

Alien Space Babe (Alien Girl TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

Chad is an alpha male future football star stuck rooming with the nerdy Derek at college. However, after mocking Derek and hurling one of his scientific finds in the bin, Chad finds that he has accidentally activated a recovered alien artefact . . . one that is slowly turning him into an attractive female alien. The changing jock and his nerdy roommate must travel across country to the original crash site in the hopes of changing her back . . . before her new lust for a human mate becomes too overpowering.

Part 1: The Device

“You’re fucking kidding me. I’m stuck with that nerd?”

“I know. Tough break, honey. He looks like a total loser.”

Chad fumed as he looked at the weaselly kid who was moving his bags into the dorm of the university. He was thin, with rectangular glasses and brown hair that was gelled in a slightly spiky look to the right hand side, giving him the look of a tech geek. True to that stereotype, he wore a smart casual blue button shirt and dark trousers, as if he were about to make an IT report.

“Shit, I bet he’s all into little gamer toys and the like,” he muttered.

Chad Penwick and his girlfriend Kaley were standing at the end of the dormitory corridor, looking on as the kid who Chad was obviously going to have to stay with moved his stuff into Room 314. Kaley sighed heavily at the prospect.

“Quite the change of pace, huh Chad? Sucks that your dumb Dad is forcing this on you. We could have had so much fun living together.”

She curled her fingers around his waist, smiling up at him in a flirty manner before kissing him on his jaw.

“Too bad,” she continued.

“Yeah, it fucking sucks,” Chad said. “I was going to show you a real, real good time when we moved in together.”

“Mhmm,” she moaned, pressing her B-cup breasts against him. “That would have been nice. You’ll just have to sneak out to me.”

“Well, not like you can sneak in. Not with that dorky looking geek. Probably wouldn’t know a woman if you walked in naked.”

“Please, like I’d show a loser like that a body like mine.”

“That’s right babe, you got standards.”

'Standards' was one way to put it. His girlfriend Kaley was indeed quite the beauty. With her long dark hair and ethnically ambiguous olive features, she already had thousands of followers on social media, particularly since the rest of her body was curvy in all the right places. She and Chad had been dating for nearly a year now, and in many ways their pairing felt more a result of their matched attractiveness and alpha male/female personalities, which put them at the top of their social pyramids. Because whereas Kaley was the gorgeous head cheerleader who viciously kept all the other girls in line beneath her, Chad was the very image of a superior jock. He was 6'3 with a strong, manly jawline and tousled black hair that drove the girls wild. He had a muscular figure that dominated at sports. It was no wonder that he was a successful footballer with an eye on a college scholarship that could lead him through life. He had been pushed by his father to succeed at an early age, always striving to outdo the other boys and come out on top, including in his relationships with women. The mere fact that he had Kaley Wakefield was hanging off his arm, the hottest girl on campus, was testament to the fact that his father's teachings had been a success. Brutal and harsh and demeaning as they had been, he had followed in his father's footsteps to become the alpha male of the university, and was on his way to football glory, just like his father wanted.

At least, he had been successfully following that plan, until he'd fucked up a little over a month ago. Chad had invited a large group of peers to his off-campus apartment - the one paid for by his dad - and had a drunken frat party with his friends. The police were called when . . . when things went wrong. The damage to the place was extensive, and moreover Chad himself was arrested for reasons he refused to talk to others about. The sight of it had stuck with him . . . but he didn't dwell on it. Not after his father had pulled the strings necessary to get his son out of being charged by the police, though he was incredibly furious. Chad had been worried he'd even get angry as he had when he was younger and smaller.

Instead, he'd taken away the apartment privileges, and told Chad that he had to take a dorm on-campus, and one that would be randomly assigned to him rather than having to bunk with a mate. It had made Chad miserable, in no small part due to the fact that he'd loved having Kaley over for long makeout sessions and more than a little wild fucking. Now, their ability to have wild, hot sex was severely limited: a deliberate punishment by his father.

"Well, at least it's only for four months," she said in the present, clinging to his arm. "Still terrible though. All my followers will be so devastated to hear about it. It's, like, such a reputation killer."

Chad raised an eyebrow. Sometimes he didn't understand Kaley's obsession with her online presence. But then, his world was on the football field, in front of the other men, out on the town drinking. Reputation was different for women than it was for me, but both of them had to maintain it.

“Yeah, don’t post any of this shit online, okay? I don’t need anyone else know I’m stuck with this dweeb.”

“Of course not babe,” she said, kissing him deeply before pulling back. “You just show that little shit who’s the real man in that room, and he won’t be a bother. It might even be fun. You know, like old times for you.”

He thought back to his high school days. The incident with the rocks. The locker room. The way the kid had cried.

“Yeah, maybe so. Put him in his place, huh?”

“Exactly. And then after four months, when we move back in together, I’ll fuck your brains out after we show the whole club scene just how top of the social class we are.”

“Now that sounds good, hot stuff.”

He looked and gave a weary sigh as the scrawny-looking nerd re-entered the dorm. Others were moving in, and it was expected he would do so soon.

“I gotta go Kaley. Talk to me later?”

“You know it, Chad. You can tell me all about what a loser your new roommate is.”

Derek Mayes was surprised to see who his new roommate was. It was the start of the year’s semester, and everyone was moving into their new accommodations. He’d expected to get another random allocation, as he often did, but what he hadn’t expected was Chad freakin’ Penwick, star of the local football team and the swim team. As an introverted nerd with niche interests, he’d never even expected to interact with someone so far up the social pyramid, let alone be rooming with him! He looked up at the hulking, athletic man, so different to his own lanky figure, and gave an awkward hello.

“Uh, hey there. I guess we’re roomies, huh?”

The other man grunted, barely acknowledging him.

“You’re Chad Penwick, right?”

“Yeah, kid.”

Derek frowned. “Um, do you want me to help you with any of that?”

He motioned at the heavy luggage and weights that Chad was carrying. The annoyed jock got a funny idea in his head. “Sure, why not? Take this one for me.”

He easily hefted a bag that contained numerous training weights. Derek grabbed it . . . only to immediately be pulled down to the floor by the heavy weight. He helped a little, falling backwards.

“Whoops!” Chad said, half-chuckling. “I guess you *can’t* help me.”

Derek blushed a deep red with embarrassment, tensing as he felt his wrist. It wasn't sprained, but it definitely hurt. Chad stepped past him casually and chucked his stuff in the corner.

"I call top bunk, kid."

Derek narrowed his eyes. "The name's Derek. Derek Mayes."

Chad turned, sized him up and down. "Fine, Derek then." He looked around the room, and at what Derek had already set up. True enough, there were a number of gaming figurines and posters for science fiction nonsense already set up on part of the room. On the shelf allocated for one of the roomies, he had placed a number of books. They had titles like *The Truth is Out There*, and *Evidence for ExtraTerrestrial Life*, and *Theories Concerning Parallel Evolution*. All stuff that was beyond Chad, and made him weirded out just by seeing them.

"What is this nerd shit?" he practically spat.

Derek stood, and fell into the classic trap of geeks being invited to humiliate themselves everywhere: he took the bait.

"Oh, this? Well, I've always been fascinated by aliens. Like, humans are alone in the universe as far as we can tell, but if you trace the universe's origins back, we're looking at billions upon billions of years. So naturally another civilisation should have arisen before us, right? And if we consider their technological development as anything analogous to our own, then they would have interstellar travel by now, theoretically. So why haven't we met aliens yet? Well, this is known as Fermi's Paradox, and there are a number of interesting proposals put forth on how alien life could exist, but remains hidden and silently observing us, because that way-"

Chad put up his large, muscular arms. "Okay, that's enough. I was making an insult, not asking to hear about your weird alien kinks or whatever."

Derek didn't even know what to say. It was almost so insulting that his brain didn't even register it as such for a moment.

"Okay," he said. "Fine. I'll take this half, you take that half - is that how we're doing it?"

"More like you get that corner, dweeb."

"Derek."

Chad looked at the other fellow again. He'd called him kid, but they were clearly the same age: around twenty two or so. Still, despite looking like a scrawny weakling who wouldn't last five minutes inside a gym, he had to admit the guy had stones. That was twice he'd stood up to Chad, and he wasn't backing down again.

"Whatever," the footballer said. "I'm not going to be long here anyway. Keep your weird alien fetish stuff in the corner, and we won't have a problem."

“I won’t be here all the time either,” Derek said, already beginning to move his stuff. He’d just stood up to Chad freakin’ Penwick, but his hands were shaking, and his breath came quick. He felt anxious all of a sudden, and decided the best way to defuse it was to move his stuff as he was told. Asked. He thought of it as being asked, to save his pride.

“Why, going to a UFO convention?” Chad mocked.

Derek sighed. “Not exactly. Going to a UFO *finding*. At least, a claimed one. I know I won’t find anything, but it’s fascinating to try, and it’s a cool hobby.”

“Yeah, real cool alright. Just super popular.”

Derek bit his tongue. He didn’t want to get beaten up: that was a recipe for disaster. He knew that Chad had a reputation, particularly from the incident back at his high school. Nerds like him knew to stay clear. Instead he simply moved his things in silence, and the two didn’t talk for the rest of the day.

In the following week, Chad continued to put up with Derek. He found the man’s nerdy obsessions irritating. How could he be so passionate? Passion had always irritated him, particularly when it manifested physically, like someone bouncing a little with enthusiasm or grinning madly at something exciting in their field of interest. Chad had never felt that way, not even about football. His dad, of course, loved football, and so he’d followed in his dad’s footsteps just like he’d been told. But to see others get passionate about stupid weak shit like aliens and science fiction books and chess boards just drove him up the wall.

As such, the two barely spoke but for the occasional demand of Chad for Derek to get out of his way. He often told him to clear out when Kaley came over, and the two made out on Derek’s bed just to annoy him. The geeky young man wanted to say something, but truthfully he couldn’t do so in the presence of the alpha cheerleader. Not only was she utterly gorgeous, but she intimidated him, and when she was around Chad was even harsher, more jock-ish and cruel. He repeatedly made comments about what a “weird loser” Derek was, and mocked his interest in aliens.

The two became quite relieved when Derek went on his trip to a UFO site across the country. It was over in New Mexico, a far distance from their own state, and certainly a location famous for its UFO sightings and such. While he was gone, Chad used the time to invite Kaley over even more than usual, and the two had vastly pleasurable sex that drove each other wild.

“This is gonna be sooooo good to talk about on my socials,” she said with a grin. “*Reunited and it feels to good!* The two hottest, bossiest people on campus are finally back together again. I’m going to be cheering you on again. You *are* on the football team, right?”

Chad grimaced. He'd actually not signed up, but knew that he had to.

"I'm signing up this weekend. Trust me Kaley, you think I'm the top dog now, just wait till you see me out on that field."

"Mhmm, good. Because I only date *winner*s, Chad. And I know you're a winner, unlike that dumb roommate of yours."

Chad chuckled. "He's anything but dumb. Maths whiz or something, straight As in science."

"Despite being an alien weirdo?"

"Yeah. Seriously, he's like a fucking genius or something."

Kaley sneered. "I can't stand eggheads. Think they know everything."

"That's exactly what he's like. Keeps talking about stuff I don't give a shit about."

"Well, maybe if you lean on him, he can improve your own science scores."

Chad remembered that incident. The one from high school. The locker.

"No . . . I think I'll not push things. Dad'll shut off the tap for good if I fuck up again."

"I thought your Dad beat the shit out of all the nerds in his day?"

Chad shrugged. "Yeah, he did. But I'm still not gonna risk it. Besides, he's away in New Mexico now. Maybe I'll just demand he do my work when he gets back and threaten him. Make it so there's no evidence."

She grinned. "Now who's the smart one?"

When Derek returned, giddy at his discovery, he was shocked to find Chad waiting with a smile on his face in the dorm room. He entered, and Chad only grinned wider.

"Shut the door, freak," he said.

Derek closed the door cautiously. "Derek, remember."

"Whatever. Did you have fun on your nerd trip to find alien space babes?"

"No, that wasn't the trip's purpose. But yes, I did have a lot of luck, in fact--"

"Good, because now that your little virgin project is over, I want your help. My science marks are flagging, and frankly I'm too busy being a fucking superstar to deal with all of that. So I've decided there's a way we can finally get along." He narrowed his eyes, and Derek felt nervous in the face of the expression. "You're going to do it all for me."

Derek waited a moment, to see if it was a joke.

"No. No way. I'm busy as it is."

"Not so busy you couldn't go hunting for alien pussy or whatever."

"Alien *wreckage!* And I'll have you know I might have found something!"

He had promised himself he wouldn't reveal it to anyone without studying it first, but his anger and frustration at his jock roommate reached its peak. Being demanded to do a bully's homework? It was so cliché it was cruel. It was humiliating. It was a deliberately painful cliché. And so he reached his hand into the backpack he was carrying and pulled out a silvery device that was rough and broken around the edges. It had a strange, almost rippled surface to its shiny metal, and several buttons and displays were on top with odd symbols all over them.

"What the fuck is that?" Chad said. "And what the hell has it got to do with you doing my homework for me?"

Derek looked from the tech, which was just larger than his hand, and back to Chad.

"It's . . . I think it might be extraterrestrial in origin."

"Yeah, sure."

"No! I'm serious! I discovered it in a crate, and it looked to be beeping slightly, though it's stopped now. I haven't touched it much - I want to research it carefully before I do anything careless, but -"

Chad swiped it out of his hands and examined it. Derek's heart stopped a moment, and then he surged forth to take it from the jock. The larger man just pulled his hand away, still examining it with a smirk on his face.

"Looks fake."

"Give that back!"

"No seriously, it looks fake. What nerd bullshit are you feeding me, *Derek*? Just for this, I think I'll make you do my maths assessments too. How does that sound?"

"I'm serious Chad, give that back! I discovered it! It's mine!"

Derek felt panicked, his system coursing with adrenaline and fear as he saw his greatest finds in this muscled moron's hands. He leapt up to take it, and Chad pulled it away, laughing. He leapt again, and he was shoved backwards.

"Woah! Nice push, for a little girl."

"Just give it back."

"Do my work for me, and maybe I'll consider it."

"I mean it Chad!"

Another infuriating laugh. Chad could hardly take the nerd seriously. And that's when, to the complete surprise of both parties, Derek balled his hand into a fist and shot it directly at Chad's face.

The jock had little time to realise before he was smacked right in the nose. He fell back more out of shock than anything else, and his hand shot back, slamming against the wall and damaging the device. Derek yelled out.

"NOOOO!!!"

But the metal crumpled all the same. The lights on its surface rapidly turned on, flashing green and purple. Chad stumbled, gaining purchase on his knee and foot respectively. Anger swelled in him. How dare this little geek strike him? Chad fucking Penwick? He balled his own fist, and was about to strike back, when he saw the fear in the other man's eyes.

But the fear wasn't direct at him. It was directed at the flashing object still held in Chad's other hand.

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A series of alien sounds that were impossible to even pronounce echoed out of the little metal shell. Chad held it up to his face in confusion.

"What the-"

But then he was suddenly bathed in green light. It washed over him like a ray, as if he were being scanned - it certainly looked that way from Derek's perspective. It hovered rapidly over him twice, and then flashed red. A low, horrid shriek emitted from the metal.

"The hell is this, Derek?"

"I think you've angered it, or not passed a test or something."

"Yeah, sure. And I bet that -"

The light turned bright, narrowing until it looked like a bright laser firing directly into Chad's forehead, above and between his eyes. He was suddenly overwhelmed with heat and power, and it felt like some strange energy was pouring *into* him. It lasted only seconds, but during that time he was unable to move, only able to widen his eyes in shock.

And then it was over, and the metal device clattered to the floor out of his hands. The two men were completely silent for what felt like minutes, and Chad's heart raced with adrenaline, the feeling of heat and odd energy still coursing through his body before it finally died away.

"Derek, what the hell just happened?"

The other man's jaw was dropped. The device appeared partly ruined, and all sign of what it had done was gone.

"I have no idea," he said. "But it didn't sound good."

Part 2: The Symptoms

Chad was about to restart the fight, or at the very least do something to the little twerp who had just made some strange device flash in his face. He glowered, still reeling a little in

response to the odd energy in his body, when suddenly he groaned, feeling unbelievably nauseous.

“Oohhhh,” he moaned, clutching his stomach. “What the h-hell did that thing do to me?”

Derek looked alarmed. He adjusted his glasses, frowning and curious at once, a manner that only made Chad further annoyed.

“Like I said, I have no idea. I just thought . . . I mean, it *looked* like it reacted to you. If you hadn’t destroyed it then-”

“Whatever!” Chad interrupted, sweeping a hand out as if to ward the gawky man away. “Just - just fucking leave me alone. And pick up your shit from my side of the room!”

He kicked the device dramatically, wincing a little at the pain in his foot. It was tougher than he thought, even if the exterior was ruined.

“Hey! That’s valuable! We don’t know what it’ll do!”

“It’s given me a fucking headache, is what it’s done! Just clean up and don’t talk to me, twerp. I’m off to see my hot girlfriend to calm me down. You know what a girlfriend is?”

Derek gave that some glare, the one that betrayed a tougher person than his exterior suggested.

“Yes, I know what a fucking girlfriend is, Chad.”

“Good,” Chad said with a mocking smirk. “It’s good to know the things that are out of your reach. Now get out of my way.”

He pushed past Derek, still feeling nauseous, a slight headache forming. That strange tingling, that odd energy in his system remained after the green light, but he pushed down the feeling and ignored it.

“Some hit time with Kaley will fix it right up,” he said to himself.

Kaley Wakefield moaned as he thrust into her. She was hot as fuck as always, and he was right there with her. His girlfriend had a libido even higher than his, but right now he needed that. After the wave of nausea and weirdness that followed that stupid device of his roommate’s, he needed a good lay with his sexy girlfriend to make things right. And so far, it didn’t disappoint.

“OOhhhhh mhmhhh,” Kaley moaned. “You’re s--so passionate today! Did you put that nerdy little rat in his place or something?”

He thrust again, and relished the way she squeezed him with her thighs as he did so.

“N-not yet!” he panted. “But I will.”

“That’s my alpha. My big man. We’re the top of the pyramid, you and - ahhhhh!!”

She groaned as he sucked on her B-cup tits. They weren't very large, but they were perfectly shaped. Her olive skin was covered in a fine sheen of sweat, their two bodies like well-oiled Olympians embroiled in a contest of sexual pleasure.

That was, until Chad felt a little odd. He gasped as he continued thrusting, finding himself suddenly taxed. That strange buzzing of energy in his system returned, and the slight nausea and headache with it. He grunted, more heavily than usual.

"Everything - ahh! - alright?" Kaley asked.

"F-fine!" he said, trying to time his thrusts right and focus on the pleasure. But it wasn't fine: it was getting harder to be lost in the sexual moment. It was like there was an itch inside him he couldn't quite scratch, a small tensing of tissue and muscle that arced up through his body and made his bowels clench. He grunted again.

"Mhmmmm that's it! Right there, baby!"

He tried to listen to her sweet words as he fucked her, but his dick was starting to soften. What was happening to him? It didn't hurt, but it was like his strength and manliness was being *sapped* away. For the briefest moment his vision went stark red, just like the strange scan of that weird device.

"Aggh!!"

Kaley jolted, bucking her hips. She was clearly assuming it was just him enjoying himself, instead of being overcome with an increasingly intense nausea and headache. He slumped forward, his thrusts becoming smaller, his erection losing its power, and it was followed by a tingling in his forehead, on his chest, upon his skin and ears.

After a moment, Kaley shifted. "Um, is that it? Did you finish?"

Red flushed into his cheeks. "N-no. Sorry. I don't know what happened. I just sort of . . . lost it."

She raised a judgemental eyebrow. "Seriously? You *lose* it? With *me*? Are you sick or something?"

"No! At least, I don't think so. It's just, that Derek kid-"

She pulled herself away from him. "Oh my fucking God, how have you not dealt with that little punk yet. At least try not to think about him while we're together, alright? Jesus Christ, what a ladyboner killer."

He was feeling increasingly embarrassed. "Sorry Kaley, I just . . . I guess I've been stressed out lately."

She felt his forehead. "Yeah, you do feel kinda feverish. I'm letting you off with a warning, Chad Penwick. You may be the most popular guy on campus, but *no one* just loses an erection while fucking Haley Wakefield, got it?"

Chad nodded, feeling pathetic. "Yeah, I'll sort it out."

She rolled her eyes. "Look, just take a couple of days and work shit out, okay? And get some damn throat pills or whatever, you sound like your balls are breaking."

Chad left her place feeling utterly pathetic. Utterly whipped. He'd hoped to let off some steam by being a real man, just like his father taught him, but for some goddamned reason he'd had his first penis failure in his entire life, making a fool out of him! He was still an alpha jock, but as hot as Kaley was, she could be completely ruthless. If it leaked to the football squad, he'd never live it down.

And his father had always taught him to be a tough man who was always in control.

Over the next few days, the strange feelings and occasional visions of red continued. At first, Chad just ignored them. He'd seen a doctor - he wasn't a moron - and he'd been given the all clear. He hated going to seek medical care for fear of looking weak, and finding out that it was likely just 'stress' gave him fuck all to work with, as far as he was concerned.

Yet still those strange feelings persisted. He found himself eating less than he normally did, and sweating constantly. He didn't say a word to Derek, and the nerd kid didn't say a word back to him. He chose not to beat the shit out of him, though he couldn't be certain why. Perhaps it was just that he felt sick, and wanted to be in total control if he ever did that. More likely it was that Derek clearly realised something was up, and chose not to engage, which was enough to appease Chad. The two had an uneasy truce since the device incident: the jock didn't talk about being punched in the face and the nerd didn't talk about his device being ruined.

And neither talked about the weird rays afterwards. They simply kept out of each other's way, barely even crossing paths except to sleep, and the only word Chad tended to use in the other man's presence was "move," when he wanted to shift past him.

But as the days passed, Chad began to notice odd things about his body that were starting to make him feel less like he was sick and more like he was . . . changing. For one, he was getting weaker. At football practice he was unable to overpower the other quarterbacks, and his throws weren't nearly as far. When he went to the gym, he was forced to rack less weight or else be stuck gritting his teeth and failing to lift his usual load. Even his morning pushups were an embarrassment: an easy fifty had dropped to a struggling forty, and were still dropping.

Oddly though, his agility and reflexes had only increased. He could sense others on the field almost supernaturally, and could dive and duck and weave and run faster and better than he usually did, but it came at the heavy cost of his weight class. And that was the other thing, because for two, his weight was dropping, and oddly fast. It didn't make sense, but he

was shedding pounds like he was competing on The Biggest Loser or something, only it was muscle that was dissipating, not fat. The latter remained, with his skin becoming noticeably softer each day, something that stressed him out while he was showering. It was only a small, gradual change, but one that some of his teammates and friends were starting to notice.

Mark, his friend and fellow footballer with light blonde hair and a jaw you could crack diamonds on, was the first to notice.

“Dude, you seriously look thin. Have you been forgetting your protein shakes or something?”

“No - no, I’m just sick.”

“Yeah, you sound it, Chad. Seriously, you’ve got like a ball squeak in your throat or something.”

“Fuck if I don’t know that,” he moaned. “It won’t go away! I swear it sounds like I’m fucking teenager again.”

Kaley found it comical, and refused to have sex with him until he was all better. She made a habit of teasing him with sexy outfits while she was on campus, baring her gorgeous olive midriff and blowing him kisses, much to the amusement of her cheerleader friends, who she often referred to as ‘the other top bitches.’

That was the third change; the voice. It was infuriating that his normally brass baritone was continually being interrupted by a lighter tone. It made him feel like a total loser, the kind of nerdy dweeb whose voice would crack at some new superhero movie or whatever. The fact that when he was bragging about the game or making fun of the alternative kids on campus he was often interrupted by a rising octave in his own voice made it all the worse.

“Sounds like *you’re* the girly one today, Chad!” one of Kaley’s friends joked at the cafeteria.

“Yeah, nice ball squeak, dude!”

He went red, further humiliated by this odd sickness, but otherwise could not say much in his defence. Everyone knew he had the ‘manflu’, and if he complained about it too much he would be relentlessly mocked, undermining his alpha male status. His dad had always taught him not to weather jokes about himself, and so when one of the adjacent losers made the mistake of pitching in, he was quick to shove him to the ground.

“What was that? Go on! Say it to my fucking face!”

The other guy panicked. “It was - it was nothing!”

“Yeah, you bet your ass it was nothing. Now fucking scram out of my sight, you little bitch!”

The kid did so, to the applause of his friends, and an amused smile from Kaley. It cut the chatter about his sickness, but he didn't tell them how much effort it had taken to knock the other guy over, despite how scrawny he'd been.

The nausea continued to come and go, and that strange kind of energy that coursed through him. It had a slight tingly feeling sometimes that was almost pleasurable, though he never shared that with anyone. Derek occasionally shot glances at him, giving concerned looks. It was clear the loser thought his device was responsible, but Chad was no idiot. He knew that it was just some loony thing he'd found in the desert, or probably made himself. Once or twice he asked him if he was okay, but the exchange usually went the same way.

"Chad . . . look, I know we aren't speaking of whatever, but I have to ask if you're okay? Ever since the device lit up and-"

"Dude, it's just the flu or something. I've got pills, and I'm taking them. So shut the fuck up."

And each time Derek would back down, or give a mild apology, or simply walk away, clearly frustrated. Chad would always be tempted to go after him further, just like Kaley had suggested, but something about Derek reminded him of high school, and the incident with the locker. It was a dark flash, one he'd prefer to forget.

Dad had been so proud.

It was exactly a week after Derek's device had gone off that Chad was hit by a particularly powerful wave of nausea in the bathroom. He'd just finished showering, and was already morose at the state of his body: his pec muscles had deflated considerably, and his waist was thinner, with his six pack of abs greatly deteriorated. He even felt *shorter*, at least by an inch or two, though he couldn't be quite sure. All he knew was that he should be 6'4 and if he'd somehow shrunk from that he would freak.

"G-goddamn flu," he muttered, his voice a little shaky, almost bordering on a teenage version of himself. "Can't wait till its over so I can fuck Kaley again and show her what a *real* man is like. Can't believe she was flirting with Brad like that right in front of me just to make me jealous. If she tells anyone I got soft while we were fu - UGGHH!!"

He doubled over suddenly as a powerful surge of energy flooded through him. It was *exactly* like when the device had scanned him, and it was followed by a prolonged change to his vision, which swiftly rendered everything in a great sweep of alarm-red tones. His body tensed, his muscles flexing painfully on their own, and he had to grab the bathroom sink just to steady himself as his legs went a little weak. In his vision, strange symbols appears in the

upper right hand corner of his field of view, rotating and intersecting as if reading out some alien message.

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He yelled in shock, spinning around to see what had screamed the unintelligible, incoherent sounds, but the door was closed and when he slid it open slightly, there was only Derek at his computer, looking around in alarm.

“Chad? Chad? Are you okay?”

“F-fine! I thought I heard something. Mind your own fucking business!”

But Chad was internally panicking, freaking out as he tried to figure out what was going on. His vision altered again, shifting from the alarm-red to that same alien green the device had scanned him with, and the device altered its speech somewhat, even as it continued to screech in his ear. Or in his mind.

‘\$^^#\$\$%@##\$%^&\$#@’

The green faded, leaving his normal vision, and for a moment he hoped that it was over, and he could confront Derek and figure out what was going on. But then the nausea and the headaches returned in full force, and his body stretched and altered as he gasped and groaned. His muscles thinned, particularly on his torso and around his shoulders. His spine compressed, causing him to grunt in agony as his height very clearly descended. To his astonishment, he felt his body begin to shed hair, his manly chest becoming soft as his body hair simply pushed out of his skin and fell to the ground.

“OHhhhh - w-what the f-fuck is happening to m-me!?”

He writhed, his penis feeling strangely compressed, his rear feeling quite the reverse. His nipples burned, and to his astonishment they actually began to visibly throb, expanding outwards as they distended. He cried out as his waist pulled in further, and his pelvis expanded just slightly.

“Chad! What the hell is happening there? Do I need to call somebody?”

“N-no! Don’t you f-fucking dare! It’s just - it’s just - aaagrgghh!!”

He fell against the bathroom counter as more changes occurred. He felt two pressures in his forehead - no, three! His hair also felt odd, pushing out just like his body hair only at least not falling from his body. But it gained easily an inch in length, and something about its colour was a little off. Like it was a little lighter, only just so. He couldn’t think on that though, as he was instead distracted by further loss of muscle, further loss of height, further awful compressions and expansions and twisting tissue and growing fat and shrinking bone, all of which was exacerbated by the coursing flood of strange energy through his body. It made him feel utterly overcome, and to his horror, even a little bit pleased. It was a strangely blissful sensation, running alongside the pain and pressure. Even with the numb feeling upon it, his penis hardened.

“N-no! It’s meant to be bigger than that!” he exclaimed. “It’s meant to be - nnnhghGHGGHG AARGGGGHHH!!!”

The energy reached its peak, covering all of his skin. Before he could even see what change that caused he collapsed to the tile floor, the last of the pulses of unfamiliar power overcoming him. He lay there, heavily breathing, shocked at the sound of his voice in those final moments. Even as his breath came quickly at that moment, it sounded much higher than it should have been. Like he was putting on that ‘gay guy voice’, that falsetto. Or as if he were a manly woman or something.

His heart beat rapidly, and his entire body felt sore and quite exhausted. He took a few moments to try to calm himself, and utterly failed to. The red light, the green light, that strange voice - none of it made sense! So instead he stood on shaking, distinctly weaker legs, and gazed at himself in the mirror.

And screamed.

The door slammed open and suddenly Derek was staring at the naked and altered form of Chad Penwick. The jock spun around, feeling a strange slight jiggle on his chest.

“What the fuck did that thing do to me!?” he cried in an androgynous voice.

Derek’s jaw fell, and he took a step backwards. Chad knew what he was seeing: he turned around to the mirror again just to take it in. Instead of a 6’3 muscular jock, now there was a 6’0 man with no body hair and androgynous features, a lithe figure with an almost womanly waist and slight hips, and a penis that was most certainly not as big as it should have been. His ass was further rounded, and on his scalp were two strange bumps that were evenly spaced apart, and a larger one in the centre of his forehead. His nipples were too big, and his legs looked far too soft. But that wasn’t the worst part.

No, the worst part was that his skin was faintly *green*.

“What the fuck did it do to me?” he said again, eyes wide, his fingers shaking.

“I don’t know for sure,” Derek said, “but - but I think it might have *infected* you.”

Chad fainted.

Part 3: Becoming One of Them

Chad had to have a strong beer after he woke. Derek had given him a blanket to throw over his shoulders, and while ordinarily he would have scoffed at such a measure, that and the beer were a welcome bit of comfort. His body was all wrong: too lithe, too hairless, too feminine. Just speaking gave him the heebie jeebies, having a voice that clearly didn’t belong to him coming out of his mouth. It sounded all wrong. It sounded *weak*.

“Okay,” he said, doing his best to ignore its cadence, “run this over again, nerd.”

“Derek.”

“Dude, I’ve got fucking *green skin!* Just tell me what’s happened already, I’m freaking the fuck out here!”

Derek pinched the bridge of his nose, trying to think of a way to simplify it, or simply make it sink in. Chad got the definite feeling that his roommate was trying to decide if Chad was stupid or just in shock, or possibly both.

“Okay, okay,” Derek said. “I’ll try to explain it one more time in words you can understand. Aliens are real, I think this pretty much proves it. And whatever device I found belongs to an alien race. And when you touched it like you did, it activated somehow, and it seemed to recognise that you weren’t one of them.”

“But why is it making me fucking green? Why am I growing fucking tits?”

Derek paused. “Because it’s ‘correcting’ you to become one of them, I think. You might understand it more than I do on some level, given you can hear and understand bits of their language.”

Chad put his head in his hands. “Most of it is garbage. Can’t understand a word. I just get weird little flashes of information I can’t piece together. But something about a ‘mate’ is in there. I don’t get it.”

Derek placed his chin in his hand as he thought. “Regardless, I think it might be changing you into one of them. We need to quarantine you.”

“What? Hell no! I’m not getting locked up in a damn cage! I’ve got a game to play!”

Derek was exasperated. “Chad, your skin is green! *Green!* This isn’t normal. You’ve lost almost half your muscle mass by the looks of it!”

Chad looked over himself, wincing at how clearly obvious it all was. “I’ll - I’ll cover it up. Until it all blows over.”

“And what if it gets worse?”

“It - it won’t! My body will fight it off. You said it’s an infection, right? Then I’ll fucking beat it like I’ve beaten everything in my life, including little pussies like you.”

Derek tried to position himself in front of the door. “Chad, I can’t let you - oof!”

Chad pushed him aside, still the stronger of the two, at least for now.

“Get out of my way! I’ll figure this alien shit out without quarantine!”

He ran from the room, nearly bowling over other figures who stared at the strange individual with the slightly green skin. Chad could feel their prying eyes upon him, but still he ran. His mind was blank of ideas, and he was in full panic mode. He knew already he was making a mistake, but there was no way he was going to become a freak. That was exactly the kind of thing his old man had always told him never to be. He was a champion, not some science experiment. He’d find a way to beat this fucking thing.

Somehow.

'Somehow' turned out to be little more than a collection of very bad ideas. Chad immediately went to Kaley with the notion that if he could borrow her makeup skills, then she could make his skin look normal again, long enough for his body to fight off whatever was happening to it. He had no intention of becoming a freak on some reality television show investigating the 'alien virus boy' or whatever, so it was his best chance. As such, he texted her a quick message.

Hey babe, put that Derek pussy in his place. Feeling a lot better now. How bout we meet up for some good times now that I'm no longer sick?

The reply didn't take long to come through. Kaley was *always* on her phone.

Took u long enuff. How bout you cum to mine and then we both cum together?

He cringed a little, particularly as two fellow college students walked past him in his car in the parking lot and gave him the side eye. He didn't want to mislead Kaley - she was a vengeful one after all - but it was necessary.

Be right there.

Good. These tits won't suck themselves. And I don't give them out to anyone but a winner.

"Fucking hell, she's horny. And a bit of a bitch too. Didn't need to rub the football loss in my face."

It made him unexpectedly emotional, and those emotions seemed to make the two bumps at the top of his forehead ache and tense, pushing against the skin. He grunted, trying to ignore it, grateful at least that the larger middle bump wasn't affected. He rubbed his tailbone again, annoyed at how weirdly pressurised it felt, then turned the keys and headed off to Kaley's. He had to continually remind himself not to scratch his strangely distended, darker nipples.

Kaley screamed, and it was dreadfully high-pitched.

"Chad, what the actual fuck!?! You look like a freak!"

Chad had managed to step inside wearing a covering hat and a thicker jacket he'd quickly purchased from a confused clerk. He could still roughly imitate his old voice if he deliberately spoke low enough, but it only sounded like an imitation, not the real thing. It had

barely been enough just to get him into Kaley's door. But when she questioned his weird attire and voice, he had to drop it all and come clean.

"Something's happened to me, Kaley. I need your help, babe. It's serious. That shithead Derek, he did something to me. He had alien tech or something, and it's made me look green and thin and-"

"Oh. My. God. You're infected with something and you brought it to me!?"

He shook his head. "It's just temporary! And it's not infectious, I'm certain of it. I've been losing weight, and my voice has gone all weird-"

"You sound like a gay man, or a girl."

"I know, but it'll vanish. I just need to keep it under control a couple more days and then it'll be over. I need your makeup expertise."

She cocked an eyebrow, clearly marvelling at his changes, and not in a good way. He had tried to hide the protrusions on his forehead using his hair, but it was too short, and her gaze fell on them with alarm.

"Your head is messed up," she said, still clearly shocked.

"I know, I know. Can you make my skin look lighter? Even just my hands and face for now? Enough that I can get around in full clothes and not be seen as a freak."

But Kaley took a step back. "You *are* a freak. I don't know what shit had happened to you Chad, but you *are* a freak."

He froze. It felt like something was dangling over his heart, precariously close to plunging deeply into it. "Kaley, I'm not a freak. This is just a weird virus thing-"

But she jabbed a finger against his chest, making him wince.

"It's not just some *thing*, Chad! You're shorter! You've lost all that sexy muscle mass. Even your face has changed: you look like you've got skin as smooth as mine. You looks like you're fucking *transitioning*, only into a green freak as well!"

"Kaley," Chad begged. "Please, you're my girlfriend. You know we care about each other. If you were in my position, I'd help you. I'm asking for you to please help me now."

But the dagger plunged into his heart as her expression hardened, and she crossed her arms beneath her perfect B-cup breasts. "That's the thing you never understood, Chad, even after I told you again and again. I only date, I only *fuck*, the best of the best. And clearly that's not you anymore. I can't be seen with some weirdo green man whose claim to fame was being the most popular guy *before* he turned into some green alien thing. So consider us through, and next week when you see me on Mark Hallam's arm instead, don't be surprised that I'm fucking him instead of you. Now get out before I take a photo of you and post it all over my socials."

Chad backed away, unable to believe she was being so cruel. But hadn't she always been this cruel? She had recognised a kindred spirit in him, and he in her. The two most

popular people on campus, willing to crush others under their heel to keep their positions. And now he was on the outside looking in, finding out exactly how much it hurt to be beneath Kaley's boot.

"Fucking hell, Kae," he said, but she just pointed.

"Out!"

He turned, got in his car, and the emotion of the moment got to him. He broke down crying, big sobbing tears that he had never given permission to fall in years, and yet now seemed to come so easily since his changes started. He held his head in his hands, trying and failing to ignore that his hair was too long, and his hands too soft, and his entire stature too short compared to his once 6'3 height.

"I'm so fucked."

For a brief moment, he considered calling his father. He dialed the number, set it to call, and when after three long rings it answered his heart actually seemed to stop.

"Son? Is that you? Hello? What fresh shit have you turned up on my doorstep this time? Don't tell me you've actually succeeded in school? Because the news about your latest games have been embarrassing to say the least. Hello? Are you fucking there or not?"

He waited for his father to hang up. He could pretend it was an accidental ring. His heart remembered to start beating again. It was always that way with his dad. Unfortunately, the tension of hearing his father's voice was only dissipated by that strange energy bubbling up in his form again.

"No! No, not now! Please stop, not any more! FUCK!"

But it didn't matter what he wanted, it started again. His form was overcome with a flood of that alien sensation, and his vision turned a deep red. When the eldritch, outer world voice rang through his consciousness, it lasted longer than usual. And this time, he could understand bits of it.

\$\$^#\$%#@##\$%^&#@\$ INCORRECT FORM

\$\$^#\$%#@##\$%^&#@\$ REAPPROPRIATE TO SPECIES TEMPLATE

\$\$^#\$%#@##\$%^&#@\$ MATING PROTOCOL \$\$^#\$%#@##\$%^&#@\$

NEXT PHASE

"What the HELL DOES THAT MEAN!?" he screamed in his car.

But then the red faded from his vision, and the energy bloomed within him. He shrieked, his voice cracking a little more as further changes came over him. More of them than he could have anticipated, and in places that made him plead for mercy from whatever force was doing this to him.

Chad had slept in his car out in the middle of nowhere, on an old country road. He didn't know what else to do. He was practically catatonic after his changes, and needed time to come down. He hadn't expected to be so tired, or so hungry. But he couldn't appear in public. Not how he was. Not with the skin . . . or the protrusions . . . or the *thing* sticking out of his tailbone. It gave him the awful shivers just to feel it, and he could *always* feel it. His stomach rumbled again, and he knew he had to take action. He had never been super bright, God knew his father often said as much, but he understood a hopeless situation. He'd gone to Derek for answers, then ran when he didn't like them. He'd done it twice. He wouldn't do it a third time.

"He'll know what to do. This time I'll listen."

He adjusted the seat for his reduced height, and headed for the university. He just had to hope that he could conceal his form long enough to reach his dorm, and wait there until Derek came back.

The other man clearly knew something was wrong when he returned from a lecture only to find Chad covered in a bedsheet in the room.

"Jesus fuck!" he gasped, "you scared me! Is that you Chad?"

"Y-yeah," he replied.

"Your voice . . . you've changed further, haven't you?."

Chad peered out through the small gap in the fabric. His heart beat irregularly, filled with anxiety. He didn't know how to proceed, despite having had over two hours of preparation. "I - I didn't know what else to do," he said, his voice even softer than before. "Kaley didn't help me. Threatened to expose me. And then the energy . . . everything's changing. I'm fucking turning into a fucking freak! I slept in my car. I can't go anywhere. I was, like, wrong. You're the only one that can help me." He reached forward through the sheet and grabbed Derek forcefully. "You're the only one that *can* help me. You've fucking got to! You owe me!"

Derek stood silent, clearly shocked. "Let me see the new changes," he finally said. Chad whimpered inaudibly. He was a little teary eyed, his emotions loose and out of control. But there was something in Derek's voice that calmed him. He had felt drawn back to the dorm, to the nerd, in a way he couldn't understand or describe. He reached a hand up and with one flourish tore off the proverbial bandaid that was his covering. Derek's eyes widened, but to his credit he didn't gasp or step back. It made Chad feel less like a freak, which was good, because he knew he looked like one

He had already inspected himself in the mirror a number of times, unbelieving his latest round of changes, but unveiling them before someone else only made them feel all the more real. His skin colour had become more clearly green, no longer a pale sickly look but almost a like green colour, albeit a little desaturated. His hair was still a dark black, but now seemed to have a subtle dark green tinge to it as well when positioned beneath the light. It had extended yet again, and now his hair was long enough to reach midway down his ears. It had taken on a silky, wavy quality that made it look like he was way more into hair care and style than he'd ever been. It covered his forehead a little more, but he parted the curtain of hair to show Derek the other developments: the two bumps on either side of the tip of his forehead had distended out like stubby little antennae. They were only an inch long, but already they had spherical little ends to them. Occasionally they moved, though thankfully they didn't *twitch*, instead rotating like game controller sticks, but very measured. The third bump near the centre of his forehead was now over lapping the bridge of his nose, which had shrank back into his face slightly to make room. The bump had become ovoid in shape, stretching horizontally, and it felt very sensitive. Oddly, his ears seemed flatter, as if they were shrinking back into his head.

Other changes had simply left him more female in appearance. More of his bulk had fallen away, though thankfully his height had only reduced by one inch this time, to a still-tall 5'9. He was now quite lithe, his green arms smooth and thin, like a woman's. His thighs had slightly thickened, but with womanly fat instead of hard muscle. His waist had pulled in, his hips flared out slightly, and while he didn't have a strong hourglass figure yet, he'd have one real soon if the changes continued. His stomach had lost most of its muscle, becoming slimmer and toned, though not weak at least. And, of course, a change Derek didn't see but Chad was obsessing over was his continually shrinking manhood: it was positively below average by now, and he could almost *feel* it readying to shrink even further.

He was wearing an ordinary men's shirt that was now too big for him, and shorts that were loose and tight in all the wrong places, but the overall impressions of his body were clear.

"You - holy shit, you look like you're becoming some sort of alien woman!" Derek marvelled.

Chad sniffled. "M-more than you know."

He pulled the shirt tighter at the back, revealing his thinner waist, but also confirming a suspicion he imagined the nerd already had. Sticking out from Chad's chest were two prominent female nipples, and behind them was a small yet evident curve of flesh that suggested two modest little breasts.

"I was right," he moaned in his high voice, "I'm growing fucking tits. They even fucking wobble a bit!"

He gripped them for emphasis, despite his utter shame and embarrassment, and pushed them up and down. They really were quite small, but from their slight jostle, and the way his nipples became a little sensitive and erect at the action, it was clear they were female.

Derek gasped this time. "Okay, this is really crazy."

"You think!? It was your stupid piece of alien shit that caused this!"

"And it was your stupidity that smashed it and caused this whole thing in the first place!"

Chad stepped forward and tried to loom over Derek, but it didn't work. He had the height advantage, but his new body was too weird, too feminine to have the desired effect. More than that, he knew it was stupid: he'd rejected Derek's help twice, he didn't want to do it again. He backed down, and cupped his head in his hand. It was weird to feel how his nose had receded.

"Look, whatever, okay? It was both our faults, or mine, I don't give a shit. I just need to go back to normal. I don't want to end up in a government lab somewhere: you freethinking alien discovery types are all about preventing government secrets, right?"

He could tell he'd hit the right note, because Derek looked around his half of the room at all his memorabilia, taking it all in.

"Yeah, you're right. I don't want that. And even if you are a jock-headed bully and piece of shit, even you don't deserve that."

The insult stung. Chad knew he was more than that. He *knew* it. He'd just . . . never allowed himself to be.

"Well . . . thanks, I guess. What do we do? I can't keep changing, but the device is broken."

But to his astonishment, Derek was already packing his bag, throwing clothing in and a bunch of equipment, including night-vision binoculars.

"Uh, what are you doing?"

"Packing," Derek said. "You should do the same. It'd be better if we could fly, but given that you're literally turning into a new half-alien species, I don't think the TSA would look upon that too kindly. So we'll have to go on a road trip. Is your car in good working order?"

"Um, yeah. Pretty damn good. It's a fucking Mustang, man."

"Less good than you think - that could attract attention. No other choice though, I don't have the money to hire a travel car."

"And my Dad cut me off for a spell. What the fuck are you talking about? Where are we going?"

Derek eyed him with surprise. "Where do you think? I found the device at a crash site across the country. If we're going to change you back, and more than that, uncover further existence of real aliens that we can reveal to the world, ones that the government has been hiding from us the whole time, then we need to go there again."

"Go *where*?"

Derek smirked. "To Roswell, Chad. The sight of all major alien encounters in the US." Chad's jaw dropped. "You're not joking."

"When I go all in, Chad, I go all in," the other man said with something approaching a mad grin.

"But your studies . . ."

"I'll write up a note and get myself excused from physical exams. I have enough good will from my excellent grades to do it all remotely while we travel. But you don't think I'd miss out on a chance to find a real UFO, right?"

Chad was shocked. "I don't get it, you'd do all this? You'd go this far? Why not just, I don't know, turn me in for the money and fame or something."

"You said it yourself, the government would just hush it up, and I'd probably end up in quarantine for life with you. You'd probably end up dissected, or worse, *vivisected*. That means dissected while alive and awake."

"I know what it means. I'm not stupid."

It seemed to surprise Derek a little, but he continued. "And if we can find something further, then I can find even more evidence of UFOs and alien existence, all while understanding them more. This is the opportunity of a lifetime. You actually have no idea how thankful I am for this."

Chad crossed his arms, annoyed. "Well, I'm glad me being turned into a fucking green-skinned alien space babe is making you happy."

Derek grinned. "Very *Star Trek TOS*, isn't it?"

"What now? Don't even joke about this man, I've got fucking green tits and Kaley left me over it! I'll go with you, but don't act like this is all exciting and-"

"Wait - shhh!"

Derek hushed him, and his expression was serious enough that Chad listened. He pointed to the window, which he was peeking out of stealthily. Chad looked, and shuddered. There, down in the courtyard, four dark-suited agents - three male, one female - were talking to an individual who could only be the dean of the college. They looked very serious, and while he couldn't quite make out their agency, their dark sunglasses and ties, and the fact that he could just manage to hear their lead one - a man with shock white hair slicked back - talking about 'strange energy readings', made him instantly think of the mysterious Men in Black.

“Are they who I think they are?”

“Yeah, I think so. That’s not the FBI, alright. These are the guys I saw around Roswell.”

“Fuck! We’ve got to get out of here!”

Derek kicked the back over to his side of the room. “Pack anything that’s essential. We’ll grab the rest on the way! Move!”

Chad’s heartbeat went crazy as he shovelled what clothes and items he needed into it. He kept looking out the window, and was shocked to see that the agents were seemingly almost done with their conversation, several moving to enter the dorms.

“Fuck! Fuck fuck fuck!”

It was a race against time, and he already felt like he was behind the clock. His movements at least were incredibly rapid, and even Derek seemed shocked at his speed.

“Damn, is this part of your change? You’re moving like lightning!”

But Chad had no time to listen. He hadn’t shown Derek the growth at the end of his tailbone, and didn’t want to think about it as it twitched nervously. He shut the case, seconds seeming like hours.

“Let’s go already!”

He quickly threw on a heavy winter jacket supplied by Derek, and his own football cap low over his face. He checked out the door, only to immediately pull his head back in.

“Shit, they’re in the hall!”

“Let me see, they won’t think anything of me.”

Derek looked out, waited, then turned back.

“They’re checking another room. It’s clear - we need to move now, though!”

Chad wasted no time, and neither did Derek. They bounded down the hall, Chad holding the suitcase and being very frustrated that it was so heavy, and didn’t have wheels. Derek helped him get it down the stairs, just in time for them to see another agent get in the elevator. Thankfully, the man was looking the other way, speaking into a white earpiece. Chad felt like he’d almost had a heart attack in that moment, and again the weird thing at the end of his tailbone twitched.

“My car’s not far. Let’s hurry.”

They ran to it in the lot, and were quick in getting in. Derek was cursing about how much stuff he had to leave behind, but all Chad cared about was not getting caught. He started the car and left hurriedly, though not so fast as to attract attention. He just hoped no one would pull him over.

It was going to be a long drive. Pennsylvania all the way to fucking New Mexico.

It was already in the afternoon when they'd left, and both were exhausted by the time night came. Chad wanted to keep driving, but Derek's plea for reason won out: they were both worn out, and couldn't simply 'take turns.' They needed to rest, and also to take more backroads where they couldn't be easily discovered. The feds weren't dumb: they'd find them if they weren't careful. He even suggested exchanging the Mustang but Chad refused. His Dad had given him that car. He wasn't going to throw it away or sell it . . . yet.

They stopped at a rundown looking motel on the edge of the state. It looked discrete enough, and when Derek went in they evidently didn't ask too many questions. They took the car into the lot and rented a room on the second of two floors with a fire escape out the back, just to be careful. Chad was impressed: clearly the other man had practice in these matters. The only problem was that they had only a single bed in their room.

"I, uh, had to tell them it was for me and a lady friend. For cover."

"You've got to be fucking joking."

Derek gestured at his form. "Well, no offence dude, but you look more female than male."

"I've still got a dick!"

"It was the only one with a fire escape directly adjacent, and the creep at the counter suggested the story by implication, and I ran with it so as not to look nervous, okay."

"Well, you're sleeping on the couch," Chad said.

They looked around the room. There wasn't a couch. Not one worth sleeping on, anyway. He sighed.

"Just like our dorm. You stick to your side, I stick to mine, okay?"

"Fair, I was going to suggest the same thing."

Derek ducked out to get some groceries for the two of them, and to stock up on other necessities like a first aid kit, new clothes and the like. It left Chad a few hours to absorb everything that had happened to him, especially in the last twenty four hours. It was a lot to take in, and just thinking about it stressed him. He decided to take a shower, and while it was hard to ignore the sensitive, changing parts of his body - particularly his damned breasts - he managed to at least relax a little. His skin was a little more vibrantly green afterwards, and it made him wonder if his mood affected how green it was in a way.

"No, I am *not* thinking about this," he said as he got changed back. "No way am I turning into some green skinned half-alien girl or whatever."

By the time Derek returned, he was starving. He scoffed down the noodles the other man made, practically moaning at how tasty they were.

"My Mom's recipe," Derek said. "Though my Dad makes some great food too."

"My Dad always said cooking was for pussies," Chad said.

Derek looked hurt.

"I didn't mean it like that. It's really tasty. I'mfuck, I'm thankful. For doing all this for me."

"Not really for you. You want to change back, and I want further evidence of aliens that won't get you locked up. It's a mutual aid thing," Derek explained.

"Whatever. I'm extending a fucking olive branch here."

Derek paused, then to Chad's surprise extended a hand. Chad took it, wishing he had a bit more strength, then realising this wasn't a moment to establish dominance.

"Partners," Derek said.

"Yeah, something like that. This is just . . . fuck, this is weird."

"Does it feel weird? Like, can you feel yourself changing right now?"

He shook his head. "Some bits are sore, like these stupid little tits and my nipples. And this weird bulge on my forehead. And these stalks on my head move occasionally for no bloody reason. But it's mainly reserved for when I get that rush of energy, and I hear the voice. I've . . . you were right, I could understand bits of it. It said something about changing my 'species template.'"

Derek nodded. "Sort of like a Borg assimilation. From *Star Trek*."

"Never watched it."

"You're missing out. It's cheesy, but really good. Thoughtful and philosophical."

"Sounds lame."

"If you say so. I'm going to shower and head to bed. I'll take the left side - closest exit will be on yours, in case you need to run."

The gesture actually made Chad feel a twinge of something. Empathy, perhaps? Thankfulness, definitely.

"Um, I'm not good at saying thanks. But thanks."

"Well, well, Chad Penwick thanking nerdy Derek Mayes. Who would have thought!"

"Yeah, don't rub it in. I'm already dealing with a shrinking dick here."

Derek winced. "I didn't realise. Fuck. Sorry."

"Not more than me, nerd. Derek, I mean."

The two were on the separate sides of their bed, and while it was a struggle to get to sleep, eventually they made it. Chad had strange dreams of alien voices, and he could only partly make out parts of it. Phrases like '*ALTERATION OF SUBJECT IN SECOND PHASE*' and '*GENETICALLY CAPABLE OF CROSSBREEDING WITH NATIVE*' and so on. It made him toss and turn, his strange alien and female parts causing fitful sleep.

And then, suddenly he woke, and he saw the dark room in shades of bright red. The energy flooded his system again, and he couldn't help but groan beneath his breath.

"N-no! No again!"

Derek snored beside him, and he was unable to wake him before the changes came again.

Part 4: Road Trip

Chad tried to shift, tried to move and get his roommate-turned-escape partner's attention. But the strange alien infection or virus or whatever it was had him all seized up. He shuddered a little, and could just manage to raise his arm up in the darkness before his eyes. To his astonishment, the energy that flickered across his eyes concentrated for a moment, and then he was able to see the colours of his arm. See colour in the darkness.

But he couldn't maintain his awe when other changes were beginning to happen simultaneously. He felt his skin ripple as it softened further. His ears shrunk a little further, feeling dainty to the point of being *too* small. His tailbone clicked as vertebrae added to it, expanding further until it was making him deeply uncomfortable, until finally it *bent*. Bent, as if it had its own vertebrae. It slipped between the upper cleft of his ass cheeks, which themselves rounded out slightly, taking on more padding and relieving this new burden. His antennae extended, and this change was a little more painful, but at the same time brought an increased sensitivity to the rest of his body. It was like he could 'taste' the sensations the rest of his body was experiencing. And something else too . . .

"Oh - oh f-fuck," he managed to stammer in his husky female voice.

It was Derek. Chad's antennae could sense the other man, his musk, his maleness, his *heat*. Though he was sleeping, he once again felt that draw to this other man. This strange instinct to regard him as a 'mate', even if he didn't quite understand that designation. But suddenly his scent was intoxicating, and it made Chad want to draw nearer to him, just to 'smell' it with his antennae. Hell, even with his increasingly button-like nose!

But then he grunted in discomfort, one that he welcomed as a distraction. The bulge slightly below the centre of his forehead expanded. He could feel something complex developing back there, something sensitive. He tried to touch it, but his body spasmed again. His scalp itched as his hair extended yet further, now falling level, he imagined, to where his chin would be, though it was hard to tell while shaking on his back. Another tingle began, one that heightened the sensations of pleasure. He was caught between welcoming them and fearing them.

"Nno! No! Derek, Derek wake - nghh - wake up!"

But the snoring man was completely asleep, and so Chad simply whimpered as his nipples extended, hardening in arousal, and his breasts rose. They nearly doubled in size, gaining weight and tissue and fat and swelling to what must have been full B-cups in size.

"Mmhmhmm . . . Ahhhhh."

His skin rippled with energy, and thanks to his altered eyes, he could see that his entire form was becoming further green. He tried to ignore the shrinking dick, but it remained erect even as it reduced in size. Thankfully he didn't orgasm, but as the changes relaxed, he trembled in pleasure. His vision flashed briefly green.

*\$\$^^#\$\$%#@##\$%\$ SECOND PHASE IN OPERATION ##\$%#@##\$%^\$&\$#@ \$
MATING LINK ESTABLISHED \$^^#\$\$%#@##\$%^\$&\$#@ \$ FEMALE DEVELOPMENT
FOR DESIGNATED NATIVE*

"What n-now . . ."

He tried to stay awake to figure out what was happening, and what the voice meant, but he was simply too tired. It had been a long fucking day.

He drifted back to sleep.

Chad woke with his body pressed against something warm and sweet-smelling and wonderful. His antennae twisted on their tentacle-like stalks, tapping against that something, sampling its comforting masculinity. Its compatibility to his own changing form. He nestled against it, hugged it warmth against him, and accepted the strong arms that embraced him in turn. He lay there in perfect company until he became awake enough to realise something was wrong. He opened his eyes and saw Derek's face almost touching his, the other man slowly waking too.

"Agh!"

Chad threw himself back to his side of the bed. Derek sat up, alarmed, an erection clearly evident in his boxers. Chad's antenna went wild at the sight of it, but he forced the information out of mind. His own nipples were hard with arousal.

"Did we just?"

"We're not talking about it," Chad said. "I knew we should have found a different room. Goddamnit."

Derek stared. "You've changed again. You look-"

"I know, I know, I'm growing tits and I've got longer hair. I think I'm growing a tail too."

"A tail?"

Chad groaned. "I'm having a fucking shower. Can you, I don't know, get some food ready or something? We've got a drive ahead of us."

Derem nodded, clearly trying not to stare. "Do you feel okay?"

"Of course I don't feel okay!" he shouted, causing his tits to wobble in his shirt. "I'm turning into an alien chick. God, I'm even fucking shorter again!"

"Sorry, I just meant . . . you're not injured, right? I want to make sure you're okay as you can be, at least."

His concern was oddly touching. Once more, his alien antennae buzzed, drawing him to this man.

"I'm . . . yeah. Fine as can be, I guess. Thanks. I'm going to have a shower and inspect the damage."

He walked away, his more widened hips swaying further than he'd like. His antenna buzzed, telling him something that embarrasses him.

"Don't look at my ass, you weirdo geek!"

"S-sorry."

The shower was strangely nice on Chad's more sensitive skin. He luxuriated in it longer than he should, taking the time to feel his strange tail development. It was thick, but capable of being tucked down and hidden in his pants, which he tested after getting out. It was weird, like having a new limb. It was having a new limb. It was semi-flexible, with new muscled that let him shift it, which would at least make it easier to hide for now. Like an arm or leg socket, he could rotate it in any direction, though it was quite short.

"A fucking tail above my ass, just great."

He dressed in some oversized clothing that was now far too large. He was down to a height of 5'7, and got the feeling his reduction in height still had a little way to go, unfortunately.

"Fuck, all this shit is too big for me. I'll have to get new clothing."

He sauntered out of the bathroom to find Derek had prepared bacon and eggs. It smelled wonderful to his enhanced senses.

"Mhm, thanks," he said, as he tucked in to the food.

"No problem," Derek said. "I'm sorry this is still happening to you."

"Yeah, well . . . appreciated, I guess. Let's just focus on getting to Roswell. What's the plan, ner - Derek."

Derek smirked a little. "Nice to know you're learning."

Chad chuckled.

“Okay, so we’ve got a long, long drive from Penn all the way to New Mexico. The good news is that if you keep changing, we’ve got the perfect cover. It’s a little extra drive, but in El Paso they’re having an annual Alien Conspiracy Convention. I’ve been there a couple of times, and it’s mostly just geeky science fiction fun. Movies, games, costumes, the works. But there’s also genuine alien conspiracy people and podcasters and the like. Lots of cosplay. It usually draws a pretty big crowd of a few thousand or so, mostly for novelty.”

Chad winced. “Why do I get the feeling I’m not going to like this?”

“Because you’re probably not. But hear me out. You’re likely to keep changing, right?”

“Right,” he said a little morosely, looking down at his more vibrant green skin.

“So what better alibi for your appearance, and the fact that we’re visiting Roswell, than making it look like you’re dressing up as a green alien for cosplay? There’s even a bus and convoy that drives to Roswell after the convention to check out famous UFO sites. We could split off from there!”

Chad considered it. The thought of having to deliberately show off his repulsive changing body, his alien femaleness, was horrifying. His father would be utterly ashamed if he ever found out. God, not to mention people like Kaley and Mark. Especially Kaley. But what choice did he have?

“Fine, fine. I’ll go along with this stupid plan. So long as I don’t have to wear a skin tight outfit or anything.”

“Well, it would be pretty cool to see,” Derek said, smirking.

“Ha ha. Don’t push it, geek.”

“Derek.

“Derek, fine. But if we’re gonna do that, we need to get some clothes.”

The nerd nodded. “Yeah, and probably a bra for those puppies too.”

“No way, I am *not* wearing a bra. And don’t fucking call them ‘puppies’ again.”

“Or what, you’ll stash me in a locker?”

For just a moment, Chad thought Derek knew. About the high school incident. The one that he occasionally dreamed of. His heart stopped, for just a moment, as he remembered. But then he noticed Derek’s face, which had that same look of dry humour upon it. He didn’t know.

“Yeah,” he said, faking a chuckle, “I’ll do that.”

Derek was waiting in the car, boiling in the heat as he wore his thick jacket and hat. Derek was taking forever, and it was making the transforming man nervous. He spent the time

hiding from anyone walking past, trying to act casual while also leaning away from them. A young mother loaded her car with shopping bags right next to him, and he nearly panicked at the thought that she might see him and scream.

Finally, Derek emerged, and much faster than expected. The dark-haired geek held several bags, and was running across the car park. He practically leapt into the car, throwing the clothes onto the backseat.

“Did you get some new clothes for me?”

“Yeah, even got some bras despite what you said. But we need to go. Like, *now!*”

“What? What’s happening?”

Derek was already turning the key. He pointed a finger out the window to the left, across Chad’s vision. The former jock’s eyes widened at the sight that greeted him: several black SUV were parked, and another was across the street, closer to their motel.

“Fuck! Is that -?”

“Oh yeah, I saw our white-haired friend again. I don’t know if they know who we are, or if they’re on our case, but we’re ditching our phones.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah. We’re leaving them. I got us a couple of burners.”

Chad was amazed as Derek got the car started, and began pulling out. He didn’t like the idea of this man driving his Mustang, but driving exposed him too much, and both agreed that if he started to change again the risk of him crashing would be too damn high. And yet Derek operated the vehicle with respect, and got out of the lot.

“Wait, what about the car?”

Derek manoeuvred the car onto the main road and began driving.

“We’ll have to ditch it, get something cheap and easy.”

“But - it’s my Dad’s car! He’ll fucking kill me if I lose it! It was a gift from him.”

“Would you rather be caught and experimented on?”

Chad sighed. “This is the worst fucking time of my life, I swear.”

“Chin up, at least you’ve still got a dick.”

“Yeah, but for how long? This is a goddamn nightmare.”

They hit the road fast, though not enough to warrant too much attention. Their journey was delayed yet again, though not this time by a set of changes, at least. No, they had to ditch the car, quick, an act that pained Chad. Still, better than then end up on the operating table, and have the whole world know he had gone from an athletic beast of a man to a green-skinned alien woman. At least, one who was nearly a woman. Of course, there were

worse fates to contend with. Like the very real possibility he'd be chucked in a cell to be studied, and no one would ever see him again.

So they went to a second-hand car dealership and pawned it off at a low price in exchange for a large nondescript white van they could sleep in if necessary. The scepticism over the price they went for was quickly mollified by the use of Chad's use of his father's name and details. It wasn't too difficult to play Derek off as him: the DMV always took shit photos. At least, they hoped it didn't look too suspicious. The dealer was the third guy they'd gone too to get a sense of, and his antenna finally flagged him as a dishonest sort, just like they wanted.

"I guess these things are useful after all," he said.

Still, the dealer was suspicious enough that he had to step out of the car wearing his full jacket and hat.

"Your girlfriend, she looks a bit weird. You're not infected with something are you? Not a fugitive or whatever?"

Chad looked to Derek for leadership, and to his surprise, the geek stepped up.

"No, nothing like that! We're on our way to AlienCon, down in El Paso. The big UFO seeker convention. This is my girlfriend's costume, though it's not finished yet. Show him, Ashley?"

"Ashley?" Chad said through gritted teeth. He shot the man a glare, but removed his cap and jacket anyway, revealing his alien form for the first time to someone else. It was almost impossible to look the car dealer in the eye, but thankfully the sleaze just laughed.

"Well, that is bloody impressive! No wonder you're trying to ditch the Mustang if you're heading that way. Lots of CIA types on the lookout for aliens, ha!"

"Exactly," Derek said, playing into it. "We don't want to be followed. G-men and the Men-in-Black and all that."

"Well, if it gets me a nice deal then I'm happy to play into your delusions, hmm. It's a good makeup job too, she actually looks pretty cute! You should ditch the men's clothing though, doesn't work with it."

"I'm, uh, still working on the outfit," Chad mumbled.

They were on the road not too long after, driving a much less impressive, but much less obvious vehicle.

"That was humiliating," Chad said.

"Well, it worked, didn't it?" Derek said. "Besides, it shows you can pass as a human woman in makeup for now."

She folded her arms beneath her breasts. "Great, just great. Which also means all my fucking clothes feel uncomfortable."

Derek smiled, pointed out the clothes in the back of the van. "You're welcome to try a selection. We've got a long, long drive ahead of us, and a lot of it is gonna be on empty streets to avoid detection."

Chad looked back at the bags. He did feel uncomfortable, and his breasts were jostling every time they hit a pothole, causing his shoulders and chest some pain. He just hoped they weren't going to get any bigger.

"Fine," he said. "I'll try some on. Don't be a geek pervert and stare at me while I'm changing."

"Wouldn't dream of it, babe," Derek said, chuckling. For that he got a painful punch on the arm.

"I may be weaker, but I can still beat you up!"

He winced, rubbing the area that had been hit. "Okay, noted. Just don't get jealous of me all the time."

"Pfft, as if I'm jealous," Chad said as he pulled himself out of the passenger seat and into the back to rifle through the clothing.

"Of course you are! You're literally green with envy!"

He got another punch for that, though Chad couldn't help but smile a little. Just a little.

"Okay, I'm done. These bras are a damn pain to figure out, I can tell you that."

Derek smiled as he rounded a corner gently. "I thought you would have had loads of experiences with bras."

"Taking them off, dipshit, not putting them on."

"Derek, not dipshit. We've talked about this."

"Fine, yeah. Sorry. How do I look?"

Derek looked over as Chad got back in the passenger seat. He was wearing a white woman's shirt with the sleeves rolled up, and a black bra clearly underneath. Due to the heat, he wore a set of women's shorts for his wide hips. His long hair was held back by a scrunchie, which he could see in the rear view mirror had the effect of emphasising his cute cheekbones and full dark green lips.

"You look . . ."

"Like a freak, I know."

"No," Derek said, "you actually look gorgeous."

"Gay."

"Sorry, it's just . . . you do!"

Chad wanted to be angry, and he was, just not as much as he felt he should have been. That warmth, that instinct driven by his antenna identified that heat in Derek, and it made his own body flush with heat.

"Well, good to know that on top of losing everything and becoming an embarrassment to my old man, I'm also turning into a *hot* alien chick."

Derek glanced at him from his peripherals. "What's up with your Dad, anyway? You've mentioned him a few times."

"None of your business, just keep driving this hunk of junk and - NGGH!"

The red flash.

The strange warnings.

The tint of green.

"Fuck me," he said, as his cock began to slide into his body, and his tail expand. "I'm changing again! I'm - Ngghh! - get us off the road! I n-need the car to stop."

Derek made a wild turn, dashing for down an old country road, even as Chad began to change even further. Chad gasped, feeling the centre of his forehead and the centre of his chest burn.

He was in for the next lot of surprises.

Part 5: Come in Threes . . .

Chad groaned as the changes began. Everything in his vision flashed green a second time, heralding powerful alterations to his body. He grabbed and gripped his skin, his fingers caressing his breasts in a way that seemed to make Derek look at him curiously.

"S-stop perverting at my tits and find a place for us to s-stop!"

"I'm trying, I'm trying!"

Derek continued down the road even Chad arched his back.

"OOhhhhhhh f-fuck! It's a big one! My tail! Aahhh, my g-goddamned tail!"

His voice was so female it was embarrassing, but even more shameful was the way his women's shorts split a little as his hips widened yet further, and then snapped at the back as his tail thickened considerably. More and more mass poured into it as it widened at the base, then across its entire length. Soon it had the proportional size of a full-grown arm, though it still tapered to a smooth green end. Derek kept looking over in astonishment as it extended out longer and longer, piling behind Chad before running out of space, and then creeping down next to his leg in the space in front of the passenger seat.

"Oh G-God! So big! It's s-so f-fucking - NNGGHH!!!"

His nipples hardened, the changes not only discomforting but also deeply pleasurable. He could barely understand what was happening to him, because the pain in his forehead and between his breasts expanded, blooming. His tits followed, swelling out to press against the black B-cup bra containing them. Their fat spilled over the edges, leaving him to salivate in discomfort and bliss as they expanded.

“OOhhhh G-God! Stop! P-pullover!”

“I’ve got a space ahead! Just a moment!”

It was an empty country road alright, but on either side was fencing, and about three hundred yards away was finally a space for parking. Chad didn’t have time to wait though. He pulled at the cups of his bra, tearing them off and accidentally ripping his white shirt open in the struggle. Derek again looked, seeing the dark nipples of his roommate’s now-considerable bust.

“Holy shit, did they just get bigger!?”

“I s-said don’t - oohhh - look!”

“Sorry! But they have, right?”

“Obviously, you fucking idiot! And they’re still - ahhh - g-growing!”

They swelled again, going up to what had to be pert, round D-cups, easily twice the size of what they had been. They jiggled, wobbling heavily as Derek pulled to a parking spot. Chad moaned almost sensually as his body became even further female.

“N-no! Oh f-fuck no! Not that! Don’t take th-that! NNGGHHH!!”

But it was too late. Even as Chad placed his hands between his legs, he could feel his meagre penis pulling into his body, his balls reshifting and reforming as they plopped in also. His body writhed in unwanted orgasm as his new female alien pussy developed, already wet and sensitive, causing him to cry out in a clearly pleasurable wail.

“OOHHH! AAAHAHHHH!! AAAAAEIIIII!”

Derek switched the car off after stopping, and Chad caught his look of astonishment. He felt utterly humiliated yet unable to stop himself from continuing to cry out as his body was hit by wave after wave of rapturous energy. His breasts pressed out further, and his ass expanded slightly, taking on more fat to become comfortable and rotund. His toes and fingers merged, leaving him with three fingers and a thumb, and only four toes as well. But the other big change was just above his now-shallow nose, and between his breasts.

“Oh my God, Chad. Your - your boobs! You’re growing another one!”

“N-noooo, I’m - ahhh! NNghh! - it can’t b-be!”

But she was. And as the final orgasm hit him, it surged forth, pushing his breasts out to the side as a new, third boob formed between them. Its expansion was rapid as it filled out to take on the same perfect teardrop shape as the others, easily a full D or DD-cup in size.

“MMHhmmHMmmm . . .”

He arched his back in that final moment of ecstasy, clenching his eye shut as his alien chest finished its formation. And then his eyes widened as it crashed down upon him.

All *three* eyes.

Derek gasped. Chad shook with horror. Something had changed. He could feel it. He barely managed to grab the rearview mirror and spin it his way with his new, alien hand. But he succeeded, and was confronted with the vision of an intensely gorgeous green alien space babe with a third eye just above her small nose, and three large breasts.

He screamed, just as his vision flashed briefly red, then green again.

#\$%#@#% CORRECTION E@#*#(\$ PRONOUN \$#%\$#*%

She screamed again.

She.

It was over an hour later when Chad finally calmed down enough to get back into the van. She was fuming, outraged by her changes, and the worst part was that something had changed at the very end which meant she was no longer even capable of *thinking* about herself as male. It was like some alien switch had been flipped, and now her identity, whether she wanted it to be or not, was as an alien woman. She could still think of herself as a male, but it required constant effort, and it kept slipping back to female when she wasn't paying attention.

"This fucking sucks ass!" she cried. Her boobs wobbled in her new top as she gestured erratically. All *three* of them. They were heavy, and full, and round, and big. And they were *hers*. And goddamned Derek couldn't stop staring at them.

"Fucking seriously, Derek?"

The other man - well, the *only* man remaining of their pair - blushed and looked up at Chad's eyes. "S-sorry, dude. I'm honestly trying not to be creepy here. But - no offence - they're really big! And there's three of them! You're like that chick from *Total Recall*, only she wasn't nearly as busty as you."

"I don't even know what the hell that is," Chad snapped. "All I know is I've got a bigger rack than fucking Kaley twice over, and that's not even counting the third one! I've got double-cleavage, dude! What is that device turning me into!?"

Derek shrugged. "One of them, I guess? Probably a fusion of human and alien, actually. You're still humanoid, and that doesn't appear to be changing. The only major, *major* deviation in body type is the tail."

Chad grimaced. She didn't like to be reminded of the tail, especially since *it* kept reminding *her*. She was able to exert increasing control over it. Like the tail of a monkey, it

had its own complexity, and she could move it almost like a fifth limb. But when she wasn't paying attention seemed to mimic her mood, swaying back and forth in anger, curling at the end in frustration, drooping with sadness. The latter came on quickly, and she had silently cried while standing out in the field where Derek couldn't see her shedding tears.

"It's going to be hard to hide," she said. "All of this is."

"We could get you to wear a baggy coat or something?"

She rolled her eyes. All three of them. *That* was a weird sensation to get used to.

"I'll fucking roast in New Mexico. I'm already overheated just standing out in the fucking sun here."

"Yeah, you should probably join me in the van's shade. You might get sunburnt."

"I don't even know if this stupid alien body can even *get* sunburnt."

Still, she huffed and walked over to him. She could see that Derek was straining not to look at her chest, especially since her big, dark green nipples were pressed against the fabric even as they wobbled. The top was stretched to its limits, revealing two tracts of cleavage that were thoroughly enticing. It was downright humiliating for the formerly male athletics champion.

"We've got to turn me back," she murmured, crossing her arms under her three boobs as she sat down, mindful of her swaying green tail.

"Have you got any more changes to go?"

She sighed. "I don't know. I feel like it's almost finished. Some kind of sense. I noticed a few other changes as well. My ears are pointier, and my nose is flatter. I've got, like, nostrils that are almost slits or whatever. Hips are wider too. Total hourglass."

"Your hair is longer too. It goes down your shoulders now."

She nodded. Her cute little antenna had also grown, though thankfully not much. Just long enough now that changing her hairstyle wouldn't be enough to disguise them. She'd need a hat, and wasn't sure how comfortable that would be. They kept bobbing slightly, folding towards Derek and 'sniffing' his scent. She didn't want to say anything, but the other man 'smelled' quite nice. Unfortunately, she could also sense his arousal around her.

"Keep it in your fucking pants, dude."

"What?"

"Your dick is hard."

"N-no it's not."

She sighed, turning all three eyes upon him with laser focus. She pointed at her antennae. "I can fucking tell, dude. I've got these things. I can see your, like, heat I guess. You've got a fucking rager of a boner."

Derek blushed. "Look, you're hot, okay?"

"I'm a freak."

“Yeah, sure, but a *hot* freak. I don’t know what else to tell you. You just are. Call me a weirdo if you want, but you’re like a dream come true to a nerd who idolises alien life. Seriously, look at yourself.”

She groaned, kicked a rock. “Goddamnit, this is not what I want to be hearing now, nerd.”

“Derek.

“Whatever. Fine, this is not what I want to be hearing right now, *Derek*. I *know* I’m hot, okay? That’s what makes it even weirder. Fuck me, this is all wrong. I was meant to be a football captain. I’m meant to be ploughing Kaley fucking Wakefield.”

“And now you’re on the road with some loser.”

She turned, looked at him. Through her antennae she sensed the slight sorrow emanating from him. Against her usual character, she felt a sudden sympathy, not just for herself but for him as well. She reached out, and placed her hand on his shoulder. A brief little flutter of excitement skipped in her heart - a heart that was beating on the *wrong* side of her chest, now - but she pushed it down.

“Look, you’re not a loser, okay? I was wrong. And I’m not making fun of you, dude. It’s just . . . God, this is fucking weird. I’m thankful for all you’re doing. But having a guy look at me, with my freak tits and tail and hips and pussy, and having an erection . . . it’s doing stuff to my mind, man. I can’t handle it.”

Derek smirked. “You’re not thinking I’m hot in return though, right?”

“Fuck no.”

“Good. So it’s not all bad news then, right?”

To his own surprise, Chad laughed gently. She still wasn’t used to her new, feminine voice with its sultry low quality, or all her new body parts. But she could at least take consolation in Derek’s words.

Only a little consolation though. She lingered a little too long on his smile, on his lips and piercing eyes. They had a quality that made her shiver a little.

“Let’s get on the fucking road,” she said. “And there better be some custom bra I can wear.”

“Not too embarrassed about wearing one anymore?”

She got up into the passenger seat and began adjusting her tail carefully. “Of course I’m bloody embarrassed. But I also don’t want these huge tits bouncing painfully. No wonder Hotstuff Hannah got a reduction. Sad day for all the guys on the football team.”

Derek laughed as he got back in his driver’s seat.

“Okay, let’s go. To infinity and beyond.”

“Yeah, yeah, I get *that* reference. Just shut the fuck up and drive, loser.”

“Derek.”

“It was an affectionate *loser*, okay?”

“Fine, but say it one more time and I’ll find some boob jokes.”

“Ughhh, this fucking sucks!”

The drive was long, particularly along the back roads to avoid the roaming eyes of the men in black. Chad rested, falling asleep after they had a shared lunch on the road from their supplies. She’d shifted to a skirt, daring Derek to say anything, which he fortunately didn’t. It felt oddly freeing, but moreover it had a kind of material that was easy to cut a hole in the backside and slide her long tail through.

“Yeah, yeah, I know I look ridiculous,” she muttered as she did so. “Keep your eyes on the road and your dick in your pants.”

“I really hate those antennae,” Derek mused.

“How do you think *I* feel? I have to put up with *feeling* your feelings.”

It was true too. She really could sense Derek’s feelings. It wasn’t quite like movie telepathy, but by ‘reading’ his heat, his hormones, even his scent particulates, she was able to broadly understand the shape of his focus, and it was routinely on her ass, her hips, her tits, and her face.

“You’re doing it again.”

“Sorry. It’s just, try to take this the right way, but you have a really lovely face now.”

Another role of all three of her eyes. “Nerds are turned on by the weirdest fucking shit.”

“Yeah, you’re not wrong there. Have a look at twi’leks from *Star Wars* sometime.”

“Dude, even I know *Star Wars*. The new movies sucked.”

“Finally, a pop culture opinion we share.”

The two continued to talk, even as she had to continually adjust her breasts, holding them when they went over old, patched up, or dirt roads, lest they wobble too much. To Chad’s surprise, it was actually fairly nice conversation to break up the monotony of small ghost towns, farmland, and increasingly arid landscapes. She ducked back occasionally to grab drinks from the cooler, and to fetch their lunches. They moved from talk of science fiction and Derek’s passion for it, to Chad’s own history as a footballer and why she was passionate about the game, to even the topic of love life.

“You’re telling me you’re a virgin!?” Chad exclaimed.

“No. I’ve slept with girls before. Not often, but a few.”

“Like, three.”

“Four, I think.”

“Pfft, fucking rookie numbers.”

“Yeah, well, I’m a busy student. And I’ve never had a long-term relationship. Just short stints. I guess I’ve never been lucky that way.”

Chad threw some chips at him, causing Derek to give her the side eye. She rolled her third eye while keeping the other two locked on him.

“Boo hoo. Woe is you, dude. I’m turning into a fucking alien chick here.”

“Yeah, but you’ve had loads of success. You went out with Kaley Wakefield for ages!”

Chad exhaled. “Yeah, and she was a piece of work. I thought she was nicer. I don’t know, I guess I’m an asshole too or whatever. Old man certainly was happy to encourage that. But she . . . well, the second I showed my changes to her, she ratted me out and kicked me out. Absolute bitch.”

“That sucks.”

“Yeah, sucks ass, alright.”

They drove in silence for a couple of minutes, and Chad continued to eat chips. She sure was hungry, but then she always was after her changes. She just hoped these were the last ones left.

“So, you’ve mentioned your dad before.”

“Yeah, and?”

Derek shrugged, only briefly glancing over at her. She sensed intrigue in him. At least he wasn’t turned on anymore.

“And nothing. He’s a bit of an asshole. Always pushing me to do shit. You know how dads are. They want you to do the same shit that made them big men in school and campus.”

“Is that so?”

“Yeah, obviously. Shit just happens. And with my dad, it’s just a matter of going along with it, because what else am I gonna do? He was the damn track star, football king too! Of course he has to keep the pressure on. Keep pushing me to be the all star jock on campus.”

“What happens if you didn’t go along?”

Chad scoffed, her voice sounded a bit more petty now that it was female. “The usual. Some threat. Shouting, most of the time. Occasionally, the belt. Typical dad stuff. You know how it is.”

There was a tense pause. Her antennae shifted, sensing a sort of horror emanating from Derek. Shock, too.

“I . . . I really don’t, Chad. My dad never laid a finger on me.”

“Pfft, no wonder you turned out weak.”

“If this is your idea of strength, then I want no part of it.”

Chad folded her arms. “Forget it, dude. You don’t understand pressures like I had.”

“Oh, I certainly fucking do, Chad. I’ve been pressured to succeed in academia my whole life. My parents don’t understand my UFO hobby, and they often remind me that they wished I was studying to be a doctor, but they never hurt me. Not once. That’d be . . . that’d be wrong. Evil.”

“Dad’s not evil. He’s just a pusher. Wants to make sure I’m cool, and not a loser like the kids he used to punk on. It’s like highschool. You’re either the kid in the locker, or the kid outside it, laughing.”

Another pause. “What does that mean? Is that a thing that happened?”

That dread image rose again in her mind. The screaming. The crying. The sight when the locker door was finally open.

And the laughter.

The endless, *fucking* laughter.

I’m proud of you, son.

The bile rose from her stomach and she had to breathe in a steady rhythm to avoid throwing up.

“Just f-fucking leave it, man. You’re not my fucking psychologist.”

Derek looked over, and she sensed concern from him. Damned antennae. But he seemed to understand that need for privacy. Some doors had to stay shut. They *had* to.

I’m proud of you, son.

“Okay,” Derek said. “We’ll talk about something else . . . like how it feels to have tits.”

“Jesus, you don’t rest, do you?”

“C’mon, every guy is curious. Is it cool?”

“It’s heavy. And they wobble. A lot.”

“Well, they are big.”

“Yeah.”

“And green.”

“Now you’re just - what do the feminists say? Objectifying me?”

Derek laughed. “Fair enough! Is it cool?”

Chad squeezed them with her new, reduced hands. They were more slender, the fingers just slightly longer. She whimpered a little at the pleasure that came from groping her own three tits. Her middle breast seemed especially sensitive. She swivelled her independent third eye to Derek, who was watching with fascination as he slowed the car.

“Enjoying the sight?”

“Um, a little. Yeah. Just a little.”

“I can *sense* your erection, dude.”

“Oh, fuck. I forgot. But I maintain my question - is it kind of cool?”

Chad smirked. "Yeah, I can see why chicks want big tits, at least if they're this sensitive usually. They feel pretty fucking cool. But only as a temporary thing. You spread this around, I'll fucking kill you."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Nerd."

"You mean that in a nice way, right?"

She laughed, hitting him on the arm with her tail without even thinking. They drove a little further, relaxing a bit more. She didn't want to acknowledge it, but there was a flush of heat in her system when he looked at her the way he did. Something about his clear attraction to her was making her heart flutter a little (still on the wrong side, at that!). It made her feel . . . odd. Wrong. Kind of gay, if she was really confronting it. There was something about Derek that she was sensing and seeing, and not just through her third eye and antennae, that she hadn't noticed before. A toughness that wasn't obvious at first look. A compassion too. He cared more than he let on, and he cared deeply. And he put up with her insults and defensive posturing without resorting to cruelty back, but he didn't fold over either. There was something . . . magnetic about that. Attractive, even.

She bit her full, dark green lip, realising what she'd just been thinking.

"I'm not fucking gay."

"Uh, yeah Chad. You were with Kaley Wakefield. I'm pretty sure I know that."

She looked over in shock, not realising she'd said it so loud.

"I - never mind. How are we going for arrival?"

"We'll be there in just a couple of hours. We can ready you to look like an alien cosplayer as well. Even find you a good bra, I bet."

"Thank God."

"We'll have to find a hotel as well, though they might be pretty booked out. It might help if you pose as my girlfriend."

She huffed, but didn't find as much resistance to the thought as last time.

"Fine, what's new. So long as we can get what information we need, and get to this UFO sight you found. Then find a way to turn me back before the government is probing my ass."

Derek flustered, and her antennae swelled a little at their spherical ends. She punched him lightly on the arm.

"You fucking pervert! You're thinking about *my* ass!"

"Dude, you brought it up! I can't help that these aliens made you hot as!"

She sighed, leaning back in her chair and placing her tail in her lap.

"Just keep driving, and tell me when we get there."

She closed her three eyes, and decided to try and drift off to sleep before yet another embarrassing public event occurred. And yet she still couldn't shake those feelings, that sense of attraction she kept feeling to Derek. Like he wasn't just someone helping her, or even becoming her friend (which she had to admit, he kind of was), but rather something deeper. Something *primal* to her new alien senses. It overcame the lingering dark thoughts about her father, smothering them completely. And instead of fighting these new sensations, she decided to let them pass over her as she turned to sleep, uncaring that she could sense Derek's eyes upon her breasts, or her hips, or even her tail, which languidly swayed on her lap. It was wrong, she knew. All totally wrong, to find his attraction to her somewhat enticing. Her old man would hate it.

But that last part made it feel right, too.

She dreamed that she was in bed again, and him spooning against her. This time neither had any clothes, and she did not fight the sensual comfort it brought. Her rail snaked down between his legs, teasing his balls, stroking him to a full erection. And when he moved over her she presented her three beautiful breasts to him: two to squeeze, one to suckle, and she spread her thighs to give him access.

He was her mate, after all. It was the purpose of her new biology. She was his alien girl, meant to serve her virile partner.

She groaned as he plunged into her, and gasped at the feelings it produced.

It was only when he began to yell something that she woke from the dream, embarrassed, blushing purple, utterly confused and deeply horny.

"Wh-wha - what is it?"

"Um, you were making sounds. Big sounds. And calling my name. I thought it best to wake you."

She clenched her three eyes shut, realising what she'd just done. Fuck, it was humiliating. She'd actually *dreamed* of letting this nerd fuck her alien body. And it had been a *good* dream. It made her shiver in disgust . . . and a little in delight. She couldn't shake the horniness, especially since she now had *three* goddamn nipples that were tensing and untensing, aching to be touched . . .

"Just . . . don't look at me. Don't even ask."

"I won't. I also thought I should tell you we're here. Welcome to El Paso."

Chad sat up in her seat, and beheld the sight ahead. At some point, they'd got back on the highway again, and sure enough, the sun-scorched city was in sight. There was even a billboard for AlienCon prominently displayed, with tomorrow's date and the three days following.

"We're here," she said, forgetting her incredible arousal for a moment, and taking a moment to beam with a smile. She felt giddy. It was partly her new alien energy, but also

genuine hope. Yes, she had three fucking tits and three fucking eyes. Yes, she now had a crazy hourglass figure, a tail that was four feet long, and a set of antennae to go with her green skin. Yes, she looked like a hot green alien woman, and was, terrifyingly, developing a woman's appetite for men, it seemed.

But it was all about to come to an end. Just a few more days, and she could be back to normal.

"Let's find a hotel," she said. "And get me a damn three-cup bra. And a costume for this AlienCon or whatever. Then . . ."

"Roswell," Derek finished.

"Fuck yeah."

The two former rivals shared a fist bump, flashing each other smiles. Chad ignored the additional flash of excitement that came from that brief moment of touch.

She was still Chad Penwick, star athlete.

And she would be again.

Part 6: Serellis

It was an . . . interesting interaction to say the least. The hotel clerk was clearly struggling to not look down Chad's top, at the double lines of cleavage that marked her three green breasts.

"Oh, uh, okay, yeah. We've got one extra room. It's a single bed."

"That's fine!" Chad exclaimed, much to her own surprise. Her tail snaked behind her, twisted nervously. It had formed something strange at its end, like a little softer pincer. A 'grabber', as she had started thinking of it. A part of her even wanted to try using it like a monkey's tail, but now was obviously not the time, not while she was an alien openly standing in a hotel lobby.

"I presume this is an AlienCon thing?" the clerk asked.

She nodded, her soft antennae twisting a little. She wished they would stop, particularly since they were telling her that the clerk was staring at her tits . . . and that Derek was getting a little aroused looking at her ass. She batted him with her tail subtly to get him to stop, then fixed him with her eyes. All three of them.

"I put a lot of work into the costume, but it takes so much time to get ready I figured it was best to do a day early."

The clerk nodded, clearly shocked at the level of detail. "That's crazy. It just looks so real! Almost makes me want to go, but it's not really my deal."

“Mine either,” she said, sighing, only to realise what an odd statement that was. “Uh, but I’m really passionate about costuming and cosplay and stuff, and I’m being paid to make an appearance.”

“I can see why!” he said, perhaps a little *too* confidently. Certainly, her antenna picked up more arousal from him as he looked at her full lips. “It just looks so realistic, like a real alien.”

“Thanks. Um, our room?”

“Oh, yeah. You’re on floor four. A deposit is required, though.”

Derek paid, but unfortunately for them, it required an electronic deposit instead of a cash one. They weighed up the risk, and ultimately paid. They needed a place to sleep, and Chad felt a strong need to take a damn bath. A shower wouldn’t be enough. All those changes had left her sweaty, and a small part of her felt a strong need to explore her new body . . . without the alien nerd checking her out constantly.

They were given cards to access the elevator, and stepped in.

“I didn’t think you’d be okay with a shared bed situation again,” Derek said.

She rolled her third eye but kept the other two level. It clearly amused the other man. “It’s not like we have a choice. Besides, what are you gonna do, sleep with an alien chick?”

She instantly regretted the stupid joke, because her antenna told her *exactly* what Derek thought of that proposition. He blushed, evidently picking up that she understood his perception.

“Damn those fucking antenna.”

“You damn them? Dude, how do you think I feel? I’m the one picking up what a serious boner you’ve got for this ridiculous alien bod! Not to mention when you check out my tits!”

He was doing it right then, probably because her nipples were visibly hard against her top. She grumbled, annoyed that his clear attraction was making her feel warm. Flushed with that same arousal. The goddamn alien tech was making her straight for dudes, evidently. Her father would have a fucking stroke if he saw her now.

“Sorry,” Derek finally said. “It’s just . . . you’re a real life alien girl.”

“Half alien,” she corrected.

“Half alien, then. It’s pretty amazing. I mean, you can’t tell me it’s all bad, right?”

She scoffed, and walked out of the elevator. But then, in a sudden fit of mischievousness as she sensed him staring at her swaying ass, she raised her tail quickly and made it grab his nose, squeezing it like an elephant’s trunk would. It caught Derek off guard, and he almost stumbled back. It caused her to chuckle in her soft female voice.

“I guess you’re right, it’s not all bad! Now if only I could get a damned triple cup bra for these three tits!”

She swiped the card, and entered their little hotel room. The place she was planning to stay until AlienCon the following day. She sauntered in, her green hips swaying. That warmth settled into her, that slight need.

“Shut the door!” she called.

“What?”

“Shut the fucking door, dickhead!”

Derek slammed it as she swayed on her feet. Her vision lit up red, sending a horrible spike of dread down her spine.

\$\$\$%@##\$%^&#@ \$ FINAL ADJUSTMENTS

\$\$\$%@##\$%^&#@ \$ MATING PHEROMONES \$\$\$%@##\$%^&#@ \$ REPRODUCTIVE CAPABILITY \$\$\$%@##\$%^&#@ \$ FINAL PHASE

The world flashed green as her skin, and she doubled over, heading to the ground. To her surprise, Derek caught her, and his hands felt strong and wonderful on her figure as he righted her.

“Are you okay?” he asked.

“I - uughhh - I f-felt the change again. I think it’s - mmmh! - the last one! Ahhh! It’s c-coming!”

“Do you want me to get help?”

He turned to open the suitcase, or to leave, or something, but her tail whipped out automatically and circled around his arm like a tentacle.

“N-no!” she pleaded. “Please, just - nng! - stay with m-me. Please, dude. I don’t care how p-pathetic it is. Need someone, at least. Uughh!”

Derek nodded, and helped her move to the hotel bed they were set to share. He helped her sit down, and she found herself extremely grateful for his presence. In fact, she realised with a shock that she didn’t just want him there with her, she wanted *him* there. Derek. Not Mark of Kaley or her Dad or any other family or friend. It was Derek’s comfort she needed above all. She held tight to his hand with her own three-fingered one, tensing as her tail grew out further. To a strange mix of disappointment and odd pride, her breasts pushed out yet further, straining the fabric of her shirt as all three lifted up, taking on an even larger mass. They were full and flushed and pert on her chest, but feeling fuller than ever.

“F-fuuuck!” she moaned, half-overcome with pleasure. “S-so damn b-big!”

They had to be triple-Ds, if not E’s by now, or bigger. They overwhelmed her shirt, pulling it so that her green midriff was exposed, and her double cleavage was utterly prominent.

“Dude, I can s-sense you looking at them!”

“Sorry!”

A few minor changes followed. Her ass became a bit more rounded, her tail grew another foot in length, her little 'pincer' at the end a bit stronger. Her ears withdrew pretty much entirely, and her hair reached to brush the base of her tail. Derek's eyes went wide.

"What?"

"Your hair! It's got, like, a purple sheen to it, I think."

Her hair was still dark, but she could see from the corner dress mirror that it indeed had a purple kind of sheen among the blackness.

"G-God, even that changed! I - OHHHHHHhhhhhh!"

It hit her, stronger than she expected. Something shifted inside her, and it made her body strain in an unexpected series of orgasms. She clutched Derek's arm, pressing her very full triple-chest against his side as she writhed and moaned in embarrassed ecstasy. She sensed his member harden, and more than anything she wanted to stroke it. To lick it. To have it inside her. He was her mate, after all, and that thought was overriding. The skin beneath her arms became a little slick, but it wasn't with sweat. Something else was exuding from her, and it made Derek's erection go fucking *rock hard*.

Finally, the feeling died down, though his dick didn't. They both looked at it, and her third eye in particular locked onto it.

"Oh God," he said.

She leapt back in alarm, quite literally. While she was technically weaker, Chad had gained an inhuman speed and agility, and actually backflipped over the bed before pressing against the wall. Her large breasts bounced, nearly popping out of her shirt. Her nipples throbbed, aching to be touched.

"What the fuck was that!?" she said. Her third eye zoned in on Derek's crotch again, and to her astonishment, she could see through his clothing to the large member beneath. Holy fuck, she thought, it was large! Thick, too! This kid was packing!

"I got not clue!" Derek called. "It was like you hit me with something."

"You were turned on, dude! Freak!"

"No, it wasn't that, Chad! I swear! I mean, sort of. But it was like I inhaled something, and - goddamn, I'm so turned on right now."

She covered her chest, used her tail to cover the parts her little hands couldn't.

"Get out of here! Before . . . before something happens. I need a good bra for these fucking monsters, okay? I may be stuck as some alien bimbo, but I'm going to be a damned alpha male again. But I need a bra now, got it?"

Derek nodded, practically raced from the room. "I'm on it!"

"And make sure the cups are big! These tits are getting enormous!"

She had no idea if such a bra even existed, but if AlienCon was on already, then there was surely the best bet, right? She sighed as he left, though she had to ‘turn off’ her third eye so she couldn’t keep zooming in on his figure through the walls.

“Fucking x-ray vision,” she marvelled. “I’m like a hot alien superhero or something. Jesus, Dad would try to kill me if he saw me. Not that he could catch me with this speed.” She looked over her changes, felt the renewed wobbling of her heavy three boobs. At least her alien body could support them, but they certainly were distracting. Distracting and aroused.

“Why is he so fucking hot?”

\$\$\$%#@##\$%^&#@\$ NAME CORRECTION

\$\$\$%#@##\$%^&#@\$ SERELLIS \$\$\$%#@##\$%^&#@\$

She stumbled one last time, pressed her three-fingered green hands against her temples. The mental change was quite invasive, and this time it changed something just as fundamental as her sexuality and form. It changed her *identity*. And yet, after everything, she couldn’t even bring herself to view it with hostility, hatred, outrage. Instead, she just blew air dramatically through her pursed lips.

“Great, my name is now Serellis.”

It was only temporarily, she assured herself. She’d be . . . that person again.

Serellis, formerly Chad but no longer even able to think of herself as ‘Chad,’ recovered from her changes by setting herself a much-needed warm bath. While Derek was out chasing some mythical alien-girl bra from the local UFO enthusiast’s store - a likely fruitless endeavour - she simply tried to relax in the wonderful warm water and inspect her body. And it was certainly a body to inspect. She was worried her long, smooth green tail would cause discomfort, but it was flexible and pliable enough to sit flat against the base of her buttocks, pressing between her cheeks and coming out of the water equidistant to her raised knees. She used it to idly stir the water, shifting the floating soap about with her little ‘grabber’ as a way of practicing.

“Going to be weird to lose you,” she said. “You’re the one part of this I actually don’t mind too much. Think about what I could do with you on the field. Interception!”

She made it splash in the water, and Serellis laughed.

“Though, I don’t mind these either.”

She raised her hands, slimmer than an ordinary humans on account of having no space for pinky fingers (or greeny fingers now, she supposed). Slowly, she planted them down on her prodigious bustline. Bustlines, plural.

“Mhmmm . . . aliens must like sex too, because these feel fucking good.”

She groped them slowly, feeling the soft yet pert flesh, admiring how they flattened slightly, pushing against one another now that she was on her back. She closed her eyes, and shut her third as well: the x-ray vision was only giving her a view of a Chad-type working out on the floor above, a sight that was slightly arousing but also serving to inflame her annoyance at what she'd lost.

“If I wasn't a total freak and didn't have one extra boob, I bet Kaley Wakefield would be fucking jealous of this bod.”

The thought made her laugh, and even that sounded rather sensual.

“Derek wouldn't give a shit. He finds me hot, no matter what.”

She licked her full, darker green lips at that. Derek. The dorky, unexpectedly courageous guy who'd saved her life and carried her across the whole country, figuratively speaking, to try to help her change back. She knew the stupid changes were making her feel this strong . . . heat, for him. But there was a deeper connection as well, one she wasn't even sure was coming from the changes, but instead their shared experiences. The conversations they'd had. The vulnerability she'd shown him that she'd never displayed to anyone else, and the seriousness and compassion with which he'd dealt with it. And, despite his clear attraction to her, his foremost care for *her*, the person that was Serellis, or Chad, or whatever, through all those scary moments. It was enough to make her realise something.

“You're a good friend, Derek,” she said. It would be hard to admit up front to him, but she knew she would have to, when he returned rather comically empty-handed. She could no longer pretend this was just an alliance of convenience. They had shared things, and it made her want to share more as well.

Even as she had these thoughts, the image of Derek stirred in her head. It lit her body up in a way only her horny green body could.

“Mhmm . . . Derek. Fuck, I'm turned on again.”

She shifted in the water, used her tail to part the curtain to see through the open door. Then, using her third eye, she checked that no one was near to entering. There was no one, just a bickering couple next door. She lay back, imagining Derek again. Him, shirtless, with that cock straining at the sight of her.

“Ohhhhhh. Whew. Okay. Yeah, this is fucked up. Incredibly fucked up. But . . . ahhh.”

Her womanly passage moistened, her womb heating up with desire. Her breasts tingled, and her nipples distended, all three demanding tough.

“N-no. I am not fucking - oh, screw it! Better when he's not here than . . .”

She began to grope and squeeze her three tits, shifting between them to cause the greatest pleasure. She was about to move a hand down to her vagina when without meaning to, she twisted her tail to attend to it instead. She gasped, shaking a little at the sensation.

Her vulva was throbbing, her clit bulging and in need of attention, and her tail's end was surprisingly gentle in meeting those needs. It meant she could focus all her hands' range upon her chest.

“MMhmm . . . ngnhh . . . oooOOhhh! OH, f-fuck! FUCK!”

The image of Derek stirred in her mind. His spiky hair, his thin yet confident build, his intelligent smile. His lustful eyes. It brought her closer and closer to climax, and soon she was plunging her tail fully into her passage, probing it ever deeper, rubbing her sensitive walls as if she were actually being fucked by a cock. It was unlike anything she had ever felt, and soon she was almost insensible as she pressed all three breasts together.

“Yes! Yes! YES! FUCK ME DEREK!”

And then it arrived. She quaked, splashing water everywhere. Her thrashing made her boobs tremble, pressing a little uncomfortably against one another as she pushed her arms together. It had the effect of producing two cavernous lines of cleavage, a sight she wanted Derek to see.

“OHHhhhh . . . f-fuck . . . ohhhhh . . .”

She withdrew her tail, plopping it out of her vagina, exhaling deeply. It had felt so wonderful.

But she needed more.

It was hours later, and another two masturbation sessions, when Derek finally returned holding several bags. He looked a little haggard, as if he'd been searching up and down the city for what Serellis had asked for. He adjusted his glasses as he came in, and seemed surprised to find Serellis lying on her back on the bed wearing one of the hotel bathrobes, her tail peeking out at the end. She felt that instant flush at his presence, but did her best to hide it. She could certainly sense his attraction too.

“Chad, how's it going? Sorry I was gone so long.”

She sighed. “It's Serellis now.”

“Huh?”

“The alien tech changed me one final time. Everything's finished, I think. But I literally can't not think of myself as Serellis now.”

He cringed. “I'm so sorry, dude.”

“Yeah, I don't feel much like a dude either. Not with three humungous tits on my chest and a fucking vagina between my legs.”

Derek looked dismayed for her, something which only added to her liking of him.

“I shouldn't have been gone so long. I was just looking and looking. I'm sorry.”

"I said it's okay. Look, I appreciate it dude. You're . . . I should have said this before. I'm not good at this touchy feely shit, even now that I'm a girl. Look, I'm just thankful, okay? That you're here, I mean. You're - fuck, I'll just come out and say it. You're a cool friend. A good friend."

Derek nodded. "Thanks. You're a good friend too. When you're not, you know, punching me, insulting me, and generally being a pain in the ass."

She chuckled. "Don't you talk to me about pains in asses! I've got a fucking tail here, and it's longer than ever - don't think I can't pinch you with it from here."

"I'd like to see you try."

"I bet you would."

They both clearly realised they were bordering on flirting, perhaps more than bordering, because the two suddenly clamped up, and she blushed a little purple.

"I managed to find something," he said, ending the silence.

She rolled all three eyes. "Look dude, it's no biggie. I didn't expect you to find anything, so don't worry about -"

But then she fell silent as he retrieved several bras from the bag, all made with three cups, and with large ones at that. They looked perfect for her. Serellis leapt from the bed and snatched one from his hands. "No fucking way! Seriously? How!?"

He shrugged. "I'm resourceful. Also AlienCon has loads of freaks, even by my standards. Will they fit?"

She pressed it against her chest, grinning despite herself. "Let me go find out! Scooch!"

She pushed him aside with her tail and went to the bathroom. It took some working, but to her ecstatic joy, it did indeed fit, and her boobs were only slightly too large for it. It made her look a little showy, with her bust nearly spilling out of the cups, but it nevertheless gave much needed support and comfort. She exited to show it off, wearing just her panties and bra.

"Perfect! Derek, look! It fucking fits, man!"

She instantly realised her mistake. His arousal jumped up five hundred percent just staring at her luscious green skin and wonderful lime curves. And she realised her mistake also, feeling every bit like she was displaying herself before him, a mate enticing her lover.

They were both silenced again.

And then suddenly she was upon him, and he upon her. They kissed, caressed, fondled. In moments, her bra was off, and her panties too, and they were climbing upon the bed. She feverishly worked to unbuckle his belt and remove his pants, and he took off his top, revealing a torso that was fitter than she expected, while still delightfully cute.

“Oh fuck, I can’t believe I’m doing this, but I need you so fucking bad. I want you in me!”

“I want that too!” he replied, kissing her. “I’ve wanted that ever since you had that sex dream!”

“Not a dream now, Derek! Get that monster inside me, I can’t bear not being filled by you, goddamnit!”

“You want me, huh?”

She groaned, aroused and embarrassed. “Don’t make it weird, okay? But yeah, I fucking want it. Need it.”

She slithered out her tail and grasped his hard cock, massaging it expertly. Instinctively. Derek groaned in surprise, then in arousal.

“F-fuck! That feels so good, Chad.”

“Serellis! Call me Serellis!”

“Serellis, then! I can’t hold out, you’re - ohhhhh - turning me on too much!”

“Then fuck me, dipshit! Hurry up before I fucking explode here!”

Her body burned for him, and her three nipples throbbed with need for his touch. She shoved him back on the bed so that he was on his back, and she positioned herself to be over him, ready to mount him. She may have become a horny half alien woman, but she was still a former alpha male. She was going to be the one in charge. He gripped her hips, and together they eased her down onto his cock, which sank into her depths. Her tail whipped with excitement, stroking his thigh before moving to lightly massage his balls.

“MMhm! You’re s-so big!”

“You’re so damn wet! And tight!”

They fucked like animals. She leaned down and kissed him deeply, and their tongues probed one another’s mouths. Probed - appropriate given her alien nature - and then withdrew as she continued to bounce up and down on him. She held his shoulders as she slid up and down, and then used her tail to pull one of his hands, then the other, up to play with her full, sensitive chest. It was ecstasy, it was perfection, to feel him feeling her. Something instinctive to her new brain told her that this was her role now: to be his mate. To mate *with* him, just as the alien tech had suggested from the beginning. She didn’t even want to fight it in this moment. She simply wanted him to cum inside her luscious green body.

Her antenna twisted, taking in his arousal, and that sensitivity increased her own. Soon they were both closed to the end, and she was pushing past the point of no return.

“I’m about to c-cum! I’m about to fucking cum, Derek!”

“Me too! Should we stop?”

“No! Don’t you dare! I fucking need this!”

She leaned down and kissed him, pressing all three of her heavy tits against his chest. And then she felt it: his dick throbbed, and unleashed gushes of his semen inside her. She trembled in orgasm, calling out in her sultry voice, and holding tight to him, as if needed to absorb every drop.

“OOohhhhhhhh . . . yesssss . . .”

Her tail writhed, turning slowly in satisfaction as the last of her orgasms overcame her. And then she flopped on top of him, relishing the way her huge three tits squashed against his torso.

They lay there for a long time, taking in what they had just done.

Part 7: The Alien Con at AlienCon

Serellis woke first. She had dreamed she was Chad, a buff and tough alpha male with huge pecs and amazing abs, and a gorgeous college cheerleader on each arm. She was a macho figure, an apex of a man, and yet . . . something about it felt all wrong. She knew exactly why when she woke.

Because it was all a lie. It had been a lie even before she changed. The echoes from within that locker, all that time ago, stuck with her. Taunting her. Reminding her how she'd transformed on the inside *become* long before she transformed on the outside.

She was not Chad. She was Serellis. A green-skinned alien space babe with three big Double-D cup tits, if not slightly bigger. Who had a prehensile tail that was now four feet long with its own little 'grabber' at the end of it. Who had three eyes, and the ability to sense emotions and arousal, and felt unnaturally devoted to the nerd named Derek.

The same nerd she was nestled comfortably against right at that very moment. Her alien body breathed in his scent, and not just with her slightly flattened nose either, but with her adorable antennae with their spherical ends, which sensed his comfortable sleep, and even his warm dreams. God, it made no sense, but that damn change had made him her mate, of all people. Yes, sure, she no longer wanted to be his bully. Wanted to remain his friend, in fact. She'd come to enjoy his company more than a bit the past few days. But she'd had sex with him. Actually let him fuck her with his surprisingly big dick.

And worse of all, she'd actually *loved* it.

She needed to get away from him. Take stock of herself. She wasn't going to be some half-alien, half-human bimbo devoted to this man. But he was so very, *very* comfortable. He was on his back, and she was nestled against his side, her tail wound gently around his leg. One of his hands rested upon her hip, his fingers sinking just a little into the peachy flesh of her green rear. She in turn had one arm stretched across his shoulders. He wasn't broad like Serellis had been as Chad, but he wasn't as scrawny as he'd assumed. He had a kind of whipchord feel: thin, but stronger than one would suspect. And all three of her large breasts pressed against him, flattening so that they 'spilled' against her upper arms.

She bit her lip, fighting the small uptick of arousal that marked her new role. She was too comfortable to move, too bewildered to want to confront what had happened last night. So she rested against him, and slowly fell to sleep.

When Serellis woke again an hour later, something was immediately off. Her mate - no, Derek! - was moaning gently. And she could feel an increasingly hard something being gripped by her tail's 'hand.'

"Ohhhhhh," she moaned, as a firm, masculine hand ran across her ass. "Wh-what's happening."

"You - you tell me," Derek said, gasping a little. "You were suddenly all - oohhhh - over me!"

"I'm not all - ahh - over you!" Serellis replied, though her nipples brushing against her chest made them stiffen with further arousal. "I - what's that in m-my tail! It f-feels kinda good! Kinda like a -"

Her eyes widened. All three of them. In the darkness of the room, with its curtains off, she could still see perfectly. And what she saw and felt, courtesy of her antennae, was Derek's incredibly erect penis being stroked and teased by her prehensile tail's rubbery claw.

"Oh f-fuck!" she cried. "I didn't mean to! I wasn't even awake!"

Derek panted, grinning slightly. "It was c-certainly one - Nghh! - way to wake up! Oh God this feels so fucking good!"

"Stop it! Let it g-go!"

He looked at her like a crazy person. "Me let go? You're h-holding onto m-me!"

She tried to remove her tail, but it refused her own commands. And even as it rubbed further, it lit up a sort of sensitivity at its end that she didn't even know existed, like all sorts of pleasure nerves were clustered there that could only activate during moments like these. Regardless of what it was, it made her whimper in pleasure. She shifted over Derek, her three big boobs jiggling as she did so.

"I c-can't get it off! Just cum already!"

"I'm n-nearly there! I - ahh! Can I touch your tits again?"

She furrowed her brow, causing all three eyes to glare at him. But in truth, she needed it. She needed her mate to pleasure her. "F-fine! Just hurry up! G-get it over with!"

She leaned down against him, and once more the two of them took advantage of her additional boob. He squeezed and caressed her left and right mammaries, while plunging his face straight into the teardrop middle sucking on her throbbing nipple, licking her areola. She immediately became delirious, overcome with ecstasy, and her tail rubbed him ever harder.

Finally he came, and her tail milked him until he was dry. Most of his seed landed on her green belly and tits. She came with him, her own sensitive breasts more than enough to push her over the edge.

In the aftermath, her mind raced.

"Holy shit, I just fucked you again. I didn't even mean to, dude."

"I know."

"Why didn't you fight me off?"

Derek raised an eyebrow. "Would you?"

She couldn't think of a reply. In his place, Serellis absolutely would not have. In fact, she would have been far more aggressive in squeezing her frankly fantastic set of triple tits.

"Let's just get cleaned up."

She got out of bed, then pointed her tail in his direction as she continued walking.

"And don't perv at my ass."

"Sure thing, Chad."

She sighed. "It's Serellis now. I need a cure."

The hotel clerk gave Serellis a funny look as the two of them headed downstairs to the lobby, but it wasn't a look that was *too* funny, at least. After all, there were several other alien enthusiasts, some in suits resembling the classic grey men design, others in ridiculous robot costumes. But what made Serellis clearly stand out was the same thing that made the other AlienCon attendees stare at him. At *her*.

To put it simply, she was a woman. A hot woman. And one that appeared to have a very, fascinatingly realistic costume that emphasised her best features. A number of pasty nerds looked her way, and she felt an overwhelming urge to reach out and grab Derek's hand for support, which she did, much to the other's clear surprise.

“Don’t look so surprised,” she said through gritted teeth, smiling awkwardly, “I’m just showing all these sweaty losers that I have a boyfriend so they won’t fucking come on to me.”

Derek held her hand a little more firmly. “Not a problem. Boyfriend, huh?”

“Shut up, dork.”

“Derek.”

“I meant it nicely. Like a . . .”

“Loving nickname?”

She batted him with her tail, which elicited an impressed gasp from the wider circle of nerds in the lobby.

“It’s, uh, entirely mechanical!” Derek declared. “She made it all herself.”

Serellis rolled all three eyes, antenna drooping a little in frustration. “Yep! I made it! Just a regular human gal wearing a suit!”

“Is that a *Total Recall* reference.”

“The fuck is that?” she snapped.

The large man who had spoken seemed lost for words. “The three . . .”

She thrust out her chest. “My three what, hmm? Go on, say it.”

His words died in his mouth.

“Come on,” she said, grabbing Derek’s arm, flipping off the nerd with her tail. “Let’s just get to this alien con.”

Derek smiled, clearly admiring her form. She felt him doing so, but whereas usually she’d be annoyed, perhaps even angry, it only made her chest feel a little more flushed, and her instincts full of pride. Ever since the final changes to her mental state she’d found herself feeling all warm and gooey when he looked at her like that, especially when he stared at the full lines of her twin cleavages. It was a hard thing to wrestle with. God knows her father would have killed her on the spot just for finding it even slightly pleasurable.

“You’re looking at me,” she murmured.

“Sorry.”

“Ugh, don’t be. My instincts sort of like it. It’s keeping me calm.”

“Is that permission to stare?”

Another bat from her tail.

“I’ll take that as a no.”

“Correct,” she said, taking large strides to keep up with him. Thankfully, she had a lot of energy, and got the sense that her fast speed remained. “Just . . . look, but don’t stare. Like all those stupid feminist ads or whatever.”

“I’ll walk that fine line, my lady.”

She grinned, actually feeling quite . . . pretty, as he occasionally glanced over her. She hooked her arm around his, pulling a little closer.

“There better be some hot chicks at this convention,” she said.

“You planning on seeing if you’re bi?”

“No, this stupid alien body is *only* attracted to you. Dumb fucking aliens. But I’d like *some* magnets for male attention. I just hope this costume isn’t too sexy.”

Derek chuckled. He didn’t even need to speak. His thought patterns lit up, as if to tell her that she could hardly be sexier.

An hour later, that costume was making its debut at AlienCon. The convention itself had several thousand attendees in its series of venues, many of whom were simply interested outsiders, but many others of which belonged to hardcore conspiracy groups and alien UFO societies. Most wore themed gear, sci-fi t-shirts and the like. A Darth Vader roamed the halls, flanked by two stormtroopers. There was even an out-of-place Gandalf. But when Serellis entered on Derek’s arm, a lot of attention instantly went her way.

“Yep, this was a big fucking mistake,” she sighed.

The costume she wore was indeed sexy. It was black short sleeve leather jacket with a high collar. Underneath, she wore a thick grey swimsuit that had been modified with vertical grey strips of black plastic, making it look like a revealing alien costume. After all, was supported by those same strips over her shoulders, but her three large breasts were pushed upwards, firm and ripe, her twin cleavages displayed alluringly to the world, and jostling lightly with each step. Up to mid-thigh were a set of stockings with similar adornments, and black military boots to cap it off. With her sunglasses, and her third-eye tucked beneath her dark hair, she looked like a sexy alien from some sort of half-gritty half-campy TV show, though Derek had done good work making her not look too under budget. In fact, she kind of looked badass, even if she was still too sexy by half. Her tail was on open display, and she did her best to not make it *too* lively. A round black suction ring had been sewn into the swimsuit to make it look like where the tail was ‘attached.’ It also wasn’t incredibly comfortable.

“Dude, I want to free my tail up,” she complained. “And all these sweaty nerds are getting fucking boners looking at me.”

“Don’t worry,” Derek smiled. “We just have to hang around for a few hours, and then the convoy starts. Roswellff here we come.”

It gave Serellis a little hope for diminished awkwardness . . . for about five minutes, by which point she was continually surrounded by drooling nerds who she could *sense* were

looking at her green melons, and were asking for photos, taking photos, and generally being a bother. Derek fended them off, even told one of the more aggressive assholes to “fuck right off or I’ll make you regret it!”, a response that made her inner-Chad beam with pride. She kept close to him, finding him a wonderful port of safety and compassion, even if he was guilty of those same stares.

Things settled a little after that. The two of them decided to blend in and avoid too much notice. While Serellis was still getting used to her x-ray vision - it tired her out to use it too much - she certainly was able to notice some black vans parked outside. She couldn’t be sure that they were the men in black, but she didn’t want to find out either. So they went and watched some lectures on UFO findings, and a few movie trailers for indie projects that were science fiction in nature. Serellis found most of it boring, though Derek’s fascination was actually pretty cute, not that she’d admit it. The base of her tail continued to itch against that ring, but she put up with it, going to the girl’s bathroom to adjust it and pull up her top so her three tits weren’t showing.

“Hot costume,” one woman said as she left.

Serellis was briefly shocked, but her face turned to a light smile. “Uh, thanks.”

When she got out, she continued to smile.

“What are you happy about?” Derek asked.

She winked with her third eye. “Girl secret,” she said, only a little sarcastically.

It made him chuckle. Not too long after a young female fan came up to her looking red-cheeked and nervous.

“Um, hello. I don’t want to bother, but your costume is so amazing. I’ve always wanted to dress up in something like that, but I didn’t have the guts.”

Serellis grinned as they posed for the photo and took it. “Thanks. It wasn’t all me. Derek here helped me.”

She indicated to Derek, who was currently engaged with an apparent UFO expert, one of his heroes. He was talking excitedly, rambling a little, and the older man looked a bit amused at this. It was a very cute site.

“Is that your boyfriend?”

She smiled in realisation.

“Yeah, I guess he kinda is.”

“Is it serious?”

“No, just a silly little fling of a thing at the moment. I don’t fucking know.”

“Well, he looks cute.”

“He is,” she said, feeling that pride, that attraction to her mate. “But it’s complicated.”

The woman shrugged. “Well, you look kickass anyway.”

She looked down at herself. "You know, that's a pretty fucking cool thing to say. Thanks . . ."

"Emily."

"Serellis."

The two parted ways, and she went to join Derek. The other man was trying to extricate himself from the conversation, clearly overwhelmed by Derek's fanboyism and starting to snap back a little at him, but he halted at the sight of her sauntering closer.

"Oh, well, isn't this a marvellous creature! You look like a real alien, my dear! Are you from the planet Hottie, I wonder?"

"Thanks, I actually am an alien from another planet," she said. Derek stiffened beside her, but she wanted to fuck with this old dude who was being rude to her mate. "I'm from the planet Narnya."

The bearded fellow raised an eyebrow. "Narnya?"

"Yeah. Narnya fucking business. Come by me some food, Derek. I'm fucking starving."

He walked with her.

"That was Devon Mason. He's a real big deal!"

"He's a fraud."

"Nonsense, he's the real thing. He -:"

Serellis pointed at her antenna, rolled her middle eye. "I can *sense* lies, remember? Dude was fucking lying through his teeth."

Derek sagged. "Damn. Never meet your heroes."

"Don't worry," she said, taking his hand and kissing him lightly on the cheek. "You're the real deal. And that kiss was just for show."

He straightened up with a smile. "I'll take it."

The convoy began just a few hours later. Being a big event located in the city, the actual journey to the outskirts of Roswell was only taken by a couple of hundred individuals, the mostly fanatic or otherwise bored tourist types. Oh, and some cosplayers, of which Serellis was obviously considered one. A number of buses were shuttling them, but they took their own vehicle, requiring the extra mobility, just in case. It wasn't a huge drive, but several hours was several hours, and the fugitive pair wanted some time to come down from the AlienCon. And besides, their true destination wasn't the legal outskirts of the facility, but a particular region of the outskirt desert that contained the remnants Derek had poured over. The remnant that had made Serellis the hot alien girl she was now.

Her father would kill her. He really would. It was something she was thinking of more and more. That and the fucking locker. It was in her dreams.

“Looking forward to changing back?” Derek asked.

She looked to him. “Hmm?”

“I said, are you looking forward to changing back?”

“Oh, yeah. Sorry. I was thinking of stuff.”

Derek adjusted their course. They were wedged between two buses, irritatingly, something which she had made fun of him for. He’d responded that it gave them safety in the convoy.

“What stuff?”

Her tail writhed a little awkwardly. “Just my Dad and stuff.”

“You’ve mentioned him before. I think you even mentioned him in your sleep.”

She sighed. Her blood quickened, and her chest felt suddenly tight, despite all the flesh out in front of it.

“Yeah. He’s . . . let’s not talk about it, dude. We’re close to turning me back.”

Derek looked at her. She felt his curiosity, but then his restraint. It warmed her to know he cared enough to ask, but respected her privacy. Especially on this. She’d never told anyone. There was a long silence as they drove. She turned, looking at the bus behind her, not wanting him to see her face as she spoke.

“There was this kid, named Horace -”

But before she could continue, something took her attention. Her third eye widened, and her x-ray vision went further than it had ever gone before, looking straight through the entire length of the bus to the vehicle behind it. And then her heart skipped a beat.

“There was a kid?” Derek prompted, but she placed her grabber over his mouth.

“Shut up!” she hissed. “Listen! We’re being followed!”

He pushed her tail away. “Yeah, I know Chad. Serellis. We’re in a convoy.”

“No, they’re infiltrating the convoy. The black vans - these idiot UFO nuts must think it’s some kind of joke. But there are the men in black. The same man with white hair. They’re here! They’re travelling with us!”

She and Derek exchanged a glance. But there was nowhere to turn without coming into view and making themselves known. They could only continue forward.

Part 8: The Crater

The convoy continued forward, and Serellis couldn't resist constantly looking behind her. With the x-ray vision of her third eye, it was only a minor strain to see the vans with their agents inside them, but it was a strain to do nonetheless, and soon she was developing a minor headache.

"Ughh," she moaned, clutching her forehead, carefully spreading her two middle fingers so they didn't touch her aching third eye.

"You okay?" Derek asked

She shook her head. Her antenna tensed. "No. Damn it. They're still following."

"Just like twenty seconds ago. And a minute before that. They're not stopping, Chad-

"Serellis."

"Serellis. They're not stopping, but you're only going to wear yourself out looking back over and over and using your x-ray vision."

She slumped in her seat, curling her green tail around herself before sighing. "Err, you're right. Doesn't stop this from fucking *sucking*. I don't want to get caught by the frickin' government and experimented on like the OG aliens at Roswell."

"You know about that?"

She raised an eyebrow, and rolled all three eyes. "I'm not an idiot, dude. I told you that."

Derek chuckled. "Yeah, you're right. You're pretty fucking smart. I thought you were just one of those jocks who was a moron, but you're not ignorant at all. Just sort of . . ."

"Standoffish?" she said with a grin.

"Yeah."

"Well, nothing like growing three big green boobs to humble you. Or an alien pussy and desire to mate with a nerd."

"I didn't hear you complaining last night."

She blushed a little purple, twisting her tail and running her fingers down its sensitive length. "I wasn't," she said quietly. "It's crazy, but . . . fuck, we're slowing down."

Derek quickly gave a little more pressure to the breaks. The entire convoy was nearly at their location outside Roswell. Supposedly, they were going to the location that esteemed

figures of the UFO community had designated to be the landing site of the original aliens. The aliens that, apparently, were indeed real. Or at least there were ones like them.

“Damn,” Derek said, “this might be a problem. We were careful. How did they manage to track us down?”

Serellis sighed, gestured to her form. She was still in her ‘alien’ costume, and she was deeply aware of how oddly sexy it made her. “Hello? I’ve been turned into a hot green lady with three boobs and a big tail. Not to mention the antennae and third eye and missing ears and -”

“Okay, okay. I get it. Yeah, it makes sense. If whatever secret agency these guys belongs to has experienced aliens like you -”

“Half aliens,” she corrected.

“Well, sure. But even then, the real ones, I mean. If they’ve experienced them before, they may have heard enough about your unique, uh, description, to investigate.”

“You think the real aliens have, like, three boobs too?”

Derek chuckled. “Maybe. It would explain something. I’m certain they’ve got tails as well.”

“Maybe if we find them they can tell me how to use it properly before they turn me back. This thing can still be a little unpredictable.”

“I can tell,” Derek said. He gestured to between his thigh, where it was snaking against, its little ‘grabber’ of a hand rubbing his skin as if seeking reassurance. Serellis blushed again.

“Stupid alien hormones. God, what are we going to do?”

“Just act casual. Where I found the crash site is a little farther away, but the device I found was simply *one* of the bits of wreckage I saw. It was the only one I could retrieve. Maybe something else there can save you, or even call aliens to help you.”

Serellis looked around at the convoy, used her enhanced vision to see the men in black once more. She winced at the effort, but it was worth it just to make sure they were still stuck behind the other bus.

“They better not abduct and probe me or whatever,” she said, still looking backward. Immediately she sensed a slight arousal from Derek.

“Yeah, you’ve been ‘probed’ enough last night.”

She punched him lightly on the shoulder with her three-fingered fist. “Dude! Cut it out. We had sex once. Yeah, it was amazing, or whatever. But we’ve got bigger fucking worries.”

Derek set his jaw. “You’re right. I’m sorry. The convoy will park in a sort of loose square coming up. It’s a good windbreaker so they can set up tents and the like. Lot of stargazing. Locals don’t like it but it’s far enough out of town not to be a bother. We’ll slip away then.”

She composed herself, let her tail rub against his thigh a little more. She noticed with her heightened senses that he rather liked it, but didn't say anything to embarrass her. It made her heart flutter. She didn't want to say it aloud, but being with him as danger drew in brought some comfort.

Quite a lot, actually.

"Fucking mating instincts," she muttered to herself as she looked out the window. But even she knew it was just a futile attempt to put off the rising feelings. The truth was, Derek made her feel safe.

She just hoped he could keep her safe, too.

Derek and Serellis were getting out of the van and into the heat of the desert area when a voice rang across the crowd. The megaphone speaker was Devon Mason, who stood on a small, cheaply made dais as he instructed the crowd.

'GATHER ROUND EVERYONE! I'LL GO OVER SOME GROUND RULE FOR YOU FELLOW ALIEN ENTHUSIASTS AND HUNTERS! AS YOU GET OFF THE BUSES OR OUT OF YOUR TRANSPORTS, PLEASE GRAB A SIGNED COPY OF MY LATEST BOOK - WANDERERS OF THE DEEP! THE DEEP, OF COURSE BEING THE GREAT DARK EXPANSE THAT IS THE ENDLESS NIGHT SKY.'

He continued to yabber on, sounding like a pretentious nerd to Serellis ears. She may have been turned into a hot alien girl who was forced to be super horny for her own nerd roommate, but she was still a jock at heart in many other ways, and one of them was a disdain for types such as Mason. Well, him and several nerds who looked her way, completely ignoring Mason's words as they very clearly ogled her double-pair of cleavage.

"Hey, eyes are up here, nerds!" she called. Her antennae clearly pulsed angrily.

"Just enjoying the view!" one of them said, smirking as he gulped on a Coke. "Love the green skin, very 'Orions from *Star Trek*.' And nice tail! Tell me, does it have any *sexual uses*?"

She sneered. "Yeah, it can do this!"

She twisted her hip, let her tail lash out and pull the man's hat down. Then, before he could react, she indulged in her old bullying instinct by reaching the mandible of her tail down to his underwear and giving him a horrific wedge. He howled, practically tripping over as his two buddies looked on in shock.

"There," she said, flicking her hair behind her antennae and adjusting her top, since her boobs were almost spilling out from the motion. "Was that sexual enough for you?"

One of them gasped. "How did you - !?"

Derek grabbed her arm and pulled her away, further into the crowd of several hundred and growing. “What the hell do you think you’re doing?”

Frustration spiked in her. “Dude, just because I’m a chick who thinks of herself as female now doesn’t mean I’m going to let a bunch of losers ogle my damn tits! *I’m* barely used to ogling my tits! Hell, I’m still getting used to *you* ogling my tits, and the damn aliens have made it so I *want* you to ogle them!”

Derek gave a ‘shhh’ing motion, which only annoyed her, until he pointed. Her antennae picked it up before her eyes did. Someone was near. They hadn’t seen her yet, but somehow she sensed their emotions, the way they were searching for someone with a methodical intent. A someone that could most certainly only be her.

“Fuck, okay. Yeah, I was an idiot. Let’s get out of here.”

“Follow me,” he said. He thrust out a hand, and she didn’t hesitate to take it. She hoped no one noticed that she was one digit shy of an ordinary hand, or that her tail was oddly realistic in its movements. She tried to keep it taut, but it moved with an almost beautiful fluidity behind her, and besides it was useful to counterweight her prodigious bustline. Or bustlines, possibly. Did three boobs count as plural?

“Not thinking about that right now,” she muttered. “Not important. Follow my mate. Derek, I mean.”

She hoped Derek hadn’t heard that last part, but at least she had her hand in his, and was reassured by its strength. He helped her move through the crowd - some smirking at her very attractive appearance - and out of the otherside. From there, they secreted themselves between two porta toilets that had been set up, and beneath a high-wheeled bus that marked the boundary of the temporary AlienCon camp.

As she passed beneath it, a little annoyed at how her boobs scraped against the harsh orange ground, and her tail clipped against the undercarriage of the bus, she suddenly froze. Derek was on the other side and reached to help her through, when suddenly she gave him a look of terror.

“Act normal!” she hissed.

And then, faster than she could have believed possible, she shifted position and leapt into the undercarriage of the bus and flattened herself against it. Her tail shifted, catching her long dark hair, and she contoured her body almost instinctively so that it was depressed into any space available beneath the old vehicle. Her heart beat rapidly as her antenna pulsed. She couldn’t see anyone without turning her head, but she could sense them. She turned just slightly, allowing her x-ray vision to take in two figures that were at that very moment peering under the bus. She must have missed them by seconds.

“Hey, kid!” one said, with a husky voice. It must have been the white-haired man. “What are you doing beyond the boundary there?”

Derek must have thought quickly, because she heard him unzip his fly and begin whizzing into the dirt. “Does that answer your question? What are you, feds or something? A guy can’t take a piss in peace?”

“There’s porta toilets.”

“They stink.”

“We just set them out-”

“And they still stink.”

They wouldn’t be able to see his face, but if they suspected anything . . .

Serellis took a steady breath. It was hard to cling on. In fact, it was only because her alien body was so much smaller that she was able to hide. But with one little slip . . .

“We’re security for this shindig. The city hires us to ensure no one gets hurt or left in the desert. It’s a liability. Can you come back into the camp, sir?”

“Once I’m done. You can’t give me a break for two seconds?”

“We’ll be back around,” came a woman’s voice. Must’ve been the head agent’s Number Two or something. “Just keep inside the area, okay? And if you see a green-skinned woman with a tail and what looks like three breasts, can you come tell us?”

“Is this a fed thing?”

“No, she’s lost part of her costume. We just want to return it to her.”

Derek laughed, and it was convincing. “Well, I hope it’s the third tit so I can return it to her myself. But sure, whatever. Now can I have some peace?”

To her absolute relief, the two agents departed, just briefly. As soon as they were no longer in the range of her antennae’s sensors, she fell to the dirt and rolled quickly to the other side of the bus, and *leapt* into Derek’s unsuspecting arms.

“Woah!” he exclaimed.

She couldn’t help herself. She kissed him deeply, snaking her tongue into his mouth and enjoying the taste of him. Her three nipples hardened against his chest. He wasn’t built like a gym bro or anything, but he was musclier than perhaps she’d been willing to admit. She pulled away, grinning.

“That was amazing!”

“I’ll say. Holy shit, Serellis.”

“Not the kiss. That was just - look, whatever! I’ve got freaky alien mating hormones. I meant you taking a risk for me.”

He smiled, and it seemed to her that his look was actually full of confidence. He hoisted his bag, full of water and sunscreen and other supplies.

“I doubt it’ll fool ‘em for long. Maybe it hasn’t at all. They probably figure we can’t go far. Which is exactly why we should get moving now.”

Serellis nodded. “Let’s go! To that crater of yours, so I can finally turn back.”

Derek grinned. "Exactly."

But despite the act, her antenna gave his game away. She could tell he was a little sad at the prospect. The weird part was, even among the worry and concern for being found out, she was feeling a little sad about it herself.

"C'mon," she said. "Before the white-haired guy returns."

They had moved quickly, and far, across the desert stretch outside of Roswell. Technically, they were well beyond the sight of the city now, with several rocky stretches that were difficult to surmount at times. Still, Derek seemed to know the way, and Serellis was happy to follow him. It felt just *right* to do so, anyway.

"It's the damned mating instinct thing," she explained, taking his hand as he helped her over a rock. "It makes me want to follow you to the edge of the world."

"Are you sure it's not just my geeky charisma?"

She giggled like a schoolgirl. "Well, a little I guess. You turned out to be pretty cool, to be honest. I admit, I was a little bit of an asshole."

"A little bit?"

"Fine, a colossal gigachad of an asshole. Enough to make my old man proud. Guess I got mine, huh?"

She gestured to her frankly stunning alien form. Her forest green skin was a stark contrast to the orange-brown environment, and even the desaturated shrubbery around them. Her body was slightly sweaty, but it only made Derek more obviously aroused by her presence, particularly when a small droplet of sweat slid down into one or both of her cleavages. She found her hips swaying a bit more freely now that she was out of immediately danger, and her tail danced a little behind her, occasionally clawing onto a rock or surface to give her an extra boot up.

"You know, I'm actually going to miss this tail. Seriously, this thing is amazing. I bet I could catch every damn football you threw at me with it, and throw them twice as far. Hell, playing soccer I could get real good at using it. Probably cheating though."

Derek took a moment to fill up on water. He removed his hat and scratched at his untidy black hair. It was a cute look, and she felt herself getting a bit more aroused. Stupid damned hormones.

"You know, if I were in your position, I think I'd miss the x-ray eyes. Super useful."

She raised an eyebrow. "I can literally tell you're lying. Not to mention your eyes are glued to my three boobs."

“Fine, I’d miss the three boobs, the most! Seriously, not only are they big, but there’s three of them! What guy wouldn’t want to feel what that’s like.”

Serellis scoffed. “You don’t have to put up with them constantly jiggling, or how heavy they are, or other people staring at that them - like you.”

“Guilty, but can you blame me.”

“Heh, fuck no. I’d do the same. But as for feeling them . . .”

She pressed past him, the narrow space between two boulders on the path causing all three of her nipples to brush against his chest. She winked in a flirty manner.

“ . . . you had a rather good feel last night, as I recall.”

“Fuck, that was hot.”

She blushed a little purple, feeling both good and shamed at what she had done. “Blame it on the alien hormones. Seriously, this mating instinct is awful. Nice, but fucking embarrassing. Ugh, and this heat is awful too! I don’t think I can get sunburned, but I sure do feel hot.”

Then, to the other’s clear surprise, she began removing a bit of clothing.

“Woah.”

“Yeah, yeah, check out my green ass while you can, it hopefully won’t be around anymore soon. Pass me the sports bra in there. It should work around my three tits.”

To Derek’s slight disappointment - she could feel it with her alien senses - she lost the sexy space babe costume, instead opting to walk around in a pair of hiking shorts that just managed to fit round her hips (though they did have to cut a hole for tail then secure the waist with a belt) and her sports bra. Just as Serellis had said, she wasn’t getting sunburned, and in fact the sun was rather lovely on her perfect green skin. She walked with a more sensual motion, green hips sashaying from side to side, breasts bobbing in a way neither could really ignore. But it was much more freeing and less stifling.

“Yeah, yeah,” she said, “fucking enjoy it, my mate. I mean, Derek. Fuck.”

He just laughed, and perhaps because his laugh had no malice in it, unlike many of her old friends would have had, she laughed with him too. In fact, she began playing it up a little, leaning into her hormones, which were only making her more and more turned on, particularly as Derek’s sweat carried such a strong, masculine scent. She drank it in, and as they reached a number of pockmarked spaces in the craggy expanse, she openly began to find excuses to touch him, brush her three-fingered hands against his back, slide her tail along his butt or use it to adjust his hat. She could feel his own arousal growing, the snake in his pants growing harder. Even in the heat, she wanted to jump his bones, but thankfully that heat was beginning to die off as the afternoon gave way to evening, and the bright stars began to slowly reveal themselves.

“You’re being very flirty right now,” Derek pointed out.

“Ohhh,” she moaned, embarrassed and horny. “I can’t help it. It’s the transformation. I keep seeing you as a mate again. It’s like last night.”

He gave a small smirk of remembrance, one that told her he had been replaying that particular scene over and over in his mind all day.

“Well, are you okay with it?”

She tried to be. She really did. One act of sex, of having her brains fucked out by her human mate, well, that was just one experience. A brief flirtation, like with Horace. No! She wasn’t thinking on that. She wasn’t thinking of that at all. No.

But it *had* been just a single experience. Getting fucked as an alien girlfriend once was just that. Getting fucked twice . . . that was a pattern. That was a *lifestyle*. And her old man had thoughts about people with *lifestyles*, didn’t he?

She shivered, but her loins were still tingling, her three large, wobbling E-cup breasts *aching* to be touched again. Squeezed and groped and sucked again. She took a steady breath, stopped her tail from betraying these emotions and sliding over to Derek’s crotch.

“I th-think we b-better be quick,” she muttered. “Maybe just m-makeout or something. Just let you have a l-little feel. Something to take the edge off. N-nothing more.”

Real concern radiated out from him. She could tell he didn’t want to take advantage of her, and that alone made her heart flutter, making her warm and gooey inside. But then his mind altered as she felt it, instead focusing on something ahead.

“Well, I’ve brought a sleeping mattress and a mat,” he said. “Maybe we can work something out so you don’t have to, you know, give in. But if it makes you feel better, I’ve just found the perfect camping spot.”

He pointed out into the distance, and her dark vision enabled her to see the shadowy landscape ahead, opposite from the disappearing sun on the horizon. There were several craters in the landscape, but one was larger than the others. More perfectly circular in shape.

“The crater,” she said, her horniness briefly forgotten.

“Where I found the device,” Derek said.

She breathed a sigh of relief. They had finally made it. She was going to be Chad again. A man. An alpha male. The person she was meant to be.

And yet as she turned to look at Derek, still her heart fluttered.

Part 9: Constellations

The crater was impressively large, and more circular than most. Indeed, Serellis could see how Derek had viewed it as a possible landing sight for UFOs, and been rewarded with the remains of alien tech that the government had failed to notice, including the device that changed her into the three-breasted babe she was now. She looked about, her vision easily extending into 'night mode', but there was nothing she could immediately spy. Her body was still horny, three nipples still aching to be touched, but the search for a way back was now making her heart pump with a different kind of excitement.

"I can't believe it, we actually made it," she said as they made their way into the crater. Surprisingly, she was the one helping Derek down the deeper recesses - after all, she had the better vision at that moment, and her tail worked excellently as a kind of 'hook' to avoid falling. Sort of like an organic piece of abseiling equipment that sometimes had a mind of its own.

"Cheers," Derek said as he got down to his feet. "It feels weird grabbing your tail."

"Huh, try *being* the one with a tail, dork."

"Dude, I told you not to call me -"

But she put her tail against his lips and winked at him in the dying light. "It's affectionate, man. Seriously, we actually fucked each other last night. I'm beyond the stage where I make fun of you, okay. I mean, look at me?"

"I can't really see too well, to be honest."

She took his hand, secured her tail around his waist. "C'mon, we'll find a spot to rest and set up camp. Even with this awesome dark vision it's still not perfect. It's like I can see in perfect colour, but only out to, like, a hundred feet or so. Then it just drops."

"Handy ability to have, at least."

"Yeah, I guess. Speaking of handy, you're grabbing my hip."

Derek chuckled sheepishly. "Sorry, I just figured."

"It's okay, you can keep it there. For someone I judged to be a kind of freaky virgin nerd type, you sure are daring with ladies."

"Oh, you're a lady now, are you?"

It was Serellis' turn to be a bit sheepish. She blushed purple, and was glad Derek could not see it. "Until I'm fixed, I guess I am," she said. "It's that stupid device of yours. First it makes me into an alien woman. A hot one, too. Then it makes me gay. Or straight, or whatever. Now, it's making me call myself Serellis and think of myself as a total girl."

"Well, if it's any consolation, I'm pretty sure you can still beat the crap out of me."

She laughed. "Damn straight! But don't worry, I'm not doing that again. When I turned back, I don't want to be the same person anymore. Even if I get the same skin again."

Derek seemed to muse on this as they walked in the increasing darkness. For over a minute he didn't say anything, until finally she nudged him with her tail.

"Dude, you can speak already. You're making me nervous here."

"I guess, this is weird to admit."

Serellis' antenna throbbed, their spherical ends pulsating in a way that sensed the emotions and wants of her partner-in-crime. She knew what Derek was struggling to admit. She knew it well, not just because of her amazing new senses, but because she was feeling it a little herself, odd as it was.

"You kinda don't want me to change back, do you?"

He was silent again.

"I guess not. You're pretty cool, at least now as a beautiful alien woman. I know that sounds strange, but I also think that this has been the best time of my entire life. Dangerous as it is, as crazy as it has been, I'm so glad I got to know the real you, Serellis. I hope - well, I hope you've got something out of it, too."

She had. She knew she had. But it was so hard to vocalise, especially with her loins tingling in the presence of her mate.

"Well, let's set up camp," she said. "We'll turn on your torchlight, just for a few minutes."

Derek nodded. She could see the disappointment on his face. He'd wanted her to say something. She'd wanted that too. It burned like a hot coal inside her belly.

Serellis lay pressed against Derek in the sleeping back, wearing little more than her modified bra and a pair of panties that tucked up under the thick base of her green tail. It was incredibly comfortable despite having only a little space: her antenna had been most insistent that she share a bed with Derek, and feel his human warm skin against her own. The clouds had parted just in time as they finished organising their things, and with the mild weather, they had opened up the front of their meagre tent so they could see the brilliant constellations shining down upon them. It allowed Derek to see again, particularly since the light of the moon was three-fourths full. They could see one another again, and even nestled against each other, they couldn't help but look deep into one another's eyes, seeing each other's faces as if for the first time. He was quite handsome, Serellis thought, in his cute, nerdy, off-kilter way. The spiky, erratic black hair had its own charm, as did the dorky glasses look. And besides, he did *feel* more muscular than she had given him credit for as Chad.

"Are you sure about this?" her mate asked. "I mean, you have your own sleeping mat and bag. Just because this one is extra large size doesn't mean we both have to be in it."

She chuckled, lifted a hand out to point to her slowly moving antennae. “Blame it on these things. They were practically *ordering* me to get up next to you. They’re real big on the whole ‘mating’ thing, dude. It’s pretty fucking wild.”

Neither mentioned the fact that her arm was across his chest, or that her tail was sliding over his leg, as if caressing it.

“Um, are we mating now?”

“Just watching the stars, dude.”

There was a long silent moment where they took in the majesty of creation. It was beautiful, something Serellis never would have truly appreciated as Chad. Now, with her new feminine hormones and alien nature, it brought a tear to her eyes: all three of them. She wiped them away with her three-fingered hand.

“It’s amazing, isn’t it?” Derek said.

“Yeah. Hot damn, right?”

“Exactly. Hot damn. Even if there weren’t aliens, I’d be obsessed with space. We’re all pretty small compared to it. Specks of dust, really. It’s humbling.”

“Goddamn it is, wow.” She shifted, cringing a little at how her three big boobs overwhelmed the cups, and also trying to make sure she wasn’t yanking her own long, dark hair by pressing on it with her back. “Do you think . . . do you think the aliens that did this to me, in a roundabout way I guess, are up there? Like, are they watching this planet now?”

“I kind of hope so,” Derek said. “For your sake.”

He lowered his hand and held hers. Their fingers interlocked.

“Derek.”

“Yeah?”

“You’re pretty amazing, all things considered.”

“It’s true, I am a damn good alien finder.”

“Well, I *am* an alien, so I guess that checks out.”

They both chuckled, and she pressed herself against him more deeply. “We better go to sleep. Good night.” Without thinking, she kissed him on the cheek, her full dark green lips against his soft skin. It sent a shiver of excitement through her, and her antennae sensed the same in him. After all, his cock began to go hard again.

“Oh,” he said. “Sorry, ignore that.”

“It’s kind of hard to. I mean, it *is* hard. God, I used to have one of those.”

“Well, you did choose to sleep here with me.”

“That’s my stupid new instincts, dude! They’re making me fucking - oh, forget it. Let’s just wait it out.”

But her tail had other ideas. The traitorous limb snaked up to begin rubbing Derek's member, making him grunt a little as it gripped his impressive girth and stroked him ever harder.

"D-dude! You're rubbing my cock!"

"I know!" she squeaked. "I'm not meaning to. Fuck, it's so hot though. God, it's making my tits damn sensitive as well."

"Shouldn't you stop?"

"I should!" she cried. But she didn't. In fact, she took a bit more control of her tail, and used it to pull down the waistband of his pajamas in order to directly access his cock. She moaned, feeling utterly turned on as the end of her tail massaged her mate's balls. Her three nipples throbbed, pulsating with need. Her alien pussy began to drip with moisture, hungry to be invaded.

"Are you going to stop? Serellis? Chad? Are you going to - MMMPH!"

She muffled his words with her lips, kissing him deeply and passionately. With one great flick of her tail, she pulled his bottoms off, and got to work with her hands removing his buttons.

"I. Need. You!" she moaned as she adjusted in the sleeping back, pressing her impressive three-boobed chest against him. He looked so goddamn handsome, and she knew that beneath the starry sky she looked beautiful as well. Like a woman from the night sky itself. They kissed again, and then she felt him tugging at her bra straps, unleashing her burdensome breasts. She cooed in relief as the bra came off. Her three boobs piled on each other, but they were no longer constrained uncomfortably. Better yet, her nipples brushed against his chest, sending ripples of bliss through her form.

"Touch them!" she begged. "Feel my tits."

"Okay!" he said. "Oh God, you're beautiful. You're amazing, Serellis."

"I. Know. I'm so fucking horny, Derek. Please, get in me, man. I want you to fuck me. I don't care if I'm an alien woman. I want to admit out loud. I want you to fuck me."

She positioned herself over him, unzipping the sleeping back with her tail so they had more room. Her big breasts dangled slightly, her immense three-part rack easily in groping range of his hands, something Derek took full advantage of.

"Mhmm, that's right, squeeze them!"

"Your body is amazing."

He sucked on her middle nipple, and he made her tail briefly lose control, until she was able to use it to pump his cock, then position it at her moist entrance.

"I want to fucking ride you. Mate you."

"Me too, Serellis. I never imagined something like this."

"Me either, dude. But I want it. I want your big human dick in me!"

She lowered her wide hips, him still playing with her bouncing tits, and the two of them gasped as he entered her. Once more her antennae went crazy with joy, as if she had achieved her true purpose once more. The instincts to mate were damn strong, but she ignored the possible consequences of that. She simply wanted to orgasm like a true woman, and to have *her* man spend his seed inside her.

They thrust. She lowered her full chest onto him, and savoured the feeling of it as she bounced on his cock. They were locked in a sensual kiss when she felt the tightness of his balls. Both of them were too damn turned on to last long. They sped up instead, willing the act to come sooner. She teased his balls with her tail, let his cock slide in and out, through to her deepest places. Any second now he would cum, and her antenna anticipated that moment as they sensed her lover's arousal.

"Serellis, I'm g-going to cum!"

"Do it!"

"But p-protection!"

"I don't c-care!" she moaned. "I just - uhhnn - want you to jizz inside me already, dude. Fucking cum! I can't take it anymore! I - AAAEEEEIIII!!!"

She wailed like a banshee as he shot his seed inside her, over and again. He grunted, clutching her hourglass form, caressing her wide green hips, marvelling at the softness of her back. They stayed inside that position until every pump of his semen was inside her, and then they stayed even longer, just breathing in the pleasure of it all.

They were both still naked thirty minutes later. Neither really talked about the sex. It was still sort of embarrassing for Serellis, as lovely as it had been. But she enjoyed being naked against him, particularly how her three big tits were when she lay on her back. Each sort of flattened, spilling onto her upper arms, except for the middle one, which remained larger by virtue of being compressed between them. She groped them occasionally with her tail, giggling at the sensations. She held Derek's hand, and he spent the time teaching her the constellations. Her antennae had calmed, but they sensed more of her mate's emotions.

It was hard to ignore how close he was. More specifically, it was hard to ignore how close he was *feeling* towards Serellis. He radiated a warmth and compassion that humbled her, but also spoke of something deeper. Something that was hard to confront at that moment. So she listened to him speak of the various constellations instead, just enjoying the sound of his voice. He was a good man, Derek.

Which only reminded herself what a total piece of shit she was.

"I made a high-schooler have a mental breakdown," she said suddenly, as Derek explained why they couldn't see Orion's Belt yet.

"What?" he said. "You did what?"

She sniffed, swallowed. "There was this dude, Horace Becker. A total nerd. And not even cute nerd like I see you as now. I'm talking ginger frizz, hairy moles, thick glasses, freckles all over kind of nerd. Overweight too, which is part of the story. It was easy to make fun of him, all the guys did. After all, he didn't seem to have many friends, only a few other nerds who he only occasionally caught up with. Most left him alone. But not us sports chuds. Not us jocks. No, he was easy pickings."

"You bullied him," Derek said. He didn't let go of her hand.

"No," she said, tears forming in all three of her eyes as she stared up at the stars. "I did worse. I didn't . . . I didn't bully him at first. You've got to understand that. I actually left him alone. He was just, fuck, he was just sad, you know? Like, where's the fun in that? But then, well, I go home and tell my old man about it. I was just meant to be talking about the game - the old bastard always wants me to live up to his legends on the field - and I just happened to mention this pimply-faced ginger kid named Horace, and how he was picked on. It was just a single thing. I barely said it at all.

"Well, my old man flew off the handle. This kid was hanging around my games, and I wasn't kicking the shit out of him? What the hell was wrong with me? In his day, he'd have put that kid in a locker and laughed at his attempts to get out for over an hour. He would have shown him his place, instead of being a fucking coddled lady who wanted to 'play nice.' He called me a pussy. A woman. Told me that no son of his would pass up the chance to humiliate a nerd."

Derek shivered a little against her side. "What did you do?"

More tears flowed. "I - I decided to top my old man. Make him proud. The next day, I gathered a few of the boys - we were just highschoolers, but we knew better. We jump Horace when he's alone in the afternoon, about to head hom. We put a bag on his head before he could see us. Next thing - oh God - next thing, we're shoving him inside his locker that can barely fit him. We called him names. Called him fatass. He was begging not to be locked in, especially with the bag under his head. Well, we didn't listen. I didn't listen. I closed the locker, put a new lock on it, and left him there."

"Holy shit."

"Yeah. Holy shit."

"What happened?"

"He was discovered the next morning. The poor fucker had pissed himself. He'd *pissed* himself, like an animal. He'd spent the whole night shivering in fear, a bag over his head, calling out for anyone to help him. He was crying as they took him away. I was there.

The other guys laughed. And I laughed with them but his crying kept following him. It was fucking ragged, dude. Like this - this *howl*. Like he'd had the last of his world torn out from under his feet.

"He spent a stint in a mental hospital. A long one. Then he transferred away. I look him up from time to time in the hopes he's doing okay. He works as an engineer across the country. I don't know how he's doing mentally. I'll never know. Why the fuck should I deserve to have peace of mind over that? Jesus. And do you want to know the worst thing? My old man, when I told him, he fucking *laughed*, man. Said he was, 'finally proud of his son for once.' The fuck do I do with that?"

Derek didn't speak. Serellis wiped her tears, tried to control her breathing.

"Dude," he finally said. "That was the most fucked up thing I've heard in a long while."

"I know. I'm a piece of absolute shit."

"Yeah. You were."

"No, I *am*. It's still me, in here."

Derek turned to look at her, and his gaze was intense. "Look, you deserve to feel guilty about what you did. Probably forever. I don't know if I've ever done anything that fucked up, but I certainly have done some stuff I regret. But as far as I'm concerned, your story has two victims, not one. Your old man is the real piece of shit. I'm not absolving you or anything, Serellis, but if I had a dad like that, I'd have done something fucked up as well."

"Yeah, I guess."

"And, hey, look. Chad got his own comeuppance, right? He literally got turned into a hot alien chick with three huge tits and a really handsy tail."

She laughed, wiped a few more tears. "Yeah! I guess I did. Got literally fucked by a dude, too. And liked it!"

"Talk about just desserts."

"Right."

Derek placed his arm around her, kissed her on the lips. It wasn't passionate this time. It was undeniably something more loving. Caring.

"You're not the person you were, Serellis, and I don't just mean the green skin."

"Thanks," she said, and she meant it. She gave him a light kiss back. "But you do like the green skin, right?"

"Dude, it's the hottest thing ever."

"More than the three tits?"

"Equally hot."

"And these hips?"

"Let's just agree that all of you is hot, and that's it's super hilarious that alpha male Chad Penwick is now a hot alien babe having sex with Derek Mayes."

“Just desserts, I guess.”

“Exactly. And the thing about desserts is, they’re kind of sweet.”

She laughed, nestled against him for more warmth and comfort. “You’re not a piece of shit, Derek,” she said affectionately. “In fact, you’re pretty amazing.”

They kissed again, and settled against one another, her three full breasts squashed against his chest in a loving manner. The two of them settled in to sleep, and Serellis was astonished to find that her mind felt settled in the aftermath of her story. It was as if a great burden had been lifted. It was still present to a degree. It always would be. But she didn’t have to shoulder it alone anymore. She purred a little as she enjoyed skin contact with her mate.

That was, until several sets of enormously bright high-beams shot from every direction along the ridge of the large crater, directed right at them, and overwhelming her three eyes.

‘DON’T MOVE! YOU ARE TO BE DETAINED BY THE AUTHORITY OF THE US GOVERNMENT!’

Part 10: The Interview

Serellis’ alien senses lit up like a Christmas tree. Her heart beat continuously, still on the right side of her chest now. The lights from the government forces blinded the alien woman’s vision, though only for a few moments. After that, her third eye took over, and suddenly she could see *through* the light, to the people and equipment behind.

It didn’t make her feel any better.

Surrounding them were what appeared to be *dozens* of agents, all with scoped weaponry, all trained on their position. Her enhanced hearing just barely managed to pick up a helicopter that was moving towards the crater, and a fleet of heavy motor vehicles as well. Furthest from them was a white-haired man in a crisp black and white suit, standing alongside a younger woman with the same getup. He held the megaphone.

‘PUT YOUR HANDS UP! STAND UP! DO NOT MOVE OTHERWISE! WE ARE PERMITTED TO USE LETHAL FORCE. THE ALIEN IS TO BE PLACED INTO OUR CUSTODY, DO YOU UNDERSTAND?’

The two looked at one another. Derek was clearly frightened. She was too.

“Chad - Serellis - what do we do?”

“I don’t know,” she admitted. She felt foolish. She was still naked, and Derek only had his underwear on. Her three large breasts were on obvious display, sitting a little lower

thanks to her lack of bra, and her alien tail flickered back and forth, frustrated with her lack of options. She had extra speed, she knew that, though she hadn't tested its limits yet. And her antennae were trying to tell her something, some kind of way she could possibly escape. But if there was one, she couldn't figure it out, and the transformation had finished: there were no more red and green flashes from her 'benefactors' anymore. Just her.

And Derek.

'I SAID HANDS UP! DROP EVERYTHING! YOU ARE NOT IN ANY DANGER, BUT YOU WILL COME WITH US TO A CONTAINMENT FACILITY. WE WILL ONLY EXERCISE LETHAL FORCE IF YOU DO NOT IMMEDIATELY FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS. SO PUT YOUR HANDS UP!'

She couldn't put him at risk, even if she could dart and dive and wall-crawl out of this situation. God, to think that just a week or so ago, she would have left this cute, dorky, wonderful nerd in the dust, and not given a thought to what happened to him. Well, that wasn't true, but she would have buried the guilt, and let it add interest across the years. But talking about Horace, unburdening herself to Derek, she knew she could never let anything else like that happen again.

Especially not to someone she cared for.

Perhaps someone she even *loved*.

"What do we do?" Derek asked.

"Put your hands up, dork," she said, summoning that old jock stubbornness. "They've got the better of us."

"No! I won't. Not the feds. I promised that I'd never -"

"Put your fucking hands up!" she spat. "I don't want to fucking lose you, okay? You're my - my *mate*, alright. And I mean that in *every sense of the goddamn word, got it?* I wouldn't have got this far without you."

"They'll put you in a cage, Serellis."

'LAST WARNING BEFORE WE FIRE! HANDS UP!'

She gave a little smirk, looking at this man she'd had sex with, given herself *over* to. Her tail curled protectively around him a little, before she made it back off to avoid alarming the agents around the ridge, some of whom had lowered themselves and were advancing slowly, still a while away.

"Derek, I've been in a cage my whole life. This crazy experience, man, it's set me free. I've been turned into a goddamn green-skinned alien woman, and I feel free. They won't cage me for long. But I *refuse* to see you get hurt. If you don't put your hands up now, I promise I will beat you up like I was still a big hairy jock, okay?"

Derek gave a bitter, sad smile, and slowly raised his hands. She turned back to look at the advancing forces. The white-haired man was still far away on the ridge, but the more

heavily armed and armoured agents came within thirty feet, guns still trained. Serellis could have laughed. All this way, and now to be locked away by the Man. It would feel like an appropriate judgement for all the shit she'd done as Chad, all the bullying and contempt and self-hatred she'd visited on others. But Derek was beside her, and he deserved none of it. So instead of crying (God forbid, she wasn't *that* much of a woman yet, was she?) or screaming, or cursing them out, she simply put on her biggest, goofiest grin, and held her tail in the air like it was another hand.

"I come in peace!" she declared.

The soldiers that grabbed her, cuffed her, and hauled her towards the landing chopper clearly didn't find it that funny.

Another blinding light. Another cage. This one was a lot more literal than the one her father had slowly built around Chad, however. It was metallic, with dark walls, one of which was all glass and clearly contained an entire team that was looking in on her. It made her wonder if the President of the United States had been informed of what was going on. Mind, judging from the lack of recognisable lettering on the agents' uniforms, it made her wonder if these guys were even *answerable* to the President of the United States. They certainly seemed to be insistent on keeping her at their base, which apparently was indeed near Roswell, though whether it was *the* Roswell base people thought of she wasn't yet certain.

It didn't really matter. What mattered was that her hands were cuffed to the cold metal table, and her tail cuffed to: a welded new ring on the table had been prepared just to contain it. It irritated her a lot more than the wrist situation, since that particular limb had a mind of its own, and reflected her mood like that of a cat's tail. Which meant it was continually writhing against the cuff that constrained it, much to her annoyance. At least they had allowed her some dress, though they didn't have a bra that fit her - why would they? - and seemingly had taken the one she wore well away. She was dressed instead in a white singlet that fit her three boobs a little *too* snugly, and a pair of orange prisoner's shorts that had a hole cut out the back of them for said tail to slip through. It wasn't the comfiest arrangement, and she was fast learning a woman's embarrassment at having her nipples poking through the fabric of her top, but it was something, at least. Her feet were bare, and her hair was untouched, thankfully. She'd grown surprisingly fond of her long, dark hair with its subtle green tint. Perhaps it was because Derek liked it.

That was the other thing she thought of often, as she waited alone in the room. Derek. They'd been separated at the crater: he'd been taken by van from what she'd been able to see using her x-ray vision. The blindfold they'd used didn't have any special

properties to block said vision, which made her think they didn't fully understand her new biology. Of course, they would in time. She rotated her arm to see the many spots they drawn blood and tissue from. It had been a long medical examination, one that still had a number of monitors attached to her, and every so often armed agents entered to remove her from the cell and take her blindfolded to another laboratory, for another scan, another test, another urine sample, another reflex test, and so on. She did these dutifully only because Derek was also held by them, otherwise she'd drawn on her old strength and beat the everloving shit out of them, guns and security be damned. Still, she showed attitude.

"Hey asshole, eyes are up here!" she spat at an agent whose gaze wandered to her double cleavage.

"Yeah, they're tits. I'm still getting used to them, so I don't like old perverts touching them, so back off." That was to one of the scientists feeling over her body, testing her muscle responses.

"It's got a mind of its own, don't mind it," is what she said about her tail when it smacked an agent lightly on the back of his head.

"Can an alien girl get some fucking dinner here? You spooks have heard of food right?"

She was given good, and a team observed her eating a chicken roast as if they were watching a football game.

"Pack of fucking dorks," she said to them as she ate. "And not the awesome kind, like Derek is."

But for all her zest, her comments, her attempt to act casual and human to disarm them, they still maintained an overall silent treatment towards her. Afraid of her. Perhaps even a few hated her for what she was. It concerned her, but she refused to lose her pride. She was finally unafraid of herself. No longer hating herself. Funny that it took getting green skin, three tits, a vagina and a tail to achieve that. And besides, that one guard had struggled not to laugh at her attitude, so perhaps the treatment wouldn't be all bad.

That was what she thought, at least, while she waited in her cell, almost longing for the next appointment just to end the boredom. Not that she'd lost any focus, either. But the oppressive state of the facility, the high security of its interior, and the way in which she was being treated was certainly making her afraid. As much as she tried to puff out her substantial chest, there was no denying that she was filled with a dread anxiety. A fear she might never leave this place.

"Hey asswipes!" she yelled in her otherwise compelling female voice, "when are you going to let me see my mate? My friend? Whatever and however you want to put it! Where is Derek? He better be okay or I'll fucking laser you with my sci-fi nerd bullshit, okay?"

There was a long silence, during which Serellis sagged back down in her seat, heart beating with anxiety for her lover. And then the thick metal door opened, and in walked the white-haired man. He was in his early fifties, but he looked spry. Keen. His eyes were blue and cold, betraying nothing. He took a seat facing Serellis, and had the light dim slightly so her regular eyes could just barely see his outline. Evidently, they didn't know about her third eye's capabilities.

"You can understand me?" he said.

"I'm not saying shit till I know Derek is okay."

"I'll take that as a yes," he said. He laid out some reference documents for himself. She could make out some scans of her body on them.

"Where's Derek?"

"I would like to know your name first. It's clearly not Chad Penwick, though such a cover was successful for a long time."

"It's Serellis," she said, sticking out her full chest a little proudly.

"And how long have you been on our planet, Serellis?"

She paused, all three eyes widening. No way, they didn't really think . . .

"I've been here all my life, dude. I was *born* here."

The man frowned, looked at her arm monitors as if to check they were applied right. A little screen to his side was feeding him information.

"You were . . . born here?"

"Yeah, dude. I was Chad before I was Serellis. I'm a fucking US citizen."

"How many others of your kind were born here?"

"Listen, asshole, I have no idea. I'm probably the only one of 'my kind.' I wasn't even an alien until that funky UFO device went off in front of me like two weeks or so ago. I was Chad Penwick. I wasn't *pretending* to be him, hiding all this under his skin. I was human until recently. This is all an accident!"

The man typed something on the screen.

"Where's Derek?" she asked.

"Do you mean to tell me that you are not a natural born extra-terrestrial entity?"

"Dude, I was born at 11 Mayer Avenue when Mom couldn't make it to the hospital in time. How is this hard to understand? This tail? These three tits and three eyes? The green skin? This is pretty fucking new and weird to me too, okay?"

More typing.

"Where's Derek?"

"He's safe," the man answered.

"I want to know more than that."

"He's in our care."

"You've got him locked up."

"He's in a secure containment cell, yes."

"Release him. You don't want him."

"He's been in contact with an alien, or apparently alien-engineered life form, *if* we believe your story. He has dangerous knowledge, and he has trespassed on military ground, stolen equipment that belonged to the Government of the United States of America, and generally cultivated anti-American sentiment. You can bet we want him. How he's treated will depend upon your cooperation."

She went to fold her arms, realised she couldn't, and slumped instead. Her antennae shifted in irritation. They could pick up the other man's own frustration, but he was hiding it well. He was a professional.

"Fine. But if he's hurt, I'm using my laser vision to toast you fuckers."

He was very good. Her antennae could tell that he knew she was lying, but his silence humoured her. Instead, he shuffled his papers, tinkered with the little recording device on the table, and was silent for longer than necessary.

"Tell us the entire story of how you came to be like this, then," he said.

Serellis sighed, but decided to do so. From start to finish, she told the tale of how the strange device had been activated by her bullying carelessness, and how it had slowly warped her body to become female. Green. Alien. Three-breasted and with a tail to boot. About the strange messages she received from the alien intelligence in her mind, and how it changed her very perception of herself. She held back that it made her see Derek as her mate, and how those feelings had gone from mere compulsions to true and genuine over the course of their travel together. She didn't tell him that she'd experienced wonderful interspecies sex in her new form, either. She did, however, let on that her new identity was female, and her name Serellis, and that her hope was to change back by finding some other alien tech to signal the extraterrestrial race and make her human again.

She didn't share that she had some hesitation over this. That was something she was hiding more than a little from even herself.

The white-haired man said little except asking for clarifying details over the course of the story. When it was done, he asked for it to be told again. Then again. Then again. This time, it was an interrogation. Every detail was teased out, every opportunity they'd taken to evade the authorities, every conversation they'd had. She could only hope Derek was avoiding the same topics, because soon her antennae were doing heavy lifting keeping her from getting a headache.

Hours passed in that small, cramped, dark room with its single bright light. Even her third eye got tired from staring straight into it. The air was filled with a surprising amount of dust, which made her happy that she had a much flatter nose than ordinary humans. Even

with her pointed, enhanced ears, she couldn't make out anything beyond the walls. Her x-ray vision gave little penetration either: the walls were thick. She could make out some white hallways and the occasional passerby. And, of course, there was always the crowd of analysts on the other side of the one-way glass.

"Tell me of your arrival over state lines again," the man said.

But she'd had it by this point. Not even the most brutal coach in her sports career as a man had pushed her this hard.

"Not until you show me evidence Derek is okay. And give me some damned water and food too. I eat human stuff; you know, 'cause I actually *am* human. Sort of."

The man touched his earpiece, and her ears could just make out what was being said: *We'll give her some time. We can press her on the signals later.*

"What signals?" she said.

That managed to jolt the man.

"You've got good hearing," he said, recomposing himself.

"Damn good hearing," she said with a smirk. "And that's just the start. It's fucking weird, I can tell you that."

"Tell me about these other senses."

"No, *you* tell me about these signals. From aliens? The people who changed me? Are they actually out there?"

He creased his brow. "You'll have one hour's rest. Your water and some basic food will be arriving soon."

He began to stand, and her right-sided heart beat in her chest rapidly. "Wait! Just - just give me evidence that Derek is okay. Please. Just show me footage of him, or something."

Another earpiece notification, this one quieter. She could still make it out.

We can show her. It might gain some trust. The signal is increasing, and if we can use her to locate it . . .

The man sighed. He picked up the tablet he'd been tapping on and held it out to her. The screen showed Derek, looking a little banged up and miserable, in a similar cell to her own, though not with nearly as great security. He was lolling his head against the table, clearly overcome with boredom. Serellis' heart leapt with joy to see him.

"Derek," she whispered. Her antennae lowered, willing to touch the screen. He was her mate, and not just by instinct anymore. She felt a sense of love well up inside her that she couldn't deny: tears pooled in all three eyes, and it was impossible to wipe them due to her handcuffed position.

But she had to act on her idea. It was only the rough sketch of a plan, but perhaps it could work. She focused her eyes and her antennae upon the tablet, and was able to see

the electrical signal of the feed. It formed a direct line upwards and to her left. She gazed up, readied her third eye for a coming bout of exhaustion, and concentrated her x-ray vision as she never had before.

There.

Just faintly, just faintly, she could see him. He was two stories up, and several rooms over. He was breathing, and he was okay.

She slumped against the table, breathing heavily. She tried to make it appear as if from relief.

“Thank you,” she said.

“You’re welcome,” the intimidating man said. “He’ll be alright so long as you cooperate. Refreshments will arrive shortly. You will keep receiving them while you work with us. If you refuse, we have to resort to more . . . extreme measures. Do you understand?”

“Do you intend to kill me?”

The man gave a somewhat sinister smile. He shut the light off, and for a moment there was a frightening black hole where he once was in her vision, until her eyes adjusted.

“We can learn much more from a living specimen than a dead one, Serellis,” he said. “But don’t think we won’t kill you if we have to. Every organism has a limit to its usefulness. Try to stay useful.”

He stood and made his way to the door. She gulped, trying to stave off the fear he’d just so successfully put into her in this dark, claustrophobic space.

“Wait! One last thing!”

He halted at the door for just a moment, not turning to face her.

“The signals. Did they increase after the device was activated? After I was turned into this?”

“They did,” the man said. “And you’re the key to finding out what they want with us. But if we suspect their intentions are not good, or that you’ve brought something with your presence, we will not hesitate to snuff out your life. Do you understand? So when the time is right, you’ll tell us everything you know about your alien friends.”

“They’re not my friends. But I don’t think they’re hostile.”

“Oh? What makes you think that?”

She gestured to herself as best as she could. “Because they made me into this. A half-alien girl. I’m pretty shit with history, but when the settlers came they didn’t exactly go native, did they? They fucking exterminated people who got in their way. As far as an idiot jock like me sees it, I might be some kind of living contract.”

“A contract for what?”

“That, I have no fucking idea.”

The man eyed Serellis for a long time, then he opened the door and left. The alien woman spent a long time taking in everything he had said to her, as well as their current situation. Could she even escape? Should she?

She had to. Derek was being held captive, and there was no way she was leaving her mate behind. Ever. She needed to find that signal with him. It was their only chance, not just at having her turned back - if she even wanted that - but at getting the government off of their backs. She refused to die in some padded cell or be cut open and inspected on some secret government base.

She looked up, used her special vision to see where Derek was. Her tail pulled at the handcuff that held it awkwardly against the table.

“What to even do?” she whispered to herself.

The room was under observation. The room was bugged. Food and drink would be arriving soon - it might be her only chance to even get out in time. Her antennae wriggled on her forehead, trying to tell her something. They were feeding her information, something her body could do that she didn't even realise yet. She pulled at the cuff with her tail, and to her surprise, it gave a little. She tried to keep her cool, and look out of her peripheral vision at it. The flesh of her 'tail hand' was a lot more flexible and rubbery, and even their scans must have underestimated how much so. If she could just get it out . . .

But then what? What could she even do?

Another sharp signal from her antennae. God, they could be so annoying! More information fed through them, and for the first time in a while, that alien voice rang through her mind.

*#\$^@%^!\$# CLOAKING \$%%@##\$% ESCAPE DIRECTIVE \$%%%^%%^%% FREE
MATE FOR PROSPERING #\$\$@#\$\$@#*

Her eyes bulged. *Cloaking?*

Serellis gave a grim smile.

“I'm coming for you, Derek. My mate.”

Part 11: Escape

When the door to the cell opened it was with confusion and concern. Two guards, as well as the white-haired man, poured into the room. The reason was obvious: the cameras keeping a continual eye upon the alien woman had suddenly switched off. Moreover, the lights had flickered, just briefly. And suddenly she was gone.

“Move slowly,” the man declared. “She might still be in here. We don’t know what that creature is capable of, goddamnit.”

He was far less in control of the situation than he had been a mere half-hour ago. Serellis smiled privately to herself, enjoying the view of her captor and tormentor losing his cool, twisting his head back and forth like a wrapper in the wind.

“Stun only,” he whispered. “She can’t die. Not until we get answers about the signal. There’s so much we can learn from a living specimen.”

The two guards nodded and entered the room slowly. Each seemed to have a pistol of some kind, perhaps a dart gun. But another, much more lethal-looking variant was also strapped to their hips.

“It looks like she’s gone,” one said, but he was hushed by the white-haired man.

Serellis took all this in with bated breath. Unbeknownst to them, she was still sat in her very same chair, a silent mix of nervous, anxious, and excited. *Cloaking!* To think that she actually had the power to go *fucking invisible!* It was exciting beyond belief, and even more so by the revelation that her antennae could feedback nearby electrical equipment and short them out, at least temporarily. To all concerned parties, it was like she had vanished from the room. In truth, she had simply used the flickering light to cloak her body - an act which caused a strangely delightful whole-body shiver - and then rapidly wrench her tail from its binding. It came free, but her wrists were still bound. She had them pulled back awkwardly over the edge of the table so that they appeared to be hanging off the edge, but a close inspection might reveal some breakage of the laws of gravity. That was okay, she didn’t need the guards *that* close. She just needed them *close enough*.

“Anything?” the man with white hair said. His gravelly voice was that of a classic G-man, and he seemed to be regaining his composure. He tapped an earpiece and whispered, but it was loud enough for Serellis to hear with her fine-tuned senses.

“If she’s out, she’ll try to find him. Keep the boy under close guard. Worse comes to worse, put him in a situation where he can be liquidated unless she complies.”

The two guards circled the table. The room was not large, and they were moments away from either noticing the slightly floaty manacles, or from tripping on her invisible form. Serellis took a breath, drew upon her sports training and her long history of slightly illegal tackles, and launched into action.

Her tail whipped out so rapidly that the first guard had no idea what hit him. He collapsed against the table.

“What the f-!”

She twisted as fast as she could so that her tail flicked in the other direction, just as the trained guard raised his pistol in her direction, as if sensing her presence. It smacked his hand aside, twisted the gun. With an expertise with her tail that she’d been focusing on

developing she managed to actually *snatch* the gun, much to his astonishment. From his perspective, a now-floating gun fired several wayward shots in his direction. He went rigid as he was hit with the short-range taser.

“Got you,” she said. Her invisibility melted away in patches, revealing her presence. She couldn’t keep it up forever: it was too taxing. She immediately pulled the shocked man closer, yanked at his belt. Less than four seconds had even transpired. “Keys, keys, c’mon!”

A dart fired right near her, and it was only due to her supernaturally fast reflexes that she managed to avoid being hit. Another dart fired, and another near miss. The white-haired man was expert, and adapting far quicker to the situation than she’d hoped.

“Goddamnit!”

“She’s here!” he called. “Get me back up, now!”

She threw the gun she’d seized from her tail to her hands. It wasn’t much use since they were still manacled to the steel table, but it allowed her to fire a taser at the white-haired man, who ducked to the side as it missed him. She immediately retracted it, prepared to fire again if he reappeared.

“C’mon, fucking keys! He has to have - yes!”

The guard was one she recognised: one of the figures present when she’d first been suck in this room. And sure enough, a set of keys were upon his belt. She pulled it off with her tail and began trying to undo her handcuffs, even as the white-haired man fired another dart into the room. This one she only barely missed: her x-ray vision allowed her to see he was coming, but the next time she would not be so lucky.

“Reinforcements now! She’s slippery, and she may still escape!”

Her pointed ears pricked. More footsteps were approaching from further down the complex. An elevator was coming to life. Too much was happening. But this was the best plan she had, and her only chance to escape, and to save Derek. Her mate.

“Submit now!” the G-man called. “You’re not getting out of there, and if you continue to be a threat I can’t guarantee your safety! Throw over the weapon and allow yourself to be tranquilised.”

“Fat chance!” she called, fury in her veins. “You’re not getting this green chick again!”

Except the keys weren’t working. There were ten, and even as she worked her tail to its fullest, she was still shaking from nervousness and wasting time. And time was on the G-man’s side.

“Focus Serellis. Focus.”

She closed her eyes, let her lungs calm for a moment. She pictured Derek. Gorgeous, beautiful, wiry-haired and nerdy Derek. The man she wanted - *had* - save. She ignored the stakes of the moment, and let herself focus on him. This was just like a game of

football or soccer. When it came down to it, you had to let your muscles do their thing automatically. Overthinking it would doom her.

She opened her three eyes, even as the G-man cocked his pistol, having readied the next few darts. Her tail steadied, and this time she got the key in the lock on the first try.

And it was the *right key*.

There was an enormous moment of staggering relief as her handcuffs clicked open, releasing her in full. Yes, she was still deep in an Area 51-style government complex, being shot at, and stuck in orange prison shorts with a rip for her tail, and a white singlet that was constricting her damn triple-chest. But for now she had her movement.

“That’s all I goddamn need right now,” she said, grinning.

Serellis leapt forward, bounding over the table and flipped through the air. Her tail smashed against the door, almost ripping it off its hinges despite its weight. As she sailed through the air, she shared a momentary exchange with the G-man, who stared at her with a mix of shock, anger, and genuine admiration. And then she landed on all fours and scrambled forward so rapidly that the next three darts had no chance of catching her.

“She’s on the move! L-corridor, headed east! Cut her off, damn it! And triple the guards on Derek Mayes!”

She ignored his words, instead focusing purely on her speed. She dashed and rushed, ran and leapt. To her astonishment, she could run along the walls and even the ceiling for a short amount of time, her bare feet and hands sticking to the surface when she willed it.

“Fucking incredible!” she exclaimed, half-grinning. “Why would I ever go back!?”

The statement wasn’t wrong. She felt more alive and powerful and athletic than even her most powerful days at the gym. Even if she lacked her male self’s jock-like strength, her incredible dexterity and gymnast-like precision more than made up for it. She rapidly switched between her senses, using her x-ray vision to avoid hallways clustered with incoming agents, and then again to see through the darkness as they cut the power. The emergency alarm blared, and soon numerous individuals were putting on night-vision goggles.

“Mine are better, and all natural,” she boasted to herself. She paused, chest heaving, and frankly much too wobbly given the lack of bra on. Her thick tail coiled around a pole, anchoring herself as she peaked around a corner. Even for her x-ray vision, the thick concrete her was a bit too much, but she knew she was headed in the right direction.

Three men were suiting up, receiving orders.

“Heading right now sir. Don’t worry, she won’t-”

“Hey, that’s her! She’s here!”

Serellis muttered a curse under her breath. Her antennae went wild, alerting her that she was spotted. “Yeah, duh, I fucking know!” she cried, before leaping down the hallway towards the guards, instead of away. Her sports instincts took over: it was time to *confront* the opposition. And besides, the areas behind her were filling up with agents, and she had to make a move. She bounded to the opposite wall, sticking to it by one hand and her feet for just a moment before leaping forward again, this time *between* the guards. Her tail whipped out, knocking off their night vision goggles in quick succession. The third agent was more prepared, lowering her weapon to just where Serellis would be. But Serellis grinned, going invisible once more. Each time it was a strain, but even in short bursts it threw the guards off.

“Where did she go?”

“Get your night goggles back on!”

“Hit the lockdown!”

The alarms blared, but Serellis ignored them. One thing at a time. She had to get Derek back, and *then* she could think of how to get out. She raced around the halls, running along the walls for a moment where the bends were tight, achieving speeds that even an Olympic runner would find impossible. She was barely working up a sweat, but her antenna informed her she couldn't keep this up forever: her agile body was still using energy.

“Just n-need enough to get him back,” she said through gritted teeth.

More yelling. Another long white hall, this one chiefly populated by scientists and individuals in HAZMAT suits. She skidded to a stop, her tail whipped out to grasp a railing to pull her short. The small crowd looked at her with astonishment, and among them she recognised the uncaring scientist who had performed routine tests upon her.

“You!” he yelled. “You can't escape! Lockdown is in effect!”

He pointed to the heavy metal door at the end of the hallway that was in the final stage of lowering, blocking off the exit. Her ears twitched. Turning her head, she saw that an identical door on the other end of the hallway she'd just passed was likewise closing. Shit.

But her x-ray vision continued to be her saviour. She was fast, and could jump, and she could squeeze through spaces her previous body never would have been able to. And the air vent access panel high up on the wall to her left looked pretty welcoming right at that moment.

“Oh yeah?” she said to the scientist. “Watch me, *human*.”

It was a stupid comment, one that didn't do much for her case as originally human herself, but damn if it didn't feel good. And then, just for the hell of it, she stuck her long tongue out at him before leaping with expert precision to the panel and tearing it off after just a minor struggle.

She was in before any of the darts were close to being fired. The air vent was cramped and small, and she certainly needed her tail to help propel her, but far better was the adhesive nature of her hands and feet that let her pull her way through them with relative ease. She wasn't even making much noise, which was more important than anything. Alarm bells continued to ring, but they wouldn't last long, and so she had only a minute or so to use the sound as effective cover.

"Coming for you, Derek," she breathed. "Coming for you, my love."

It felt so good to say. It truly did. She needed to say it to him. To let him know that in amongst this insane transformation over such a short period, she had somehow fallen head over heels for this nerdy, passionate man who had done so much to protect her. Even if he was so full of snark that she sometimes wanted to slap him upside the head with her tail.

She shifted and slid and crawled through the vents, continuing to utilise her x-ray vision to ensure she was heading in the right direction. The shaft went vertical, and so she continued to crawl up. With her green skin and tail, she felt like a sort of sexy gecko as she ascended upwards to the floor where Derek was being held. His heat signal was so damn close, but so did that of an entire armed group lying in wait for her. Word hadn't travelled yet that she was in the vents, or at least not to this group.

"Have to act fast," she said.

##\$^#\$\$%\$#% RETRIEVE MATE ##\$#^\$#^ COME TO SIGNAL %%^T#\$\$^#

"Working on it!" she whispered in a frustrated tone. "God, you better not end up fucking abducting us to another planet or some shit. Fuck, that might be the only way we even stay safe now."

She sighed, controlled her breathing again, and peered through the air vent panel that led into Derek's interrogation room. He looked a little worse for wear, which only inflamed her fury towards the group that had done this to them. Like her, he was in an orange prison uniform, though his fit him better than hers did for her alien body. Still, it gave her a bit to admire.

"Stop being so fucking horny, Serellis. Head in the game. Just like your coaches taught you."

She counted the figures. Twelve in total. Six outside the room, six within. They had guns too: real ones. The kind that would fuck her up, and Derek even more so. She had to play this quick and smart. She used her x-ray vision to scan the scene, biding her time. There was no way she could get him out the door. And more reinforcements were coming.

"Fuck it. Sorry about this Derek."

Sometimes the winning strategy was not to play the other side's game, and instead disrupt their plan from the outset. They expected a frontal approach, the kind a former jock

would take, and even if she did come from the vents she'd be in a hell of a lot of trouble. But Derek wasn't manacled anymore: they wanted to keep him mobile.

And that gave her everything she needed.

Serellis focused her senses for just a moment, long enough to cause the electrical signal to the lights to dim. At the very moment they began to flicker, she burst through the air vent grate, bruising her shoulder something fierce but surprising all the men below. Before they had time to react, she reached out with her long tail and - feeling terrible about this - grabbed Derek by his sexy spiky black hair. He yelped as she pulled him upwards with singular effort, already scrambling into the vents with him in tow. Her lover screamed in pain, and several shots fired.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

She cringed, moving as fast as she could through the vent out of that space, still yanking Derek by his hair.

"Fuck fuck fuck fuck! STOOOP!"

She did so, managing just to manoeuvre enough to see him. He locked eyes with her, even in the darkness.

"Serellis?"

"I told you I'd find you," she said. "We're getting out of here."

"You ripped out my hair."

God, she could have kissed him for days. "Stop complaining. It was barely a few hairs. Now grab my tail, and don't yank it off."

"Like you did my tail?"

"Just take it Derek. We're not out of the fucking woods yet, okay? I need to keep you safe. We're getting out of dodge, my mate."

"Serellis?"

"Yeah?"

"Thanks for coming back for me."

She beamed. Her antennae felt a well of emotion build up inside her lover, and it in turn brought tears to all three of her eyes. "I'm not leaving you Derek. Not now, not ever. You're - fuck, I wish I had the turning space to kiss you right now."

Instead, Derek took her tail and planted a kiss upon it.

"Like that?"

"Fuck, that felt really hot."

"Well, you are pretty hot. You're a nerd's wet dream."

She blushed purple. "Fuck, stop distracting me in this mouldy vent tunnel. You can't even see the stains I see. We're being hunted, let's move."

"Lead the way, Serellis."

She did so, pulling him along with her tail. It was slow going, but they moved further up and up the structure. Progress seemed assured, but unfortunately the compound's staff and their white-haired leader were not stupid. Soon she could sense numerous individuals entering the vents themselves, and other sections being dismantled.

"We need to get out of here," she said. "We're not far from the exit. I might disappear for a while, I can sort of turn invisible now, but I'll always be with you, okay?"

"Fucking invisible? Damn! What are you thinking?"

"I don't know, you're the thinker!"

She moved to push open a panel and begin speeding through the complex again, but Derek grabbed her tail firmly. "Wait, I have an idea."

The massive entrance to the complex was closing. A huge metal door, circular in shape like that of a great bank vault, was slowly shutting, sealing everyone within. Here, alarm bells rang, bathing the area in blood red tones. A klaxon sounded, and numerous agents moved with alacrity, grabbing stun weapons and actual weapons, intent on taking down the would-be escapees.

And in the middle of this flood of organised panic, Derek was in a HAZMAT suit, running towards the door and waving his arms at some of the operators. Few gave him a second glance: after all, he was wearing the same suit the pair of them had stolen off a technician they'd rendered unconscious. Serellis was invisible beside him, trying to keep her concentration.

"What are you doing?" he yelled.

"Can't you see?" the operator called. "We're in shut down!"

"I have fucking exotic material here! This shit is radioactive! It needs to go to the dump site, ASAP!"

The operator was in a glass cubicle box high up on a gantry, but he looked momentarily caught between the need to follow protocol and an inability to know if he was actually following it in such a situation.

"It's a lockdown! Everyone has to stay put! It's Section 31 one of the Charter, damn it!"

Serellis felt Derek's internal anxiety. She placed an invisible hand on his shoulder, then moved forward to start climbing the gantry with ease. There were a number of guards nearby, but they didn't suspect anything. Yet.

"It'll only take a second!" Derek said. "There's a flat bed! Please, this is fucking blood poisoning we're talking about! You can't cure that!"

Again, that uncertainty, but Serellis could already sense with her cute little antennae that this man was ultimately choosing not to budge. He was just seconds away from calling a superior. She reached his high cubicle, finding a space on its roof that was open, and hopped in. The man reached for his radio when she pressed a taser against his back and fired.

“NHN!!”

He fell back, but she caught him, sitting him down in a chair as he slipped into unconsciousness. They were very powerful tasers, that was for sure. Working quickly, she hit the switch to keep the door from closing.

And then another.

And then another.

And then one more.

Finally, with a frustrated *WHACK* of her tail, she hit as many buttons on the desk panel as possible, causing them all to light up brightly. The massive door halted its closing.

“Well that did it at least.”

She fiddled just a little longer to see if she could set up what Derek had suggested, and when she thought she'd achieved it, she leapt up out of the cubicle and made her way down. Already suspicion was growing. She took Derek's hand, trying to stop her invisibility from flickering.

“C'mon!”

They ran together. Several voices called out. Derek raised the 'exotic matter' (just a briefcase of no importance) and gave his same explanation, but some were calling for him to halt. Still they ran, reaching the door and diving to the other side of it.

“This better work!” Serellis said as they began to run across the desert ground.

Indeed, as if by miracle, the time lapse of the door activated, and it began to shut once more, before any other agents could make it to them. In the panic and confusion they ran, her appearance still slowly coming back into visibility.

“Quickly!” she called. “One of the trucks!”

Derek was not the strongest of men, but something in him had risen to the forefront, because he dashed quickly to one of the military jeeps located roughly a hundred feet from the base. Everywhere, all around them, soldiers and agents were scrambling, and heavy vehicles moving all about. And that, ironically, gave them enough of a screen to hope into a jeep, sight unseen.

“Work your magic, Serellis!” he exclaimed.

“I'm trying. I don't even know if this works.”

She focused her thoughts, her electrical signals, upon the car, willing the technology to turn on, for the ignition to start. Sweat poured down her features, and her tail flicked with frustration, but just as she was on the verge of collapsing, it suddenly revved, roaring to life.

“Fuck yes!” Derek said. “You’re goddamned amazing.”

He kissed her passionately, just for a quick moment, then hit the jeep into gear.

“I’ve never driven one of these,” he said. “So this may be a bit bumpy. We’ll get as close to the city as we can before -”

“No,” Serellis said. She pointed further west, where the land ran dry and craggy. “We go that way. There’s an alien signal there. It’s what they’re all afraid of. What they’ll interrogate and kill us for. It’s what I need to get to, or die trying. I can drop you off along the way.”

But Derek, to her surprise and relief, just grinned, and kissed her a second time.

“Where you go, I go. I’m your mate, remember? I’m not leaving you behind either.”

She trembled, wiped a tear. “I love you,” she said.

“I love you too, Serellis. Now let’s get you to that signal, come hell or high water.”

He hit the gas, and the jeep tore forward, ignoring all attempts to stop it, and the barred gate that lowered to try and stop them. In moments, they both knew that the entire compound’s paramilitary and team of agents would be upon them.

They just had to reach the signal first.

Part 12: The Signal

“You drive like shit.”

Derek gave Serellis an odd look. “What?”

“I said you drive like shit, dude.”

Derek chuckled. “You confessed to loving me like a few minutes ago and now you’re ragging on my driving. Low blow, Serellis.”

“Sorry Derek, but it’s true. Pull over for a moment. Give me the wheel. I had to sell my damn car to get here, so I’m not passing down the chance to get this thing roaring.”

“Pull over? We’re in a desert!”

“Should make it easy to find a spot then,” she remarked with smirk.

Derek gave an exasperated sigh, but braked to a stop. Serellis shifted out of her seat over the top of him while he moved to the passenger side. She clambered over him, her tail accidentally pressing against his face, her antennae brushing his cheek.

“Hey, watch it now,” he said. “That tail is thick.”

“You mean *thicc* with two ‘C’s, right?” she said with a grin. “You love the tail, admit.”

“It’s pretty fucking hot, yeah. Besides, it has utility.”

She used her tail to put the vehicle back into gear. "Example A," she said. She hit the pedal, and whatever speed Derek was hurrying along was quickly overtaken by the alien woman's mad pace. So far, the military or feds or men-in-black or whatever they were hadn't caught up, but they both knew it would only be a matter of time before the chaos cleared and they realised that one truck that took off was in fact the escaping alien girl. The pair of them were quite nervous, and so it was a loving sort of comfort that saw Derek place his hand on Serellis' thigh, just as she moved her tail so that it sat along his lap, letting him brush it softly.

"So . . . you love me," Derek said.

"Yep," she said, steering around a 'corner' of rock that led to a wider plain. Her dark vision helped her - she could turn off the lights of the truck to make her harder to track, while her antennae tracked her to the alien signal that Mr White Hair was so concerned over.

"Wanna talk about it?"

"Dude, I'm still getting used to all these feelings. Fuck, you would think becoming an alien would at least mean I'd have better emotional control, but instead I'm just as damn hormonal as any lady. I don't know if that's offensive or whatever, but the point is, I just kinda know."

"That you love me."

"Yeah, and you love me too."

"I said it. I meant it."

She grinned, pointed at her antennae. "Yeah, but I also a fucking cheater too. These things told me everything. Your heart skips a beat when you look at me sometimes."

"Damn, can't keep a secret from you."

"Did you want to keep it from me?"

"I didn't. It's why I said it. I just feels . . . like, this is crazy, right?"

She raised an eyebrow, gestured to her body, including the tail currently sitting on his lap. "My mate, I have turned into a three breasted, green skinned, long-tailed alien girl who is horny as fuck over the guy she wanted to bully when she first met him. It's *all* weird. But it's fucking great, too."

She gave him a quick peck on the cheek.

"Cool, yeah," he said. "I just . . . I've never been in love before. It's wild. Especially since you're, you know . . ."

"Green?"

They both laughed, until Derek cried out as she turned a fast corner.

"Relax! I know what I'm doing, *dork*."

"You somehow make that endearing. The orange jumpsuit look is pretty hot too."

She could tell he thought so: her antennae were picking up his arousal. “Flirt. I miss having a good three-cup bra. Jesus, I need support for these big tits so bad. How do normal women stand it? And they only have two!”

“I promise I’ll find you one once this is all over.”

“See? Another reason to love my mate.”

He smirked. “It’s not just instincts and alien compulsions and stuff?”

“Oh, don’t get me wrong, dude. This body is fucking horny as hell for you. That’s definitely instinct, the whole ‘seeing you as my mate’ stuff. But . . . you earned it, if that makes sense? Like, I am really into you in another way. I’ve never been in love either but . . . I know, you know?”

He hand went to her thigh, and this time he kissed her on the cheek. “I think I know. Even if you are a total jock.”

“Pfft! Nerd. Besides, this jock saved your gorgeous white ass.”

“Please, you turned invisibility! A cloaking power is like the most nerdy thing there is. It’s all over *Star Trek!*”

“Well, we’ll have to watch it someday, once I’m changed back . . .”

The two fell silent, even split apart a little in the front seat of the truck, like an invisible dividing line had fallen between them. Serellis took the time to awkwardly and gingerly adjust her triple-chest. All three big tits were bouncing aggressively as the truck chewed over rough desert rock and plain. She curled her tail around herself, blushing a little purple in the silence.

“So, you’ll be turning back,” Derek said.

“Um, yeah, I guess so? If I can.”

It was something both knew, and yet only now, as she followed the increasingly bright halo of white light that was the alien signal, did she and Derek really take in what it would mean for the pair of them.

“You can’t . . . stay?” Derek asked. “As Serellis, I mean? You seem happier than you were as Chad.”

“You just think my pointy green ears are cute.”

“I’m serious, Serellis. We just confessed love to one another. We had sex - more than once! You talked about what happened at your school and with your Dad for like the first time ever. You can’t tell me that you want to go back to being a closed off alpha gym-bro type hiding this much deeper person inside you.”

Serellis bit her lip. She tried to concentrate on the path ahead. The signal was maybe an hour off from the base, maybe even less. They’d made good progress already. The fact that several dishes were stationed out here in the middle of nowhere told her that the facility agents were terrified of what it represented, and doing all they could to understand it. But as

much interest as she had in that halo white signal, as she saw it, she couldn't help but reflect on Derek's words.

"You - you don't understand," she finally said.

"What don't I understand? You love me! I love you!"

"Green skin and all?"

"I think we've *more* than established that I find all of you beautiful, Serellis, including your green skin."

"Three tits doesn't hurt your opinion of my bod though, does it?"

Derek frowned. "You're distracting, stalling. What don't I understand?"

Serellis kept her central third eye on the road, but turned the other two upon her mate. God, he was so handsome. If they weren't in mortal peril and fleeing from the government, all in pursuit of an alien signal that might be even more malevolent, then she'd pull the truck to a stop and fuck him under the starlit sky. But instead, she had to push her lusty alien hormones aside and reveal the truth.

"Derek, it's not about me, and what I want. I . . . I can't believe I'm saying this, but I actually want to stay as a fucking alien girl. I mean, I may not be super tough and all that shit anymore, but I'm super fast, I can turn invisible, can run along walls-"

"You can run along walls?"

"Like a sexy green Spider-Man," she said with a wink. "But that's beside the point. I like this body. Hell, when I get a damn bra that has three big E-cups again, I'll fucking *love* it. Maybe it's these alien instincts in my head, but it feels right. Even being a woman, well, when I'm with you, that feels right too." She bit her lip nervously. "The way you look at me, and feel me, and talk to me. It feels pretty damn good, dude. Enough to want to stay."

Derek shook his head. "Then, I don't get it. Why try to change back?"

"Because like I said, it's not about me. It's about *you*."

"Me? What do you mean?"

Serellis groaned. This shit was so hard to say. Hell, if she were still a guy, it would have been damned impossible to say! She curled her tail in his lap, willing him to calm her down by stroking it. He did so, and it did indeed calm her.

"Mhmm, thanks," she said. "I mean that what are we gonna do if I don't change back, Derek? I mean, really do?"

"We find a place for the both of us."

Serellis laughed, and to her shame it was quite the mocking laugh. She turned slightly further westward, skidding around a large boulder and nearly shaking Derek from his seat if her tail's grabber wasn't there to pull him back.

"Are you serious, you dork?" she said. "I love you, Derek, but where the fuck could we actually go?"

“Somewhere remote. Where they couldn’t find us.”

“And live off beans and cabbages? Even if we could find a little shack in the middle of nowhere, you’re a big tech geek and I like being around people. We’d go crazy.”

“We’d find a way.”

“They’d find *us*.”

“Then we could keep moving.”

She rolled her two regular eyes, exasperated. “And so would they! We’d always be on the run, and we’d likely end up caught or dead anyway.”

“I’m willing to take a risk that I can protect you.”

“That’s just it,” she said, arriving at the point. “I’m scared I won’t be able to protect you.” To her surprise, tears pooled in all three of her eyes. “I was fucking scared when you were caught, man. I don’t want you in danger. I don’t want to be the reason you end up on some wanted list. If I can change back, even if it means I love you as my mate, then at least you’ll be safe.”

Her words shook him, her antennae could tell. But within, she sensed the fire of his passion and love rise up just as quickly.

“I’d rather you be happy,” he said softly.

It was enough to leave her the shaken one. “You mean that?”

“I do. I’d rather we try to save what we have, than throw it away. You’re a marvel, Serellis. You know it. Hell, you just admitted you *love it*. Let’s fight for it.”

Suddenly a great light exploded in her vision, causing her own darkvision to blink away. She quickly turned on the truck’s lights to compensate, but what was behind was more concerning: a fleet of armoured vehicles and black SUVs that were chasing them down.

“Oh fuck! They found us!”

“You didn’t see them coming with your X-ray vision thingy?” Derek said, staring around at the fleet that was barreling behind them.

“It takes concentration!” she exclaimed. “It’s like tensing a muscle.”

“Well, I think they’re coming for us now!”

“I am well aware, my mate. Hold on, and make sure my tail keeps its grip on you, alright?”

“Why, what are you do-IIINNNNGGG!!!”

She twisted the wheel, skidding the truck around a boulder and hitting the flat plain ahead as fast as she could. They must have been a quarter-mile behind her, maybe less. One of the vehicles behind was blaring a loudspeaker message. She wanted not to hear it, but her elven-like green pointy ears picked it up anyway.

‘THIS IS YOUR LAST WARNING! WE CANNOT LET YOU INTERCEPT THE SIGNAL! COME TO A STOP IMMEDIATELY OR WE WILL BE FORCED TO FIRE!’

It was a female voice this time, and she recognised it as the woman that accompanied White-Hair, one of his trusted agents, most likely.

“Yeah, we are so not fucking doing that, dipshits!”

The plain had a number of craggy boulders and cracks in the ground, and with her enhanced sight, she did everything to duck and weave around them. She smashed the truck over several small precipices, causing damage to its underside but taking the most direct route forward to where her antennae were ‘seeing’ the signal.

An enormous blast right to the left of their vehicle made the pair of them jump. It took everything not to crash the vehicle as rocky debris smashed against the tough windshield.

“Holy hell,” Derek gasped, “they’re really trying to fucking kill us.”

“Oh yeah. They don’t want me finding that signal. Goddamn, Derek, you were right. There was something out here. We’re so close!”

Another explosion, another crater in the ground that their truck nearly collapsed into. Serellis grit her teeth, continued forward. They were so damn close. Even just five more minutes would be another. She wrenched the wheel again, moving in a zigzag across the plains and shifting the heavy vehicle around various boulders and small hills of rock in order to protect it as best as possible. Her reflexes were sharp, and it was a good thing too, because the blasts came quicker now, firing in front of the truck.

“They’re trying to sink us into a pothole or disable us,” she said.

“They’re not trying to kill us?”

“No fucking clue, dude. I think they won’t weep any tears, but the agent with the white hair definitely would prefer me alive. Or my corpse, at least. God, this is exactly what I was talking about! This shit right here! This is what I’d have to live with if I remain like - like me.”

She took a heavy breath, refocused on driving. She kept her tail coiled tightly around Derek. The blasts were continuing, until suddenly they stopped. She’d managed to sidestep and deal with them at every turn, though the front of the truck was banged up something awful. Already, it was moving a bit more sluggish, and it was then they her X-ray vision noticed that a number of SUVs were accelerating, drawing closer with agents half-hanging out the passenger sets, machine guns in their hands.

“Fuck, they’re gonna blow the tires.”

“Anything I can do?” Derek asked.

“I can’t even think of anything. Just keep safe, okay? I don’t want to lose my mate. We’re so nearly there!”

She rounded a slight turn. The signal - it was massive by this point. She knew only she could see it, but it almost looked like one of the strange symbols she saw when the alien voice ‘programmed’ her changes. It was curved, with a series of small dashes and dots

inside this bubble. It was a searing, celestial white, and something in her new mind knew what it meant.

RENDEZVOUS

"I'm nearly there," she said to herself. "So fucking -"

Machine gun fire spat, and it caused the truck to skid out of control. Her wheels exploded from the continuous fire of hot lead, and it took every reflex her alien body had not to crash the truck directly into a boulder. Instead, she twisted it, knocking one SUV off the path and causing the other to pull to a hard stop to avoid colliding with her.

"Fuck, fuck!" Derek called.

"Hang on!" she cried. "We're about to make a jump!"

She spun the wheel one final time, the vehicle barely obeying her. It rocketed off a ledge, falling at least three feet onto a lower plain and causing what was left of the functioning wheels to crumble. The truck soared forward, grinding against the ground. And then, precariously, almost in slow-motion, it began to roll to its side.

"Oh God! Hold onto me Derek!"

She grabbed him with her tail and held the steering wheel with her hands as the truck rolled and rolled and rolled, tipping side over side in a way that felt like it was happening one frame at a time, yet carried the vicious speed of her very real momentum. Glass shattered. The world gave way. Something screamed, and the alien woman realised it had been her.

Finally, threatening one last turn, the vehicle rolled back to a stop, upside down, glass and debris and carnage everywhere. For a moment, Serellis was utterly dazed. It took her a moment to realise why her hair was straight up, and another few moments to unbuckle herself. Her feet clung to the floor, sticking to it, but while she had done her best to protect Derek with her tail, she gasped when she saw his state.

"Oh my God. Shit! Derek! My mate, are you okay?"

He grunted. "F-fine. Just a b-bit of glass."

It was more than a bit. He looked cut all over, with several deeper shards embedded in his arm. Crimson blood oozed from the wounds, and much faster than she would have liked. The sound of the fleet of vehicles wasn't far away. They were preparing to surround the pair.

"Derek, I -"

"Go on," he spluttered, coughing a little blood. "Find the signal, ch-change back. I was greedy. I wanted you . . . but I want you s-safe more, Serellis. Thanks for making m-my dream come true. Always wanted to m-meet an alien. Always wanted to f-fall in love."

Tears poured from her eyes. She sniffed, trying to keep her emotions level. She wouldn't lose him. Not now. Not ever. She'd made a promise.

“No, you fucking dork,” she said. “I’m not leaving you. Not ever, remember? You’re coming with me.”

He coughed. “Bit roughed up at the moment.”

“Then I’ll carry you. One step at a time. We’re so close.”

“Serellis, just -”

“Dude, shut up. Holy onto me. If I can carry three big tits on me, then I’m sure I can take you. C’mon!”

Her tail flung out and pushed open the wrecked door. She climbed out, and helped him out as well. Derek was injured, and one leg looked broken. She put an arm under his and began walking across the night-time desert, determined to reach the signal. It was only footsteps away.

“You’re amazing,” Derek grunted. “This h-has been the best adventure.”

“You’re losing blood. Just stay with me, okay? We’ll find a way out of this.”

“D-don’t think so. But thanks.”

He was heavier than she would have liked. She would have given anything for her old strength. Instead, she was forced to move at a slow pace. Her ears picked up movement; the various agent forces were gathering along the ridge. It was game over and she knew it.

Suddenly, the dirt kicked up ahead of them in a semicircle of bullet fire. She almost dropped Derek it so alarmed her. The signal was just before them. High in the sky, it seemed to call for her. She could have cried from how close yet far away it was: a series of electrified gazed barred a bare zone of land. Several spotlights from guard towers shone down upon her.

They’d been just out of range of her nightvision.

‘TAKE ANOTHER STEP AND WE WILL SHOOT. I WILL AUTHORISE LETHAL FORCE. YOU WILL BE KILLED, YOUR ACCOMPLICE AS WELL. WE CANNOT ALLOW YOU TO INTERACT WITH THE SIGNAL.’

It was the white-haired man’s voice again. Serellis’ heart beat heavily. The signal above seemed to unfurl, shift somehow. She looked up at in awe, trying to make sense of the strange patterns it was making.

She took another step.

This time, the bullets were a lot closer, kicking up sand and dust in their faces. Derek spluttered, his wet lungs heaving.

‘LAST WARNING. I HAVE SNIPERS ON YOU. ARTILLERY. YOU WILL NOT EVEN MAKE IT PAST THE FENCE. DO YOU UNDERSTAND? SURRENDER TO US!’

Yes, she understood. Finally, she understood. The symbol clicked into place, and the script of her new species gained new meaning and understanding. She laughed.

“Wh-what’s f-funny,” Derek said.

“You’ll be glad you came with me,” Serellis said, staring up into the shifting signal. It was getting bigger, more defined. “You left one thing off your bingo list before.”

“Oh . . . what was th-that?” he managed.

She took another step.

This time, the bullets impacted against her body and Derek’s, tearing them to pieces. Well, at least they *should* have done that. Instead, they bounced off some invisible barrier. There was a startled call, followed by another hail of bullets, then a sniper shot, then even a mortar shell. They pelted off a wall of energy, dinging uselessly into the ground, even exploding with now damage too close to the pair. Derek was astonished, but Serellis simply cackled. She could see what no one else could, the signals that were projecting down to protect them. But they were about to see: the outlines of the enormous floating ship shook out of their cloak, phasing out of whatever dimension they were hiding in to join this one. It was immense and vast, and rounded just like in the movies, albeit the underside was full of brilliant lighting that flickered and altered and shone like a kaleidoscope. The bullet fire stopped. The artillery stopped. Everyone held their breath at the astonishing sight floating in the air in a spinning disc just three hundred feet above them.

Serellis hugged her boyfriend, who was entranced by the sight.

“Derek, my mate. Are you ready to finally see a UFO?”

Part 13: Unidentified Flying Object

“Holy fucking shit,” Derek exclaimed. “It’s - oh my God - it’s a UFO! It’s an actual, real-life UFO!”

Serellis couldn’t help herself: she giggled at her lover’s astonishment. She held him lovingly around the waist, her tail curling around his right leg. Her antennae sensed an aura of excitement around him. An aura of *awe*. She knew he was getting to experience what he’d only dreamed of seeing.

“What’s the issue, Derek?” she shouted over the immense whir and kicking up of dust. “I thought you were a big believer in UFO’s?”

“I am!” he shouted back, eyes glued to the alien spaceship. “But I never thought I’d actually see one in action! Holy shit!”

Its brilliant rainbow lights caused the desert around them to glow with a similar radiance. The military had stopped shooting but the slight shimmer of the protective shield bubble it had given them was still visible. Using her third eye, Serellis could see it even more clearly: no earth-made weapon could ever penetrate it, that much she knew. Perhaps just a

piece of knowledge that the genetic transformation had given her, like how to go invisible or stick to walls like some kind of sexy, three-boobed gecko girl.

“Is it hostile?” Derek asked, yelling over the roar of the magnificent alien machine as it lowered further down to them.

Serellis broke into an almost maddened laughter. “I’ve got no fucking idea! But we made it, didn’t we? We got this far!”

“I guess we did!” he shouted back.

The UFO continued to descend until it reached only about sixty or so feet above. Its lights shone brilliantly down on them, spiralling around only to refocus on the pair. Serellis and Derek held hands, both awestruck, terrified, and yet filled with wonder.

“What happens next?” Derek yelled.

“Still no idea! But you know what? Even if everything goes badly from here on out, I’m glad I’m here with you. *This* is where I’m meant to be. With my dork.”

He laughed. “I’ll take it! Especially from a jock alien girl!”

She joined him once more in manic laughter. The former sports star male had no doubt that the military were witnessing one of the most confusing sights they’d ever beheld, and that tickled her all the more. Served them right to quake in their boots, if only she wasn’t quaking as well.

Suddenly, her antenna throbbed, the little spherical ends dilating and contracting in a rhythmic pattern. She blinked her third eye, and the alien woman noticed that wave patterns were coming from the ship, almost like . . . messages. Her antennae worked overtime to translate them.

‘@\$\$% RETURNED \$\$%@\$%# BOARDING \$%^%\$#@ TRANSFORMATION COMPLETE \$\$\$%#% TO THE HOME PLANET.’

She gasped.

“What is it?”

“I think - I think they’re going to land.”

The light that was upon them suddenly turned a sickly neon green. It pulsed like some kind of alien heartbeat - perhaps, in a way, it actually was. Serellis felt lighter. The rocks around her feet began to spiral.

“Oh shit,” she said. “They’re not landing at all.”

The light *pulled*, and she began to raise off of the ground.

‘FINISHED DAUGHTER \$\$%@\$% FIND NEW MATE %^#%\$%^#!% TEACH WAYS \$\$\$%#% ACROSS THE STARS.’

She focused her antennae, working hard to filter through the fuzz so that she could ‘read’ what was being said in its entirety. Her feet began to lift off of the ground, her tail lacked the weight it once had. Derek gasped and quickly grabbed hold of her. He was not

being lifted by the anti-gravity beam, and managed to keep her rooted down. But the beam was only growing in strength. Serellis looked about for some way to escape it, but saw none. The only thing was the agent with white hair, his younger female offside, and several of their fellow agents and minions approaching the shimmering energy wall. They were trying to enter through it, but having no luck. She could just manage to hear his voice.

“Chad Penwick! Serellis! And Derek Mayes! Come back! We can work this out - we can protect you! We can’t get closer!”

Yeah, as if, was what she thought. But it was clear the formerly cool and calm master agent was getting worried, and he couldn’t stop looking up through his dark glasses at the brilliance of the spinning UFO.

“Serellis,” Derek said, struggling, “I n-need to keep you down. Don’t go.”

“Trying not to!” she cried. She focused her antennae again, and this time made a little progress.

‘COME, NEW DAUGHTER. THIS PLANET IS COMPROMISED. WE WILL GIVE YOU A \$\$\$%#%#\$%\$#% IN THE STARS. YOU ARE COMPLETE. WE WILL #T\$#%#@# A NEW MATE. THIS IS OUR WAY. YOU %\$#%#T#\$ BE PROTECTED.’

“What do they want?” her mate cried. She was now a foot off the ground, then two, and rising faster. It did not feel like being pulled, though, simply like gravity was reversing, and she was floating inexorably away.

“I don’t know!” she responded. She looked up into the white lights that flashed furiously. Everything was so loud, so deeply intense. “I think - I think they want to take me back to their home planet. Or their empire. To the stars. But only me!”

Derek’s eyes widened in fear. “No! No, I won’t let you go!”

“But we can’t stay! The military - they’ll never let us go!”

They were trying to dim the shield, force their way through it, but had wisened up considerably by not attacking it directly. No one wanted an intergalactic war. Earth would be stomped. But it was just another reminder that the pair were caught between two worlds, and each was pulling apart and leaving them stranded in the dark, away from one another.

“Let him come then!” she cried to the UFO. “He’s my mate! Aren’t these the instincts you gave me!? Let him come! I love him!”

She rose, but the signal returned, and this time she interpreted it even more clearly.

‘HUMAN ENTITY CANNOT JOIN US. HIS BIOLOGY WILL NOT WITHSTAND IT. WE CANNOT INTERFERE. YOUR CREATION #@%#@#@\$#% BEAUTIFUL ACCIDENT. UNINTENDED. TERRAFORMING EQUIPMENT INTENDED \$#%\$ NEW WORLD. SO WE TAKE YOU, TEACH YOU. MATING PROGRAM WAS UNINTENDED EFFECT.’

“But it happened anyway! And I’m here, and I’m in love!”

'WE ARE SORRY. YOU CANNOT STAY. NONE MAY KILL OUR KIND. RESPONSE WOULD BE PROVOKED, AND WE WOULD NOT WISH BLOODSHED. IT WOULD CAUSE GREAT CHAOS. YOU ARE OUR RESPONSIBILITY. WE TEACH YOU, SERELLIS.'

Derek looked at her: she was now rising above him. They clutched hands so that she floated legs and tail above her head, her face against his. Tears flowed from her eyes, and he was crying too.

"Then change him! Change Derek too! He can't stay here!"

'I'M SORRY. HE MUST. HE IS HUMAN.'

"So fucking well am I!"

'ONLY HALF. YOU MUST COME. IT IS THE ONLY WAY.'

She gripped her lover, her mate, her love. She didn't dare look at the UFO. The dreadful realisation came upon her of what she could do.

"If I come," she whispered, knowing they could still hear her, "will you tell them to leave him alone?"

There was a pause. Still she rose, until Derek was straining to hold onto her.

'YES. THAT IS POSSIBLE.'

More tears. The sound of everything fell away, even the awareness of the military. She remembered Horace Becker. The boy in the locker. The one she'd trapped, and left him to rot in the dark, afraid and alone. It was the worst thing she'd ever done, and it was all for selfish reasons. All so her asshole of a father would be proud. This, she realised, was karma. The universe, across its many stars, was visiting its punishment: it had given her the power to change and grow and love, and now it was snatching it away. She'd be entering the vested, yet blackest locker there was. And she deserved it.

But at least she could save the nerd this time. At least *she* would be the one stepping into the locker, and letting someone else out. At least she could make *this* moment a redemption of sorts. She focused all three eyes upon Derek, capturing his face, his spiky black hair, his fear and his desperation, his intelligence and wit and *love*, all in a frame to hold in her memory forever.

"Derek . . ." she whispered.

He seemed to realise her intent. "No. No no no. Serellis, there has to be another way."

She shook her head. "I love you. I never thought I'd fall in love with a friggin' dork, but fucking hell I have. But please, you need to let me go."

"I won't," he said through tears. Her own fell from her cheeks then arched back up into the sky, pooling up towards the alien saucer.

She pulled herself closer to him. She was 'standing' upside down in the sky, even her hair falling in reverse. From her perspective, he was the one falling away. But she could bring herself up to his lips and kiss him one last time. Their lips locked, they kissed deeply.

And then, as if understanding her full intentions, he gently let her go.

Serellis raised up into the air. She turned, somehow shifting in the beam slowly so that she was once more right-side up. She gave Derek one last look before turning up to face the saucer, and almost wished she hadn't. He was crying, and now so was she. She spread her arms to be received into the alien ship, laying back so that she could almost embrace it.

"Take me then!" she cried. "But live up to our deal. If I have to live among you as my new kind or whatever, then no one fucking touches him! No one, you got it!?"

'WE UNDERSTAND. YOU MAY TELL THE HUMANS BEYOND THE SHIELD. WE WILL AMPLIFY YOUR VOICE.'

She was held in place, rotated to face the enormous array of military vehicles, personnel, and the agents who she was certain belonged to no real federal agency to speak of. With a fury that could have once dominated the soccer field, she roared.

"Hey! Listen up, you men-in-black G-men feddie fucksticks! I've made a deal that I think you'll hate, but if you want to avoid intergalactic *FUCKING* war then the old dude in the white wig better deal, got it? I'm joining the aliens. Don't worry about me giving them sensitive intel or whatever you care about because I'm just some idiot northern jock with no idea what the hell you stupid suits even want. I don't even want to go. I really damn don't. But I have to, because it's the only way to save the man I love. So here's the fucking deal, and if you don't take it I swear I'll do everything in my power to make sure the guys in that stupid flying saucer toast the surface of this desert to glass.

"I go, Derek stays, and he gets to live a normal fucking life. That means no wiretapping bullshit, no random 'visits', no little trips in black SUVs which are fucking stereotypical anyway, and certainly no satellite footage or watchlists or any of that. You got it! Make the white-hair guy wave so I know *he* knows."

There was a pause. The white-haired man and the woman looked to be having some kind of semi-calm, semi-aggressive argument. Another individual stepped forward, and several other soldiers as well. They were all conversing. Finally, after looking like the crowd's view was swaying against his, the white-haired man waved.

"Wave twice if you understand and agree."

White hair followed and did exactly that. She almost wished he hadn't. Every moment she stayed was a moment she was still with Derek. Or at least sharing the same sky, the same stars with him. That night under them, it was so recent, yet it felt so long ago. The light turned her, and soon she was being pulled up into the UFO's light. To be taken away.

She accepted this. She knew she had. But the thought of never feeling Derek's touch upon her again . . .

"Wait, FUCK THIS!" she cried.

'YOU HAVE QUERY?' the alien signal asked.

"I have a damned complaint! You can't call a player off the side of the game when they've just hit their stride!"

A pause. 'A REFERENCE TO HUMAN BALL GAMES.'

"The best ones! And you don't sideline your players just because your strategy isn't working. I did everything damn right - we both did. The only reason I'm here getting lifted up by you is because Derek - my goddamn *mate* by the way, that's *your* term - kept me safe. He saved me again and again, and yeah, I saved him. But he saved *me*. *ME!* The dickhead who's done terrible human shit to people who didn't deserve it. He saved me from myself, you hear? I'm not letting you take that away! He believed in *you* guys all his life! He's the one that stopped your terraforming whats-it from even getting into the hands of those feds you distrust down there! We did everything right: this whole fuckup is *your* fault, and I'm not paying for it. I'll pay for my sins, not *yours*. I'm getting redemption down *there*, not up there. I refuse to leave him, you hear? You'll have to kill me!"

'WE WILL NOT KILL OUR OWN KIND.'

"Then you best rethink your strategy, because we've played your game and the feds, and we both came out on top. I'm not living on Earth or in the stars without my mate. That's the programming *you* gave me."

'BEING WITH HIM WAS STILL YOUR CHOICE.'

"Damn fucking straight it was, and I'd do it all again, too! But *your* rules, still! We, uh, mated. We were together, and more than once. And it was fucking amazing.'

'WE CAN TURN YOU BACK, WITH TIME.'

"Please, not that. I'd rather die than that. Kill me before you do that. I'm finally the person I should have always been, and I won't let Earth or the stars take that from me. So rethink. Your. Fucking. Strategy. Coach."

There was a long silence. Even the engines of the starship seemed to dim somewhat. She waited with baited breath, watching spiralling arcs of internal communication dart all over the ship, from one side to the other.

'WE WOULD WISH TO KNOW YOU. WE HAVE SO MUCH TO OFFER.'

"I know. Goddamn, if Derek were up here now he'd tell me to not be an idiot and go, if he weren't also gaga in love with me, the wonderful dork. But *he* offers more."

'THERE IS SUCH WONDER UP IN THE STARS.'

"I know. But there's wonder down here too. I thought I'd killed it inside me. Derek brought it back."

'YOU WILL NOT COME WITH US?'

"Never say never. But if I do, it'll have to be with Derek. That's non-negotiable. And only when we want to. For now, I want him. Put me back in the game. Keep us both safe. Bend the rules if you have to: but you made them. I know you can. Please. He's my mate. I know you understand this."

There was a far longer pause. It seemed like the length of a star's life.

"Please," Serellis whispered.

The signal finally came, and she listened. The alien species, *her* species, gave their solution.

The UFO raised into the air, but Serellis was not upon it. The saucer spun, its engines readying for a faster-than-light jump through the galaxy. But first it let her down gently, changed once more, in a sort of sense. Derek marvelled at her: she was brightly lit, and he likely could not see her. She probably looked like an angel coming down from the heavens. She wondered if that's where half the world's religions had accidentally sprung from. She didn't care, so long as her feet were back upon earth soil.

She touched down. Derek ran to her, but pulled up short.

"Serellis . . . what did they do? You've - you look normal. But you're not . . . him."

Not Chad, she knew that was what he meant. No, she was human again. Her hair was a lush black, her eyes the bright blue that Chad had possessed. Her figure still had its magnificent curves, and while her middle breast was gone, she was still an impressive E-cup, or maybe a double-D-cup - only a slight reduction, perhaps. She was not wearing the prison uniform, but was wreathed in a warbling physical light, the clothing that most certainly would have been mistaken for an angel's. But it too normalised, shifting to become a flannelette shirt over a white singlet and black bra, with a pair of daisy dukes over some feminine underwear. A set of desert-trekking hiking boots appeared on her feet, thankfully with woollen socks given the cold of night.

"I'm still me, you dork," she said, punching him lightly on the shoulder. "It's still me, Serellis. Just a little more . . . normal, now. For certain estimates, or whatever. I've still got, you know, the pussy and the tits and that. All the bits you like. Well, I certainly remember you liking them, but maybe now that I don't have two sets of cleavage and green skin you won't be nearly so -"

She never finished her sentence. Derek was upon her, holding her and kissing her deeply again and again, his tongue dancing with hers. Tears were in his eyes once more, and it was only once he parted that he managed to express what he was feeling.

"I thought I'd lost you," he said.

She smiled, wiped away her own tears. "Damn stupid female hormones," she complained. "I wouldn't leave you."

"What did you do?"

"Convinced them to stop being rules-bound assholes, I think. I forced a compromise."

"They turned you back human?"

She giggled. She couldn't help it. It felt weird not to have a tail anymore, or antenna. Or the third eye or three big tits. But she was still a woman, she was still Serellis, and she still had a fun secret about all of the above. It was the very thing making her laugh.

"Sort of," she said, and for just a moment, out of view of the military behind Derek, she opened her third eye.

Derek looked stunned.

"Shh," she said, still grinning. "I've got this sorted."

She stepped past him, right up to the shield. Drawing upon the knowledge the aliens had given her, she planted one hand on it. There was a ripple of energy, and it instantly fell away. Several agents gasped and stepped back. Not so for the jerk with the bleached hair, or his younger female sidekick.

"What happened?" he demanded. "You made a deal to leave."

"I changed the deal," she announced. "Pray I don't alter it further."

Derek spluttered behind her. "Did you just quote *Star Wars*?"

She winked back at him. "I'm a jock - or at least I was - not a fucking neanderthal."

"Oh, yeah. Right."

But the white-haired man didn't care. His face was calm, cold, dispassionate. But each enunciated syllable radiated a tranquil fury. "What deal? What have you done up there? Do you realise you could have us annihilated?"

She stepped up to him. Several agents drew their guns, but she knew they couldn't hurt her, and the white-haired man wouldn't let them. He signalled for them to stand down. He was a lot taller than her - she'd retained her shorter height - but in this moment, she felt as big and powerful as a mountain.

"Oh, I realise. I realise, all right. And it's a good thing I talked them down from it. For a damn good price too. All you have to do is leave Derek and I alone to be together. That's it. You leave us alone, and those big boys from the stars - the ones leaving right now - won't be back to do a little surface glassing. They don't want to, either. They're not hostile, they don't want humanity destroyed, but they'll do anything to protect their own, and though I don't look it just now . . ."

Her tail extended from her backside, pushing over the waistband of her short shorts. Unlike the rest of her, it was green and alien, complete with its little grabber at the end. She manipulated it, made it point in the direction of the head agent.

“. . . I'm still one of them,” she said. “A perfect damn cover, wouldn't you say, G-man? I'll blend it, cause no issues, and get freaky with my hot boyfriend whenever I want. And you guys will leave us well enough alone, and just trust us to be responsible. Which we'll be. But if you follow us, or fuck up our lives in anyway, then my green friends come down and there'll be hell to pay. How about that?”

The agent sneered, stewed, muttered to himself.

“How do we know you're telling the truth?”

“I don't give a shit what you know. All I know is that I'm some idiot jock from up north and I *still* know more than you. And I know that I'm no threat, so long as I've got Derek. So you keep everyone off our backs, and everything is good. Deal?”

She placed her hands on her hips, retracted her tail. In a few moments she was human again. Well, she *looked* human, courtesy of a few alterations and cloaking camouflage additions her new people had given her. Enough to live a 'normal' life on earth while still being alien inside . . . and on the outside, when they had enough privacy.

She waited out the agent. Derek came by her side, and took her hand, squeezing it. She threw him a loving glance.

“Goddamnit,” the white-haired man finally said. “You've got a deal.”

“Nice,” she said.

“I have a few demands too,” Derek said.

“You what!?” he said.

“Yeah, what!?” Serellis joined in.

Derek winked. “My demands. I'm an equal partner in this, right Serellis?”

“Yeah, he is. What demands are we making?”

Her loving mate chuckled at the throbbing vein on the agent's temple. “Well, if we're going to be together, then I think the government - or whatever you guys are - should be happy to pay for some of our perks. Think of it as a matter of privacy, to keep us off the radar as well.”

The agent sighed. “Negotiations then, is it?”

“Yeah, but not in the middle of the desert. I want back in a city, in a comfy hotel bed with my hot alien girlfriend. *Then* we can work this all out, right Serellis?”

She kissed him on the cheek. She could think of a few other things they could do in a hot hotel room too, after a nice hot bath.

“Damn straight, dork,” she said.

Part 14: Life on Earth

“Hey, can you pass me that file, Serellis?”

The young dark-haired woman did so, grabbing the meeting notes and handing them to her boss. Adam Havers grinned, his eyes desperately trying not to look over her form.

“Thanks as always,” he said. “You did well in the meeting today, by the way. You have a keen eye towards commentary: you had the crowd quite riled up!”

Serellis grinned. “What can I say, chief? I’ve got experience in the sporting business.”

“You were in the women’s league, right?”

“Sure, why not,” she said. “I did pretty well for myself. Those days are behind me now, though, obviously.”

“Well, we’re lucky to have you in the booth. You bring a lot of energy to the play, that’s for sure. And you’re the first female commentator we’ve had at this stadium.”

She smirked and folded her arms. “So everyone keeps telling me. You got another chick lined up for when I take my leave?”

“Er, yes. Well, we’re still looking about for-”

Serellis stood and guffawed. “C’mon chief, I’m just busting your balls, you know that. Hire whoever’s best. You know I’ll be back in the booth.”

“Well, you do know the game like the back of your hand, and you’ve brought in a big female following too. The ratings reflect that! I swear sometimes it’s like you’re a gift from heaven, Serellis.”

She made a mischievous expression as she halted by the door. Serellis swished her black hair behind her head and smiled with those beautiful lips of hers.

“Heaven? Maybe. Space? Definitely.”

Adam just laughed as if he got the in-joke. “You have a great day now, Sel. And rest up! You’ll need it.”

“Oh, don’t I just know!” she said, and she lowered her hand to her stomach, where an obvious bump protruded. “This little tyke is doing somersaults in my damn womb, I swear.”

“Just like it was with Evelyn. Probably a boy, I’d bet.”

“If it has a gender, the little alien.”

Again, a laugh at an in-joke he obviously didn’t quite get, and the two parted ways. Serellis sauntered out the door to her car, feeling an itch on her scalp that she desperately wanted to fix, but couldn’t do so quite yet. The same was true of the base of her spine, and the space between her breasts.

But then she always got a bit antsy in human form these days.

She looked up into the blue sky by habit, and saw that there was nothing coming down to monitor her or take her. Then she turned the car on.

“Time to get home and home fast,” she murmured to herself. “God, I can’t wait to go green again.”

It was just five months after the UFO encounter in the desert, and negotiations with the men in black afterwards had gone well on that night. Neither Serellis nor Derek ever learned the real name of the white-haired agent, but he was imbued with the power to speak, act, and make decisions on behalf of the organisation, or at least to represent their interests after a bit of communication back and forth with their shadowy masters. The end result was that the pair of them got *most* of what they wanted. Derek got to keep his life, and Serellis was given a new one with a fully created paper trail to avoid suspicion. Furthermore, each was given appropriate funds to start a new life together, and had doors opened to them so they could start new jobs: Derek as a radio presenter, Serellis as a secretary. Of course, Derek ended up making more money running his own ‘Spooky Files’ podcast, and Serellis hated being a submissive secretary so much that she wound up applying for and succeeding in the position of a sports commentator. She may accept and love being a woman, but she was submissive to only one person, and that was her mate.

Other things had a little further negotiation, a little more back and forth. After a rather intense standoff, Derek and Serellis agreed to *some* monitoring. She was a half-alien, after all, perhaps even a full one: they never did get a look at the members of her new species. So it only made sense that for national security reasons - global security, really - that a general monitoring of her status be allowed. But no wiretaps, no kidnapping, no black SUVs or photography. White-hair even agreed to let them be informed ahead of time if the agency wanted to make contact to discuss some issue or another. The two had relented, and found the situation favourable: they were rarely bothered, and if black SUVs were indeed following them - or any other kind of vehicle - they didn’t notice. And given Serellis’ powers, that was a good reassurance.

The location was subject to some debate. Serellis was a big fan of cities, while Derek was okay moving to some mountain town to keep out of the way. In the end, a compromise had been made: the town of Davenfield was a gorgeous mid-sized location with wonderful nature and nearby mountain lodges. It had a stadium and a strong sporting culture (which suited Serellis), but its somewhat remote nature also meant that it had a solid local scene for fellow lovers of the supernatural and general geekery (which made Derek happy). The

agency didn't love the location, but it did have one big, big advantage, and that was the mountain lodge they had purchased for the pair of them to live in together. It was up a mountain slope, entirely out of the way, and entirely private as well. And it was *big*. That had been a winning condition for the two of them to agree. Big property, nice big forest surrounding the edge of it, and a whole lot of space for her to shed that annoying human covering and be her wonderful, funderful green self, something Derek also craved to see.

So after the initial awkwardness and bureaucracy of being given new lives and settling into a new location, they were finally able to adjust and get used to their new lives. Which for the alien woman meant fucking her gorgeous mate in every room of their expansive mountain-side home and outside of it too. Her insatiability hadn't gone away with the excitement of the chase over, and in fact had only increased. When the two moved in and the agents left, she'd taken one look at Derek and immediately shifted her form back to her 'natural' alien one.

"I think this'll be great," Derek had said. "I mean, I never imagined myself as someone who lived up over a town like this, but I think we can make it."

"Mhmm, yeah, I bet we can," Serellis said, pressing closer to him. Her antennae were pulsing, identifying her own lust and directing her to fulfil its desire. She straightened her back so her three tits - all of them currently braless - stood out prominently against her white shirt. She flicked her tail from side to side as she sauntered towards him.

"Uh, Serellis? You okay? Do you not like it?"

She licked her lips. "Don't be silly, you dork. I'd be happy in a damn trailer with you. But this place is spectacular. What I really want is for us to *break it in*, if you know what I mean." She pressed her body against his, wrapping her tail firmly around his waist and stroking his back with it. She could sense his own arousal rising, and it turned her on so fucking bad.

"Holy shit. I was going to suggest we start unboxing together. I like your idea a whole lot better."

"Fuck yeah, you do. I want my hot human boyfriend to *cum inside me*."

That was enough to make his cock hard as steel. Moments later he was lying on his back on the carpet while her green-skinned body rode him, milking his cock expertly. She cried out in pleasure as he fondled her tits, leaning forward so he could rub the nipples of her left and right breasts while sucking on the middle one. She rubbed his balls with her tail, stirring them to produce ever more semen, and far, far too quickly she brought him to a climax. He poured stream after stream of hot seed inside her, and she moaned in utter ecstasy.

"God, I fucking love mating with you, love!" she cried.

He gripped her soft green ass and echoed the same: "I love you Serellis!"

“Yes, ohhhhh, breed me! F-fuck your hot alien space babe!”

Of course, that last request - one that had simply escaped out of her mouth in the midst of passion - turned out to be a lot more prophetic than she could have imagined. Serellis wasn't exactly certain when Derek had knocked her alien ass up, but it must have been in those early days, perhaps even before that, during the chase. She liked to imagine it was from that time beneath the stars, when they'd been so wonderfully intimate. Regardless, they'd fucked all cross the property numerous times enough that she shouldn't have been surprised to end up pregnant. Hell, her simply arriving home from work, slipping off her human disguise to finally grow out her tail and third breast and let her skin be the right pigmentation was often enough for her hormones to super charge. Even if Derek was in the middle of editing his latest podcast, she practically jumped his bones from lust, relishing the feeling of having her 'proper' body back. He never seemed to mind.

And yet, despite using no protection - her alien brain with its antennae-led instincts found it off putting - and taking his seed happily, *and* often begging to be mated and bred during sex, somehow getting pregnant had managed to shock her. It wasn't accompanied by nausea, and there were no big bouts of sleepiness. Far from them. In fact, she managed to become even hornier, to the point where she actually dragged him to stadium closet during a visit just so he could take her from behind in the cramped space. 'Going green' was a risk in a public space, but she'd wanted him too bad.

But the signs slowly added up, even with the distraction and business of their new lives and making new friends and connections. Serellis' hunger became supercharged, and she was eating more than her mate by an easy mile. And while her horniness could have been a clue, the fact that her breasts managed to grow to become even fuller E-cups, bordering on EE's, was also a sign, along with her larger dark green nipples.

“Mmmhm, oh God! They're s-so much more s-sensitive!” she moaned as he sucked on all three of them in a row one night. They were on the couch, and had just watched some nerdy sci-fi program that she'd secretly ended up enjoying, and to 'reward' him for entertaining her, she'd decided to let him motorboat her chest before she sucked on his cock (another thing she'd *really* come to enjoy, this one to the continuing embarrassment of her vestigial male pride). But Derek had paused.

“Yeah, and they're bigger.”

“Mhmm, my tits too. I know you love 'em, even bras a fucking pain. How do women deal with this?”

“No, wait, stop being so horny, Serellis!”

“Speak for yourself, dude.”

“You're boobs are bigger-”

“The awesome kind of bigger.”

“-and your nipples are darker, and bigger too-”

“And fucking sensitive as hell. Seriously, I nearly moaned while adjusting my shirt at the office the other day. Super embarrassing.”

“-and your hunger is crazy lately. And you’ve been even more hormonal than usual.”

“Fuck off,” she said, grinning. “Just because I cried at that one movie ending-”

“And that advertisement.”

“It was a Thai insurance ad! Those a fucking killer dude. I got weepy back when I was a big footballer watching those.”

“Yeah, but this time you cried for, like, half an hour.”

“It had a little baby in it!”

“Because you’re pregnant!”

That was enough to kill sexy passion stone dead.

“Oh,” Serellis said. “Wait, no. Wait, really? Oh, fuck! You mean all that talk of mating and breeding while we were fucking each other’s brains out . . .”

“Yeah, I think we’re having an alien baby,” Derek said. “Maybe. I can’t be sure.”

Serellis freaked out, especially once it became clear that she *was* indeed pregnant. Human pregnancies told her jack squat, but in the coming weeks her hormonal periods only increased further, and her libido with it, and most significantly of all, her belly began to develop a clear bloat. It was terrifying! She’d been prepared to live as a secret alien girl for life, and to live with a man and love him desperately. But a baby? A half (or quarter?) one? That was a lot more to take in.

“The agency is going to freak the fuck out,” she said to herself one night as they went to bed together, rubbing her small but noticeable bump. “God, I’m a freakin’ pregnant alien. I’m literally pregnant with an alien! Holy shit.”

But Derek just pressed himself against her, rubbing her stomach lovingly, kissing the back of her neck. “It’ll be fine, Serellis. We’ve come this far, right? And we love each other. There’s no challenge we can’t beat together.”

“You’re so corny,” she said, but secretly she loved it. She curled her tail around to stroke his butt.

“Well, I’m a country boy now, right? Up in my mountain lodge. Maybe I should grow a beard and become a lumberjack.”

“Mhmm, sexy. Don’t tempt me, you sexy dork. My preggo hormones are going crazy.”

“See? Upsides! We get a baby *and* get to have magnificent sex.”

She shifted - a little harder with her slight belly - and pressed her three tits against him. “Good, because I’m still feeling nervous about this pregnancy thing. So I want you to fuck me till I’m practically comatose. Think you can do that?”

“Well, I’ve been doing that workout routine you set for me, so let’s try it out.”

He damn well succeeded, too.

Serellis smirked as she pulled up to her home. Derek was relaxing on the porch, and had indeed grown a bit of a beard. He wasn't looking like a lumberjack anytime soon, but he had put on an impressive amount of muscle recently, and he looked rather smart indeed. Sexy smart. She rubbed her belly, feeling her little one kick.

"God, still not used to that just yet," she mused, but she smiled anyway. She'd never expected to be an alien or a woman, let alone both of those and pregnant to boot. But now that she was carrying Derek's child, she felt an innate sense of excitement. Especially since she was finally, finally home.

She pulled herself out of the car, holding her belly as she did so.

"Welcome home!" Derek shouted from the porch. "How was your day?"

"Tiring!" she said. "Your baby wouldn't stop kicking my damn womb, dude."

"Sorry! To be fair, I recall it was you that wanted to be 'mated' and 'bred', right?"

She gave a playful scowl. "Don't remind me! I swear these three tits are always making milk they're so full."

"I can see that. You look fit to burst right out of your dress. Ready to relax?"

She sighed. "Oh, you have *no idea*, love."

She shook her body loosely, and as if she were a dog casting off water, her entire body changed from its human disguise, reshaping to her true alien form. Her skin darkened and altered to become its usual lush green, and her spine extended out of the back of her dress through a carefully concealed slit, returning her long green tail to her. Her eyebrows melted away, and a third eye opened above her nose, which melted down to become much slimmer, more flat and fey-like. Her ears likewise extended like those of an elf's, and her hair gained a dark green streak to it, with just a hint of purple as well. Her breasts - already big - were pushed to either side by the emerging third breast, which strained the top of her dress and revealed a prominent double-cleavage. As a finishing touch, her antennae extended, giving her back her additional senses, including the ability to sense Derek's enjoyment at her transformation. She stretched, letting her tail arc behind her, and she let loose a long, pleasurable sigh.

"Feeling better now?"

"Ohhhh, so much better. God, even just having this tail as a counterbalance to this ridiculous belly." She flicked it out, letting her take some of the strain off of her back.

"It's not that big yet," Derek said.

“Oh, don’t remind me. Now I get what women are complaining about when they feel as big as a house. I can walk up walls, go invisible, see radar signals nearly thirty thousand feet away in the air, and I still can’t stop myself from going to take a piss every half hour, it seems.”

She stepped up to the porch, swinging her hips as she said down beside her lover. She shifted into his arms, and he kissed her lovingly on the cheek, lowering his other hand to caress her swollen green stomach.

“You’re amazing, Serelleis,” he said, “but did you whine this much as a sportsman?”

She giggled. “Oh, trust me, we jocks are a bitchy bunch deep down. Do you wanna see your baby?”

“Fuck yeah.”

Grinning, she raised her dress so that her round bump of a green stomach was shown off. “He keeps kicking here and here,” she said, casually using her tail to indicate where their alien baby was shifting in her stomach. “Put your hand there. He should be - ngh! There he is!”

Derek laughed. “Holy crap, that’s my baby. To think, I was obsessed with tracking down aliens and revealing them to the world, and now I’m hiding away with an alien as my girlfriend-”

“Half-alien. Maybe.”

“Maybe, and she’s carrying a half-alien-”

“Quarter-alien. Maybe.”

“Maybe, as my child. That’s a wild turn of events, right?”

She kissed him, enjoying his warmth, and sampling his arousal with her antennae. “*Literally* a case of alien impregnation, except *you* impregnated the alien, you fucking stud, you. But think of it from my perspective: I literally transformed *twice*: once into an alien woman, and now into a pregnant one. You were responsible both times.”

“Oh, I was, was I? I seem to recall also saving your green ass from the feds.”

“Well, I saved your pink ass more than a few times.”

“My ass is not pink.”

“Pink-ish. You humans are all the same.”

At that they both erupted into laughter at the absurdity of her comment.

“By the way, Allison and Jake want to catch up tomorrow night. I invited them over for dinner.”

“Awesome,” she replied.

“Jake has some theories on UFOs we’ve been chatting about.”

“I’ll make sure to hide the fact that he’ll be eating across the table from an alien check with three eyes and everything.”

“Mhm, and everything,” Derek said. He took the time to caress her stomach a little more sensually, before raising his hand to stroke across her breasts. Serellis purred a little in response, the end of her tail twitching in that way it always did when she was getting fucking turned on.

“Ahhhh,” she moaned, “you have *no* idea how fucking horny I’ve been at work today. I’ve been really wanting to get my tail out just to have *something* to play with.”

“Oh, I goddamn love it when you do that. It’s like something out of my fantasy.”

She pushed her big boobs further up towards his face, shifting so that she could slide her gorgeous green form out of her dress. “Yeah? Well, it’s no substitute for my mate. Why don’t you show me why interspecies contact is such a fucking rad experience, dude?”

“Now who’s the dork?”

“Shut up and fuck me dude. This alien wants her man to make her orgasm like crazy.”

Derek did, multiple times. In fact, the last powerful orgasm made her go invisible with bliss and curl her tail around him tight. Being an alien space babe had its perks, she’d found.

The End