

# Egg Trainer: Ovalasting

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## Notes

- Has the same unlock requirements as Faux-preg option. [Remove] option needs to be separate rather than replacing, since PC can Ovalast as many holes as they own. Vaginas prioritised, ass elseif

## [Ovalasting]

GO Tooltip: This button is dull. It looks like you need to try some of the other options first before the machine will activate something that's obviously for experienced users only.

Not used Tooltip: Some sort of permanent egging procedure?

Used Tooltip with orifice available: Get yourself sorted with a single, spooge-sponging, self-replicating egg.

Use Tooltip with no orifices available: All holes are occupied.

First: You study the final button on your ovipositing machine. "Ovalasting"? It's not exactly self-explanatory. You push it, and watch as the holo display once again lights up.

The doodle of the machine runs onto the screen, followed by the featureless human, who duly saddles himself up. OVALASTING: BECAUSE THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS INCOMPATIBLE! The letters squeeze themselves together around the conjoined cartoon.

This time, when the cartoon segues to a cut away, there's only a single egg in the machine - bright pink but standard-sized. It pumps it into the human and then melts away, replaced in the next instant by a many-breasted, insect-legged thing several times the size of the human. The two hold hands (the human takes hold of two fronds, anyway) and cartoon hearts appear above them. The alien sticks... well, something up the human, and injects the chamber the egg is in full of white fluid. It pats the human on the head with a frond and then disappears with a poof.

The cartoon zeroes in on the human's midriff. A stopwatch appears in the corner; as it advances the white fluid disappears, at the same time as the egg multiplies with little 'pop' sounds, until the fluid is all gone and the man is left with an entire belly full of pink eggs. The stopwatch 'ding's and the eggs dance their way out of him... all but one, which remains snugly inside. OVALASTING: BECOME A PERMANENT INCUBATOR! read the letters that appear around him this time. The human looks up at the outline of the alien thing bending back into frame, hearts above its head.

It looks like the sequence is going to keep repeating until you press a button...

[Ovalasting] [Cancel]

## **[Ovalasting]**

{No holes OL'd: So, an artificial egg that multiplies when it comes into contact with sexual fluids, and is a permanent fixture? Shiver-inducing ideas parade through your head... of getting held down and reamed hard by some irresistible xeno-breeder, then feeling your belly swell slowly with the absorbent eggs, then having to lay them... all in the knowledge that you'd have to do it again, if you let someone else take your {ass pussy / cunt}.} {Holes OL'd: You rub your [pc.belly], lost in pleasure-stuffed memory. Insert another Ovalasting egg up you? Is that really wise? To fill as many holes as possible with cum-thirsty sponge-eggs so you become utterly bloated with them, helplessly gorged on pregnant bliss?} You realise that in a daze you have already {taken off your [pc.lowerGarments] and }plonked yourself down on the Egg Trainer's saddle, presenting your [pc.vagOrAss] to it, before you've even given it careful thought.

The screen flipping around and revealing its handlebars gives you time, though. As does the warning that flashes up on the holographic screen, informing you that the implanting of an Ovalasting egg is permanent unless you use the machine to take the original back out of you, and that you are going to be carrying and laying a lot of eggs if you engage in sexual activity with it in place. You hesitate for a moment - and then press the OK button and take hold of the bars. What the hell. Let's go.

A faint heat starts rising from the metal, and you feel a shuddering vibration as the machine {under you // between your [pc.legs]} hums to life. You squeeze your eyes shut and hold on tight as a thick, tapered tentacle wriggles up from the machine and presses its pointed crown against your [pc.vagOrAss]. It gives you a squirt of lube, painting your thighs and ass indiscriminately before forging ahead. There's a moment of pressure as it aligns itself, and then the familiar, wonderful pleasure that presages the real treat; the tentacle slithers inside you, stretching your hole ever wider as it grows thicker, and inch after inch of smooth tube is fed into your [pc.vagOrAss].

You moan out your enjoyment, bucking your [pc.hips] back against the steadily thrusting artificial member. The familiar sensation still sends a thrill through you no matter how many times you get to enjoy it. Your knuckles turn white, squeezing down around the handle bars and letting the tentacle fuck you. It's more vigorous and more thorough in its business than it strictly needs to be, you well know by now, but you can hardly complain as it {milks your prostate // pounds your pussy} to orgasm. {if cock: Your [pc.cock] sprays its load all over the top of the box, throbbing and squirting in wondrous ways even without a single bit of direct stimulation.}

With a soft moan, you slump forward against the grip of the trainer box. You can feel the tentacle pumping lube into your [pc.vagOrAss] like a cock blowing its load, making sure that your insides are completely soaked and ready for anything. Weight blossoms in your {gut / womb}; nothing like as substantial as some of the egg-loads you've taken in the past, but a sure, dense presence nonetheless. After a moment, the holoscreen blinks the message, "Egg implanted! Be sure to feed your baby with lots of cum!"

{1: The tentacle slithers out of you without a moment's more notice, leaving you feeling a little gaped, and a little more full. What it implanted feels barely there, particularly to well-broken-in you. Your belly hasn't even gained a bump, and you feel vaguely cheated by the lack of sensation. Still... you were expressly told not to expect anything until you've taken a load from some forceful, fertile someone first.}

{>1: The tentacle slithers out of you without a moment's more notice, leaving you feeling a little gaped, and a little more full. What it implanted feels barely there, particularly to well-broken-in you. But you know with a bit of help from a friendly, sexy someone, this orifice of yours will soon be packed to the gills to with round, ever-swelling love. You practically purr at the thought, rubbing your [pc.hip] and [pc.chest] in rich anticipation.}

Doing your best to clench up so the egg doesn't fall out of your loosened hole, you grab your gear and stagger to the washroom to clean up.

## Mechanics

- Any type of sexual fluid ejaculated into OL'd hole will cause it to activate - e.g. stuff like rahn eggs will also work. OL'd hole should be considered taken for large egg layers, e.g. bothrioc and nyrea should not attempt to lay in it.
- Once in active state, OL egg spends a week growing into a clutch before forcing birth. How many develop is dependent upon ET level:

Egg Training Level	No. of Eggs Developed
0	4-10
1	8-14
2	14-20
3	20-26
4	28-34
5	38-46

- If the PC takes a second ejaculation in an already active OL hole AND is at level 3 or above, eggs become large.

## PC takes a load in inactive OL hole

### 10 mins afterwards

Despite the hefty, gloopy load that just got packed into your [pc.OLhole], you aren't experiencing as much leakage as you'd expect{, your [pc.lowerUndergarment] remaining in a surprisingly saintly state}. There's a vague, warm glow in your {womb / bowels}, as if something were busily absorbing the sexual fluids. Your [pc.belly] emits a low gurgle; you pass a soothing hand over it.

//Load in hole status removed

## **18 hours**

//2 months pregnant appearance

{If only load: Your belly has taken on a slight bulge} {If else: Your belly has become even more swollen}, your {womb / guts} heavy with a warm glow. There can't be any doubt; **the** Ovalasting egg is beginning the process of multiplying within you!

## **48 hours**

//3 months preg appearance

You huff slightly as the [pc.skin] of your belly stretches outwards a little more, another egg swelling into existence within your {intestines / womb}. There's a warm, fizzing sensation in there, a fertile business that you suspect is only just getting started. You bite your lip at the thought.

## **65 hours**

//4 months preg appearance

Your gut is obviously swollen, protruding out in front of you, the ever-multiplying eggs pressing against the sensitive linings of your body. {1 < egg load: The different loads you're carrying shift against each other, both uncomfortable and intensely pleasurable, little quakes and shifting pressures intermittently assailing your senses.} It's difficult to concentrate on anything but the sensual reality of your body constantly enlarging, eggs seeming to fill every inch of your insides...

## **4 days**

//10 months preg appearance

You are forced to {sit / lay} yourself down, a burping moan forced out of your lips. For how much longer are the Ovalasting eggs going to continue multiplying?! The walls of your {womb / bowels} are stretched thin with the dense weight inside of {it / them}, yet every few hours pleasure quakes through you as another forms, pushing against all the rest. Your belly is now bulging well out in front of you, your gait turned to a {splay-footed} waddle in order to bear it. You spend a couple of minutes just taking long, deep breaths, letting your body settle and get used to being a loving, overstuffed incubator, before carefully picking yourself up and carrying on.

## **135 hours**

//12 months preg appearance if small eggs, inhumanly gone if large

The Ovalasting eggs can't be dividing anymore. Surely. Every inch of your [pc.OLhole] is taken up by round, smooth weight; for all outward appearances, it looks like some megalithic alien queen has stuffed you utterly full with her brood, engorging you with inexorably developing love. {If large eggs: In some ways you're glad that you got your [pc.ass] bent over and 'fertilised' them a second time; the deep urge to do so has faded, leaving you to simply simmer in the plush, overripe sensation of being an expectant mom to so many big, beautiful eggs.} {If else: The desire to find some virile, big-dicked someone to soak your cum-hungry clutch hasn't faded, and heat shimmers down the length of your [pc.OLhole],{ making you drip [pc.femcum],} impelling you to find a good, strong breeder. But the sane, dry part of you tells you that probably isn't a good idea.}

Some feat of technological magic is keeping them firmly in place. Whenever the thought of forcing them out occurs, your big, heavy clutch seems to shrink inwards, refusing to countenance it. But they can't stay up you forever, surely?

## **7 days (birth)**

There's a rumbling in your [pc.belly], followed by a distinct pulling, liquefying sensation. The eggs in your Ovalasted {ass / pussy} are coming!

In a slight panic, you waddle {to a secluded spot / to a nearby bathroom / to your bedroom}. Biological imperative makes you squat and, as the feeling intensifies dramatically, bear down mightily with your hips. Sweat standing out on your brow, you cry out as the first egg stretches your [sphincter / pussy lips] wide. {If large eggs: Oh fucking Void, it's so big! What were you thinking, letting them absorb so much cum?? Lube gushes liberally around it, and you scream as the sheer pressure from the egg-train above forces it through, pushing you straight into delirious orgasm, {the pulses of pleasure seizing up your {colon / twat} only making the grapefruit-sized ovals come faster. And that was just the first... } {If else: It's intense, so intense that stars float in your eyes as it slides through, coming free in a great gush of lube. You moan, feeling pressure build inexorably as the next egg pushes its broad mass against your sensitive hole, and you squeal in orgasm as you push it to freedom, squirting {[pc.femcum / [pc.cum]} in dazed clenches.}

They just keep coming, one after the other sliding down {your back passage / the tunnel of your twat} and stretching you wide, requiring huffing, hefty pushes of your [pc.hips] to come free and land in the oozing, ever-growing pile. Another orgasm follows swiftly upon the heels of the last, blowing away all thought as you lay yet another {cute, pink oval / huge, pink, ostrich-like egg}, the pressure put on your {prostate / sensitive pussy lips}; you lose yourself utterly in the

process, nothing more than a helpless, egg-producing machine, squatting and birthing the wonderful, hefty brood that you grew within you.

Eventually you fall to one side, numbed, dazed and thoroughly gaped, your [pc.groin] and thighs utterly coated in {[pc.cum] / [pc.femcum]} and clear egg-lube. You blearily consider the # eggs that you've birthed, {a small but still considerable pile / a vast, cairn-like pile that is testament to your dedication to being a dutiful egg slut}. {Has never sold them: What are you going to do with them? Presumably the egg trainer machine doesn't need them. Perhaps if you cleaned them up, you could try and sell them to someone...?} {If else: Once you've cleaned them up, they should fetch a nice price. Or you could sit your [pc.ass] down on them, keep them nice and warm...? You push that deep, enticing vaguery away.}

You {wash them in the bathroom / wash them in the sink / rub them off as best you can} before cleaning yourself up. Now that the overwhelming sensation of birthing has faded, you realise there's still a small, warm glow emanating from your gut - the original Ovalasting egg, still lodged within your {ass / womb}, awaiting another bath of fertile fluids to kick-start the whole process again. You shiver slightly at the thought as you continue what you were doing. Slowly. You're going to be walking rather gingerly for a little while.

## Premature Birth

//Happens 1 hour after load taken in an inactive OL'd vagina AND actual fertilization takes place. If OL active and dividing, fertilization should not take place.

There's a rumbling in your [pc.belly], followed by a distinct pulling, liquefying sensation. The egg lodged in your {pussy} is coming out!

In a slight panic, you waddle {to a secluded spot / to a nearby bathroom / to your bedroom}. Biological imperative makes you squat and, as the feeling intensifies dramatically, bear down with your hips. You huff and grunt as your lips are spread wide by the smooth oval, arousal peaking as it planes over your [pc.clit] - and then it's gone, slipping out of you and landing on the floor with a wet clack.

You frown as you pick it up. Is that supposed to happen? {First: The Egg Trainer was pretty clear that the thing was going to divide if bathed in cum. / You know from intense experience that the thing usually divides if bathed in cum.} Unless it's programmed somehow to abort itself if the fluids in question actually manage to... you shiver slightly at the thought, hand darting down to your [pc.belly]. Is <i>that</i> it?



## PC takes second load in already fertilised OLhole

Ten minutes later if Egg Trainer level < 3

Warm gooeyness continues to ooze out of your [pc.OLhole] and down your [pc.thigh], conspicuously not getting soaked up by the Ovalasting eggs within. Presumably they've gotten all they want - or they can sense, somehow, you aren't built to take any more swelling. You feel a nagging annoyance about that. What a nice feature it is, to not worry about {ruining your [pc.underGarments] / leaving a trail of cum behind you} every time you take a good, hard fuck. Perhaps if you egg trained yourself a little more... ?

Else if

Warmth throbs within you, the Ovalasting eggs within your [pc.OLhole] reacting eagerly to the second bath of healthy, filthy fluids you've soaked them in. You groan with sheer contentment as your [pc.belly] swells even further, your brood already pushing against your sensitive walls, eager to colonise every last inch of space you have to give. Hell in the Void, is this making you feel ponderous... and amazing. Perhaps you could call back your last lover, see if they aren't willing to pump you even fuller?

## Remove OL Egg

//Only possible if OL egg is not currently fertilised

//Prioritises most recently implanted if multiple

[Remove OL Egg]

GO Tooltip: The interface flashes 'IN PROGRESS' in red when you press this. Looks like you're going to have to see the whole incubation through before the machine is willing to reverse the procedure!

Tooltip: Get {one of} the Ovalasting Egg{s} out of you.

As enjoyable as it's been, you've decided it's time to get the Ovalasting egg out of you. {Vagpreg: If anything, having it has made you crave a real baby -- or just a belly full of alien eggs -- more than ever!} You run a hand over your [pc.belly], slightly sad about getting rid of your endlessly productive little toy. It's been fun.

You tap the egg-trainer's holoscreen and select the removal option. As usual, it tells you to disrobe and relax in the saddle, assuring you that it'll take care of everything. You do as it says,

settling down in the fuck-saddle and angling your pregnant hole with the slit under your [pc.butt]. You don't even need to be told to grab the handlebars and relax, familiar with the device's modus operandi as you are. It still warns you to take hold - this might be a bit of a ride.

You shudder with anticipation, excitement replacing heavy heartedness. The tentacle's bay opens under you, and the familiar, wriggling crown quickly presses against your [pc.vagOrAss], spraying your ass and thighs indiscriminately with hot, slick lube. A little moan escapes your lips, forced out by a slow but insistent insertion that spreads your hole open wider and wider. {Your [pc.cock] is soon as hard as diamonds, begging for attention you don't want to give it: letting the tentacle milk all the cum out of you is so much sweeter than giving in and using your hands!}

You rock your hips back against the tentacle, taking it as deep as you can. It fills you with lube, squirting the stuff into your {bowels // womb} and making sure that every blessed inch of your insides is absolutely drenched. After a few minutes of its usual, pleasant fucking, though... something changes. The tentacle goes completely still and rigid inside you, not budging an inch even against your grinding hips -- the way it's buried in your [pc.vagOrAss], you can't move at all!

With a grunt of displeasure, you try and squirm off the tentacle, but it holds you firm for a long moment. During the still second, you realize that the tentacle isn't entirely frozen: it's swelling, ever so slightly, but definitely growing thicker inside you. You gulp, feeling the slow and steady sensation of being stretched out by the inflating pseudo-phallus. When it finishes, you're almost painfully stretched, groaning constantly from the intense pressure in your loins -- and the fire of arousal burning in you, desperate for more.

Something ice-cold and sticky sprays from the tentacle's tapered tip, blasting the bottom of the egg inside you. You yelp in surprise, almost orgasming from the shock... and finish as the tentacle decides it's done, and slides right out of you. Gasping and crying out, you buck in the saddle and drench yourself and your trainer machine in {fem- // both masculine and feminine }cum. The unexpected climax leaves you slumping against the machine, knuckles white from how hard you're gripping the handlebars and leaking lube from your pregnant hole.

Whatever the tendril shot into your {womb / colon} seems to have affected your egg. The synthetic orb shifts restlessly inside you. Your gut gurgles uneasily as the egg dislodges and shrinks a bit, getting properly aligned for what's to come.

The holoscreen helpfully tells you to please face your rump into the lube-tank. The lid slides off, revealing the sloshing tank of hot, steamy lube for you to give "birth" into. You swing your [pc.legs] forward, grabbing your belly to steady yourself as you feel the egg start to drop. A big, bold, pink word appears on screen: "<b>PUSH</b>."

You grit your teeth and push as hard as you can, bracing against the box for a little extra leverage.

Honestly, for a well-broken-in incubator like you, it's a piece of cake. Almost disappointingly so. Whatever the tentacle pumped into you {has relaxed your womb, making it open up and regurgitate its unwanted occupant // is make your ass spasm, finally flushing the thick bundle of synthetic substance that's been nesting inside you for ages}. You grunt and push, and nearly orgasm again thanks to how well-trained to pump out eggs your body has become.

It doesn't take long for your seasoned muscles long to work the oval out, right up to your {anal ring // pussy-lips} and then, with a climactic burst of effort, it pops out and goes sailing into the lube-bath, splashing into the tank with its friends. The breath goes out of you with a ragged gasp of pleasure, and you all but collapse backwards. A feeling of utter, absolute contentment spreads slowly through you. After that, you feel like you could drift off to sleep.

The machine beeps something at you, but you're way too worn out to get up and read it. Smiling to yourself, you glance into the tub, and see a pink ball slightly bigger than the other eggs resting atop the trainer's payload, slowly submerging in the heated lube. A pang of... regret? Longing? Some emotion you can't quite put words to tugs at your heartstrings for a moment as the lid slides closed, and you're left to recover.

## Pink Eggs

//Stack to 10 in inventory. If PC birthed them on ship, place any excess in storage. Otherwise they'll have to chuck 'em

//1 x SPE sell for 5 credits, LPE for 10, at wholesalers.

### Small Pink Egg

Tooltip: Cleaned up, these things are slightly bigger than chicken eggs. They look remarkably wholesome, good enough to eat, although an experimental nibble is enough to dispel that notion. Still, their hard yet uniquely absorbent nature surely makes them worth something? If you're shameless enough to present them at a pawnshop, anyway.

### Large Pink Egg

Tooltip: Cleaned up, these things are about the size of an ostrich egg. Looking at them, it's a slightly frightening miracle that you were able to produce them, a testament to your remarkably well-trained and nurturing body. Their hard yet uniquely absorbent nature surely makes them worth something? If you're shameless enough to present them at a pawnshop, anyway.