

Curtis always felt better after a long hike somewhere new. Getting to explore nature and get away from his busy life in the city was what he in his late 20s lived for. His stuffy apartment and smelly roommate, the streets crammed with people and noise on his commute to work, his soul-crushing job and the lack of companionship that came to many men like him in the city were taking their toll on him. He never felt so in need of a change in scenery.

He wasn't all that handsome and didn't make much money, nor did he ever do too well in large groups. He enjoyed quiet meditation, his little hobbies, reading... he felt he was so boring.

On the morning of his big hike at Antelope Canyon, Curtis resolved to make the most of this trip and when he went back home, he'd make a change- get himself back out there and find some cute lady that was just waiting for a guy like him. He laughed at himself in the mirror but held to his little promise. He didn't want to end up alone and dreaded how his mother would likely haunt him for not giving her any grandkids.

By the time he hit the trail, it was a bit past noon and the bright blue sky was dotted with puffy, fat little clouds that gave him occasional minute-long respites from the sun. He could feel a change within him stirring. The last 10 years of wasted time and failure isn't going to hold him back any more. This would be the day he turned it all around...

****Chapter 1****

"Damn damn damn damn!"

Curtis cursed aloud amidst the roar of pounding rain and booming thunder. His hike through Antelope Canyon should have been a relaxing, breath-taking view of the cavern walls, carved by the elements and only take a few hours. One minute, he was entering the canyon under the bright sun and the next, a monsoon had rolled in right over the canyon. It was now nearing dusk and the freak storm pounding the trail with torrential rain had washed out the trail and left him hiding within the winding canyon for shelter amidst. He stripped down to his shoes and underwear after finding shelter and tried to squeeze out as much water from his soaked shirt and shorts before laying them out on a small dry spot on a nearby rock.

Not having made any serious preparations for a long stint out on the trail, Curtis grew more uncomfortable and antsy and cold the longer he sat around to wait out the monsoon. Hopping to his feet, Curtis felt the need to warm his body and take his mind off the time and wonder what he could of the canyon. He flicked on his small lapel flashlight and wandered the sculpted rock while avoiding the huge puddles and flood water cutting through the dirt paths.

The Antelope Caverns' walls were incredible, formed from thousands of years of flash floods, not unlike the one he was experiencing today, and then smoothed from the sandy winds that blew through the natural maze. Brilliant shades of red and orange mixed and flowed across the stone walls and made the caverns look alive. While he gaped at this marvel of nature, Curtis

tried to keep mental notes of what directions he was heading in and made little marks in the dry dirt to remember where he'd gone- last thing he needed was getting lost and losing his clothes before a near-naked walk of shame back to the trailhead. He came to a rounded arch about waist high, partially obscured by a bramble and decided to explore.

Ducking into the little "cave", he turned his flashlight to the smooth, hollowed out tunnel of rock and looked around. He expected a bunch of bugs or maybe evidence of wildlife using this spot as a den, but peculiarly, it seemed like this tiny spot had been somehow completely ignored by nature. Filled with only a small dune of glittery sand up the far wall, Curtis made himself at home, enjoying the lack of a drafty chill. He sat in the dune for a bit and relaxed, letting his eyelids fall heavier and heavier until he began to slumber in the tiny cave, the muffled roar of rain on stone lulling him to sleep.

Curtis felt something poking into his side as he laid in the sand and groggily rolled over onto a loose patch of the dune and felt his hand give way, pushing sand through a gap and he felt a rush beneath him as the floor beneath him gave way and dropped him down into the darkness below.

The dune that Curtis landed on was a lot harder than they make it look like in the movies. Landing in a heap, Curtis rolled down the small hill of sand and gasped, coughing as he tried to breathe after the fall knocking the wind from him. Finally, the young man weakly stood, feeling the pinch in his ribs where he'd landed. Hoping he hadn't broken anything, he carefully moved in the darkness, pointing his flashlight up to find where he'd fallen from.

The loose soil and sand laying around him, as well as the hole above his head, told Curtis he'd caused a cave-in where long ago water probably spilled to carve this large bowl-shaped pit into the earth. He was glad he didn't split his head open on any of the rocky lumps on the ground where he fell and instead only likely bruised his rib.

Curtis looked around and lamented not seeing any good way to help him escape the pit. The walls were pretty smooth and he couldn't grip the stubby stalactites coming down from the ceiling around the hole. He sighed and paced to think.

"There's almost no water in here anymore, but there definitely used to be tons. Where'd it all go?"

The question hung in the air while he looked around, seeing a thin trail of darkness curl near the wall and over to a damp, muddy spot on the wall. The young man inspected it closer, clawing the muddy bottom of the wall to find it give way easily. A dune of sand had blown up against the wall sometime ago and got covered in a thin layer of muddy gunk. He scooped away the soil and sand a bit further and looked into the new hole, finding what appeared to be the faint glow of twilight along the far wall of a hallway-sized cavern.

"There we go. Daylight."

Curtis smiled and got to work digging a gap big enough to slip his body through. His skin covered in muddy sand, he emerged on the other side with a dirty, triumphant smile that slowly drooped as he moved towards the light.

"What... what is this?"

Curtis stood in the soft orange glow of what he could best describe as an electronic panel sticking out from the flat wall of the cavern. The light softly grew brighter as he drew closer to it as if it could sense his presence and displayed symbols he couldn't recognize on the crude little orange glowing screen.

He had never seen anything like this before. He wiped off the dust from the panel and tried to find a gap between it and the wall, growing more confused as he came to the conclusion mineral deposits had formed over the edges of it and completely fused it to the rock.

This was impossible though, wasn't it? He wasn't a geologist and only had a layman's understanding of cave formations, but that should take hundreds or maybe thousands of years to do right?

He shook the wilder thoughts from his mind. Ancient aliens, government underground bunker entrance, super advanced mole people... late night history channel had fired his imagination and so he tested the rationale. Curtis scraped at the dry mineral deposits and rested his palm on the smooth, warm rock wall. He knocked and felt a slight tremor in the wall.

It was fake.

He shoved the wall hard and felt it give slightly and a faint sigh of air slipped between the false "wall" and the surrounding rock. It was a door. His mind raced and Curtis started pressing the weird symbol on the panel. A faint sour note hissed from it as he failed its passcode. He scratched his head and looked around, hoping whoever this place was for had left a password or something around.

Curtis kicked over a rock. Nothing. He used his light to pour over the cavern's walls. They were all bare of any markings or scratches. Up and down the short cavern tunnel he paced, pouring over every crevice for something- anything that could help him open the door. He told himself it was to help him escape, as he wasn't going to be able to pull himself out of the pit and he was getting hungry and tired and it would be nightfall soon...

Curtis returned to the door defeated. He tried one last sequence, the box hissing again after six presses, and leaned his back against the wall. He sighed and absently tapped a riff into the warm "stone" with his knuckles.

Shave-and-a-hair-cut....two-bits.

After a long pause, Curtis felt the door click loudly and lurch back. He caught himself and turned on his heels, gaping as the cavern wall gave way to a void of inky darkness. He couldn't see far, only as far as his meager flashlight could go and all he saw was the stone floor, polished smooth and immaculately clean. He took a few careful steps into the room and heard nothing but his own heartbeat in his head, thumping hard and fast at the vast unknown that lay before him.

His voice cracked as he began to speak- "h- hello?", and echoed long into the emptiness.

From all around, the silence was broken. A metallic and shuddering feminine voice buzzed in his head loudly at first, making Curtis wince and cover his ears, and then it rang softer as if a knob had turned down their volume.

"WELCOME.... child of Sol. We've been waiting for you."

****Chapter 2****

Nobody can predict the way they actually react to seeing something truly amazing. For Curtis, he gaped in awe as the room slowly illuminated with a flickering pale blue glow, revealing a massive space still cloaked in shadow, that began to hum with old alien machines slowly coming to life and tall tanks of bubbling liquid that glowed amber, green and magenta. The walls were covered in murals depicting strange pictographic scenes he didn't understand. The floor had been carved into hexagonal slabs and the smoothed rock ceiling was covered in metal cables that ran all about to each of the machines over towards the center of the room where what looked like a big, breathing metal creature laid and almost touched the ceiling.

Curtis could hardly recognize anything earthly here except the voice that was beckoning him forward with a strange mechanical chirp after each sentence.

"Please, we have been awaiting your arrival..." *bzzp*

"Human, male, adult..." *fzt*

"Average build and height, healthy physical specimen with no traces of prior mutations..." *zzup*

Curtis looked back at the doorway nearly ten feet back and didn't realize he'd been walking towards the voice as he gazed at what he could only describe as an alien laboratory. He slowly backed towards the door.

"Uh, hello? Sorry, didn't mean to just barge in. No need to turn anything on... just a hiker trying to find a ladder up to the surface."

The voice hissed and let out a series of clicks and beeps before he felt the ground tremble behind him. He quickly turned and found the stone vault door push closed and lock loudly.

"Please refrain from leaving the facility during startup. It's been 9...9...9... years- since last scheduled maintenance and it will take longer for certain operations to be brought back online."

"Sure, silly me. I'm not totally shitting my pants because a robot voice just locked me into an alien meat farm." Curtis murmured to himself while trying to see if there were any other ways he could leave this place. He cursed his curiosity while hugging the wall and felt a tingle down his spine as if he was being followed by predatory eyes.

"Systems at 61% activity, rerouting startup sequence."

He slowly followed the curved walls, staring at all the weird, organic-looking machines. Some looked eerily like bipedal forms, crouching or laying with wires shooting up to the ceiling like hellish cyberpunk wings, other had faces, twisted in anguish or wickedly grinning visages whose eyes and mouths flickered and glowed as the alien facility came to life. He had no interest in mingling here and hurried through the nightmare servers and into rows and rows of empty, person-sized tubes embedded on organic-metal platforms.

The glowing liquid inside groaned and bubbled before being quickly flushed, the caked on grime instantly being cleaned with some kind of hot steam. Curtis recalled every sci-fi trope he could think of and steeled himself for what could certainly be a future prison for him if he were captured and experimented on by... wait, where *were* the aliens?

His mind raced. No bodies littering the floor... empty tubes... computer voice, 999 years since maintenance... Was this place remotely controlled? Abandoned? Maybe the only thing here with him was the computer thing talking to him. He heard the voice buzzing to life again and found a tube machine to hide behind.

"Human volunteer. Please return to the in-processing area."

"Yeah, that's not happening." Curtis turned back to the wall and froze while a football-sized, insect-like robot floated just a few feet away. Its "face" protruded with several eye-stalks that stared intently and thin tentacles hung from its underbelly, gently flicking the air to and fro. From its strange little body, a garbled robotic voice chirped at him.

"This unit is to escort you back to-"

"I'm not being in-processed, go find another test subject."

Curtis hoped he could convince these rustbuckets to leave him alone and if not, there were metallic objects strewn about that he could use as improvised weapons. The alien robot fly did not respond to him, instead it made a series of clicks- reminding Curtis of the sounds of a

modern or an old printer, and then silently floated back and away, rounding the big tubes before disappearing.

"Okay, now that it's gone... maybe there's another door back here."

He found several dilapidated partitions with metal beds inside, likely some kind of staging area for subjects to be probed or tested on. Nothing would get the drop on him, thought Curtis.

Suddenly, the robot fly was back- and it brought friends. A small swarm of the tentacle-wielding things closed in around Curtis and he lashed out with his fists and the nearest one.

You know, when you get into a fight in a dream, your arms are like noodles and you just can't seem to punch right? Curtis was quickly reminded of the sensation as his strike landed pitifully into the side of one of the flies. It was like all the force was sucked out of his punch before it could land and his arm started to feel numb.

"Shit!" He turned and ran into the maze of partitions, hoping to lose them or find something to use as a weapon. His arm flopped about, completely dead to his control, but did end up finding a kind of metal cane that looked like a bug leg and readied himself for a fight. Before he could even strike a single one of the insect robots, his legs gave out and he collapsed into a heap. He flailed weakly with his one working arm and a bot snatched the cane from his hands.

"Violence suppression fields took longer to restart than some of our other systems. Glad we got it up before you could hurt yourself."

"Fuck you! You freaks better not touch me!"

Curtis struggled to get back control of his limbs, but all he could do was look on as the swarm's dozens of thin tentacles latched on like little octopus suckers and effortlessly lifted him up into the air. One moment, he was hanging and the next, a strange sensation of weightlessness filled his body and the robots carried him over the machines back to where he began.

His heart sank as he felt the room come alive, filling the space with lights and a louder droning sound of the alien machinery mixed with a much more organic squelching sound. It chilled him to the bone. Whatever the robots had in store for him... Curtis vowed to fight with everything he had. He remembered his promise to himself- he was just about to turn his life around! He couldn't let this be the end...

"Thank you for your cooperation and your patience. Now we can begin."

****Chapter 3****

The machines around Curtis churned in a slimy, meaty symphony that made his skin crawl. The bug things stripped off his sweaty clothes and stuck him to a slab of warm and squirmy slab of

metal and a force seemed to hold him down on it like some kind of magnetism. He struggled weakly with his only working limb and felt the suppression field buzz to life again. His head felt fuzzy and he couldn't find the strength to fight anymore. Curtis looked around himself and saw the mechanical flies silently zipping about between the different areas of the lab and him, inspecting every few minutes in groups.

He wondered just what was going to happen and why it was taking so long to get the lab running. The machine glitched when it said how many years it had been, it was impossible this place was here for a thousand years... wasn't it?

Suddenly, the speaker chirped and he heard that same monotoned fake-enthusiasm coming from the computer's feminine voice.

***"We apologize for the delay. Certain compounds have aged beyond their <click> and we had to make do with a less potent, but still serviceable brooding serum. Thank you for your patience-<fzzt>."**

The speaker cut off abruptly with a sparking sound. This place was held together with duct tape, Curtis thought, and he hoped for some kind of power outage that might kill this gravity prison he was stuck to so he could escape. He took the momentary respite to think.

Brooding serum... conquest... repopulation.... H.R. Giger-esque machines and the tanks of goo and the weird blue lighting... the bug things... it couldn't be...

Curtis shook the muddy behavior-suppression from his mind and tried to push himself up against the invisible force holding him to the slab. For a moment, he felt it give way, his torso lifted just slightly from the warm metal and he flopped back down on his back, panting with exhaustion.

***"The restraints are necessary for your protection. Remain calm and still as we begin."
<click>**

"Wait! You don't have to begin anything, this was all a mistake!"

Curtis felt a peculiar twinge in his body, like a trembling vibration that slowly built in strength. Centered in his spine, he felt the slab under him press into him. He felt a strong, warm, pressure and then a rush of electricity hit his mind and he went blank.

The world rushed in and Curtis beheld an unfamiliar sky, it's brilliant blue and green twilight dotted with many tiny clouds and a pair of bright moons that hung near each other on the horizon.

Next, a polished stone with symbols he recognized from the murals on the wall, but ordered in rows that looked like a language. The symbols glowed like hot coals and he squeezed his eyes shut but still saw them.

More images, sensations, smells, all somehow nostalgic and utterly foreign to his memories flooded through him from the slab poking him in the spine between his shoulder blades. Curtis was overwhelmed and could hardly understand what he was being shown. He drooled down his chin as the room continued spinning, weary from the rush of information.

"Wha...what was....all that?"

The computer did not respond, instead, Curtis watched machines poke him in the legs and belly with syringe-like tentacles, injecting him with a dark green liquid. The warm trembling in his back and neck slowly increased in intensity and Curtis' leg twitched suddenly. Then his arm. He felt his heart pound in his chest and his head throbbed. He felt sick but he couldn't will himself to vomit. He was dizzy from the suppression field and whatever the hell those visions were.

***"Your vitals are within acceptable norms, human. This is good, we will move on to stage 2 once the serum has spread through you."**

"Please... what are you doing to me?"

The computer clicked softly and chirped a while as if deep in thought and finally responded.

***"You will bear the first generation of hybrid bodies for our people to live in this world. The last attempt was a disaster and a mutiny among our crew left us unable to try again. <Fzzt> Eventually, we, the survivors, were forced to upload our consciousnesses to the computers and go to hibernation until a solution presented itself <click>."**

"But i'm a guy! I- I can't 'bear' anything!"

***"This is inaccurate. Humans are malleable enough to our science that the issue of incompatible sexual organs is nothing to us. We simply need to mold your DNA into a more compatible vessel. A trifle."**

compatible vessel? Curtis swallowed hard and focused on the sensations flooding his body. His muscles tensed and twitched as a warm tingling filled his numb extremities. He looked down, the warmth lulling him to sleep. He almost drifted off but was yanked from his cozy cocoon of warmth by a quiet sickening squelching coming from inside his belly and a throbbing pressure in the base of his cock.

"Ugh... Wha- please tell me this isn't happening. You're gonna steal my dick and force me to make alien babies?! What the fuck is wrong with- ***glk!***"

A thick translucent tentacle suddenly pushed into his mouth and slid down his throat while he weakly struggled against the slab. A bright blue glowing fluid trickled down the tube and Curtis felt the warm, metallic goo begin to fill his belly.

***"Your vitals were beginning to spike, this will help keep you calm during the process. There will be... some discomfort."**

Curtis wanted to puke as the fleshy tube twitched between his lips as more of the goo dribbled down his throat. He could only watch as the serums and goo did their job and mutated him into- he had no idea what these aliens looked like, so he feared the worst.

His belly warmed as it began to bloat, softly swelling with warmth and the pale blue glow from his forced meal. It didn't feel tight or like his skin was stretched, more like how the slow rising of bread dough might feel. He hated how pleasant this part felt, his heavy eyelids drooping again.

A woman- no, a pregnant alien hybrid woman. Somehow it felt just as foreign to him to imagine himself as a woman. What would he look like? would it hurt? Is he going to lay eggs? In a million years he never would have believed such a ridiculous story... but every time he blinked, hoping to awaken from this nightmare, the scene didn't change and he still felt the same weird gooey churning inside him. It was real.

Chapter 4

Curtis felt the tentacle in his mouth throb with warm goo slowly feeding him his metamorphosis. He groaned with discomfort as the weight of his distended belly grew more pronounced and it glowed with a pale blue light. He could see his belly past the tentacle and it rose slowly to hide his legs and feet from sight. He noticed the skin on his chest starting to go more pale and chalky white, slightly mottling with a scattering of darker blue freckles on his shoulders. He struggled weakly against the gravity restraints, but the pacification field kept his protests brief.

He felt the tentacle begin to gently push back and forth deeper into his throat and he wanted to gag, but felt the soft sensation begin to lull him into a kind of trance. Soon, the tentacle was practically fucking his mouth and Curtis began to enjoy the rhythmic thrusting and its warm, gooey excretions that made his tummy so warm and heavy. A tingle in his mouth grew into a thrilling, erogenous sensation and it wasn't long before he was moaning and slurping while deep-throating the tentacle.

He was yanked from his blissful rhythm by a heavy gurgle coming from his belly, now round and full as a full-term pregnancy. Inside the glowing egg-shaped belly, he could see several glowing eggs, translucent and throbbing. Curtis wanted to wake up, this was too much! His belly swelled further in several surges of growth in just a brief couple of moments, it seemed like his belly would explode!

***"Simply remarkable! Your physiology has responded better than our simulations could have predicted. Those glowing, egg-like gene-cradles inside you? They're designed to form your new womb and generate the specific mutations to mold you into a perfect hybrid breeder according to your DNA. This will make it possible to change you even further to make you more like us for even better results when you do breed!"**

The techno-jargon made Curtis' head spin. What was the alien computer talking about? The tentacle finally pulled free from his lips, and the young man groaned as almost two feet of tentacle came out of him. He panted heavily, appreciating full breaths once again, and moaned as his belly felt so heavy and full.

Finally, he felt one by one the eggs seem to melt their harder outer shell and kind of looked like jelly beans before they melted further and started saturating his insides. His belly shrank slightly as the goo got to work. Curtis looked down at himself with worry, wishing he at least knew what the aliens looked like so he could guess what a hybrid might appear like. He remembered all the strange bestial and bug-like machines and pictographs he saw around the lab and imagined a giant queen bee or a spider and a shiver ran down his spine.

"Anything but that"... he whimpered.

While he was distracted by his active imagination, Curtis' limbs started to slim and the muscle in his strong hiker's legs smoothed into plump fatty tissue. His thighs swelled and the heavy human bones thinned and shortened, causing him to lose several inches of height and his large calloused feet melted into dainty, tiny peds. His feet continued to shift, becoming slightly hooflike and arched, mixing the two forms of his human biology and the alien genes invading his DNA together into a strange arched foot, as if Curtis were wearing an tall, invisible heeled shoe.

He couldn't see what had happened his feet beyond his giant belly, but felt them tighten in the toes while the arch stretched and grew firmer. He was confused and curious, but would have to wait until he was released to find out just what was going on down there. Something he **was** noticing however was how weird and lumpy his chest seemed to be getting and as the churning sound of his gooey womb filling his body with alien DNA gurgled on, he watched in silent protest as one... two... then three pairs of nipples rose on little mounds of pale blue-ish flesh into six plump, full breasts that jiggled as they swelled bigger and bigger, turning veiny and stretching the dusty violet areolas bigger until they were each the size of his palm.

He wanted to cry out 'stop!' But the intense sensation of new nerves forming and watching the flesh swelling made him hard, his cockhead pressing against the underside of his pregnant tummy. He wished he could touch himself, to get some relief from all of this but he was stuck slightly squeezing his plump new thighs around his balls. Curtis bit his lip, feeling a new fleshy fullness to them, and tried to gently fuck his own thighs to take his mind off how horny he had become. What was wrong with him?! He was getting turned into an alien and all he could think about was cumming!

His juicy tits wobbled heavily as Curtis silently gyrated his hips and softly massaged himself with his thighs. His soft moans grew heavier as his dick throbbed with heat, poking his belly hard as it grew harder than it had ever been.

"F-fuck... why am I so horny... I shouldn't be... doing this."

Suddenly, he saw one of the bug-bots float into view. Its big eyes focusing on him and a projection of Curtis' body appeared on the nearby wall. He gaped, unable to form words at seeing just how much he'd changed. His feet, new curves, gravid belly, the six new tits, his blue skin and the feminine curve of his face, more akin to what a twin sister to himself may look like... all made him stare in confusion and awe. He felt so exposed as the bots watched. He paused and felt the rush of tingles and aches subside. Was it finished?

***"Results are showing an incredibly low range of rejection. We believe you are certainly healthy enough and ready for the final step. We will need to impregnate in order for the last series to take hold."**

Final step? What else could they possibly... impregnation?!

Curtis struggled against his invisible restraints. The strange body he had been given now weakly tugging at the wrists to no avail. He panted with exhaustion, feeling the lethargy wash over him. Curtis saw the weird tentacle return- this time with several friends, all throbbing with their cock-like tips oozing with the glowing blue lubrication.

"No, let's talk about this- i'm a guy! I can't get pregnant- *glk!*"

His lips were stuffed with the tentacle and he could feel it pushing further inside his throat until he was able to breath again like before. Other tentacles rose and began fondling his body, sliding up his curvy hip and cradling one of his full breasts. He gasps into the meaty thing as another snaked up between his thighs and coiled round his shaft before winding between his plumped asscheeks qnd gently pushing into his asshole. Surprised and confused, he managed to lift off the table slightly at the invasion of his behind before the field strengthened and pulled him back. He struggled and moaned for a few moments longer until the tentacles all began to warm and gently massage his body. The two inside of him throbbed and softly thrust with the collective rhythm and it quickly put Curtis into a trance.

Holy fuck... im getting spit-roasted by an alien squid table. What the hell are they doing to me now?!

***"Final phase hybridization now underway. Thank you for your cooperation, human."**

Chapter 5

The cock squeezed round his shaft and Curtis drooled as he groaned, feeling the warm goo filling his body start to tingle, signaling some kind of coming change. He was becoming familiar with how his body was reacting and despite everything, part of him was getting excited at how else the aliens wanted to make him more like them. He couldn't tell if the thoughts were his or not, but since this ordeal began, his body was reacting more and more to the bizarre stimulation with pleasure.

His cock trembled and Curtis felt a twinge deep inside himself before his cock erupted, bathing his belly and parts of the table with his pent-up seed. He came more and more and it ran down his thighs until his body finally released everything it had. The tentacle bulged inside her ass and she felt her insides widen to accommodate, groaning as his organs shifted and tingled. Curtis wished he could see what was happening, but all he could do was wait as he felt heat in his shaft and an odd tingling rushing through his cock-head.

Suddenly, it started to grow. Drooping down between his thighs, Curtis' cock stretched long and thickened until it started looking like a tail without fur the same dusty blue as the rest of him. It rose up and the tip split apart painlessly like thick, fleshy flower petals. Curtis' muffled moans echoed in the cold, metal room as he watched his cock-head transform. A glistening, amber-colored stamen oozed slightly as it grew out of the tip, making it look like an alien lily. The thick, fleshy petals bloomed around it all manner of blues and violets and reds and small vein-like streaks of blue lightning ran across the petals softly pulsing with the blue glow. His hips bucked as his balls sunk into the growing flesh and his whole cock-flower drooped down over the edge of the table.

Curtis sighed heavily amidst the tentacles still thrusting and throbbing inside him, feeding his body the transformative goo from both ends. He wanted to wake up, to realize he'd passed out on the trail and hit his head. He'd believe anything over the madness he was experiencing.

Curtis was sharply yanked from his attempted daydream, feeling his neck tensing and the tentacle throb again, sliding deeper as he felt the table beneath his head moving. His neck was stretching longer! Not much but he could feel new vertebrae popping as they formed, giving him a slender, dainty neck and was just long enough to look strangely inhuman. His face muscles and tendons felt tight and hot. His lips swelled until they were plump and turned glossy and darkened into a midnight violet color. His reflection's drooly lips were so full as they encased the tentacle, it made him blush at his lewd, feminine face. He could only watch helplessly as his facial muscles bubbled and flexed, shifting and sliding subtly until he blinked and realized he no longer recognized himself at all!

He stared a while at the face gazing back, watching the tentacle pump into her lips, and her big, glassy amber eyes softly glowing. Her hair was messy and matted with sweat with a long streak of white running down her bangs. She was vaguely familiar, like someone from a dream and her slightly alien features made her even more exotic and beautiful to Curtis.

Curtis fell into a trance as he drank in all the strange new features on the pregnant alien body. Finally, he looked down at himself and the disconnect he had been feeling started to melt away into stark reality. His big, swollen titties blocked much of his view of his belly, and what he could see of his belly blocked his view of anything else, but actually seeing the tits rising and falling with his tired, heavy breaths began to calm him.

The tentacles slowly recoiled from within him, shrinking and sliding wetly from his stretched asshole and he sighed with an unfamiliar, feminine vocal fry as the long tentacle finally retreated from his lips.

"God... finally. What the hell... did you do to me?"

His voice was shaky and wrong. The computer clicked quietly at the unnecessary query. Curtis knew what he had become, what *she* was.

The slab felt lighter and slowly lowered to the floor, Curtis finally released from the restraints. She sat up awkwardly, feeling the great weight of her assets and let out an ***oof** as she realized how immobilizing a pregnancy was.

***"It may take some time for you to acclimate to your new form. Truthfully, there is little consensus on the probability of this success. You are a unique, new species carrying the genes and potential of both our races. In some of your tongues, you might be called a kind of 'Eve' as the Mother of your new people."**

"Mother?"

Something clicked in Curtis' mind and a rush of hormones flushed her body. Her heart-rate quickened and her pupils dilated as a warmth grew in her chest. Like a new fawn, instincts she didn't understand started to grow more potent in her mind.

"I... need... something... what is it!?"

She struggled to her strange new feet, teetering as she found perch on a nearby pillar. Her former cock, cradled her empty crotch between her thigh gap and rose up behind her. She found it balanced her out well and moved about on its own to keep her upright. She looked back at it and found the petals blooming open, the bright red and violets of its inner petals and the glossy amber stamen filled her with an odd sense of pride in her own body's beauty. The stamen pushed out and a sap-like ooze ran down its length and pooled in the bloomed flower-tip.

What was her body telling her? She wondered if she was hungry and that the aliens needed sunlight or something- hence the flower, but the more she looked at her tail, the lewder it seemed. The stamen jutting out looked so phallic and it seemed to pulse with the sap within.

She unconsciously licked her plush lips and felt her ass moisten. She rolled her hips and ran her fingers through her hair. It hit her slowly, through the disbelief and foreign hormones...

She wanted... no, ***needed** to fuck herself with this thing.

****Chapter 6****

The subtle, flowery scent of her tail's stamen tickled her nose. Curtis brought it close and gave its glossy, gooey shaft a tiny lick before shuddering intensely with a stifled moan.

"Sensitive! And... hm, it tastes kind of like honey, but it's more...creamy? Not at all sticky like it looks."

She felt the heat in her belly again and the wetness between her legs grow. Her fingers played with the fleshy petals on her tail all while the hunger deep inside grew. Finally she couldn't take it anymore.

"This is insane... what am I doing?"

As she got to her knees, she watched her tail intently as she worked out exactly how to control it. Finding it rather unwieldy and heavy, she nearly smacked herself in the head with it as she tried to arch the tip and point it towards her nethers.

"How do animals work these things... ugh, no... come on, almost..."

Curtis finally managed to find her hidden pussy with the tip of the stamen and squealed with surprise at how thick and warm it felt. She'd never put anything in herself before and it felt like she wasn't fully in control of her body as she pushed back against her tail. Taking a deep breath, she used her hand to help guide the cock-like tip into her strange alien pussy.

"That's it...! Ohhh yeahhh...."

She felt like she was going to melt as the stamen slowly slid inside deeper and deeper until she felt the petals press into her plump asscheeks. Moaning softly, Curtis pulled the stamen out about halfway and rested there for a moment. Her breaths were long and labored- the sensation drilling into her body was incredible! She stuck her tongue out in concentration as she tried working her tail muscles to push her tail back inside the hilt.

It worked! She actually got her tail to cooperate!

"Yeah, I can do this..."

The tail's tip flexed and she felt the goo push out of her quivering hole. She was buzzing as she braced against a large empty tank and worked her tail more confidently. She thrust into herself

and moaned like a bitch in heat, her eyes crossing as her tongue hung from her lips and drooled.

"Fu- huuuck... so... hot..."

In only a few more thrusts, Curtis built up into a rhythm. The large room echoed with the heavy ***shlop** **shlop** of the alien hybrid broodmother fucking herself silly her her own tail. She held her head and moaned softly as she probed her depths, finding her new insides were much more fuckable than they could have been when she was all human.

She felt herself getting close, feeling glad at least cumming was familiar territory and climaxed, pressing her body into the warm glass of the tube as her tail erupted a creamy, sweet-smelling spunk that oozed out her ass from around her petals. Slumping to the floor, Curtis panted heavily as she felt the hot load deep inside her belly.

"Holy shit... what... what is happening to me? I feel like I'm possessed by some horny animal."

The computer chirped to life for the first time in a while.

We believe you are experiencing a mutation of the latent hormonal instincts of a developing broodmother, though your human side may be interfering. Under normal circumstances, this would only take place when a breedable mate is nearby. Curious.

"I'm not a labrat, please... can't you change me back? This is too much..."

Curtis pleaded with the computer before her tail slid out of her, causing her to groan and shiver with an aching pleasure, her stamen retracting into the de-blooming petals. Her belly was getting warmer and the strange hunger she was feeling had only intensified. The computer ignored her like usual, only making that periodic clicking hum as its display flickered.

Curtis took the momentary reprieve to catch her breath and think about just what the hell nightmare she'd been dropped into. She looked down at her blue, undeniably feminine body, finally feeling just how alien she was in this body. She felt stretched out and... well, full. Her bulging belly softly churned with heat while her heart beat with an odd rhythm in her chest.

She wondered just how much her mind was changed as she caressed her tummy. 'Motherly instincts', the computer said, Curtis wondered what those would be like and sighed, noticing just how much her new lips stuck out. They were lewd and glossy and sensitive- stop.

She tried to ignore the flutter in her tingling and sore nethers. "No more tail-sex", she resolved.

Something far off rumbled and the computer flickered to life again.

***"More tremors. Your young world is always so noisy. It disrupts my sensors and forces me to do a scan every ti-**

The computer hesitated and suddenly the screen and all the power in the facility suddenly died. Curtis sat confused in the darkness a moment and jumped when the room was bathed in a dim, red glow and Curtis could feel the swarm of bugbots buzzing overhead, chirping and clicking madly.

From across the room, the heavy door that Curtis had stumbled upon began to spark and sizzle as it glowed orange.

The computer roared a heavy, distorted series of metallic clicks and the robots swarmed the door, awaiting whatever was breaching with their weapons drawn.

The door was gleaming white in the center, superheated with orange and red around the bright spot. It bubbled inward and in a flash of light, Curtis heard the cacophony of blasts and felt the heat of weapon fire. She cowered behind her tail, low quiet and Curtis heard footsteps approach. She lifted her head to see a figure in black body armor, helmet and a gas mask covering their face.

"Xeno located. Bring a decon unit to fob zero and notify command."

Curtis, with tears in her eyes, reached out to the man.

"Please, they turned me into this thing! I'm not an alien!"

The man put a finger in front of the filter of his gasmask as if to shush Curtis and quietly raised his pistol and shot without hesitation. She felt a sharp pain as a dart struck Curtis in the chest and a numbing cold rush into her.

"No, wait! My name... is Cur...ss.... I... not..."

She collapsed into an inky void and dreamed the alien world from her vision. Her belly, now full and round. The hunger sated. She felt complete.

****Chapter 7****

The world twisted with blurry shapes and muffled noise. Curtis tried to speak, but found a gag in her mouth and her hands tied up behind her. The drugs made her whole body numb and she could only drool pathetically as she was loaded into a metal box in the back of a covered truck. She rode for what felt like hours, drifting in and out of sleep as the drugs slowly wore off and Curtis could move somewhat in her tiny cage. As the truck came to a stop, Curtis peeked through a gap in the cage and realized she was at the front gate of some remote military base.

It was cramped and very hot, but Curtis seemed to almost enjoy the act of sweating and she realized how flexible her new body was. As they drove inside the base, she tried to take her mind off the pangs of the odd hunger that was getting more intense as time passed. She used her tail to play with her new breasts for a bit, but was dismayed by the lack of joy she got from it. As a man, she had loved tits, especially big ones, and joked how she wouldn't have ever gotten anything done if she had a pair of her own... but now that four of them hung from her chest, it felt different and not as fun. She wanted someone else to play with them and for them to be filled with milk to feed her young-

Curtis recoiled from those thoughts and shivered. She was becoming someone else and for a moment she worried she was already not herself enough to know the difference.

They stopped again and the truck's engine stopped. Curtis mentally braced herself, thinking of all the ways she could try and convince the agents she was human- or at the very least used to be.

The back of the truck opened and a forklift grabbed her cage and took her inside a warehouse before handing her off to a jack being pushed by a soldier dressed in a black uniform. They took her through multiple guarded doors with checkpoints and really serious security, finally to a wide examination room with an upper level for what could be a hundred observers. Men in suits muttered quietly to each other as Curtis was wheeled into the room to a central platform and left there for a while until a thin, tall man Curtis had never seen before stepped up next to her cage.

"Gentlemen, you all probably know me, I'm Dr Lingham. Today, I have here undeniable evidence of an attempt by a Xeno race to create a sub-race that can survive in almost any climate or condition in our world."

The man paced as he spoke. To Curtis, he seemed arrogant and the several times he looked directly at her, the man had a disgusted look in her eye. She didn't like him and wished she could get the gag out of her mouth so she could ***suck his fat cock**...

Wait... no, she wanted to tell him to fuck her- fuck *himself!* jeez, what was wrong with her!？

"We have run into scouts before and have been studying them and their tech for a few decades now, but nothing as intact as the alien's lab they seized today and the creature we captured."

The room filled with a louder commotion and the man raised his hand to continue. As he spoke, Curtis felt the hunger again, this time stronger than ever in a heavy rush of desire and heat. She groaned and the flower-tip of her tail bloomed slightly, releasing a kind of pollen-like pheromone into the air. The arrogant scientist caught the scent and cleared his throat before gazing back down at the cage.

"I.. think it's time you all see what it is we've found. It's unlike any of the others that have come before- much more human in appearance with features akin to a quite pregnant young woman."

The cage door fell forward as a rod was removed from the side and the rest of the cage retracted to the floor. Curtis was on her knees in front of the audience, naked and gagged. Her tail reflexively curled around her legs and unbeknownst to Curtis, continued to waft her scent across the room.

"As you can see, unlike other Xenos, she sweats and lacks the crest on her head like other females of her race. Also, her hands and feet are much more human than Xeno and she has human breasts and genitals. This is most likely to make her breedable with either Xeno or humans."

The man was trying to remain professional, but the pheromones were beginning to work on him. He loosened his tie while he spoke, finding his mouth growing drier as the beautiful and exotic body of the kneeling alien girl mesmerized him. He moved her tail slightly and saw how wet Curtis was and the intoxicating scent of her violet pussy hung over him like a heavy woolen blanket.

"I, uh. I think it's only in the best interest of science to explore all our options with this beautiful... uhm, creature. So, I will go ahead and um..."

He trailed off as he found Curtis' gaze again. This time, with the pheromones saturating his mind, he fell into a kind of trance and began to disrobe. The audience loudly protested and some were leaving their seats to go down to stop what was about to happen. The door into the observation room was locked down so a runaway alien couldn't escape so any that stayed had a front row seat to first contact.

Curtis felt the hunger taking over and seeing the doctor remove his pants caused her to raise her tail and lift her ass for him. Her nethers were soaked and throbbed with need. Her alien hormones run in overdrive for her to breed. She felt him enter her and he shoved her face down onto the floor as he fucked her without restraint. Her tail wrapped around her waist and the flowery tip bloomed as he thrust, totally ensnared. Some of the men were beating on the door and shouting while others simply sat in their chairs and watched what happened with a mix of confusion and curiosity.

The tip of Curtis' tail met her suitor's cheek and released a spray of sweet-smelling ambrosia that turned the doctor in a matter of seconds into her glassy-eyed slave. Curtis didn't really know what she was doing except following the strong instincts flooding her mind.

He came immediately and the alien girl howled a blissful groan as his hot seed finally fed the hunger she had been suffering with for hours.

Curtis felt a rush through her body- an energy she'd never felt before that coursed down her limbs and radiated in her core. She suddenly could feel the presence of the man still inside her, his heart beating loudly and the electricity flowing through his nervous system. Without looking

back, she could almost 'see' herself from his perspective. With merely a thought, she felt her will to be freed radiate from her mind like a ripple in still water.

Without hesitation, the scientist unclipped her gag, removed the cuffs from her wrists, got off of her and stood, gazing lifelessly ahead like a zombie and spoke in a dull monotone.

"What else does my Queen command?"

****Chapter 8****

The door to the observation room buckled inward slightly as one large security officer threw a heavy kick into the bolted lock. Another peeked inside through a nearby window, weapon drawn and watched the scientist free Curtis. She couldn't tell what they were yelling into the radio, but she knew they wouldn't treat her nicely this time if they got hold of her. She sent out another ripple, her will echoing into her thrall.

*****"Protect your Queen."*****

He offered his hand to Curtis and wordlessly helped her to her feet before guiding her to a staircase down into a kind of holding area, equipped with freezer rooms and more cages. As she hobbled down the stairs, she felt so full and gravid, holding her belly and noticing her glowing baby-bump was now visibly swelling.

"Where are we going?" She wondered, sighing heavily at how she was becoming immobilized by her speedy pregnancy.

"My Queen, the tunnel here also leads past maintenance. The air filtration system and electrical-
."

"Wait."

Curtis glanced back at her oozing stamen and got a devilish idea.

"Take me to the air filtration."

As they quietly moved down through the bowels of the underground base, they heard echoes behind them. Shouting and loud footfalls meant they had little time. The scientist swiped his keycard and opened the door for Curtis.

"I got access to this area a long time ago so I could take smoke breaks. I could use the outgoing air vent in this room to keep from setting off alarms or wasting time going all the way to the surface.

"Handy. We're lucky that security is so incompetent."

Curtis felt a swell of pride in herself as they located the intake vent and stuck her tail down inside and began releasing her pheromones. These foolish humans would soon bow before her and beg to serve. She was the vanguard, the tip of the spear of the coming invasion and her children would bring the governments of this world to heel!

...

Curtis put pressure on her temples. What was that? She felt strange urges for dominance and power. Her belly glowed and loudly gurgled as her children grew. Something was happening to her, Curtis thought. She was already calling herself a she and her own name was getting fuzzy. She kept thinking of herself as a queen and as a leader, a mother, and an alien. She didn't feel human and hadn't for a while, but to see them as pawns or thralls for a coming invasion... caused a shiver to run down her spine.

They heard footsteps outside in the hall and her scientist tried to brace the door but his feeble body was no match for the team of soldiers who burst inside. He was tossed aside and the men drew their guns. Curtis put her hands in the air and willed her thrall to stand down.

"Ok, Xeno. Nice and easy. You're worth a fortune and we don't *want* to kill you yet."

Curtis' stood tall as they approached, the first put his hand on her wrist to cuff behind her back and hesitated as the sweet scent of honey tickled his nose. Curtis felt the aura of his presence grow and grinned wide as she realized the potency of her pheromones.

"Release me and I will allow you all to serve."

The two soldiers standing further away looked at each other quizzically for a moment.

"What the hell are you talking about?"

The one on the left kneeled down as the right-most soldier spoke.

"Jenkins, what the hell?!"

"I will serve my Queen."

His jaw dropped, "wha- what the fuck are you?!" Raising his gun, the soldier felt his hands tremble and then freeze. He couldn't fire the gun, it was as if his arms no longer obeyed his own will.

"You are strong... come and fill me with your seed so that our children may be strong too."

This soldier couldn't stop his body from putting down the gun and unbuttoning his pants. He was suddenly hard, so hard he felt like his cock would burst! He needed to fuck his Queen- no, it was just some mind-controlling freak Xeno! He had to resist!

Curtis sat down on a nearby stool and spread her legs, biting her plump lip as she softly played with her huge breasts. She was so full of lust, she couldn't control herself. This strange, Queenly persona became more and more difficult to suppress and soon was indistinguishable from her own personality.

The soldier slowly stepped close, hovering between her legs and softly groaning as he fought the pheromones saturating his mind.

***His Queen. His lover. Make children. Strong babies. More. Please. Cum. Pleasure your Queen. Fuck her. Do it! Now!**

He couldn't hold back anymore and grabbed Curtis' thighs before stuffing his rock-hard girth into her warm and velvety soft pussy. His eyes were glassy and unfocused as he thrust away, his mind now totally given over to his Queen's power.

Curtis moaned with delight. He was big and much stronger than the scientist who took her virginity. She locked her legs behind his hips and held him tightly as he finished inside her, bathing her inner walls in his mighty seed. This time, something felt...different. it was all over. Curtis moaned and released her new thrall and collapsed to her hands and knees, feeling heat and a powerful rush not unlike what she felt when she first transformed.

It started in her ass. The warm blue flesh of her plump derriere swelled and spread as her tail migrated lower with it, her torso cracking loudly as it grew. Her legs popped and her pelvis widened into wide flanks like a broodmother's and her heavy pregnant belly drooped lower while it too swelled bigger. She moaned as all of her breasts inflated, going from heavy teardrops to giant beach balls capped with thick teats leaking milk. More breasts grew in as her torso lengthened, making her spine pop loudly as her torso became almost centaur like in appearance.

Her tail trembled and spurted nectar as it grew longer and bloomed with new, brightly colored flesh-petals. Her stamen thickened, throbbing with powerful and potent nectar. Slithering behind her, it felt so sensitive and urged her to use it...

Curtis groaned, drooling as her head stretched longer backwards and her ears stuck out, growing slightly into points as they became powerful antenna for controlling more thralls at greater distance. She was flooded with new stimulus and lolled out her tongue as she gained mental strength, her brain expanding to more than double the size. Her mind reached out and saw all of the humans in the facility who were falling under her power as her pheromones filled the entire bunker. Her legs contorted and cracked as they split into pairs, giving her four hoof-like feet and powerful legs to move the added mass of her new alien body.

She gazed down at her royal form and beamed with pride. She now understood her purpose. She was equipped with all the human traits her forebears needed to survive and thrive on Earth and the traits perfect for breeding and conquest. Her first children would be born in a matter of days and she would have an army of obedient human soldiers ready to give her even more worthy offspring soon after. All working together under her power for the same goal.

Rising to her feet, she wobbled a moment trying to balance with her brand new gait while her new thralls exited the room in front of her. Meeting the trio of enthralled soldiers and the scientist just behind them was more than a hundred men and women. Down each branch of the long tunnel, officers, scientists, soldiers, and crew all packed into the hallway awaiting her command. They bowed in unison as she appeared, their neural web rippling brightly.

With her expanded mind and enhanced mental powers she spoke to them all by name in a quiet, loving and motherly tone.

"Come children. Let us conquer this world."

- - -

Qur'tiss lay upon a scattered pile of soft pillows and blankets, contemplating the events that took place nearly a month ago. She had been shy and depressed. Going nowhere in life and lacking any spark to drive her to try new things. That fateful day in Antelope Canyon had not only changed her destiny, but that of the entire world. In the intervening weeks her forces had infiltrated or taken over huge swaths of the western United States and spread abroad. The neural web grew into the hundreds of thousands and gleamed like a beacon to any psychic beings that may have had their sights on Earth. It wouldn't be long before the world would be hers and gained the attention of the beings who gave her this strange and incredible purpose.

As she laid a series of large, slimy eggs for the fourth time that day, Qur'tiss looked up into the sky and smiled. A single bright star gleamed in the daylight and streaked across the horizon.