbling farts sounded from the back of her spacesuit, and she wrinkled her nose in disgust as her own fumes wafted up into her helmet. “Nyet, nyet! That’s—urp—disgusting!”

But she couldn’t take the helmet off. The alien growths were thicker, up here, winding in fleshy tendrils across the tunnel. It was getting hard to move. Despite her training, she felt claustrophobia set in as her flabby waist began to brush against the twisting roots and the vein-covered masses of weird sprouting bone. Ilyana pushed on, refusing to accept her obesity, refusing to accept failure. *She* was in control here. *She* would save the mission. Her motherland demanded it, and just because she’d gained a few pounds in hibernation didn’t mean—

She got stuck.

Her bloated gut and wide hips wedged firmly in between two ridges of flesh-plant, and no matter how she wriggled she couldn’t get free. Panic began to set in as she struggled. Sweat plastered her forehead, and nervous flatulence added humiliation to her fear and pain.

“Can’t... fucking... breathe...”

Her anger and terror got the best of her, and she removed her helmet to get a better look at the obstruction her fat had squeezed into. The instant she did, some of the tendrils around her came alive—and wriggled towards her mouth.

She was too shocked to avoid the darting, grasping flowers, and they pushed past her lips, squirting a thick warm fluid onto her tongue. She sputtered and swiped at

them, cursing, but they pushed deeper. The tendrils pulsed with alien liquids, which squeezed up towards her throat. The flowers and their squirting buds were oddly pleasant-tasting, sugary and sweet.

The fluid soaking into her mouth and throat was even better. Slightly sour and smoky-flavored, it instantly deluged her senses with pleasant sensations. Tingles ran down her body, centering in her loins. Her hunger roared into overdrive and she had the sudden and illogical urge to just suck, and suck, and—

*Fuck this!* She pulled a chunk of loose metal from the wall and began stabbing the things. They screeched in the zero-G as she sliced them into bits, spitting out the flowers and wiping her mouth. Soon they hung dead in the passageway, still dripping that delicious yellow fluid.

This was bio-weaponry, she realized. And on a scale that Earth had never seen. Just a taste of that yellow junk was enough to make her want more—it had to be loaded with addictive molecules, and the delivery system was quite clever. She admired the sinister design of it, even as she wondered at its purpose. Why send the Craft to humanity loaded with addictive alien substances? Was it a test? Had the Chinese shift worker and the American already succumbed to their own greed?

She shook her head. It didn't matter what had happened to them—if they'd given in to this weird forest of alien delights, it was their problem, not hers. She had a mission to complete, and by God and the New Tsar, she was going to get it done.

Reaching out, she grabbed a globule of the yellow liquid. Every cell in her body screamed at her to suck it down, but she ignored the urge, instead wiping it on her pillowy middle, smearing it on the unpleasant bulges of fat that had wedged her into this crushing tunnel. She realized as she did so that she didn't have much time: fresh tendrils were already slithering down the tunnel, and her helmet had floated away. If more of

those flowers got into her mouth... well, she'd seen what happened when a human being became a slave to chemicals, to pleasure. That would not happen to her.

The smeared globs of pleasure-paste on her waistline had the desired effect—she popped free with a wet sound and a slap of fat-folds, and continued on her path, jabbing at the tendrils to make them retreat. It worked, for a while. Then she ran into a new and more unsettling obstacle.

Some kind of membrane, or balloon was stretched across the far exit. Caramel-colored and diaphanous, it was a slowly quivering mass of jelly-like substance. She prodded at it, curious, and was surprised when it jiggled in response. Some kind of door, perhaps? Its superficial resemblance to human skin unnerved her—in the lights from her suit, she could see the tiny peach-fuzz of hair and pores. It was *skin*. The epidermis was well-moisturized and soft, the flesh beneath yielding and flabby.

It was clear, she thought, that the creators of the Craft had used bio-sciences to litter their spaceship with all sorts of pleasant traps. This was another one. Pushing at the fleshy wall with her glove, she found it compressed slightly beneath her hand. Just enough to create a cleft she could wriggle through.

A flower caressed her cheek, leaving a trail of numbness and tingling neuro-receptors behind. She struck at it. She had to get out of her, or one of these things would get in her orifices and she'd be screwed. So, she pushed and heaved at the fat-wall until it yielded enough for her to wriggle her ample bulk through the gap.

Immediately she was pressed against bone-ridged walls by the soft, repugnantly warm and odd-smelling brown flesh. She wrinkled her nose in disgust. Whatever this bio-machine was, it smelled like a fertilizer factory. Fumes stung her eyes as she struggled to get her bearings: the fleshy thing extended up and out of sight, and from



side to side, as far as her lamps could show her. Refusing to return to the alien pleasure den of the tunnel, she forged on. The fat was a worthy opponent, requiring careful maneuvering so she didn't get wedged against the wall and asphyxiate. Choking to death on fat, she thought, was not how the Motherland wanted her to go.

The wall of meat began slowly to turn into folds and rolls: cascading, countless meaty slabs of adipose, all bound in a tight prison of creaking skin. Sweat and musk filled these folds and made her gag in disgust. This animal was disgusting!

Finally she reached a space where the fat didn't crush her to the wall. Taking advantage of micro-gravity, she boosted off the floor and up towards the “ceiling” to get a better view. She wished right away that she hadn't.

The face of Eliza Gonzalez, the first “sleep shift” astronaut, loomed up at her out of the dark. It was recognizable only by her long curly hair, freckles, and soft brown eyes. Everything else was a nightmare of monstrous proportions. Her head was sunk into a pillowy mass of fat that had buried her neck in countless rolls and left her features a jowly, flabby abomination. In her mouth was a long tube of some organic substance; her fat lips were wrapped around it, and she was guzzling fluid that pumped down its length from above. Ilyana didn't dare look up to see what other horrors she would find. Instead, she tried to handle the situation with medical detachment.

Eliza could not possibly be alive, she reasoned, at this level of obesity. The sheer amount of weight should have long since crushed her organs and liquefied her bones. And then there was the matter of how she'd gotten so obese. Human skin wasn't meant to stretch like that—the body at some point should have simply expired from the effort of trying to pump blood through what looked like a few thousand pounds of meat. It simply wasn't possible for the woman to be still breathing... yet she was, raggedly and around the tube of feeding material. And as she watched, those big dopey brown eyes

landed on Ilyana and winked at her. As if teasing her.

“This... this...” There was no protocol for this. Still, it was possible she might be able to get into the control chamber of the Craft somehow, regain Russian control of the vessel. It was hard to see in this dark pit—the only light came from biological sources and the weak glow of her suit's incandescent strips. The walls were organic and far above, a vast balloon of whiteness hung in the dark, undulating. Perhaps the feeding bag for the tube in Eliza's mouth.

Tucking her knees to her own bloated stomach—she was still furious over the unacceptable fact of her own obesity—she spun down towards the American woman, ricocheting off of her fat with a soft thwump. She grabbed the hose, and with difficulty, began pulling it out of Eliza's mouth. Foot after foot of wriggling tendril emerged... the damn thing had a direct line to her stomach. Once it popped out, Eliza gasped and wheezed. She must be under great respiratory stress...

“Ilyana? Is... **HURRRuorrrp**, is that you?” A blast of wet gas burst from her mouth as she spoke; there was so much of it that the Russian was nearly blown back through the air. “Did you come to join... the... party?” she giggled, her eyes bleary and unfocused.

“You're drugged,” said Ilyana, frowning. “This... thing. It's made you stupid. You are of no use to me if you are stupid.” And so she slapped Eliza, hard, the smack of her hand striking the woman's flabby brown jowl ringing through the empty space.

Eliza groaned. Somewhere beneath her, there was a rumble of digestive movement. It sounded almost like the hiss of hydraulics, pressurized gas bursting from her other end somewhere deep below. The scale of the woman's grotesque body made Ilyana shudder, but she waited patiently for the astronaut's doped-out brain to register the pain.

“Ow,” said Eliza finally, blinking. She hiccuped, orange feeding fluid spattering over her many chins. “I didn't know you were—hic!--kinky.”

“I need you to tell me what happened,” said Ilyana, fighting back the urge to vomit.

Eliza grinned. “Only if you... **HWORRP**, pinch my titty first.”

“Wh-what?”

“My... titty. It's somewhere over there.” She wiggled her hillock of a head towards the far end of the chamber, her hair floating around her face. “Nipple's probably big enough to fuck by now, if you want. And I'm so... So.... Dios mio!” Her eyes rolled back as another rumbling fart boomed, down below. “F-fuck, that was a good one,” she gasped, panting.

Ilyana pinched her nose as the humid, rank air around her became even more unbreathable. She wished she'd held onto her helmet. “I will hit you again,” she said, serious. “This mission is compromised. You will tell me where the controls are, and what happened to the Chinese woman. Now.”

Eliza yawned. Hiccuped again. “Sweetie, why are you so stressed? You gotta... **HURRRurp**... learn to relax.” And she passed out, so blissed on whatever the ship was feeding her that she simply lost consciousness.

“Wake up!” Ilyana raised a hand to hit her again. “You stupid cow!” But then she heard a noise that made her pause, horror in her chest.

It was another burst of flatulence. This time, coming from above her.

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Looking up, she squinted at the pink balloon bobbing and swaying there. It was easily sixty feet across, even bigger than Eliza—so her mind had automatically determined it was too large to be human. But... if the Craft had done this to one woman, why not two? Horrified, she realized her answers lay with Chunhua, the second sleep shift astronaut. Or... whatever she had become.

Boosting off of Eliza's snoring, farting blob of a body, she tumbled towards the pink mass.

**ASTRONAUT FOOD - ENCODED TRANSMISSION – *Translated from  
Russian***

*Emergency broadcast on all frequencies. This is Ilyana Sokolov, Russian participant in the NATO-Russia Space Partnership Program. I am a cosmonaut participating in joint ventures between our countries for the benefit of all.*

*Or... at least, that's what was supposed to happen.*

*The Craft we were sent onboard is a trap. It is loaded with highly engineered spores, biological constructs and substances, all designed to addict and fatten those who dared to believe in a brighter future. In contact with an alien species.*

*We did not know why the crew had to be mostly female. But I think I know why. This vessel is not a diplomatic ship, or a transport designed to bring us to glorious cultural exchange far off in the stars. It is a breeding pen for fattening cattle. That's why the ship wouldn't move without a certain amount of women on board—it's designed to prevent inbreeding.*

*This is a generation ship, loaded with bio-weapons, used for the intent of fattening us up like cattle... and then what? I have no idea. I can't fathom why a species would go to this much trouble, this much effort, to turn us into bloated pigs. But I am going to find out.*

*My fellow voyagers, including "sleep shift" astronauts Eliza from the U.S. and Chunhua from the People's Republic of China, have already been compromised by the Craft's bio-weapons. Eliza is a pleasure addict and has somehow reached several*

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*thousand pounds, the Craft's technology keeping her alive even while it... mates with her. Chunhua is so large I haven't even been able to find her head, or her genitals, or anything. She's just this whitish mass of flesh floating in micro-gravity. I don't know how the Craft is keeping either of them alive at this size, or whether it's even possible to reverse what has been done to them. For the last few days I have been using dwindling supplies to fight off the creatures and tentacles the Craft sends after me, and searching for Chunhua's face in all this meat. Today I found what might be a hand, with five stubby... flesh-hills that might have once been fingers. I am getting closer.*

*But I find it hard to maintain morale. Even the legendary resilience of Mother Russia shivers at the sight of these... these things, the swollen horrors my fellow women have become. It makes me sick. And there's something else.*

*This cavity... at the center of the Craft, where the victims are being stored, it's enormous. We knew the Craft was huge, the size of a small moon, but we never imagined the scope of it. The scale. The walls in here are miles apart, lit only by bioluminescent flashes and... and they appear ready for more "passengers." Eliza has already been absorbed into one wall, and Chunhua is floating free in the open space here, but even her colossal obesity is dwarfed by the empty gulf around us.*

*I... I think there is plenty of room, up here, by design. Above the ring section, there are spaces for more bloated astronauts. Many more. I think if I am not careful... I will become one of them.*

*Currently I am bouncing this transmission off the equipment we left in the ring section. I cannot be sure where we are, but I've extrapolated our coordinates. If you receive them... Please. Help us. Don't let me become one of these things. If my transmission stops... don't enter the ship. Destroy it. Better that I die, than become like these... monsters. This is Ilyana Sokolov, signing off.*

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## ASTRONAUT FOOD, PART 4: SURVIVAL

It had been a week since she'd sent her last transmission back to Earth.

Ilyana Sokolov shuddered awake from dreamless slumber when she found a warm, pulsing tendril of fleshy matter trying to push into her mouth. Several more were wrapping around her tubby arms and legs. She was in a tiny alcove made of bone in the side of the Craft's central shaft. The proximity alarm jury-rigged to warn her had been smothered, its insistent beeping muffled by mossy cilia.

"Gah!" She swiped at the fleshy things. They were growing out of the wall, she saw: clearly the Craft had noticed her presence during the night, and gotten the best of her again. At least this time it hadn't injected her with any drugs. The last time, she'd been so high when she woke up she'd actually let one of the tendrils molest her. She retched at the thought now.

Pushing free from the alcove, she smacked into a wall of yielding, pale-white meat that extended as far up and down as she could see. It was almost translucent in its sunless alabaster color, and she cast her flashlight up and down it, kicking aside the tendrils as they followed her from the cave.

*Chunhua.*

The Chinese woman was so immensely huge, so mind-shatteringly fat that Ilyana had been mapping her surface for three days now and still hadn't discovered any trace of

a head, much less limbs. The skeletal structure of the Asian astronaut was buried under so many meters of fat that she was incomprehensible, anatomically—completely inhuman.

But Chunhua had possessed the wake-up codes for the other astronauts. They were made as a precaution, back on Earth: jealous countries, worried about sabotage, had ensured that each astronaut would memorize a set of wakeup codes when they came out of hibernation. But when Ilyana had checked the spinning hibernation ring, she had discovered Eliza never punched hers in. She must have been distracted, by the alien infestation.

Which meant the only working set of codes had been memorized by Chunhua, sometime during her shift. She needed to get those codes if she was to have any hope of alerting the other astronauts, and starting a rebellion against the Craft.

All this meant she needed to find Chunhua's head. Assuming the woman could still speak, that was priority one. First though, there was the matter of her own body. Ilyana was starving: the appetite enhancers inside the Craft's "food" had taken hold of her the last few days, after her rations had run out and she was forced to suckle on the weird wall-teat things around her for food. The milky juice they secreted was rich in calories—she'd gotten even fatter since entering the central shaft, a fact that infuriated her—but it also boosted appetite to an insatiable level. She'd been fasting since the previous day in response.

Now her stomach roared to life, gurgling and groaning as if it didn't have an enormous pocket of fat to thrive on. She slapped it, frustrated: this was no way for a soldier of the Motherland to behave. Weak, greedy, relying on alien God-knew-what for food! But she only dared to go back into the spinning ring once a day, when her cabin spun by the opening down below. Any other part of the ring could be... compromised. Mechanical maintenance had obviously not happened, and she heard unpleasant groans

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from the ring day and night. Anyplace but the familiar would be very dangerous.

“Alright... If we must.” She kicked off Chunhua’s bloated, impossible shape, a ripple spreading outward from where her boots had struck. She spun in midair under the effects of micro-gravity, and ended up with her feet planted on the wall.

“Urrgh...” Her instincts made her want to vomit at the sight of what she was standing on. A field of weird, mammary-like bulbs, some of them as big as beach balls, sat jiggling on the Craft’s walls. They bobbed and dangled in the zero-G, and some unwholesome part of her—the part that had ogled other ballerinas back in Novosibirsk—found them oddly alluring. But she wasn’t here for pleasure, only business. You couldn’t function without fuel, and her newly fattened body was no exception.

Her space suit had been constricting her, so she’d unzipped the top half and let it dangle around her waist, her enormous gut spilling out and her breasts bouncing in the vacuum of space. She still wore her helmet, to protect against the force-feedings of the Craft, but now she raised the visor and knelt over one of the bulging, disembodied breasts.

*God, forgive me.*

The “milk” was sweet, almost honey-like, and hit her tongue in a dazzling burst of euphoria. She tried to stay calm, knowing this was just some cocktail of barbiturates and dopamine-releasers... but it tasted so fucking *good*. She had meant to just swallow once, but she found herself guzzling, licking the warm alien nipple, pulling every inch of sweet horrible juice from its flabby glands. Her nose and mouth were filled with intoxicating, exotic scents and once the swollen breast was flat and limp and empty, she immediately turned to the next one. *More. More! MORE—*

Then the small AC-DC battery she’d hooked up to a homemade collar around her

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neck delivered a timed zap to her epidermis, and she flinched, slapping at it. The fog over her vision receded, and she trembled, struggling to control herself. Every cell in her body just wanted to hug these foul things, to hump them, to stick a hard stiff nipple up into her...

*No.* She was a soldier of the Motherland. She had self-control... unlike the pathetic American and the massive Chinese girl who had come before. She could still beat this thing. Spitting on the wall of breasts that were her only sustenance, she kicked away. "Someday I will burn every single one of you."

The wall did not respond. The teats, bloated and dripping with milk, bobbed and weaved in a gentle breeze from somewhere else in the Craft.

Ilyana began her daily task of mapping Chunhua. It wasn't easy.

She was using hull paint, taken from a supply locker in the outer ring. Every dozen meters or so, she marked the girl's flesh with an X, to indicate parts of the colossal body she'd explored. She pulled herself along by grabbing folds of fleshy meat, but unlike the pleasure-ravenous Eliza, Chunhua made no sound when she grabbed and jiggled the heaving folds. Something different was going on with Chunhua, something more sinister. If Eliza was a pleasure junkie, Chunhua had become some kind of machine: eating and eating through some unseen mouth, growing so large as to defy possibility.

She noticed with despair that before, the X's she'd marked had been ten meters apart. Now they were twelve, fifteen meters apart in some places. The woman was getting bigger: not at an exponential rate, but certainly fast, too fast. If she didn't find the astronaut's head soon...

*Don't think about it.* The idea of being trapped in deep space, alone with only the

Craft's mind-bending drug tendrils for company, terrified her. But she kept her cool. She was, as far as she knew, humanity's last hope. Because where there was one Craft, there might be more.

She hauled herself along, struggling to get a grip on Chunhua's fat. The skin was tighter today, more stretched, as whatever fed the bloated mass of a woman sped up its pace. She wouldn't have thought human skin *could* stretch that fast, without bursting. The chemist in her wondered if it was some sort of moisturizer—and for that matter, how did the girl stay clean? What happened to her excrement?

She wasn't sure she wanted to know the answer.

As she moved, she heard a deep bass rumble from inside Chunhua's guts. Somewhere far off, but still close enough to hear, there was a booming wet burst of noise... and a distinct musky odor.

***BuurrRRrRrrreeeaaaRRRRRRPTFFFtt...***

More flatulence. She wrinkled her nose; Chunhua and Eliza both seemed to be emitting huge amounts of gas as part of the mutations working on them, but Chunhua's were definitely larger and fouler. She clicked down the visor on her helmet, sealed it, and connected her oxygen hose.

*Wait a minute.*

If the sound had come from Chunhua's rear, that meant she still had an ass... or an anus, or *some* identifying feature amidst all this formless flesh. If she could somehow get a measurement of it, she could extrapolate where the astronaut's head might be. Of course, to get closer would also mean immersing herself in the woman's gargantuan farts.

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*The things I do for Tsar and country...*

She pulled herself toward the sound. Even through the helmet, the bursts of gas were deafening the closer she got to the source. Each rumbling cascade of intestinal noise brought a small earthquake of flab-waves, and she struggled to stay attached and not fly out into the Craft's empty center. Finally she glimpsed, through a fog of humidity on her visor, what might be the outline of a cleft.

She wiped the humidity away, but it was coming from inside her helmet as well. Her chunky cheeks grazed the compound glass of the helmet, and her breathing was ragged and labored. Being this fat was deeply unhealthy, she knew, and she could have covered much more ground with her old body. But the aliens' trickery had ensured she had nothing to eat in here but fattening tit-slurry. She couldn't wait to order a tactical nuke into orbit, and watch with her comrades from a safe decontamination bunker as the deep-space feeds told her this terrible place was no more.

*All in time, babushka. You must focus now. Focus on... She shuddered. Focus on this... ass.*

The vast cleft was indeed Chunhua's ass. The canyon of it was so deep, and so compressed with flesh, that she couldn't even find a center where the gas was coming from. It just burst from the depths of Chinese fat like subterranean vapors. Each time the woman farted, the expanding pressure-wave nearly knocked Ilyana loose. She saw dozens of clogged pores on the vast expanse of the woman's ass... and countless transparent, meaty tentacles pushing deep into the canyon. Inside them, being sucked away into some other part of the Craft, were lumps of...

She nearly vomited inside her helmet. So *that* was how the Craft ensured Chunhua didn't get buried in her own filth. All the same, she had a mission to do. She

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got out the primitive measurement tools she'd cobbled together, and began extrapolating the direction of the girl's head.

However, there was a problem. The jiggling cleft of flab extended upwards and downwards into the dark as far as the eye could see. Which end was up? She had no idea which way to go. In the end, the Craft decided for her.

Something emerged from the folds of Chunhua's ass, its many-legged mass writhing towards her. It was a worm, like a huge sea-slug, its sucker-mouth grasping and countless glowing cilia pulsing with biological light. There were fuzzy attachments on its limbs that were stained with sweat. *So that's how she's kept clean.* Were there entire ecosystems inside this ship, all devoted to sustaining the fat blob around her? Madness clawed at her mind as the thing oozed towards her. The absurdity of this place, the horror of what was being done to these two women, pressed in. She didn't want that thing anywhere near her... especially because its tail looked rather phallic, and she knew the Craft well enough to tell *exactly* what that was for.

She pushed away from the fat-cleaner slug, moving along the rumbling ravine of Chunhua's rump in an unknown direction. She drifted through the dark, dodging hills of heaving fat, all the while wondering how the hell this woman was still alive. *The size of the heart required to pump all this blood... It would need to be massive. At least as big as a car.* Had the Craft inflated Chunhua's organs to match the size of the rest of her? What about her bones? The sheer power of the bio-chemistry at work here was disturbing... but impressive. Against her better judgment, she reflected the Motherland could use such tools against the decadent Americans, and the rapidly expanding Chinese. If they could weaponize the Craft's powers...

But then she arrived at something very odd indeed. A cluster of Craft organisms had all crowded around one of the many folds in Chunhua's body, all of them burrowing and wriggling into it. She couldn't understand what she was looking at, but then she saw

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the pubic hair, so spread apart by fat that it was one hair follicle every few feet. She switched her flashlight off so as not to alert the Craft's wriggling servants.

*Her pussy. They're congregating around her pussy.*

Nauseated yet entranced, she watched as a thick rope of flesh covered in stimulating nubs squirted lubricant on Chunhua's vastly obese womanhood, then slowly pushed its way inside. Another half-dozen smaller arms of meat and chitin jostled with each other, their dexterous fronds and frills questing for what Ilyana could only assume must be Chunhua's clit. Every thirty seconds or so, the fat around her shook as atrophied muscles clenched deep inside the blobbish mass.

*Do they keep her stimulated like that all day? All night?* There was, of course, no day and night in the Craft—though she'd noticed a dimming of the phosphorescent nodes around her periodically, every twelve hours or so. The thought of it was mind-boggling. Organisms engineered to give a woman climaxes several times in a minute... every hour, for twenty-four hours a day...

Lonely and miserable inside the Craft, she'd been longing for companionship, someone to talk to. More than that, though, she craved any kind of relief from the terror around her, any kind of relaxation at all. She watched one of the smaller pseudopods as it emerged dripping with vaginal fluids, and was struck with a sudden longing, a burning need that shamed her and made her feel worthless. *I could pull one off the main group. Just for a few minutes, enough to get what I need. They clearly have no problems pleasing a fat woman like me...*

She shook her head. She was miserable, and inching closer to despair every day she spent in this place. But she wasn't so far gone as to start having sex with unknown organisms. Not to mention, every single thing in this prison was designed to dope you up. What if it was a delivery vector for the Craft's mutations? No, she would have to

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find... some other method.

The things continued to ignore her, thrusting and teasing, stroking and plunging. Her cheeks on fire, her overweight body trembling, Ilyana unbuckled the straps around her suit's waist and shoved a hand under the hanging pot-belly that made sleeping so difficult for her.

*It can't hurt if I watch, though...*

Several minutes later, she released her clenching grasp on her own genitals, gasping and panting. She'd drifted above the alien orgy as she'd masturbated and was now far too close for comfort—her needs sated, she now found the alien things disgusting. As she logically should. Using a half-empty fire extinguisher on her waist to propel herself upward, she watched the constant orgasm-fest of bioluminescent pleasures recede in her vision.

Chunhua might be monstrously obese, maybe no longer human. But she had one advantage over the Russian that made Ilyana feel bitter and pathetic, caught in the throes of a ridiculous jealousy that made no sense to harbor.

At least Chunhua didn't have to face this place alone. At least she had somebody... or *something*, to keep her company. To please her.

Her stomach starting to rumble again, her skin greasy with sweat and lack of bathing water, her body so flabby and revolting that she could hardly look at herself, Ilyana envied Chunhua. And not for the last time, she wondered what it would be like to just give in. To pull off her suit and embrace the debauchery of xenophilia around her. *It would be nice to have company, while I'm going insane.*

But that wasn't an option. She needed to focus on her mission. Wiping her sticky

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hands on the domes of pulsing fat below her, she began moving north, away from the hill-sized *mons pubis*. As she went, she marked off the distance with her squeeze-pack of hull paint. *Ten meters. Twenty. Thirty.* She was getting closer now, after days of work, and that gave her hope.

Because if she had another human being to talk to, maybe she wouldn't give in.

Maybe she would survive.



## ASTRONAUT FOOD, PART 5: SURRENDER

“Good... The suit’s voice recorder still works.”

“This is Ilyana... HURRRP. Ugh, excuse me. This is Ilyana Solokov. For the past two weeks I have been... urrrph, pardon me... searching for my crew-mate, Xunhua. Well... I’ve already found her. But I still need to *hic*, find her.”

“I’m sorry if I’m not making sense. The substances, inside the Craft... They are highly psychoactive. When this damn ship isn’t trying to stuff you full of hormone-laced secretions, it’s trying to drug you until you WANT the secretions. It’s... a nightmare.”

“Have you ever seen... What is the Swede’s name, the creepy one. *Da*, yes... a Giger painting? It’s kind of like that, but... more pink. As if Bosch had an orgy with a bunch of floating tits. I find it hard to... focus, in here. Especially after having sex with... whatever those wriggling *things* were, about half a kilo south.”

“Do not judge. I’ve been in here for WEEKS, just eating high-calorie slurry and ingesting so many cannabinoids that my endocrinal system is almost numb from it. I swear this ship biologically produces nicotine too, somehow. I’ve got the shakes for more of that... blue, sweaty stuff that was leaking out of the walls yesterday. God, that stuff was good...”

“NYET! I will not yield. I will not **urrrrp** go quietly into filth and hedonism like Chunhua and that stupid American. I will fight back against this place. I will find the

Chinese woman's head amidst all this fat, and I will... I..."

"I'm so... sleepy. Sleepy and... I'll say it. I need a *fuck*. It's the only thing that takes my mind off the fear. You know I've been living in between the rolls of Chunhua's fat, for safety? The giant pleasure-mites and tentacles can't reach me easily, in there. I've literally been pulling up a flap of flesh every night and rolling it over myself. And I need to set a **burrrp** an alarm every day, because if I don't, her fat might grow too much in the night and suffocate me."

"My... my father was in the Church. A priest, in Yugoslavia, back when it was just a *bloc*. He used to tell me about Hell, about all its temptations on Earth. But I think this is Hell. Hell combined with all the temptations you could possibly want--drugs, fornication, gluttony. It's all here in the Craft. I think this ship is meant to test our species, specifically our women."

"And I think we're meant to fail."

"Why else would it have cavities in the walls, designed for so many astronauts? Why else would it be loaded with artificial LSD and cannabinoids? A week ago I heard the emergency release alarm coming from the human portion of the Craft--the part we stapled on, to ride it to the stars. That means other astronauts are waking up. All those women, and a few men--as many as the Craft would tolerate--are going to venture up here soon. They'll be trapped."

"I tried sending a warning, but I think something's blocking my signal... it might be Chunhua. Her sheer *size* is stopping my radio from reaching the human engineering systems below. God, she's so disgusting. And yet... I'm powerfully attracted to her. To her musk, her stench, her enormous clouds of flatulence. What is this place doing to me?!"

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“I must... stay strong. I must stay true. The Motherland is depending on me.”

“But maybe I’ll just stop for... a little snack. Some of those glowing fruit, perhaps.”

“Just a little bit... for the road.”

“Mmmf! Fuck, that’s good. That’s... that’s SO fucking good. More, more!  
***Urrrrp.***”

“... ***More.***”

## ASTRONAUT FOOD, PART 6: ASSIMILATION

When the Craft had left Earth, its “investors” in a dozen countries had left certain measures in place, in case the enormous and impenetrable main body of the ship might turn out to be dangerous. One of these measures were the Correction Teams.

These were crews of highly trained warriors, the top of their class in every military they’d emerged from. The Israeli squad, led by Jezebel Burstein, was by far the most professional of these. She and her group could insert themselves into a foreign country, locate a war criminal or hidden terrorist within hours, and extract the target. They’d been sent up into the Craft as an investment--a kind of stopgap measure, in case the aliens turned out to be... less friendly than expected.

However, this crack team of *krav-maga*-practicing Special Forces women needed their bodies in shape to complete their missions. And after the Craft’s larger section had been breached, and the feeding hoses sabotaged...

Well, they had seen better days.

“What the *fuck*?” Jezebel’s heavy Hebrew accent did nothing to disguise her disgust as she struggled to pull herself free from her sleeping pod. Not only was she *grossly* fat somehow, her precious muscles and reflexes buried under useless and exhausting blubber... but the mission was clearly completely fucked.

An alien forest had infested the crew decks.

Groves of winding flesh-tendrils, rumbling masses of strange organic matter... and a constant cloud of brain-fogging spores, all of these had clearly made the human side of the Craft into a biohazard zone. Trying to shrug off the intoxicating rush of endorphins being released in her bloodstream by the strange chemicals, Jessica tugged on a gas-mask and hurried to free the rest of her team from their pods....

But they were already gone.

“Burstein to team, Burstein to team--over!” She tried using a wall radio to signal them, wherever they might be. She even de-encrypted her transmissions. But all she got were distant cooing noises... almost like whale-song.

Shuddering with disgust at her own size and shape, and struggling not to pass gas freely as her disturbed guts rumbled and shifted, Jezebel waddled to the equipment lockers and tried to suit up. Emphasis on *tried*. She became so discouraged by the tiny space-suits not fitting over her newly enormous frame that she simply gave up and decided to go exploring nude.

With sheets of thermal-blanket taped over her tits, crotch and ass to protect from abrasion, she eyed the strange tunnel to the “mystery” portion of the Craft. It was almost entirely clogged with strange growths: waving fronds that tried to stroke and caress her when she approached, and hives of small, flying slug-like creatures which attached to her skin and gave her a jolt of pure amphetamines when they touched her. Swatting them away, she jiggled towards the weapons hold... She wasn’t playing this game. She was the *ultimate* in getting a dirty job done--she’d done contracting with Blackwater, before Bibi Netanyahu’s career went down.

Sometimes, you just needed a little thermite to get a job done properly.

She blew apart the connection tunnel with explosives, killing the creatures inside.

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The thermite was a special gift from the Israeli government--the others would've had a fit, if they knew she'd brought such a terrifying object into deep space. But the Craft could handle it. Engineered to withstand impossible forces, the ship barely even rattled when she pressed the detonator.

And most frightening of all... the tunnel was unharmed.

The creatures and fronds were destroyed, burned up. The obese Israeli woman immediately set herself to climbing up through the gap. It was very difficult... not least because she was somehow nearly three hundred pounds. Just *moving* was exhausting at this size, even in low gravity. Her body was in shock from its own sheer girth and how much work was needed to pump her own blood.

Squeezing through the tunnel was... not easy. She had to grease herself up with machine oil to get through, grunting and farting in a humiliating fashion. Eventually she made it... and what lay beyond blew her mind.

*It's... Beautiful.*

Well, "beautiful" wasn't the right word. "Terrifying" was more like it. The interior of the Craft was alive with strange forms of life: a thick greenish fog in the area hid more distant objects from her, but the whole damn place was full of twining tentacle-plants, crawling bugs that resembled dildoes and kept trying to hump her leg, and floating orbs of liquid which targeted her face, trying to force themselves down her throat. She accidentally tasted one when it burst, and was confused to discover it tasted like vodka. Was the Craft... synthesizing vodka? What the fuck was going on?

Disgusted and horrified, she pushed through the morass... and quickly found what remained of her team. Obese and floating, they were nearly spherical, each roughly the size of a garden shed and completely oblivious to her presence. Her team was

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international, given Israeli citizenship as part of their missions, and she saw Hebi--a Somali woman whose charms and skill as an assassin were legendary--sucking on a long blue tube of some organic substance. Her eyes were glazed over, her lanky body buried under hundreds of pounds of soft, lazy fat.

The rest of the team was the same. Anita Prajeet, her Indian affairs liaison, was so fat in the belly that her limbs were stuck out like tubby protrusions from the wobbling, floating mass of her gut. Her eyes were rolled back as several of those... *creatures* from the tunnel pleased her lower parts with their skillful tendrils. And then there was Ernaline Minsk, the Norwegian woman who had once helped Jezebel and dozens of others escape from a hostage situation. She wasn't quite as fat as the others, but she had some sort of invertebrate creature *melled with her neck* and it seemed to be pumping her full of hormones, her features distant and stupid as she mindlessly masturbated, grinning and belching, her pale face gone soft and saggy with blubber.

"Sweet Moses and Abraham..." There was no reclaiming her team. She had the rest of her thermite tucked beneath her third belly-roll--Jezebel realized she had to destroy this place, right away. She couldn't let her sisters be humiliated like this. It was... inhuman.

Pushing off the floor and heading for the very "top" of the Craft, the far end of the super-structure's cylinder, Jezebel used pressurized-air canisters to keep herself on course. She ignored the building-sized clusters of tendrils that tried to gently nudge their way into her crotch; she barely flinched when a spray of aphrodisiacs made her brain fuzzy and her pussy grow warm and needful. She was on a mission.

At least... for a while.

As she rose through the Craft, the "distractions" grew more powerful. Targeted volleys of drug-laced micro-needles pricked her flabby skin, making her dizzy and giddy.

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Entire membranes composed of a thin, wavering jellylike substance made her feel hideous ecstasy as she passed through them, her skin and fingertips tingling. By the time she'd gone about half a mile straight up, she was listing and swerving, unable to focus.

*Remember Beirut... Remember how hard we fought. I'm not some cow for you to seduce... I am a daughter of Israel, the chosen people's... champion... wow, am I floating? How am I floating? Oh, right, we're in... space. Mmm, I'm so hungry. That dripping nozzle there looks nice... Wanna suck on it....*

She shook her head violently, pinching herself. This had the double effect of waking her up a little and arousing her, even though she'd never been a masochist in her life. In fact, while she was a lesbian, she really didn't give a damn about sex and hadn't thought about it in years. Her training protected her from such impure thoughts. At least... it had until now.

Her mind was not her own. The distant cooing and keening was lulling her into a suggestible, stupid state, a condition of mind where she felt more like a horny teenager than the forty-something elite special ops soldier she actually was.

*I wonder if there are any more cute girls in here...* Her squad was pretty cute, she thought with a drugged grin. Maybe she should go back and say hello... Tell them how much she appreciated them by licking and sucking and stroking their sweet fat helpless pussies until they--

"Aargh!" She had to slap herself this time. But it was working. She was reaching the far end of the vasty empty space... well, not entirely empty.

There were huge pale flabby *things* up here, vast curving surfaces that loomed overhead and jiggled slowly through the dark. They were ominous, unnerving... but also

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strangely beautiful. There was more light up here, a deep blue illumination coming from every alien-infested corner of the Craft, and she could see in incredible detail an *entire ecosystem* of small organisms living on these huge fat blimps. It would have been interesting from a scientific perspective... if it hadn't been so horrifying.

She passed Chunhua's face almost without realizing who the woman was. All she could see was a tiny circle of dark hair at first, and then as the mountain-sized wad of fat rotated slowly in the freedom of zero-g, Jezebel saw the Chinese woman's features--but distorted, horribly wrong and flawed.

She was a truly terrifying mass of flesh, so colossal Jezebel couldn't even see the edges of her--she simply curved out of view to either side, like some kind of fatty satellite or moon. Catching a roll of fat and hanging onto it, Jezebel tried to get closer to Chunhua's fat-slathered face, which was sitting in the middle of hundreds of bloated neck-rolls. But the tubes pumping fattening goop into the woman's mouth broke off and tried to slither towards Jezebel--and she couldn't risk being further infected with whatever was happening to these women. As she pushed off the seemingly endless hill of flesh to jet into the darkness, she heard that whale-like keening again... and realized it was Chunhua's whimpers of pleasure, amplified to hugeness by her sheer size.

It was a *staggering* display of bio-technology, she thought as she drifted away from the monstrously fat woman. Not only was Chunhua in a total trance, which looked to have been her condition for weeks if not months, she was far too large to possibly be still alive. The Craft must have inflated her organs, Jezebel realized. Growing her diaphragm, lungs and intestines to an impossible scale, all so that she could continue eating, getting bigger and bigger and...

***FRRRRaaaaaAAAAPppppppp'ttff...***

The distant detonations of Chunhua's farts made Jezebel's stomach turn. The

stench in the air wasn't just pheromones... it was flatulence. The entire Craft was full of methane.

And that's when it hit her.

*Methane is a powerful explosive. This whole Craft is a giant bomb.* If she tried setting off the thermite, not only would she kill herself in the bargain, but everyone in the Craft. Could she really do such a thing?

*But they aren't really alive... Not in the way we knew, anyway.* A state of perpetual ecstasy and gluttony... what must that be like? She was darkly curious...

*Snap out of it.* She was the last chance--the very last. There were no other Teams in the pod bays, she'd checked, and the remaining crew members had been too fat to help. She hadn't bothered waking any of them, and now she was glad. Because she didn't want them to see this.

*This Craft, whatever it is... it's distilled the worst in us.* Every woman on this mission had been excellent, the best their country had to offer. And the Craft, instead of elevating them or bringing them enlightenment from an alien species, had reduced them to nothing but mindless animals. It had slowly teased out the glutton in all her squad's hearts, had turned the flinty Chunchua into a titanic testament to laziness and greed.

*Earth can't know about this.* She thought about the idea of pleasure-chasing hedonists electrified by the idea of the Craft--debauched people everywhere would flock to such a place. A ship that fucked and fed you into oblivion? Sure, it would seem horrible to many... but countless others would thirst for it. Her species had been given a poisoned feast, by whoever had made the Craft. These aliens clearly had no concern for scarcity or resources--they'd built a mega-structure starship, after all.

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If there were more Crafts coming... they might collect the entire human species. Turn *everyone* into these floating blobs. Jezebel's chubby frame shuddered as she considered the dangers.

*Seduced into being helpless pets... Is that what these creatures want from us?*

But ahead, she saw... something. Maybe a chance. It was a huge doorway of some sort, a puckered blueish-white spiral of strange colors and flesh-tones. A hole passing into another part of the Craft... maybe even a bridge of some sort, a command center.

But it was blocked.

Ilyana Sokov, once the pride of Russia's science program and now nothing but another blobbish mass of fat, was stuck firmly in the passageway. Her upper half was sticking out, as if she'd been emerging from the tunnel. Now she formed a living "cork" that prevented access to whatever area lay beyond. Her eyes were baggy and her face nearly lost in folds of flesh, but Jezebel saw a flicker of recognizance in her eyes.

"Jezebel..." Ilyana's eyes crossed as she belched, tiny specks of vodka floating out of her fluttering lips. "**BRULLLGCH.** Ohhh, *fuck me... Nastol'ko khorosho.*" Her slurred Russian was messy and broken, but Jezebel still knew enough of it to recognize the phrase, usually spoken after a meal. "*So good... So very good.*"

"Status report." She didn't know how much of Ilyana's mind was still in her control, but it was worth a shot to find out. "My team has been... compromised. I need to know what's going on."

Ilyana chuckled. She had a deep voice, almost mannish in a way, that Jezebel found husky and oddly attractive. But her face, beneath its layers of fat and the cherubic cheeks which jiggled when she spoke, was haunted. "What's going on? Look around you.

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The enemy has won. This ship--*nyet*, not a ship, it's a giant **URRRP** organism--has beaten us." She stared into the shadows, eyes distant, spirit broken. "We cannot hope to fight our own pleasures. It knew exactly what to, *hic*, use against us..."

Jezebel nodded, listening. As horrible as Ilyana looked--sleepless, monstrously obese--something inside her just wanted to give the woman a hug. She'd clearly been through a lot. But such touchy-feely thoughts were not to be trusted, in here... they could be symptoms of infection. "I disagree. I'm going to detonate thermite in the command center, or bridge, or whatever this ship has. And it'll all be over." She thought a lie might help: a pleasant one usually did. "And then we'll go home. All of us."

Ilyana coughed, gagged... And a twining blue creature emerged from her mouth, some kind of frill-covered sea-slug thing with tiny limbs and bright colors. Its antennae flicked over her flabby face, cleaning up the crumbs and splatters there, where pieces of alien food had collected. The "cleaning shrimp" disappeared back down her throat, presumably living in Ilyana's stomach--it seemed very comfortable down there.

Ilyana spoke as if nothing had happened. Jezebel realized this horror had actually become *normal* for her: the creatures of the Craft stimulating her, taking care of her. This was just her life, now: a massive blimp tended by strange inhuman monsters. "With de ship full of methane? *Nyet*, my sweet Jewess, that will just kill us all. And it won't work. You can't kill the Craft."

Jezebel's mouth set in a hard line... just as her stomach started growling. A hungry, flabby traitor. It was so *warm* in here, so musky, and something about the sight of Ilyana's swollen folds was making her hungry. They looked like a metric tonne of *latkes* stacked atop each other, all those golden-brown flesh flaps...

*Stop it! You are in control. Center yourself.* She used anti-interrogation mental gymnastics to wiggle out of the hold the Craft had put on her, trying to focus.

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“Why not?” She nodded at the entranceway. “Just move, Ilyana. Even if it doesn’t work... I have to try.”

Ilyana belched, wiggling back and forth. “You think I can get my **URRRP**, fat ass out of this tunnel? I’ve been stuck here for days... with bugs touching me, making me... Mmmf!” She gasped and bit her lip, and Jezebel could see her *fighting* hard against the pleasure the Craft was giving her, struggling not to give in to it. As fat as a house, she was still trying to retain her humanity. It was... admirable.

“And even if you did bomb the bridge,” groaned the Russian, whimpering as something unseen pumped in and out of her loins like a jackhammer, “the Craft will just regenerate... The Craft isn’t a vehicle, Jezebel. It’s a *species*.”

Jezebel’s throat went dry. “What do you mean?”

“The methane... The Craft uses it for propellant. It travels between star systems, hermetically sealed, a whole biosphere--URRRP!--inside it.” Exhausted, Ilyana’s face fell as she came down the crest of another minor orgasm. “MMMf! Fuck! Huff... huff.” She licked her lips as a tentacle descended from the wall, loaded with fattening goo. “*Gulp... gluk*. Urp. The Craft is a living planet, Jezebel. A travelling, parasitic biosphere designed to collect sentient species as its fuel. *We* are the propellant, living in symbiosis. And since we provide for the Craft... it provides... for us.”

More creatures descended from the wall, and Jezebel pushed away, unwilling to let them touch her. The scuttling monsters descended on Ilyana, and she saw the woman was being *pulled* back down the tunnel, lubricant from the monsters’ mandibles easing her way. She was being abducted... for further pleasures.

“*No!*” Jezebel tried to grab at her cheeks, her jowls, her folds, but to no avail. The

only thing she could hang onto was Ilyana's hair, and that was falling out in clumps, slowly being replaced by iridescent blue strands of something alien. The Craft was converting her... Turning her into a part of itself. A living methane-tank, no more sentient or self-aware than a barrel of vodka.

"Dammit!" Jezebel gave up and watched Ilyana slide away into the shadows, her grim and flabby face displaying no emotion. She had lost the battle... but she wasn't letting the Craft have this satisfaction, Jezebel saw. Ilyana's face was the expression of a woman condemned to pleasurable purgatory... but she would fight every step of the way.

Until the Craft broke her. Like the others.

The entranceway sealed up tight with fleshy discs of pressurized material, and Jezebel turned, watching as globes of fatty flesh began looming towards her though the gloom.

The "whales" were coming.

Pale and gelatinous, cloud-like, fearful in their immensity... The obscene, inhuman flesh-balloons that had once been her fellow astronauts, women of renown, floated towards her. There was Chunhua, propelled by her own farts, swarming with an ecosystem of her own like she was a planet and the creatures living on her the tiny inhabitants of her own personal biosphere. Then there was Eliza Gonzales, even fatter than Chunhua, so obese that the space where her head should've been--the center of a "lake" of fatty neck-rolls--was sunken down into a pit of meat, buried by the woman's obesity. Only a distant wheezing and the pulsing of feeding-tubes going down that cleft hinted at the vast brownish bulk of Eliza being human at all.

She began reciting portions of the Torah, the Talmud, anything that might help... But the Craft was her God now, and it wasn't interested in her prayers. The fat Jewish

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woman was set upon by the creatures living on her former comrades. Jellyfish-like balls of twining flesh descended on her, pinning her arms; a series of scuttling worm-like creatures slithered down her fat body and used their combined mass to push her legs apart.

Then, to her horror, a massive tendril emerged from what was once Eliza's left breast. The field-sized mammary was swarming with strange horrors, but this was the worst: a huge coil of bluish muscle emerging from her massive nipple, where it had made a home from the inverted fat flesh of her folds.

It was loaded with a milky substance, something that glowed with phosphorescent micro-organisms. A booster shot of Craft brainwashing... and it was descending to her face, hovering over her.

Then the tendril opened up in a "flower" of erogenous petals, and a tube shot out of the thing and into Jezebel's mouth. She screamed, struggled... but then stopped.

It wasn't feeding her.

It was just sitting there, this tube, on her tongue. Alien and strange and warm, it seemed to be waiting for some cue... some signal from her. It was waiting for her to suck on it, she realized.

*Never.* She would never submit to such an indignity. She was a daughter of the chosen of Zion, for God's sake, one of the women destined to bear the children of the future--

But she was so scared, and so lonely, and so *thirsty*. This gentle, prodding tentacle in her mouth was the only entity she was capable of communicating with... and it was patient. It might wait for days in her mouth, she thought, its rubbery flesh

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resistant to biting or fighting back. It was the perfect parasite... because eventually you *wanted* the terrible gifts it would bring.

The Craft was an immortal lover, and it would wait years if necessary for its beloved to take the bait.

*It needs us to consent. It needs us to WANT its gifts.* This thought, seemingly crazy but eerily on target for her insane situation, chilled Jezebel to the bone. She reflected on what Ilyana had said: that the Craft was a moving biosphere. A seductive tyrant bent on collecting females of all species and turning them into gas-blimps.

*To surrender... To be a part of such a grand, vast vision... Is that really such a bad idea.*

She fought the notion, at first. It was only natural to resist, to play hard-to-get. But as the hours passed and she grew hungrier, strange millipede-like slippery creatures gently pulling apart her labia and vibrating themselves against her clit, Jezebel's resistance wore down.

She had once endured ten hours of torture at the hands of a Pakistani ex-prison warden, hired by Israel to put its most exceptional soldiers through hell for the sake of hardening them. But she only lasted three hours in the Craft's den of pleasures before Jezebel tightened her lips... and closed her eyes... and gave up her humanity....

And she suckled on the teat of the great beast, the devourer, the monster that had come to take Earth's finest and turn them into nothing but fuel. Jezebel felt her sanity slipping away... and it felt good. Gallons of warm, milk-like substance sloshed down her eager throat into her rapidly growing belly, and the cannabinoids and amphetamines and hormones sunk into her system and drove her absolutely *wild* with delight.

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The Jewish special agent was added to the harem, in that moment. Added to the great and monstrous purpose of the Craft, the travelling circus of parasites, the methane-powered gate to the stars. And she loved it. Surrendering her personhood, her individuality, and feeling this great warm embracing Craft take her in, feeling it touch her under every fold and light up her erogenous zones like no man or woman ever could, not in a thousand years...

It was ecstasy. It was sublime horror, a joining of the minds on a spiritual level. The vast many-lobed mind of the Craft and its thousands of living components all devoted to her, loving her in a way no wife ever could. Absolutely committed to feeding and fucking her, twenty-four hours a day. Forcing food down her throat even while she slept, massaging her belly with its thousands of servants. Turning her into a *true* servant of God... the God of pleasure. The God of blissful, mind-erasing female ejaculation, multiple orgasms ripping through her even as thick, wet farts blasted out of her body.

***FRRRrrrAAAPPPPPTFF!***

“Fuck! F-fuck me, *m-more!* יוטר, יוטר!” She squealed and gasped like a pig and prayed, in the back of her mind, that the Craft’s food was *kosher*. Somehow, she didn’t think it was. “Oh f-f-*fuuuck...*” One of the little creatures down below was pressing little legs into her clit, flicking it, pummeling it like an alien mantis-shrimp designed *solely* to pound her dripping pussy. And, of course, that was exactly what it was. A creature bioengineered solely to give her pleasure. A work of art, designed for nothing more than making her cum as hard as possible.

“Fffffffuuuuck--*UNGH.*” Her mind went blank as she climaxed, the little creature backing off just as it finished her ascent to orgasm. She hung in micro-gravity, shivering and shaking with delight, hips bucking under her many layers of fresh fat.  
“**HUORRRP.**”

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***FRRRRWWWWRTTff...***

And there were *thousands* more waiting, *millions*, once that one was finished. A million hellish, sinful delights waiting to rain down on her. Drugs, orgasms, ecstasy, fullness, eating eating *eating...*

Within a few days, Jezebel was the size of Ilyana... and still growing.

That was all she was good for now, of course. Eating and growing. Getting fatter, smellier, stupider with every mouthful, with every crashing and unwholesome orgasm. She was becoming a minor goddess of debauchery, a miniature moon of decadent pleasures.

As she drifted in and out of consciousness, perpetually swallowing and cumming, driven to the very limits of pleasure by the Craft's constant attention, she did spare a thought for her planet.

*Forgive me...*

Because seeing into the Craft's mind, sharing its pheromone-based thoughts and living as one with its systems... she saw the others. Other Crafts, all of them primed to seduce and feed and *fuck*, slowly turning in the darkness and heading towards Earth. A signal had been sent out, a galactic feeding-frenzy triggered. *This species is weak*, said the silent booming bio-electric voice of the Craft, echoing out through alien means and strange bandwidths to its sister Crafts. *This species is weak, and greedy, and horny. It is perfect for us.*

*It will make good fuel.*

Across the gulf of space, minds immeasurably superior to mankind sent out an

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echo of this same transmission, calling Crafts from all corners of the galaxy. Enough to hold the entire human population... or perhaps just the women. After all, the gender with millions of nerve endings clustered in one tiny bundle of flesh, between the legs, was much more vulnerable. The clitoris would be the downfall of the Craft's victims: a perfect tool to force submission, to bring a species to its knees. Combined with infinite food and drugs sufficient to bake a human mind into gleeful, stupid idiocy, the Crafts were ready to reap their terrible harvest.

Humanity was about to see the stars up close... just not the way any of them had ever expected.

**-END TRANSMISSIONS-**