

In the land of bug people a certain mosquito girl was flying around in search of a snack. She was a greedy little mosquito and never wanted to share what she found with others. She acted quite bratty and like a child even. No one wanted to be around her and avoided her like the plague. She didn't care since it meant that she could enjoy what she found in peace without the fear of sharing it. She currently had her blackish gray hair in a curly hairstyle that went over one eye with a dark red bow in it. She had black eyes with dark red pupils and the regular mosquito color scheme. She had incredibly sharp teeth like other mosquitos to bite into flesh and stay on it while they sucked the blood away and four arms. She was known as Moskessa and she hadn't realized yet that her life was going downhill and if she didn't change it soon she would regret it forever.

"There's nothing here! This was such a waste of time!" The girl said as she kicked a tree. A fruit fell from the tree and hit her on the head. She furiously looked at the object that bonked her on the head and picked it up.

"Stupid fruit!" Moskessa said as she picked it up and threw it across the forest. Soon a clang sound was heard.

"Clang? Since when was there metal things in this stupid good for nothing forest?" She said as she flew over to where the fruit had caused the noise. She knocked on it and noticed the foliage covering this foreign object. She brushed it all away and when she looked at the object she squealed with uncontrollable joy at her discovery. It was a holding tank of blood and now Moskessa had it all to herself. Blood was like diamonds to female mosquitos; they were always searching for more and couldn't get enough of the stuff. And Moskessa thought she had just hit the jackpot. She looked around to see if anyone was here and noticed the coast was clear. She chanted a few words and the tank shrunk down to allow Moskessa to carry it in her hand and she flew off to somewhere more private to drink up the tank.

After a bit Moskessa had made it to her destination. It was a small private temple with a rather large private living quarters down below where Moskessa had now called home. She quickly rushed down to the biggest bedroom and put the tank into a crevice that held it comfortably. She quickly returned it to normal and stared at it with eager eyes.

"All to myself... good thing no one followed me here..." She said as she walked towards it and observed with great excitement. She couldn't wait any longer she bit into the tank and started sucking. She was then greeted by a hose forcing its way into her mouth. Moskessa was beyond confused about what was going on then realized what it was when it started pumping. It was actually a fake blood trap that would force feed unsuspecting mosquitos a strange liquid that tasted like blood but was far more fattening and filling. And it would always produce more endlessly until the mosquito exploded. Though no female mosquito had been known to die permanently from the trap but that was because they had a protection from the tribe. Moskessa on the other hand lost hers when she left the tribe for selfish reasons. Now the trap would finally get its first permanent victim.

Moskessa flew back and gripped her expanding stomach with two of her arms and grabbed the hose with the other two and pulled with all her might to get it out of her mouth. When it wouldn't come out she grabbed it with four arms and tried pulling out but still it wouldn't budge. It was stuck steadfast in her mouth pumping more of the fluid into her body. *'What am I going to do!? This is so bad! I need to find a way to stop this or I'm done for!'* She thought to herself as she looked around the room of anything to get the hose free of her mouth. Though nothing looked to be of use and now Moskessa was helpless to do anything but grow until she popped like the greedy tick she was.

Moskessa took the time to ponder her life and how she wound up here. Nothing in her life she could pinpoint where she took a dip into being unbearable by the other bugs; it just happened and she didn't care about others ever since. But now no one knew where she was and even if someone did know they wouldn't care about her. She was brought back from her self-pity when she looked down at her growing stomach which had now grown to be six feet around. She laid on it and winced at the sound of it gurgling. She started to cry at the thought of her imminent fate and hoped that her death was quick and painless. *'How much does the world really want me anyway? I've always been the same to everyone... a bratty spoiled child.'* Moskessa thought to herself as she felt her body be lifted by her now ballooned stomach.

One pathetic hour of feeling sorry for herself later Moskessa's belly was now twenty feet around and had a red tint to it with a red circle in the middle of it all fading into the rest of her abdomen. The mosquito girl was pondering what she would do when she went to the afterlife.

*'Most people would believe I would go to the bad part of the afterlife to be tortured for eternity but I know I haven't been that bad! Have I?'* Though she was interrupted from her thought process when she felt breasts and bosom start to get a bit bigger. Then bigger; then bigger. She realized that her breasts and butt were now growing.

*'Why are those growing? Have I taken in that much fake blood that my body is looking for new places to store it? How does that work?'* Moskessa started to think of why her parts would grow. It would help kill time until she she exploded into a mass of fake blood.

*'I wish there still was a way to save me from this... but who would want to save me? The mosquito girl that no one likes?'* She started to cry again at the thought of being all by herself with no one to help her or at least comfort her in this time of need. Now she knew that she had made a big mistake of turning everyone away from her and keeping everything to herself.

A couple more hours later Moskessa was now huge. Her stomach had reached to be eighty feet around. Her breasts were fifteen feet and bosom twelve feet. She couldn't believe how much she could hold. The mosquitos would be awestruck at this feat and certainly give her credit. But Moskessa knew that no one would find her and stop this trap from ending her once and for all. She had passed the time by thinking up of things to do in the afterlife. But all that brainstorming was interrupted by a low rumbling in her stomach. Soon her stomach started

groaning and creaking; then there was a pain.

*'Oh gosh! Oh gosh! The pain! Ow! This hurts so much! I was hoping quick and painless! Not long and incredibly painful!'* She thought to herself as she gripped her stomach and crying at the unbearable pain of the whole ordeal.

*'End me! Put me out of my misery already! I want to DIE!'* Moskessa started moaning even louder and crying even harder. Her stomach was rumbling even more. It grew more and more until it reached a breaking point and...

BADABOOM! Moskessa finally exploded into a tsunami of fake blood. It was now everywhere and even dripping from the ceiling and walls. Though one would think she was now in the afterlife she instead appeared in the pool of fake blood all in one piece though covered in lashes like a ragdoll. She got up and examined her surroundings.

"I'm... alive? I'M ALIVE!" Moskessa started crying tears of joy and collapsed to her knees.

"This is a second chance. A second chance to change myself! Be more kind and considerate! I promise to change my ways!" She said as she looked to the sky and thanked the great bug gods.

"Sounds promising! Now tell me young girl how do you exactly plan to change your attitude?" A voice came from nowhere.

"Huh!? I promise to be more generous! And share what I find with others! I swear!" Moskessa said with honesty.

"Sounds like that little even has changed you..." The voice started chuckling.

"What's so funny?" Moskessa asked,

"I'm just glad to see you finally embrace the thought of trying to be nice!" The voice revealed to be an elder mosquito and Moskessa recognized him.

"Grandpa Moskar!?" She gasped.

"I honestly wasn't expecting that to change you that quick! Or you even falling for that in the first place!" He said as he approached his granddaughter.

"Thank you for giving me a second chance! When should I start?" Moskessa asked.

"How about with your mother? She's still in a sour mood with you." Moskar said as he took her by the hand and led her to the mosquito village. This was the start of a life Moskessa knew was going to be better and finally she would be known as the nice friendly mosquito.