

PRETTY PREY



Pretty Prey

by Cooper

"Dude!" Ira Goldberg flashed a fake gang sign as his frat brother, Meyer Clancy, handed him the freshly packed bong.

Ira flicked his Zippo, let the flame light up the tightly packed bowl, and took a long, deep toke, the sweet and acrid smoke filling his lungs, and he held it in, handing the bong and lighter to Joe Perino, who went to work himself.

Ira felt his lungs burning, held back a cough, struggled to keep that sweet herbal smoke in his lungs, letting it seep into his blood stream, rush to his brain. He prided himself on his ability to hold, and just as he started to see stars, he let it out with a gasp and fell back into the couch cushions with a happy sigh.

Meyer, stone master general of the group, cracked open a bottle of Grey Goose and poured out shots, throwing one back himself.

"Hitting it hard and heavy," Ira said.

"The only way to hit it," Meyer answered. He was wearing a Portland Trailblazers jersey, a Phoenix Cardinals baseball cap, backwards.

Joe and Ira followed suit, throwing back shots of vodka, passing the bong. Smash Mouth's greatest hits was playing on the iPod--"Hey now, you're an all- star, get your game on, go play..."

Joe lifted his shot glass, blurrily happy, and said, "To Brotherhood!"

"Fuck yeah!" Ira said, raising his own glass. "To the best fucking brothers in the world."

"Mu Delta Mu, now and forever!"

Kyle White came in from the porch, pushing his glasses up onto the bridge of his nose, pecking at his cell phone. "No reception at all up here, gents."

The three rolled their eyes. Meyer shrugged. "Dude, come over here and partake of the spoils of war."

"Spoils? Oh, you're speaking figuratively of the marijuana and alcohol. No thanks. I have some studying to do." He wandered back out onto the porch, oblivious to the groans following in his wake.

"It's his cabin, and he's a brother," Ira said.

"I," Joe responded, "want to fuck with him so bad."

"Let's get stoned and watch porn instead. The girls will be here tomorrow, so tonight is bro night."

"Well, what are we waiting for? Gents? Let's party!" Meyer knew how to keep things fun, keep things moving.

They smoked grass. Watched The SEXvengers." Made fun of the shitty acting and bullshit fucking, and then somewhere in what probably was the

middle of the film, as Thor was banging Lorelei, Meyer got up and said, "Let's go down to the lake and take a swim."

"I don't know, man. I'm so stoned."

"No. Don't even worry about it. It's so shallow you can almost walk to the diving platform."

"Oh man."

"Dudes. I have acid."

"Acid?"

"Yes. Now come along little doggies."

"Kyle? We're going to the lake, bro."

"Cool," he said absently. "Say hi for me."

"Say hi?" Joe made a fist. "That dude is seriously gay."

They all struggled to their feet, switched into their swimsuits and followed Meyer down a narrow path through the woods and to the lake, wading into the chilly water and then swimming out to the old platform that had been anchored about 30 feet from shore. Meyer passed around tabs of the acid, then fished a travel bottle of vodka from his bagging swim trunks and passed that around as well.

"I've never been someplace with so few people," Ira said, looking around the wooded hills surrounding the lake.

"Kyle said this was some kind of nature preserve. Only three people have cabins anywhere near here, and the other two are country club assholes who only come up here during hunting season--to cheat on their wives."

"Sound like my kind of guys," Joe said with a snicker.

The world became a bright, blurry buzz, and they dove into the water, cannonballed, climbed back onto the platform, tried to drown each other. Finally, exhausted, they lay on their backs and stared at the clouds, laughing occasionally, trying to say... things... but speaking only in fragmented nonsense that somehow made perfect sense to them.

Then, somehow, Joe managed to say something coherent. "GHB," he said. "I got a bunch of it."

"Dudes, if Joe offers you a drink, do NOT take it."

They chuckled.

"Fuck you, faggot," Joe said. "It's for Erin."

"You're gonna drug her, dude?" Ira said. "Why? I think she wants it anyway."

"I just like it better that way," Joe said. "I could totally get her to give it up, but it's more fun to drug 'em and mug 'em."

"I think that shit is bullshit," Ira said.

"Pussy." Joe said.

"Okay... okay... let's not harsh the buzz...." Meyer said.

"Bros before hos," Joe said.

"Whatever," Ira said. "I guess."

And then a gravelly voice screamed, "Hey! Hey! You kids! Get the hell out of here!"

"What the hell?" Joe sat up. There was a tall, gangly old man with long, wispy white hair on the shore, waving his arms above his head, staring at them.

"Get the hell out of here! The sun's going down!"

"Fuck you, old man!" Joe said.

"You goddamned, big mouthed brat. Get the fuck out of here, or you're going to pay!"

"Fuck off, grandpa! You don't own the lake."

The old man dropped his arms, muttered, turned and started to walk away, then stopped and shouted, "You were warned. Just remember that! You were warned!"

"You... were warned..." Ira said, somehow perfectly mimicking the weird old man's scratchy, scarecrow voice.

Everyone laughed at the perfection of the impression.

"You... were... warned..." Ira said again. "Now let me go and get some Ben Gay for my aching joint pain!"

"That dude was seriously fucked up," Meyer said.

"He was like that creepy old guy in the horror movie," Ira said, "Who tries to warn... the dumb kids... that never listen."

At just that moment, the sun dropped fully beneath the horizon, and the lake suddenly turned dark, and quiet. Not a single bird sang. Not a cricket chirped. Nothing. It was dead quiet. Dead quiet.

And cold.

"The acid is turning on me," Ira said.

"Yeah," Meyer agreed. "We need more drugs, stat. Gents, to the mansion!"

"What? You pussies are letting that old freak scare you?"

"No, I'm just ready to leave. That's all."

"Yeah. I'm cold, dude."

"Omigod, I'm cold!" Joe said in a girly voice. "Come on, pussies. Let's do some night diving."

"Nah," Meyer said. "I'm out." And with that he dove into the water. Ira followed.

Joe just sat obstinately on the platform, watching them swim away. "Come on, dude," Meyer said when they reached the shore.

"Fuck off, pussy!"

Meyer turned and walked away. Joe was known for his shitty attitude, and the best thing to do was just let him stew. Normally, the code of the bro dictated that you never left an intoxicated brother, but there was an exception when that brother was being a total tool--as in the case of pissy Joe refusing to leave the dock.

From the tree line, Ira yelled, "You've been warned!" in his old man voice.

"Yes, you have!" They heard the old man call from somewhere, and they all started laughing again, and then Meyer and Ira took off, eager for more drugs and porn.

When the others had left, Joe lay down on his back and looked at the sky. Fuck, he thought. Now I have to stay out here for at least an hour, or I'll lose face with those pricks. He was cold, and he was losing his buzz, and it actually sucked to be out on a lake at night alone, but he was damned if he was going to give those ass turds the satisfaction of knowing they'd been right.

So he lay there, and lay there, staring at the sky, which seemed to be moving... and he could hear music, trippy guitars sliding up and down the scale, as the clouds turned pale and then dark blue, and stars began to wink behind them, and turning he saw a huge, yellow moon, and the man on the moon winked at him, and said something Joe couldn't understand, but it made him laugh for some reason, and hungry and bored he rolled off the platform and into the water, and he started to paddle toward shore.

"What the fuck?"

It had felt like something brushed against his leg... probably just seaweed... but he'd almost felt like something had swum past him... and he glanced down into the dark water, nervous, edgy...

A splash behind him, and he looked back, seeing ripples in the water where something had entered it---- or risen...

And then something slid across the bottom of his foot... "Shit" Joe said, totally freaking out. "This is a lake in upstate New York," he said to himself, swimming toward the shore... "there is nothing here that could hurt..."

And then something wrapped around his ankle and yanked him down into the water. He swallowed some, started choking, felt himself being pulled down, down, and in desperation he bent over and pounded on what seemed like a thick, slimy tentacle...

It let go, and he flailed desperately to the surface, splashing around frantically, coughing the water out of his lungs, gasping for air. In a panic, he paddled back toward the platform- it was much closer than the shore... and as he saw he felt the tentacle slide down the length of his chest and poke at his groin.

"Help!" He cried, slapping at the tentacle. "Help!"

The platform was getting closer and closer, and now he felt THEM-- tentacles and they were touching him all over--his belly, his legs and feet, his arms... and again one nuzzled his groin. "No! NO! No!" But it pressed in and seemed to be trying to get into his trunks.

He yelped and turned, swimming on his back, backstroking toward the platform, the feeling of a dozen tentacles stroking along his back and the insides of his thighs filling him with a sick, dirty feeling, and then he was there, turning, reaching for the platform, relieved to be escaping from the water, from whatever the thing was, and he sighed, "Thank God."

And a tentacle came out of the water and snaked around his wrist, pulling it away from the warm wood of the platform, and he screamed, as others grabbed his legs and his other arm, and one wrapped around his neck, and they held him, powerless, helpless, and pulled him down into the cold, black water. Joe struggled, straining helplessly against the powerful tentacles that held him, and he watched as the glowing light of the moon grew dimmer and dimmer, and he realized that he was about to die, and

there was nothing he could do about it, so he stopped struggling and opened his mouth and let the water in...

And then he found himself being slammed against the wooden platform, flipped onto his belly. He vomited lake water, coughed, got onto all fours, confused and disorientated, and then he felt himself being shoved onto his side, and then rolled onto his back.

The thing rose from the water. It was huge, slick and black, and a dozen green, glowing eyes stared at him, unblinking, and a pair of tentacles pinned his wrists to the deck, while another pair began to yank his trunks down, and he squeezed his knees together, trying to stop the creature, but it made a hissing, laughing sound, and it forced his legs apart, and held them open, one large, green tentacle rose, it was different than the others-- it looked almost like a hose, with an opening at the end, and it moved gracefully down and slipped over Joe's penis.

"No," Joe said. "Please. Stop."

The creature began to make a soft humming noise, almost like a lullaby, and it reached one small, feathery tentacle to Joe's face and began to gently stroke his cheek. He found himself sobbing as the thing began to suck on his penis, and then there was a sharp pain, as if needles were being stabbed into his groin, and Joe arched his back, tensed, and then screamed as the creature bit his dick off.

"Fuck," Joe screamed. "Fuck!" And then the creature crawled onto him, its whole wet, slimy body, a body that smelled of mercury and dead fish, and it began to dig into the space between his legs, and it began to pump and Joe wept as he felt it fill his belly with its seed.

He found himself sometime later, on the shore. The lake was quiet. The moon was full, its cold light casting everything in murky shadows. Joe reached down and gingerly touched the spot between his legs--it was still numb, no feeling, no pain, but his fingers found a slit, soft and wet, and unable to stop himself he slipped one finger into his new vagina, feeling terrified and sick. He took his hand from the void between his legs and saw the slick black blood, which he now felt dripping down the inside of his thigh, and crying, afraid, he stumbled up the hill, back toward the cabin, looking for help.

Ira and Meyer were on the porch, smoking blunts, and Kyle was off to the side, his hat pulled down low over his eyes, half asleep. It was quiet, though now the nocturnal insects had begun their steady hum, and there was a swarm of fireflies dancing in the yard.

In a drowsy, half-sleepy voice, Kyle said:

Not the moon nor the summer breeze

Not the rustle of the lake side trees

No, it would not be these things they would recall

But the laughter they shared, the stories and the fears

As their youth slipped away on that fecund summer night

And fall descended on those who had once shone bright

"I don't know if it's the grass talking, but you just blew my mind."

"Yeah. That was some awesome shit."

"It's Tennyson."

"Who?" Ira said.

"A psychedelic rock band from the sixties."

"Awesome."

There was a snapping sound, and then a whimper.

"Did you hear something?" Meyer said.

"Probably Joe finally coming back," Ira said.

"Help," they heard a voice say. It sounded like Joe, but--desperate, almost whiney.

"Quit fucking around," Meyer yelled out. "We know it's you."

Rustling, movement in the trees. "Help!" Joe cried out again.

"Dude, we're not falling for it. Come up here and smoke some..."

Joe stumbled out of the woods. In the moonlight, they couldn't be sure they were seeing what they were seeing, but it looked like Joe was naked, and he had black, sticky blood running down his legs, and his dick was... gone?

"What the fuck?" Meyer jumped to his feet.

"Holy shit!" Ira said.

Kyle stood, looking calmly on as the other two struggled to make sense of what they were seeing.

Joe, feeling exposed, put one hand over his vagina and walked gingerly toward them. "Help me," he said, eyes wide with fear. "Help me!"

Horrificed, disgusted, they helped Joe into the house, lay him out on the couch. Kyle threw a blanket over him as they all pulled out their cell phones--"No bars," Ira said.

"Me, neither."

"Maybe outside," Meyer said, and started toward the door.

Joe reached out and grabbed his arm. "No," Joe hissed. "It's out there."

Meyer pulled away, his skin crawling, and went out to the porch, holding his phone up, circling.

"Maybe we should just take him to the hospital," Ira said to Kyle. "He looks like he's bleeding to death."

"We may have to," Kyle said, "but an ambulance would be better."

"Maybe a fucking spaceship would be better, too, but we don't have one."

Outside, Meyer was slowly walking down the steps of the cabin. He heard a loud crashing in the woods and looked up. What the fuck was that?" He wondered, thinking about Joe's warning. He took another step, and there was a snapping sound, and the trees swayed, as if something immense was moving in the woods...

Meyer back slowly up the steps, keeping his eyes on the woods, slowly, slowly... and then he felt something touch him on the back, and he screamed and jumped, tumbling down the stairs and landing on his face.

"Dude," Ira said, and as he stood there, he saw them... oily black tentacles slithering out of the woods... reaching out... out... toward Meyer... "DUDE!" He shouted again, this time louder, frantic.

Meyer looked up and saw the tentacles, saw them coming closer, stood and stumbled, started crawling up the stairs. He felt one of them grab his ankle and start yanking him, "Fuck! IT has me."

Ira grabbed Meyer's arm, pulled, kept him from being dragged back off the steps, and then Kyle was there, too, grabbing his other arm, and the two of them managed to jerk him free of the creature's grasp. He howled in pain, and they dragged him up onto the porch, the tentacles receding back

into the woods, but now they could see what looked like a hundred eyes, glowing in the darkness, just staring at them, watching, hungry...

"My arm," Meyer said. "My fucking arm." It was twisted at an odd angle.

"Dislocated," Ira said. "Shit."

"Let's get inside before that thing comes after us," Kyle said, and they helped Meyer inside the house, slamming the door. Joe seemed to have fallen asleep, his face slick with sweat. "Help me move this chair," Kyle said. Ira shook his head, and Kyle said, "Barricade."

"Yeah. Yeah."

They picked up a big old leather chair. It was heavy as hell. They planted it in front of the door. Meyer had sat down, his dislocated arm grotesquely sticking out. "What the fuck?" He said. "What the fuck?"

Ira peaked out the window. It was dark. Quiet outside. The eyes had disappeared. For a time, they sat there, stunned, trying to process what they'd seen. What had happened. Gradually, one question grew in their minds, one all-powerful over-riding question. "What are we supposed to do now?" Ira said.

"Do you have any... weapons or whatever?" Meyer asked Kyle.

"I don't think so," Kyle said. "But there's no telling what might be in the attic. The basement."

"Can we send out a signal for help or something?"

"Maybe," Kyle said. "Maybe. But first I think we need to take care of the wounded. Joe looked like he'd lost a lot of blood."

"Yeah. Oh, my God." Ira said.

"I'm going to get some stuff. In the meantime, you guys keep trying to see if you can find a signal somewhere."

"Wait... are actually going to split up? Isn't that the dumbest thing possible... I mean..."

"It's not a horror movie," Kyle said, "the thing is outside..."

"No, dude. No. If we'd listened to that old man..."

"What old man?" Kyle said.

"This old man screamed at us. Told us to get off the lake... it was just like a horror movie."

"Old Man Withers," Kyle murmured to himself, then more loudly, "I'm going to get some first aid shit before Joe dies," Kyle said, angrily. "One of you stay with Joe. The other come with me."

"Which one which?" Meyer said.

"I don't give a fuck," Kyle said, disappearing down the hall.

"Go," Meyer said. "My fucking arm hurts like hell every time I move."

Ira left. Meyer sat, trying to ignore the pain in his arm, knowing they would need to pop it back into place, and that it would hurt like hell. He looked at the bottle of vodka on the table. It seemed almost dickish to drink now, dickish and also stupid. But the pain won, and he picked up the bottle with his good arm and gulped down a mouthful of relief.

He heard a thump from upstairs. Muffled voices. Nerves raw, he felt himself starting to hyperventilate. It's just the guys up there--he thought--nothing to worry about--nothing at all---

The lights went out flickered. Went out. Came back on again. "Thank God..." Meyer mumbled. "If the lights go out, I will totally freak." And then the lights went out again. And didn't come back on. It was pitch black. "Oh fuck." Meyer reached out in the blackness trying to find his lighter, finding the edge of the coffee table. His breath was coming in quick, shallow breaths. He felt a plastic bag, the stone ashtray... and then... yes.... Something metallic and slick... the lighter.... He started to pick it up... and...

BOOM! A loud crash upstairs that shook the house and caused Meyer to flinch, dropping the lighter and sending an agonizing, knifing pain through his dislocated shoulder. "Fuck," he yelled. "Fuck!" His nerves shot, his flight instinct taking over, he got to his feet and started moving--- just moving--he didn't know where--he had his good arm stretched out in front of him, felt his knees crashing into furniture, panicked, started to run, blindly, stumbled against the couch and fell on top of Joe. His leg rubbed against Joe's, and he felt Joe's sticky, wet blood on his skin, it terrified him, but as he started

to push himself up, Joe suddenly wrapped his arms around Meyer's neck, locking him in a ferocious death grip.

"Let go!" Meyer screamed. "Fucking let go!" He struggled against Joe's grip, but Joe clung desperately, pulling Meyer down, down, closer and closer until Meyer could feel Joe's breath against his cheek, and then Joe whispered, "That thing wants to fuck you, Meyer. It wants to fuck you just like it fucked me."

"Help," Meyer said. "Help!"

Kyle and Ira came hurrying down the stairs, flickering hurricane lamps casting a soft, yellow light around the room, and saw Meyer on top of Joe, spasming and crying out for help. "What the fuck are you doing?" Ira said.

Just then, the eyes rolled back in Joe's head, and he collapsed backward, causing Meyer to spin off the couch and crash to the floor, once again howling in pain. He looked up at the other two, stunned and confused, and said, "It's not what it looks like."

"I hope not," Kyle said. "You weird pervert."

Kyle had a first aid kit under his free arm, and Ira had a bunch of bedclothes. Meyer went right to work, taking a cotton cloth and some alcohol, pulling back the quilt, he started to clean the blood off of Joe's wound.

"Careful, dude. He'll totally attack you!"

Ira turned away, covering his mouth. "I think I'm going to be sick."

"That bad?" Meyer said.

Ira looked back again. "It looks like... he has.... a..."

"Vagina," Kyle said.

"What?" Meyer asked.

"It's not just that he was castrated," Kyle said, his tone flat, uninflected, clinical, though the word made each of the other men flinch. "The creature somehow restructured his groin into what looks like a vagina."

"That's fucking sick," Ira said. "I can't look."

"What the fuck," Meyer said. "What the fuck."

"The good news is that the wound is completely healed. There is no bleeding from what I can tell."

"Good news because his vagina isn't bleeding?"

"Well, just to be sure... go down the hall to the bathroom. Under the sink. My sister usually leaves some pads. Go get one."

"Dude..." Ira said.

Kyle gave him a look, and Ira shrugged and wandered sullenly down the hall, coming back a minute later with a pad, holding it at arm's length, by his fingertips, like it was a diseased rat. Kyle took it and sighed, then placed it carefully between Joe's legs and pulled up a pair of tidy whites to hold it in place. Then, he bundled Joe up in the clean quilts and put his hand on Joe's forehead, smiling gently. "He's going to be fine," Kyle said, almost in a whisper.

"Dude has no dick," Meyer said. "I don't think he's going to be fine."

"Yeah, well, let's get that arm popped back into place. Ready?"

"Just give me a min... AAAAAHHHHHH!" Kyle grabbed his arm and jerked, yanking it out and letting it pop back into place. "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" Meyer said, tears in his eyes. "Oh, fuck that hurts so good."

Ira sat down on the couch, picked up the bong and fired it up, taking a long toke. The other two looked up at him, and he breathed out the smoke and said, "What?"

"What?" Meyer said, clutching his throbbing arm. "Pass it here."

Kyle crept to the window and took a look, eyes just about the ledge. He fished a penlight out of his pocket and turned it on, then off again.

"Dude, do you actually think that little light is gonna do any good?"

Kyle crept back. "What was I thinking?"

"So, what next?" Ira said.

"Maybe we should hold tight. Wait for morning," Kyle said.

"But Joe?"

"Joe's not in any immediate danger. So, we wait for light, then..."

"Let's send a signal," Meyer said. "Get on the roof and send a message to the world."

"Yeah. Yeah," Ira said. "We could use lighter fluid and write SOS in flames!"

"And burn the whole house down?"

Ira's mouth dropped open. "Oh... I didn't even think of that. Whoa."

"I'm the only one here who isn't stoned, so let me do the thinking, okay?"

"Whatever," Meyer said, too stunned and tired to care. "What should we do, then, sober boy?"

"I want to do a quick search and see what, if anything, we can find to use as weapons in case that thing attacks us. We can't be sure if just wants to hold us here in the cabin."

"Cool."

"Ira, why don't you come with me, and Meyer you stay here and get stoned, watch Joe. Sound good?"

"Why does he get to stay here and get stoned?" Ira said. "I went the first time, and---"

"His arm is fucked up!" Kyle.

"Yeah." Meyer said. "Dick!"

"Okay," Ira said. "Okay. Fuck."

"Let's go," Kyle said. "We don't have much time." He checked on Joe again before they left, again putting his hand on Joe's forehead, nodding. "Yes. He's doing great."

Kyle had one of the hurricane lamps in this hand and led Ira down the hall, the light rocking back and forth as they made their way down the hall and into the kitchen. "I'm hungry," Ira said, just realizing he hadn't eaten dinner.

"We'll eat after," Kyle said, grabbing the handle to a door and swinging it open to reveal a set of narrow stairs leading down into the darkness.

"Oh, shit," Ira said. "You want to go down there? That's nuts. That freaking creature could be down there."

"How would it have gotten down there?"

"It can probably turn itself into jelly and just slime its way through even the narrowest crevice or crack in the wall."

"I think my grandfather's old rifle might be down there," Kyle said. "We could use it against that thing."

"Guns never work against monsters," Ira said.

"Neither does whining," Kyle said heading carefully down the stairs. "If you're too much of a pussy, go back and it with Meyer."

"Asshole," Ira muttered, following behind, already feeling like his dude cred had taken a couple serious blows.

They made their way down the creaky stairs. Kyle held up the lantern and lit up a fairly standard finished basement-- wood paneled walls, couches, a bar and a dart board. "Scary, right?" Kyle said.

"Fucking A," Ira said. "This is better than my dorm room. Where's the gun?"

"Above the bar," Kyle said, pointing at an old rifle hanging above the bar. "I think there might be bullets in the laundry room."

"I'll get the gun," Ira said, climbing up on the bar. He lifted it off the u-hooks that had cradled it, took it in his arms. "It's heavy," he said, touching the wooden stock. "Do you know how to fire it?" No answer. "Kyle?"

He stood on the bar, looking around. Kyle had set the lantern down on the floor at the other end of the room in front of a door that stood open, a gaping blackness beyond. "Kyle?" Ira hissed. "Kyle?"

Ira hopped down from the bar and waited, listening. Nothing. Absolutely nothing. Not so much as a creaking sound or a whistling breeze or even a chirp of a cricket outside. Silence. Oh shit. Oh shit. He wanted to turn and run up the stairs, out the door, into the night. But no. No. Kyle... that thing had Kyle... he knew it, he fucking knew it...and he had to at least try and help his friend or else he was the biggest turd on the planet, and.... He took one shaky step forward... another.... Came to the wall that led to the open doorway and started to creep along the wall, step by step by step.... He finally reached the edge of the doorway, stood there... should be take a look? Sneak in? Burst in and try and catch that weird freak by surprise before it chopped Kyle's dick off?

His hands started shaking and he realized he was gripping the gun so hard that his hands had begun to ache with pain. Move, he thought. Move, but his feet stayed frozen until finally he took a deep breath and charged through the door screaming, "Die you castrating freak!!!!!!!"

Upstairs, Meyer had smoked a bowl and was repacking the bong when he heard Ira scream from somewhere below him. Oh shit. Oh shit. He set the bong down and looked around, grabbing the ashtray and the lamp. "Dude?" He yelled. "Dude?" Meyer glanced back at Joe sleeping on the couch, breathing gently, his long blonde hair in his face, and--

Long blonde hair? Joe had black hair in a buzz cut. What the fuck? Meyer held up the lantern and took a couple steps toward Joe's sleeping form, making sure to stay far enough away that Joe couldn't grab him again, and confirmed what his stoned, bloodshot eyes had told him. Joe now had long, wavy blonde hair that looked like it came down to his shoulders and his face... it looked younger, cuter, somehow... more like a girl's face. Fuck.

What the hell? Even seriously stoned Joe was coherent enough to know people didn't just sprout a head full of blonde hair... it was impossible, but for the fact that it clearly wasn't.

Meyer didn't know what to do. The house had gotten quiet again. No more shouting or yelling downstairs, but was that good or bad? Something told him it was bad--very bad. And so finally he started to walk back the way he'd seen Ira and Kyle go, creeping along, ready to wield the heavy, stone ashtray, to bash in the head of any enemy who--

"Dude," someone whispered from behind him in a soft voice, and Meyer jumped and spun around.

Joe was sitting up, brushing the blonde hair from his face. "Dude," he said again, and his voice was soft and high-pitched, like a girl's. "I blacked out at the lake. I don't even remember coming back here."

Meyer walked back into the living room. "You're awake."

"Yeah," Joe said. The blanket slipped down from his shoulders and revealed small, swaying breasts on his slender chest. Joe looked down, then up at Meyer, his eyes wide. "Am I still stoned? I have boobs?"

"Yeah," Meyer said, staring.

Joe put a slender, feminine arm across his breasts and said, "Take a picture next time."

"Oh, sorry, dude?"

"What the fuck did you assholes do to me?" Joe said, tugging at his hair, looking down at his breasts.

"Well, the thing is..."

Joe squirmed uncomfortably and wrinkled his little nose. "What the hell did you shove in my pants?"

"Wait, before you..."

But Joe had shoved his free hand down into his underwear, grabbed his maxi-pad and yanked it out, staring blearily at it, seeing the red stain against the bright white--- "What the... is this? Fucking pricks!" He threw it at Joe, who dodged it with a yelp.

"If there are fucking pictures of me with a goddamned tampon shoved between my legs, I'm gonna..." He had plunged his hand back down, expecting to scratch his balls, but instead his hand had found an empty space, and then wet lips, it felt like... "What the hell?"

"Joe, dude, just calm down, I'll..."

"Oh, fuck no," Joe said throwing the quilt off and putting both hands down between his legs, feeling his new vagina, his brain exploding with horror and pleasure and--- "No. NO! NO!" He shrieked in his little voice, sinking to his knees. "My dick! Oh fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" Memories suddenly flooded over him, fragmentary, broken images and feelings, that thing in the lake, grabbing him, throwing him on his back. "No. No," he said, suddenly crying. "Oh Christ, no."

Meyer stood there, confused, weirded out at the sight of his frat brother on his knees, crying, the tears falling down and landing on his soft breasts. "Oh, dude, like, well, I know, man... it's a bummer..."

"A bummer?" Joe said, wiping his tears, his fingers smelling like fish, the smell grossing him out even though it was--him. "Dude... I had my fucking balls cut off... I'm fucking dead... I might as well be dead. I can't go ever go back to school, home... oh fuck..."

"Oh, no, I mean, well.... Do you want to smoke some weed or something? Maybe that'll be the thing for it."

Joe laughed, high, pretty laugh. "The thing for it? Yeah, that'll make it all fine and dandy." He shook his head, his blonde hair swaying prettily, brushing against the tops of his shoulders. But then he suddenly felt a powerful need that pushed all other thoughts out of his mind. He frowned and said, "Hungry. I'm hungry. Super hungry."

"I'll get you some food," Meyer said, dropping the ashtray, relieved to have something to do. "Just stay there. You probably shouldn't move."

Setting the lantern between the two rooms, Meyer hurried into the kitchen and opened the refrigerator, where they had stashed some subs they'd brought with them from town. When he turned, he found Joe standing right behind him, his quilt wrapped around his slender, naked body. "Dude," Joe said in his sexy new girl's voice. "You grew."

"I think you shrunk," Meyer said handing a sandwich to Joe, who took it with one hand, the quilt falling open and again revealing one of his firm, young breasts.

"Ooops!" Joe said, pulling the quilt closed again and putting the sub down on the table. "Am I--like--a slutty chick or something?"

"Yeah. I'm... sorry."

Joe propped himself up on a stool, did his best to secure the quilt and then ripped open the wrapper on the sub, digging in and eating it in great gulping bites. "This is so fucking good!" He said between swallows.

Well, Meyer thought, he still eats like a dude at least.

"Where is everyone else?" Joe asked, absently, grabbing the sub, Meyer had gotten out for himself and tearing open the plastic tube that contained it.

"Oh, shit," Meyer said, looking at the slightly ajar cellar door.

"What?" Joe said, slowing down from his eating for a moment, his pretty eyes wide with feminine concern.

"They went downstairs, and..."

"And?"

"And I heard someone scream."

"Scream?" Joe said.

"Yeah. I wonder if I should..."

"Is there any milk in there?"

"Milk?"

"I'm seriously craving some milk."

"I don't think there would be any..." Meyer said, turning and opening the refrigerator, only to notice for the first time there were actually four gallons of milk. "Oh. Shit. Actually." He grabbed the carton and plopped it on the counter.

"Oh, thank God," Joe said. Throwing the quilt off his shoulder, he tore the lid off and lifting the carton with both of his small hands, he tilted it back and gulped down great mouthfuls, some of the white liquid dribbling out of the corners of his mouth and dripping down onto his naked breasts.

Meyer felt himself getting a little hard at the sight of Joe's breasts, now dripping with milk, and he turned away, blushing, confused and desperately feeling like he needed some more grass to take the edge off. The cellar door stood there, partially open, and he stared, wondering about Kyle and Ira. Fuck. I am not equipped for this kind of shit, he thought.

Joe wiped his mouth with the back of his slender arm and burped. It was a cute little burp, and he giggled and picked the carton back up, guzzling some more.

How can someone so small drink so much? Meyer wondered, and then they both heard it. A creaking sound coming from the stairs. Then another. Meyer looked at Joe, whose mouth had fallen open. Meyer picked up a chair and stood next to the door, while Joe took the carton of milk and scurried off to the entrance to the living room, peering from around the corner, his bangs in his eyes.

Creak. Creak. Something was coming up the stairs slowly, carefully, and then there was a grating as the door swung fully open and a shadowy figure emerged from the stairs. "Die freak!" Meyer yelled, slamming the chair down on the creature, which fell to the ground and yelled, "It's me you asshole!"

"Oh shit," Meyer said, dropping the chair as he realized he'd just slammed the chair into Kyle's back. "You okay?"

Joe started giggling, covered his mouth and giggled through his fingers.

Kyle looked up and said, "You're awake."

"You okay?" Joe said softly. He put one arm over his breasts and went to Kyle, stifling another giggle as he glanced at Meyer.

"Yeah. Shit." Kyle looked at Joe and nodded. "Did you eat?"

"Did I ever," Joe said.

"And drank a gallon of milk," Meyer said.

"Milk? Good," Kyle said. "Good." He got to his feet, looking down at Joe. "You look really great."

Joe looking up at the now much taller Kyle, tilted his head to the side. "Great?" He said. "What the fuck? I'm turning into a fucking chick."

"I can see," Kyle said. "I just meant to say you looked like you might die a little while ago, and I'm... glad... that you look like you're going to live. Are you cold?"

Joe slit his eyes. Kyle's reactions didn't seem right. Normal. But, what was normal in a situation like this one? So, he let it drop because, in fact, he did feel cold. "Yes," he said.

"My sister left some clothes..."

"Fuck that!" Joe said. "I'll put on some of my own shit."

"It probably won't fit," Meyer said.

"No shit," Joe said, turning and walking out.

"Dude," Meyer said. "I am so sorry."

"No problem," Kyle said. "Forget it. Everything is fine."

"Fine? What the hell..."

"I mean I'm fine. Jesus. What the hell is it with you two and the third degree all of a sudden? You're acting like I'm the bad guy." Kyle reached up and rubbed his head where Meyer had hit him. "My head does hurt. Hey, how about getting me some aspirin while I check on Joe?"

"Aspirin..." Meyer said. "Yeah, but I have two questions first."

"My fucking head hurts!"

"Yeah? Well, maybe you can tell me where Ira is right now?"

"He went upstairs to check the attic."

"Cool. Cool."

"What was the other question?"

"How come the back of your head has split open like a plastic mask?"

Kyle turned and looked at Meyer. "Split open like a plastic mask?"

"Yeah."

Kyle smiled. "Because it is a plastic mask."

Meyer grabbed another chair and picked it up, holding it out like a lion tamer. "Stay away from me."

Kyle reached up and grabbed his face, pulling it off to reveal a green, frog-like face with wide, glassy eyes. He made a series of strange, clicking bug-like noises and started walking toward Meyer.

Meyer backed up, glancing for another, better weapon, and realized he was backing right into the corner of the kitchen--the only way out was through Kyle. "Okay. Okay, motherfucker," Kyle said. "I didn't want to do this, but I'm going to have to whip your ass."

"Bring it," Kyle said.

"Eat chair asshole!" Meyer yelled, but just as he charged forward a tentacle slithered around his ankles, and he fell forward into his face. He wanted to yell, to warn Joe to run, but the tentacle wrapped around his mouth. He could make no sound, only struggle helplessly as the creature crawled on top of him, stroked his cheek, and then said, "You will make a good mother, little one. Just like your friends."

Joe pulled on an old tank top-- the front read "Sun's Out Guns Out." Haha, he thought, looking at his slender arms. It hung down to mid-thigh, draping over his slender frame like a dress. The cotton fabric felt rough against his soft breasts. His cargo shorts came down past his knees, and he used a diaper pin he found in the dresser to make the waist small enough so they'd stay on. He felt like a little kid trying to dress like a rapper from the 1980s and brushing his long hair back he wondered if he should tie it back or if that would make him seem too girly. He didn't want the guys to think that just because he was a girl now, he was a girl now.

Back in the kitchen he heard Meyer scream "Eat chair, asshole!" And once again he found himself giggling. God! Those guys were so crazy! Even now in the midst of all this crazy shit they were fucking around.

Joe wanted to see what they were up to, so he tossed his hair back and hurried back to the kitchen only to find... no one! He looked back in the living room. No one. "Guys?" He called in his small, pretty voice. "Guys?"

No answers. Joe started to feel scared, and he backed slowly into the living room. "Where is everyone?" He tried to call out but managed only a breathy whisper. He tucked his legs under him, pulled one of the quilts and did what came naturally, reaching for the bong and started to pack a bowl. "Help? Or something?"

Kyle shoved Meyer into the basement cell and slammed the metal bar door with a loud clang. He turned the big metal key in the lock, took it and hung it on the red brick wall across the room. Turning back, he regarded the two humans with his glassy frog-like eyes, making click-clacking noises.

Meyer, who had stumbled and fallen, pushed himself up and sat looking at the creature he'd thought was his friend, Kyle. It looked like some kind of evil alien from an old movie, and it seemed impossible that he was looking at something that looked so--fake--standing here in front of him chattering in its weird alien funky talk. Ira was there, sitting in the corner looking doomed.

"What did you do with Kyle, you evil toad freak?"

"That thing is Kyle," Ira said, staring at the creature.

"No, man. It's freaking replaced him like a pod creature from Mars."

"Incorrect," the alien said, switching to English. "I always was Kyle. I was sent to find suitable hosts for our species to begin to populate your planet, and you were chosen."

"Why us, man? I mean-- is there anyone more unhealthy? All we do is smoke grass and drink booze all the time. My liver is probably the size of a tractor trailer."

"Human.. human... human... The grass you have been smoking is a plant from my planet, which was brought here many years ago by a passing exploratory vessel and given to humans as it would make those who smoked it in excess more perfectly suited for transmogrification. Your alcohol has the same effect."

"You mean?"

"The munchies, the changes in your biology, the fact that so many males who overindulge develop man-boobs... the general passivity of the dope addict? These are not accidents."

"No. No. It can't be true."

"Oh, but it is. All of these years you have been priming yourself to become the perfect mothers for our species. Speaking of which, I better check on little Joe. She is coming along very nicely, wouldn't you say?" And with that the alien began laughing, a strange, click-clack laugh, and it walked out of the room, laughing as it took the lantern and left the two in the small dark

room, the only light coming from a candle on an old wooden table in the corner, outside the cell.

"Betrayed by weed," Meyer said.

"I know," Ira said. "Right? What the hell is the world coming to when you can't even get high without ending up some alien's pregnant girlfriend?"

"I always kinda thought Kyle was a dick." Meyer stood up and grabbed the bars of the cell door, pulling and pushing without effect.

"Could this all be some kind of prank?" Ira said.

"Wait. You mean like we're getting punked right now?"

"Yeah. Maybe. I mean--could it be possible? All of this shit, aliens..."

"Who want us to mother their children? Joe just suddenly turning into a girl.."

"Aliens leaving grass here to make us ready to be their baby machines?"

"Yeah! Why not just use actual females?"

"Oh, hell yeah. This is all some kind of prank. The whole frat is probably in on this shit."

The two began laughing, Meyer sitting down, shaking his head. "I can't believe I almost fell for this shit."

"Yeah. Fuck."

"Aliens."

Ira picked up a baggie filled with joints. "Wanna light up?"

"What?"

"He left me with a bag of this shit, dude. Told me to smoke up."

"Fuck. Yeah. Hell, yeah."

Ira lit up a joint and took a toke, handed it to Meyer. "Hey, assholes!" Ira said. "Thanks for the free grass!"

"Just the thing to make myself a better mother," Meyer said, taking a toke and handed the joint back to Ira, letting out the smoke with a laugh and saying, "Can't you assholes come up with something a little more coherent for your bullshit?"

"Fucking idiots," Ira said.

"Dumbasses. Say, Alien Kyle didn't leave any booze, did he?"

"Hells yes he did," Ira said, fishing a bottle of gin out from behind him as if by magic. He tossed the bottle to Meyer.

Meyer unscrewed the cap and took a sip, then swallowed a mouthful. "Hahaha. I do like getting wasted."

Ira took the bottle and raised it in the air. "To alien motherhood!" They both started laughing and laughing and laughing.

"We're onto you, you assholes!!!!"

Upstairs, Joe was sucked down another lung-full of grass held it in and exhaled. He leaned forward to put the bong on the table and felt the weight of his breasts sway and press against his arm. He looked down, lifted his t-shirt. "Are my boobs getting bigger?" He cupped one and lifted. It was bigger and heavier for sure-- would no longer fit in his soft little hand. He squeezed his nipple and squeezed his thighs together as a shock of pleasure shot right down to his vagina. He squeezed his boob again, thought about... exploring. What would it feel like to play with himself now?

But just then he heard a noise from the stairs and nervously pulled his shirt down over his breasts and pulled the quilt up to his chin. Kyle emerged from the stairs and whispered, "Joe?"

"Over here," Joe whispered back.

"Cool," Kyle said, coming out of the kitchen and walking over to sit down on the couch next to Joe. He looked at Joe's face and hair intently, met his eyes. Joe looked away bashfully, confused. "You're looking good," Kyle whispered, reaching up and brushing Joe's bangs away from his forehead.

"I feel fine," Joe whispered. "I mean, physically at least."

"Your skin is practically glowing," Kyle whispered.

Joe swallowed as strange feelings came over him-- mostly gross feelings. "Um, I don't know, dude, like, or want to be uncool or anything, but if you're coming on to me or something..."

"No, no. Not at all. I'm just really happy you're doing so well."

"Why are we whispering?"

"I don't know."

"Where are the others?" Joe asked, yawning.

"Downstairs."

"Oh." Joe said. "How come?"

"Probably making out," Kyle said with a smile. "Homos."

"Haha. I always knew they..." Joe started, but hearing himself speak in his small voice, feeling the weight of his blossoming breasts, remembering the urge he'd had to play with himself, he suddenly didn't know that he was in

much position to make fun of anyone else. "Well, like, I am uh... getting really tired."

"Yes. Your body needs rest. You should lie down."

Joe started to lie back, then sat back up. "But the creature? What if it...?"

"You'll be safe," Kyle said, putting a protective hand on Joe's shoulder. "I'll stay here and protect you."

Joe smiled. "Okay," he said, his voice rising an octave. "Thanks."

Kyle got up from the couch and sat down in the easy chair as Joe stretched out on the couch and closed his eyes, falling almost immediately into a deep, peaceful sleep. Kyle stood and gently pulled the quilt back from Joe's body. He knelt next to the couch and slipped his hand under Joe's shirt, gently caressing Joe's smooth tummy. Joe made a soft, purring sound, and Kyle slid his hand down between Joe's legs and then gently slipped a finger in Joe's vagina, again drawing a soft moan of pleasure.

Kyle let his other hand slid up along Joe's ribs and then cover his breast, and then he squeezed it gently while working Joe's clit with the other hand, and Joe started to breath heavily, making soft little noises and instinctively spreading his legs. Kyle desperately wanted to mount the female, but he'd already gone too far. He had strict orders, and so he summoned all his strength and moved away, putting his fingers to his nose and smelling the sweet smell of Joe's sex, and then licking it off his fingers.

Sometime later, Ira and Meyer heard the sound of someone approaching, and then Kyle appeared carrying the girl "Joe" in his arms. "I brought your friend," he said.

"Oh, really?" Ira said. "Cool." He shared a conspiratorial glance with Meyer. "Why did you put your mask back on, since you're an alien, right?"

"Yeah. Right?" Meyer said.

Kyle set Joe down, got the key, unlocked the door and carefully lay Joe inside the cell, keeping an eye on the two, not surprised the two passive stoners just sat there and made no attempt to escape, but he remained wary, nonetheless. When he was done, he slammed the door shut. "Keep a close on your friend. She is pregnant, and she will be giving birth in roughly an hour."

"Pregnant? What the fuck?"

"Dude, this shit has gone on far enough. Cut the crap, will you?"

"I do not understand what you are saying," the alien said.

"We know, dude. Okay? Like we totally know."

"Yes. We have attained the knowledge. So, drop the act."

Kyle stared at the two for a moment. Shrugged. "I will return with food and water. Remember, she will be giving birth soon. Prepare yourselves." And with that he walked away.

"What the fuck?" Ira said.

"I know, right?" Meyer answered.

"This is fucked." He crawled over to the sleeping blonde girl and lifted the quilt. "What the hell?"

"What?" Meyer said, crawling over to look-- the girl did, in fact, now have a swollen belly. "It must be one of those fake pregnancy things like they use in health class."

"Or in the movies."

"Touch it," Meyer said.

"You touch it."

"Fuck off." He slid across the room, took another swig of gin.

Ira dropped the quilt and slid back as well. Pregnant chicks crept him out-- even if it was fake. Probably. "I wonder who she is?"

"Probably just some girl they met at a party somewhere."

Ira was looking at her, the blonde hair all in her face. The quilt was askew, leaving one of her shoulders bare, revealing one of her large, firm breasts

pushing out the front of her tank top. He pulled his eyes back to her face and said, "She does look a lot like Joe."

"Yeah. I'm sure that's why they picked her."

"Dude, I totally saw, I mean I SAW Joe come out of the woods with no dick."

"So? He's in on the whole thing, too. It's the only explanation."

"Maybe."

"What would be the other explanation?"

"Joe's a chick, he's pregnant and he's about to have a baby."

"Which is fucking crazy." Meyer said. "Give me a joint."

"Sure," Ira said, standing. "Help yourself." He pointed to the baggy on the floor.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm going to find a way out of here."

"Dude, it's all bullshit."

"I don't care. I want out, either way. You can go ahead and sit there smoking yourself stupid if you want, but I'm getting out of here."

"Suit yourself," Meyer said, lighting up. "That just means more for me."

Ira started working his way around the cell, testing the bars one by one, looking for some way to escape. One by one he yanked, pulled, pushed, and one by one they held fast. He examined the concrete at the base of each, looking for any sign of decay or weakness, sometimes yanked or pulled down there, or scraped at the cement flooring with his car key. Nothing, so he went on to the next, and the next.

Until finally, the very last bar in the corner--turned in his hand. It turned and gave a little, and getting on his knees, he saw that there was space between the bar and the hole in the floor that held it--a small space, a tiny space, but enough space to give him some hope. So, he started to dig at the lip of the hole with his key, little trails of pebbles and dust spilling away as he started to cut away at the base of his prison.

Meyer got super stoned and lost all track of time and the world around him. He reached a deep, peaceful high, and then he paced himself, smoking just enough and with just enough frequency to stay right in the zone, stoned immaculate. Until...

The blonde girl suddenly yelled in pain, putting her small hands over her swollen belly. Then she yelled again. "Fuck," she said, struggling to sit up, kicking her legs like a turtle. "What the fuck?"

Meyer just looked at her through blurry eyes.

"Help me, you asshole," she said, looking over at Meyer.

"We're onto your game," Meyer said. "You can drop the act."

"Drop the... OOOOWWWWWWWW" she screamed now as her huge belly seemed to cramp and she felt like she was trying to pass the biggest shit in the world. "Fuuuuuccccccckkkkk!"

"Help her," Ira said.

"You help her."

Ira dropped his keys, frustrated to have to put off his escape, then went over and helped Joe sit up, get to his feet and then lean back against the wall. "What the hell is happening to me?" Joe said. "I'm huge."

"I don't know, dude, but Kyle, well, Kyle said you're pregnant or something."

"Pregnant? What? But I didn't--"

"I guess it's like some kind of alien baby."

"This is insane," Joe said, putting his small hands on his belly, gently rubbing it. An alien baby? Am I going to be on the cover of the National Enquirer now?"

"Frat boy gives birth to alien baby? You might even make TMZ."

"Oh shit," Joe said, pulling his hands away.

"What?"

"I felt it move... fuck, shit... get it out of me! Get it out of me!" He felt horrified, violated, disgusted to have some THING inside his belly, growing, he wanted desperately to get away from it, but it was inside him. Tears flooded his eyes and looked desperately at Ira. "Oh, please help me," he said. "Kill it!"

"Dude, shit, I don't know what the hell to do. I mean, it's coming out of you anyway."

"No..." Joe said. "No. I can't... I don't want to... have an alien... thing... come out of me.. of my..." It was all too impossible, to insane, for him to deal with, impossibly thoughts and fears... It didn't seem possible that he was pregnant, there was a baby inside him, and it would come out of his vagina... "No... no... Ow! Oh! Ouch!!!!!"

Ira looked over at Meyer, who'd actually turned and was facing the wall, murmuring to himself. Totally tuned out. Joe was in a panic, terrified and freaking out.

"She's having contractions," Kyle said, startling Ira. "She will give birth soon."

Ira felt a strange calm come over him. He took Joe's hand and said, "Try to relax. I'll be here for you."

"Okay," Joe squeezing Ira's hand. "Okay."

"Did you bring water?" Ira asked without looking at Kyle.

"Yes," Kyle said, using a small hatch to slide a tray with water, food and towels into the cell.

Ira gave Joe a bottle of water, then wet a towel and put it on his friend's forehead. It just seemed like something to do. Joe gasped, and water spread out on the cell floor, getting on Ira's knees. He just kept holding Joe's hand, and Joe said, "It's coming! I can feel it coming!"

"Push!" Ira said, because he'd seen it in the movies. "Push!"

"Okay," Joe said. "Okay!" He spread his legs and pushed.... Breathed... pushed....

"Shit," Ira said. "Your shorts."

"What? Oh, fuck." Joe reached down under his belly and unbuttoned his shorts, then Ira helped him get them down his leg, and he tossed them aside.

"Okay," Ira said, taking Joe's hand again. "Push!!!!"

"Okay! Okay!" Joe pushed and pushed... he could feel something moving down inside him, squeezing its way down through his birth canal, and then

he felt it push out through the lips of his vagina and he screamed as much in fear as pain, crushing Ira's hand as he squeezed and screamed.

Meyer suddenly jumped his feet and threw himself against the bars of the cell, trying to grab Kyle, who stepped back and passively watched. "I'll fucking kill you!"

"Oh Jesus! Fuck!" Joe said.

Ira glanced down and then he screamed, as he saw what look like an eel poking its slimy head out from between Joe's legs, and then he panicked and tried to pull away, but Joe was squeezing his hand, and he fell back on his ass and looked in horror.

Joe was sweating, screaming, lost in pain, unable to what Ira had seen, so he just kept pushing and pushing, desperate to give birth, to get free of whatever it was that had grown inside him.

The creature coming out of Joe began to slither forward, almost seeming to smell the air, and then it began to thrash excitedly and head directly toward Ira. "Let go," Ira screamed, trying to yank free of Joe's hand. "Let go."

The creature slid up Ira's leg, then found the waist band of his pants and plunged down, pushing itself into his groin. "Oh no," Ira said, and then summoning all his strength he yanked, and his hand slipped free, and he went crashing against the bars.

But it was too late. He felt the creature's warm, wet mouth slide over his penis, and even as he grabbed its tail and tried to yank it free, the creature bit off his penis.

Meyer turned and looked on in horror. There was a black, snake-like creature sticking out of Ira's pants. He was yanking on it with his hands, almost like he was jacking himself off, and then the eyes rolled into the back of his head, and he sank to the ground.

Joe meanwhile was still panting, sweating, breathing, pushing. He thought he's felt something slide out of him, but now there was another one, something else, and it, too, found its way through his slit, and screamed and pushed.

Meyer saw it. A slick, black eel, sliding obscenely out from between the blonde girl's legs, and he saw it seem to sniff the air, and then turn and look at him. He felt Kyle's claw-like hands lock onto his shoulders and pull him back against the bars, holding him there, helpless.

"Your turn, pretty girl," Kyle said.

"No," Meyer whispered, struggling helplessly to break Kyle's grip. "Let me go!"

The eel slithered across the floor, and then it began to twine itself around Meyer's ankle. It felt slick and warm, and Meyer lifted his leg and made a small, desperate noise.

"Just relax," Kyle said. "It'll be easier."

"You fucking creep," Meyer said, terrified and helpless. "You goddamned creep."

The eel slithered up his calf, round and round, and then his thigh, and finally it slipped over his penis, all wet and warm, and then he felt it bite through his dick and tear off his balls, and Meyer fainted into darkness.

Joe pulled his knees to his chest and hugged himself, crying as the slithery eels thrashed and pushed, and then suddenly each one seemed to spasm and then go still. Kyle opened the cell door and walked into the cell, grabbing a fistful of Joe's long hair he yanked, hard, and Joe yelped as Kyle dragged him to the back of the cell and tossed him in the corner. "Take off your clothes," he said.

"What?" I?"

"Do it!"

Joe flinched. He was so small and scared, and he pulled his tank top over his head and tossed it to the side, his large breasts swaying, and he crossed his slender arms over his breasts and looked away from Kyle, who said, "pants, too."

"No," Joe said. "Please, I'm sorry, I--."

"DO IT!"

While Joe pulled his shorts down and then curled up into a little ball, naked and scared, Kyle went and pulled the eels off of Ira and Meyer, throwing them out of the cell. He then began to rip their clothes off. Joe looked at the cell door, wide open, and thought about trying to run but--no. He didn't want to make Kyle mad.

Finally, Kyle finished stripping his friends. He threw all the clothes out of the cell, then put a bucket, a sponge and towels in the cell. "Clean up your girlfriends," he said, slamming the door and walking away.

Joe wiped his tears, relieved that Kyle hadn't--tried anything. He got the bucket and the sponge and began to wipe away the drying blood from Ira's groin and off of his thighs. It seemed impossible, but Ira had a vagina--just like Joe. Poor guy, Joe thought in empathy. Poor all of us.

He cleaned up Meyer as well, draped towels over their new slits both for their own modesty and because the sight of his two friends with slits grossed him out and made him hyper-aware of his own soft, bouncy body.

Done, Joe sighed and sat in the corner, idly twisting a strand of his long blonde hair around his finger, conscious of the smallness of his hand, the weight of his breasts, but otherwise in a kind of stupor, the shock of all that had happened to him too much to process. An old song began to run through his mind, and he found himself singing it softly in the candlelight: "I'm just a girl in the world. This world is forcing me to hold your hand 'cause I'm just a girl. I'm just a girl. I'm just a girl."

Kyle came back, this time with a cooler, which he slid into the cell. "Your girl friends will be hungry when they wake up," he said. "Their bodies will need lots of energy to complete their change."

"Are they pregnant?" Joe asked, softly.

"No. Not yet. The little makers can't--it doesn't matter. How do you feel?"

"Fine," Joe said.

Kyle stared at Joe, looking at his face, then letting his eyes play over Joe's soft, smooth skin. Joe felt his skin crawl. He felt like a--thing--the way Kyle was so obviously staring at him, judging him, sizing him up. "You will be a good breeder."

What the fuck? Joe thought, looking away. He didn't know what to say or think, didn't like the way he felt, didn't want to be naked, alone, female. So, he just closed his eyes and put his head on his knees and didn't move until he heard Kyle leave.

Once Kyle left, he opened the cooler and fished out a half sub--he pulled the bread open and saw it was Italian, tossed it back and found a ham and cheese, this time nibbling calmly, hungry but not like before. Ira moaned, and he looked over to see his friend now had small breasts - his kinky black hair had gotten longer, and his face had softened. Meyer was the same--his firm, round little breasts sprinkled with orange freckles.

It was strange, disturbing, fascinating to see his friends taking on female shapes, their bodies growing more slender and softer, breasts blossoming on their chests. They were both already--cute. Maybe not pretty, but cute, and Joe found himself wondering what he looked like now. I wonder if I would give myself boner? He thought. If I could still get a boner?

Ira woke as a young woman. He sat up and felt his small, soft breasts sway, pushed his frizzy black hair out of his face with a slender hand, and reached down between his legs to find-- the lips of his vagina. "Oh, no," he said in a bell-like soprano, which barely registered as his mind grappled with the radical changes to his anatomy. "No."

Joe sat next to Ira and gave the other boy a hug, their bodies smooth and soft and warm. "It's okay," Joe said. "It'll be okay."

"Like hell it is," Ira said, hugging Joe back, needing to be held, and the tears flowed down his cheeks, and Joe was crying, too, and the two young men sobbed together in the slender bodies of young women.

"Oh, Jesus Christ," they heard Meyer say, and looking up they saw him on his back, one hand cupping a boob, the other between his legs. "Tell me this isn't real." He also had a soft, girl's voice, but more of an alto than Ira's squeaky soprano.

"I'm afraid it is," Joe said, crawling over to Meyer and looking down at him, putting a comforting hand on his friend's smooth little shoulder. "I'm sorry, but it is." Meyer started crying, too, and once again Joe found himself crying softly in sympathy.

Meyer looked up into Joe's wide, pretty eyes, his face framed by his wavy golden hair, and something clicked. Joe's pretty face reflected the same fear and confusion he felt, the same horror and disbelief, the same loneliness and the same need for connection.

"You're so pretty," Meyer whispered. He covered Joe's hand with his own, and then reached up and cupped Joe's chin, staring, staring into the other boy's eyes, and then Joe smiled, feeling his own loneliness and fear replaced by a warm joy, and he leaned down and kissed his friend, their plush, soft lips coming together as Joe let his hand slide down over Meyer's breast, which he squeezed, causing Meyer to gasp prettily. Joe started to take his hand away, but Meyer grabbed it and put it back on his breast. "I like it," he whispered, giggling.

Joe giggled, too, straddling his friend, then smiled and put both hands on Meyer's breasts, teasing his hard nipples with his thumbs. Meyer reached

up and cupped Joe's breasts, and the two moaned prettily before kissing again, a kiss full of longing and desire.

Ira watched, playing with his hair, half-consciously taking one of his own small boobs in his free hand and squeezing, a thrilling and mysterious new pleasure taking him. Unable to control himself, he went over and put his arms around Joe from behind, reaching down and letting his hands slide down to find the other boy's hot, wet slit. Joe started humming softly, and all three found themselves entwined, their long, slender limbs of soft, fleshy bodies sliding together like a kaleidoscope, shifting and swirling and swelling, until all three felt something explode inside them, a warm ball of pleasure that rolled through them and they screamed and gasped and then the orgasms came again in waves and the three men fell into each other's arms, their bodies slick with sweat, panting and flush with pleasure.

"Omigod," Meyer whispered.

"Yeah," Ira said softly. "That was so, like, amazing."

"No, I mean yes, but HIM."

The three looked. Kyle was standing there impassively watching them. They all felt violated, disgusted, ashamed that the alien creep had watched them, and they suddenly felt ashamed that they had done each other, not sure what to feel or if it even made sense, but just confused and angry.

"Creep!" Joe said.

"Yeah, fuck off," Meyer said.

"Let us go!"

"I'll bring you some clothes," Kyle said. "You should eat. You're growing girls." But instead of leaving, he just stood there staring at Joe.

"Stop looking at me!" Joe said, his skin crawling.

"I'm going to mate with you," Kyle said in a dry, quiet voice. Then, finally, he turned and walked out.

"He grosses me out," Joe said when Kyle had left.

"Where the hell are our clothes?" Meyer said, opening the cooler and fishing out a plastic container full of fried chicken.

"Kyle took them."

"He..." Meyer said, biting a mouthful of chicken off and chewing as he talked, spitting out little bits of the white chicken meat. "He stripped us?"

Ira went over and grabbed a piece of chicken as well. "Did he... do anything?"

"No," Joe said. "No. He just took your clothes. Wow, you're really tall."

Ira looked down at the other two and shrugged. "I think I'm just the same size as before. You just got small."

It was true. Ira still stood his same 5' 11", but he was much leggier and lankier than before, which gave the impression of greater height, plus Joe had shrunk down to around 5' 4", and Meyer split the difference around 5'6". Ira and Meyer ate ravenously, guzzled milk. Meyer suddenly stopped at one point, wiping the milk off his chin with the back of his forearm, his eyes wide with shock, and he whispered, "Omigod. Are we pregnant?"

"No," Joe said. "He told me you aren't."

Ira and Meyer looked at each other with relief. "Thank God," Meyer said.

"Yeah. That would suck!" Then, with a wince, "Sorry, Joe."

"It did suck," Joe said.

Kyle came back with a suitcase and slid it into the cell. The three boys ignored him, refused to even look at him, and he left without speaking. While Ira and Meyer kept eating, Joe went over and dug through the clothes--bras and panties, dresses. His breasts had begun to ache, and he ruefully picked out a purple bra with larger cups, slipping the delicate straps over his small arms, he lifted his boobs and put them into the cups, then reached back trying to clasp his first bra.

He couldn't seem to get the clasps to meet, so he finally went over to Meyer and said, "Can you help me get into my bra?"

"Sure," Meyer said, embarrassed for them both, and he did, fitting the clasps together and helping his buddy into his first ever bra.

Joe sat up and adjusted his bra straps, then sighed.

"What's it like?" Ira asked.

"I feel stupid, but paradise," Joe said. "Once my boobs got big, they started to ache, and they seemed to always be bouncing all over the place."

"My girlfriend used to complain about that."

"Yeah? Well, it's going to be your turn soon."

Ira looked down at his small breasts and shook his head. "I hope not. I don't want to have big boobs."

Joe wiggled into a pair of panties, then looked at the dresses. They were all tiny little cocktail dresses. He held up a little black dress with spaghetti straps and said, "What's the point?" He tossed it back into the suitcase and sighed.

Meyer and Ira found bras with smaller cups and helped each other into their first bras as well, and then followed Joe's lead and slipped on a pair of panties but ignored the dresses. "If the pattern holds," Joe said, "you two are going to get very tired soon and sleep."

"Maybe that was just because you were pregnant?" Meyer said, yawning on cue.

Ira yawned as well. "I think it's happening. Look." He showed Joe the bar he'd been trying to loosen. "Work on this while we sleep. Maybe we can move it, get out of here."

"Okay," Joe said. "Okay."

"Why even bother?" Joe said. "Why not just kill ourselves? I mean, do you really want to go off and live like this?"

"The girls are coming in the morning," Ira said. "We have to get out of here and warn them before it's too late, and they end up--breeders--too."

"Oh!" Meyer said. "I totally forgot."

"Okay? Let's stick together and take care of each other. If nothing else, we can still save our friends, and whatever we decide to do after that, well, we'll cross the bridge when we get there."

"Okay," Joe said.

Ira held out his delicate little hand, and the boys formed a circle, holding each other's hands, and Ira said, "Mu Delta Mu!"

"Mu Delta Mu!" The other two cried out in their pretty voices. And then, in unison, they squealed, "Brotherhood Forever!"

Meyer and Ira soon slept, their curves filling out - breasts blossoming to firm, round D-cups, their hips and legs getting softer and rounder, their faces going from cute to stunning while their hair cascaded down over their

shoulders. Joe had to get them out of their bras as he saw their boobs swelling and becoming constrained by the modest little training bras they'd put on. By the time they woke and had to deal with the sweet new feminine weight on their chests and adjust to their wide, soft hips and flowing hair, Joe had managed to get the bar very loose in its base.

"It's not even half an inch deep," Joe said, brushing his long blonde hair back.

"Let's see if we can force it free," Ira said.

The three leaned against the bar, and then Ira said "On three push with all you got! One! Two! Three!!!"

The three threw their little bodies against the bar, felt it pop halfway out of place, shoved again and then watched as the bar popped out completely, coming loose from the ceiling and clattering to the ground with a loud, metallic clang! The three raised their little fists, and jumped for joy, their breasts bouncing, but then they heard loud footsteps hurrying across the floor above them.

"Oh, shit!"

Joe squeezed through the gap they'd made, glad to be smaller and thinner for once, and Meyer followed. "Let's see if we can put back!" The three struggled for a moment, but it was too heavy for them to lift, so Ira said, "push it in the corner!"

They heard the cellar door open as they pushed the bar into a dark corner, feet clomping on the stairs. "Over here," Ira whispered as he scurried to the

other corner of the cell. Meyer and Joe followed, and as soon as they were in the corner Ira threw his arms around Joe and kissed him. Meyer caught on quick and pressed his breasts against Ira's back, caressing the other boy's firm, round butt.

Kyle rushed into the room, saw the three, stopped, glanced around, looked back. Ira ended his kiss with Joe and keeping his arms around Joe's waist, he smiled and said, "getting a boner, pervert?"

Kyle made a clicking noise. He actually looked angry, jealous maybe to see the female he wanted to mate with kissing another, even another female. "The others will be here soon," Kyle said. "Then, you'll all be properly mated."

Ira giggled and kissed Joe. Meyer put his small hands on Ira's breasts and giggled, looking right at Kyle.

Kyle looked confused, uncertain what to think of the human's strange actions. He shook his head and looking at Joe said, "Can I get you anything, girl?"

"More pot," Joe said with a smile. "I want to get high."

"Yes," Kyle said. "Yes. It will prepare your bodies." He turned and left, eager to get away from the confusing scene.

As soon as they heard the basement door creak open and then slam closed, the three boys huddled in their bras and panties.

"The others will be here soon?" Meyer said, pulling his curly red hair back. "What the hell does that mean?"

"We have to get out of here," Ira said. "What time is it, anyway?"

"Who knows."

Joe was flicking the lighter they'd been using to get high. "I have an idea," Joe said. Ira reached over and adjusted Joe's bra strap, which had slid off his shoulder during the make-out session. "Did you ever see me do my old human blow-torch trick?"

"Yeah," Meyer said.

"Well, here's what I am thinking..."

Kyle came down the stairs carrying the bong and a bag of grass. He'd grown to find the human female very alluring during his time on earth but was surprised and a little disturbed to find how obsessed he'd become with Joe as the boy had blossomed into womanhood. His hair, eyes-- his skin glowed! Kyle badly wanted to take him, but he knew his orders, and he would have to wait until the others arrived, but then, Kyle would throw Joe down on her back and he'd climb on top of her and...

About five feet from the bottom of the stairs, something caught Kyle's shin and he tumbled forward, crashing into the floor face first, the bong flying through the air and bouncing across the basement floor. Stunned and in pain, Kyle turned to look at what he'd tripped over, and just as he rolled onto his back Joe pounced on him straddling him with his thighs. Kyle

looked up at Joe's pretty face, shocked and surprised, but hardly concerned. What could this little female possibly do?

Then, Joe held up the lighter and lit it, holding the flame close to Kyle's nose, pursed his lips and blew a mouthful of flaming butane into Kyle's big, glassy alien eyes. Joe leapt away from Kyle, who screamed in pain and began to thrash on the floor, the burning butane reacting with his alien skin, soon his whole body was engulfed in flames and the three boys stood, shocked, as the fire consumed him, leaving behind only a blackened, smoldering skeleton.

"I think, like, this alien is vulnerable to fire. Or something?" Meyer said, his hands to his cheeks.

"Let's get the fuck out of here!" Ira said.

"Yes!"

They couldn't find their clothes, and none of them were ready to face the world in nothing but a bra and panties, so back downstairs they went to quickly slip into the little cocktail dresses Kyle had left for them. The dresses didn't give them that much more modesty, coming down only to mid-thigh and leaving their long, slender legs and skinny little arms exposed while hugging their full breasts and wide, soft hips, but they were better than nothing-- barely.

At least they'd all been left with sandals to slip into that, while girly, at least left them capable of walking. Ira bent his knees and got down low enough to get the keys they'd used to pull out the bar. He stood up and tugged down the hem of his dress, which had ridden up his thighs. Joe was zipping Meyer up, who looked really pretty in the blue dress. In fact, they all looked

really pretty. Life was not going to be easy from here on out, Ira thought. Not at all. He didn't think he'd ever be able to show his face at synagogue again. In fact, he didn't want his parents to see their only son like-- this. He had bigger tits than his mother now.

Later, he thought. Later. Right now, his only priority had to be to get the hell out of here, warn the girls, save them from whatever fate "the others" had planned. "Ready?"

"One minute," Meyer said, mincing over to the corner where the last few joints still sat in the little plastic baggy.

"Oh, Meyer," Joe said softly.

"What?" He said, turning.

"Do you really want to do that?"

Ira shook his head. "Remember what that alien said about grass, honey?"

"But I like it...?" Meyer said.

Joe and Ira looked at their friend, and then Meyer threw the baggy down. "You guys are right," he said, tossing his long red hair. "I don't need that shit anymore."

"None of us do."

"Let's get the hell out of here!"

And so, the three boys made their way up stairs. They could see light through the kitchen windows-- it was morning-- and as they crept toward the front door, they heard a car approaching. "Oh, shit!" Ira said.

The three boys hurried toward the door as fast as they could in their tight dresses, but as they reached the door they heard the chirping voices of their girlfriends, and Ira threw the door open and rushed out onto the porch as the three girls stopped and looked up in surprise. "Stop," Ira yelled in his soprano. "We have to get out of here!"

Kelly, who was Meyer's girlfriend, kept walking forward. "Who are you?"

"It's me. Ira," he said.

Erin shook her head. "Of course, it is."

The three girls kept walking toward the house even as the boys walked gingerly down the stairs.

"We got turned into women!" Joe said.

"By an alien!" Meyer added. "You have to get out of here!"

"Let me guess," Erin said walking right up to the little blonde her boyfriend had become. "You're Joe?"

"Yes," Joe said in a small voice, looking up at his girlfriend, who was not taller than him, and had smaller boobs, too, he noticed.

"You're cute," Erin said putting his arm around Joe's slender waste.

"And this sexy red head has to be my Meyer," Kelly looking Meyer up and down. "You look good enough to eat, babe."

"And that means that this tall, leggy Jewish American Princess must be my Ira," Esther said, the only one who still had to look up at what was left of her man. "I am," Ira said, tugging at the hem of his dress, putting an arm across his breasts as Esther eyed him hungrily.

"You have to believe us," Meyer said.

"Of course, we believe you, pretty girl. Of course, we do."

"You do?"

"Why wouldn't we?" Esther said, taking Ira's small, soft hand in her own.

"I mean, we planned this whole thing, after all," Erin said. "Along with Kyle, of course."

"Oh no," Joe said, trying to pull away from Erin. "No."

"Oh, sweetie," Erin said reaching up and squeezing one of Joe's breasts. "I love it when you beg."

"Ow!" Meyer shrieked as Kelly pinched his plump ass and then grabbed him around the waist. "Let go of me you-- alien brute!"

"It's been truly annoying living as Earth females for these last months," Kelly said, stroking her mate's cheek. "But seeing how pretty you all turned out, I would say more than worth it." She cupped Meyer's breast and gave it a squeeze. "I am really glad we decided to give them all big boobs."

"Let's take these girls inside and breed," Erin said, and the three cheered.

"No!" Joe screamed, struggling helplessly to free himself. "No!"

Esther reached up and pulled off her mask, revealing an alien face much like Kyle's. The three began to make clicking noises as they locked their arms around their females, lifted them kicking and screaming and carried them into the house, the first of many men who would be turned into female breeders and spend their lives as alien wives and mothers.

The invasion had begun, and Earth would soon be known throughout the galaxy as The Breeder Planet.