

Treetop Shorts Collection
Swagcorp's Colonization Policy 2

By Smokescale Aquatos

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Sleep was deep and satisfying. When Smokey finally came to, it was still dark in the cabin. With the tiny windows blocked completely by sand, it was impossible to tell day from night. The blue dragon rolled out of the surprisingly comfortable bunk and stood groggily. The metal grating of the floor in the main corridor was warm. The ship was being roasted, or at least it had been recently. A brief stumble and slump against the wall reminded the lone pilot of a recent change.

Right, shi wasn't a guy anymore. Center of gravity was a bit off. It still felt awkward but shi was sure shi'd get used to it. After all, there was no going back at this point. With a sleepy groan, shi wandered over to the exterior hatch and peered out the tiny porthole. It was dark out. The sun had finally gone down and the dunes were bathed in the relief of night. From there, Smokey stumbled on up to the cockpit and plopped into the pilot's seat. Shi brought up the status screen and started reading over the log. While shi was asleep, the temperature had risen to well over the highest recorded spike in the hottest spot back home. By a good thirty degrees. No wonder shi was so sweaty in hir suit. The ship had been straining to keep the environment livable.

Thankfully, with the sun having set, the temperature was dropping. And from the chart tracking the changes, it was dropping sharply. It would get below freezing within half an hour and the sun had only gone down two hours ago. At least the wind wasn't howling quite so hard. It was time for a quick examination of the exterior. There wasn't much in the way of cold weather gear available. The ship was supposed to have landed somewhere far more temperate and so the equipment was meant to be used in such an environment. So, shi made do. The heaviest flight suit shi could find and the pressure suit over that would have to suffice. Unfortunately, it had been tailored to hir previous shape, so it fit somewhat awkwardly. Still, it was better than freezing. Shi hated the cold.

The hatch was opened and shi stepped out, the glass faceplate providing ample protection from what wind there was, and for that shi was grateful. Carefully, shi moved hir way forward along the long, surprisingly graceful looking craft. Swagcorp might have been a charlatan of a company but they could make a pretty good looking ship. The heads up display showed the dragon just how far into the dune the ship's nose was buried. It was deep. Over half of the length of the main body. Shi wouldn't be getting it dug out anytime soon, but at least shi wasn't in any real danger of slipping further down. It was quite a ways to the bottom of the valley between the two neighboring dunes.

"Figures. Computer, run a sensor sweep over the hull. Identify any imperfections large enough to endanger flight in space."

The computer chimed in hir ear as it registered the command. Registered, not complied.

"I'm sorry, but that function is not available. All main ship's functions have been disabled for the duration of your mission. Please visit the medical capsule for more details."

"I can't complete my mission if I'm on the wrong damn planet! Check your astronavigation and confirm location!"

The computer chimed again, repeating the earlier message, "I'm sorry, but that function is not available. All main ship's functions have been disabled for the duration of your mission. Please visit the medical capsule for more details."

"You useless, cheap, knock-off, piece of crap!" Angrily, Smokey kicked the side of the hull as hard as shi could. The desire to break something was quite strong, but then it would just have to be fixed if shi wanted to get where shi was supposed to be. Overcome by frustration and impotent rage, shi turned around and slumped against the hull, hir rump landing in the sand where it kicked up a small cloud in the wind.

"They fly me out here this far, get the destination wrong, and then lock out the controls so I can't make any corrections. How the hell do they expect me to complete any sort of mission under these conditions? I might as well have not survived the crash."

As the wind began to pick up, Smokey wrapped hir arms around himself for warmth, beginning to shiver just a bit. Still, shi didn't feel like going back inside just yet. That was going to be hir home, hir prison for a good long while. At least out here shi could see the stars. Maybe someone would come looking for hir. Maybe there was a transmitter in the 'mission gear'. Though it wasn't likely. And if there was, it probably would be just as cheap as the rest of the ship and break down after the first use.

It was horribly frustrating.

Smokey simply closed hir eyes and sighed, trying to push all the angry thoughts away and clear hir head. It was as close to meditation as shi could muster given the circumstances. And it did grant hir a curious discovery. Hir suit was tight. It had gone on tight, that wasn't the problem. It felt like it was getting tighter. The waist felt like it was beginning to pull taught all the way up across hir abdomen. It wasn't uncomfortable, but it was distracting. And it was getting tighter, feeling like the pressure suit was being forced to stretch.

Eventually shi couldn't ignore it any longer and the dragon opened hir eyes and looked down, feeling over hir stomach. What shi saw startled hir. The suit was getting tighter. Because hir stomach was getting bigger. It had grown large enough to give hir a few additional inches, more than enough to make the suit strain. Shi cried out in surprise and stumbled to hir feet, as if backing away from the discovery would make it separate from hir. No such luck, the belly stayed right with hir. And it continued to swell. It was beginning to make it difficult to breathe deeply.

Shi had to get back inside.

Clumsily, the blue dragon began trying to climb his way back to the hatch, slipping now and again. The strange thing was the added size also came with additional weight. Shi was getting heavier. As shi stumbled, shi found himself moving a hand to his tummy as if it might fall off and shi had to catch it. By the time shi managed to cram himself into the hatch and seal it shut, shi had gained a few more inches, the curve now very easy to see.

"What the hell is happening to me!?" Smokey began practically ripping his suit off. With the helmet off, shi noticed his chest was feeling a similar pressure. If shi didn't get out of the pressure suit fast, or shi'd be stuck. Either that or shi would just keep growing until shi ripped right through it. That wasn't a pleasant thought either. Frantically, shi tugged and yanked at the sleeves, disconnecting segments as quickly as shi could. Finally, with one firm shove, shi lifted the waist connection up over his chest and shi breathed a sigh of relief. The pressure was relieved. A sense of tightness remained as his stomach continued to swell, and now, his chest was growing too!

With only slightly more effort, shi shed the rest of the space suit and shoved it out of the way. Unsteadily, the blue lady stumbled to his feet, finding shi had to lean back a bit to maintain his balance. His stomach had grown so large now that it was throwing off his center of gravity. Or maybe that was why shi was unbalanced earlier. The flight suit was able to stretch without any real trouble. Maybe that was why it was only fitted to his prior figure. There was only one place shi could go to find out what was happening, and as much as shi hated using it, shi started to stumble down the corridor to the medical pod.

A hand moved to his growing stomach, holding it as if it might slow its progress. It just kept getting bigger, as if shi were being inflated by some unknown force. What was more, it was causing a noticeable sensation. A new tightness formed, this time between his legs, and it wasn't a mystery what was causing it. How could shi be turned on by this? Shi didn't even know what was happening! A damp sensation spread along the groin of his suit, darkening as the patch spread. Smokey whimpered as shi struggled to get to the capsule, his legs beginning to feel weak and unsteady. It wasn't from the weight. It was from how horrifyingly good it felt.

The control pad was practically smashed as shi screamed at the wretched pod to open, which it did. As shi climbed inside and sat down, shi looked down at his stomach, now big enough to be mistaken for a beach ball. His breasts had grown considerably as well, two more dark patches formed where shi was sure his nipples were. In fact, they were pressing out against the suit so firmly, shi could vaguely make out their shape. Then it dawned on him. It was milk. Shi was lactating. And that offered a clue as to what was going on just below.

The pod's hatch closed and sealed shut as it came to life and began scanning its occupant without any hesitation. That same voice from before returned.

"Greetings once again, pilot! We at Swagcorp hope you're enjoying your new lifestyle as a colonist! And we thank you for your continued patronage of the Mediscan Service Capsule! Please stand by while the system conducts its initial scan! Our records show that you recently began phase 1 of your colonization mission!"

"Yeah, you god damned psychotic toaster! You turned me into a girl! Now what else did you do to me!?" Smokey's voice echoed harshly off the walls of the enclosed space. The scan continued for just slightly too long for hir taste. And still hir stomach continued to swell. At least it seemed to be slowing.

"Scan complete! Processing..." The delay made the dragoness wriggle anxiously, "Processing..."

"Come on!! Hurry up!!" Shi balled up a fist and slammed it into the wall of the capsule, surprised that shi was able to make a small dent.

"Warning, patient is becoming belligerent! This is your final warning to cooperate or countermeasures will be deployed!" The same mechanism from hir last visit slipped into place, ready to sedate hir if necessary.

"Fine! I'm calm! Just tell me why I'm as big as a damn whale!"

"Processing complete! Sensors show you've moved on to phase 2 of your mission! You are currently pregnant! Congratulations, pilot!"

"Pregnant!? Are you kidding me!? How did this happen!? I didn't have sex with anyone!" Shi gasped and breathed out a moan as shi suddenly felt a gentle kick come from under hir scales. It was true. Shi was pregnant.

"You've requested additional information on your current status. Is this correct? For yes, please say yes. For no, please say no." Whoever programmed this machine would have a special place reserved for them in hell.

"YES!!"

"You've selected yes, you would like to know more about your current status. Please stand by." Again the machine lowered the scanning ring, passing over hir again and again, not at all hindered by hir steadily but slowly engorging abdomen. By now, shi couldn't keep hir hands off the swell; squeezing it, stroking it, hoisting it off hir thighs lightly to feel the weight. It was a strange fascination shi couldn't shake. And the tightness in hir pants grew all the stronger.

Eventually, the obnoxiously positive computer resumed.

"You have signed up to be a Swagcorp Colonist! One of the most exciting jobs Swagcorp offers, right up there with medical test subject, contracted servitude, and professional scapegoat! And the best part is, you get to reap the benefits of all three of these other careers without needing to go through any extensive training or invasive examinations! Now, the word 'colonist' means a person who helps establish a new settlement in a previously unsettled area! Usually, this requires a great many people, but Swagcorp's patented rapid colonization process only requires a single volunteer! The nanites that have been supporting you, altering your physical makeup to better cope with your new environment, and providing the capsule with a constant readout of your vitals and progress, have changed your biology such that you can produce all the colonists you'll

need to start a proper settlement! The first stage is only one, but as you progress forward, you can elect to produce more at once! Warning, Swagcorp cannot be held liable for any injuries, vaginal trauma, or addiction that occurs should you elect to alter this setting."

"How the hell can I get myself pregnant!? When last I checked, you kind of needed two people!" Shi cried out, not in anger, but because shi was finding the movement in hir abdomen far too stimulating. Shi panted and huffed, trying to hold still as best shi could so that the capsule wouldn't try to sedate hir.

"You've requested additional information! Please stand by!" It searched for the data in question as shi whimpered and panted. If the nanites were supposed to provide real time data, why did it have to scan? Poor design probably, "The micro-machines in your bloodstream altered your reproductive systems according to the pre-designated profile as selected by your Swagcorp personalized colonization agent! He selected this profile because it allows the volunteer to impregnate themselves internally! All it takes is for the volunteer to 'relieve some stress' as the lab boys put it! And as a colonist, oh boy are you going to be stressed! Better make sure you practice your 'relaxation techniques'! We're counting on you!"

The screen in front of Smokey even went so far as to display an internal diagram of what had been done to hir, showing a new connection between male and female. And likely because they had hired a pervert to render the animation, it showed a fairly graphic representation of what shi had done shortly after being let out of the capsule last time. When shi pleased himself, shi impregnated himself without realizing it. Somehow, it disgusted hir and enticed hir further.

The dragon moaned and hugged hir gut, now so large it reached almost out to hir knees. Surely they made it feel this good on purpose, positive reinforcement.

"Okay... that answers the why... but... what comes next?"

"Using the patented Swagcorp rapid colonization process, your pregnancy should last a minimum of four weeks! And your child will be born fully grown with all the knowledge and skills requested! As you progress through your mission, you can elect to extend the period of time each pregnancy lasts! And you even have the option to customize the profile of your children! Would you like to customize this one now?"

"Sure," Shi huffed breathlessly, "Why the hell not?"

"Please select from the following options! Please note that due to the limited availability of genetic material, gender and species have been locked out!"

So hir first child would likely be pretty much just a clone of himself. At least shi'd have company. Fully grown no less. Through hazy vision, shi read over the details of hir options, shivering now and again.

"Engineer huh? That sounds promising!" Shi tapped the screen and arched hir back, crying out. Hir flight suit was going to need a serious washing.