

Alien Assumptions 2 (Anthro-Rabbit, Anthro-Pig TF Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Fisht14

Destiny and Hazel are two young women who are looking forward to another year of college life and their future careers. But everything changes when, during a night trip, they are abducted by strange aliens and experimentally fused with animal DNA. Now, Destiny is horrified to find herself becoming part rabbit, while Hazel is turning into a pig-girl! The aliens say they'll be returned, but can the two changing women trust their word?

Alien Assumptions 2

The summer break was nearly over, and the next semesters of Destiny and Hazel's college courses would begin in just a week. The *final* semesters, in fact. The two best friends were in their early twenties and couldn't be more excited: soon they would be leaving behind the campus life, as bittersweet as that would be, and joining the workforce to achieve their dream careers.

For Destiny, her dream was to become a high-powered lawyer. Everyone that met Destiny knew she had it in her. She was always smartly dressed, her curly black hair tied back professionally, and would move in a direct line towards any goal. She was a master debater, had a steel-trap of a mind when it came to detail, and was the top of her legal classes. It also didn't hurt that she had a magnetism to her: with her perfect ebony skin and prominent cheekbones, not to mention her tall stature, she could intimidate as well as she could entice.

Hazel's dream, on the other hand, was in architecture. Just as everyone knew that Destiny could outsmart anyone, Hazel could be more outside the box than anyone. Her creativity was obvious from a young age, and her love of designing had manifested with a love of creating new spaces with daring layouts and designs. Already her professors were thinking she would go far, and she would smile sweetly at them, all gooey inside from the praise. In many ways, she was a total contrast to her best friend. Where Destiny was tall and dark and authoritative, Hazel had light Caucasian skin and was only five-foot-five. She had a beaming smile and a giddiness to her, and her long blonde hair was long and wavy over her shoulders.

By all accounts, the two shouldn't have gotten along so well, but they had bonded in high school and stuck together ever since. It was, in fact, a good combination: Destiny helped Hazel's drive, and Hazel helped Destiny relax and slow down when necessary. And, of course, they were both rather attractive, and loved hitting up the clubs and going out for

brunch together, excited about prospective dates. It was the subject of much discussion between them, as it was so in the present moment, the pair of them taking a leisurely road trip through the countryside together, off to the beach to farewell their summer break.

“Please tell me you brought that pink bikini,” Destiny said, driving at a slightly-too-fast pace.

“I left it behind,” Hazel remarked. “I thought maybe the blue bathing suit was better for today.”

“Oh, that’s such a shame! Pink is definitely your colour. I knew I should have packed it for you. It brings all the boys out, too.”

Hazel giggled. “I know, but I burn easily! I don’t have your lovely dark skin as protection.”

“Well, we can’t all be perfect.”

“Is that what you said to Darren?”

Destiny threw her a smirking glance. “Oh, you are daring today. Yes, it’s pretty much exactly what I told him. He was moving way too fast.”

“To be fair, you’re the fastest moving person I know, Des. Speaking of, maybe not so fast? It’s getting dark.”

They were staying at a friend’s beach shack, but there was a late night party everyone was looking forward to on the beach. Plenty of booze, and with them attending, babes as well.

Destiny eased off the accelerator. “Sorry. Well, he just wanted us to settle down, and was already talking about marriage.”

“I thought you liked the idea of marriage? Two kids, the front porch, all of it.”

“Once I’ve made my career as the best damn lawyer that is! Besides, he wanted three kids. I told him two, maximum.”

Hazel frowned.

“You disagree?”

“Oh, no,” Hazel said. “I just kinda like the idea of three kids. Maybe four. I guess it’s easier as an architect though; plenty work from home. Maybe I just need to find the right guy.”

Destiny placed a hand on her leg, squeezing it comfortingly. “You will, honey, you will. And I’ll be there to vet him, don’t you worry!”

They both shared a laugh, then returned to the conversation of how the party would be. It was getting into night by this point, and the beach was only a few miles of country road away. It was a secluded spot that not many knew about, and the prospect excited the pair of them. Their futures were going to be career-driven, so one last college party hurrah beckoned as a naughty little temptation.

Unfortunately, it would be one they would soon come to regret ever driving to, not that they would ever make it to the beach. Destiny was talking about which firms she would prefer to work at and which she considered to be dead-ends when suddenly there were a series of strange lights approaching, almost rotating upon the horizon.

“Yeah, I’m thinking of Harveson’s,” Hazel said, not looking forward. “They have some lovely green designs for their homes, and I think I can bring a lot of innovative sustainability to the t-”

“Hazel, does that look weird to you?”

The young woman looked up and shifted her blonde hair away from her face. The lights were getting closer, rapidly, and seemed to be infused with an odd greenish colour. They were definitely rotating, as if it were a carousel. Stranger still, as they came closer, it was evident that whatever was projecting them was in the *air*, not on the road.

“It almost looks like a flying saucer,” Hazel mused, feeling a little nervous.

“That’s crazy,” Destiny said. “And can’t be true. There’s no actual evidence of alien UFOs around.”

“I’m not debating, Des, I’m just saying that - holy shit! It looks like one!”

The lights were only a hundred feet away now and closing fast. The vast shape of a circular metal underside was now discernible, only fifty or so feet in the air. Destiny hit the breaks, the pair of them squealing, Hazel especially. The darker-skinned woman kept her cool a little, getting into reverse as soon as possible and driving backwards.

“I don’t know what it is but it isn’t good news!” she declared.

A loud *BWAAAHMMMM* erupted from the saucer, and to their shared shock, their car simply . . . stopped. The engine died immediately, along with all their electronics. Hazel was panicking by this point, seeing the UFO draw closer, a larger central green light unveiling from its circular centre.

“It’s definitely aliens!” Hazel cried. “It’s aliens! Oh God, my phone isn’t working! It’s not working Destiny what do we do!?”

Even Destiny was feeling the heat now, but tried to keep calm. “We run,” she said.

“But it’s aliens!”

“It’s not, but we run!”

Unfortunately, the blinding central light now fell upon them, and the entire car began to lift. Both girls grabbed their seats, horrified as the heavy vehicle was lifted up and up and up into the UFO itself. They could barely see a thing, the light was becoming so bright, but Destiny grit her teeth and Hazel squealed as a hatch opened in the flying saucer and they began to enter it. The last thing either saw was that terrible green light, and a small silhouetted figure standing inside the hatch.

Destiny woke first, coughing a little, her mouth dry and her stomach rumbling. She was in a large, mostly white room filled with hexagonal panels. It was easily fifty or sixty feet in diameter and nearly as tall, but seemed to have no exits. A large square rug covered a small section of the floor, and there were various seats and sofas located haphazardly around, as well as a selection of books on a library bookshelf that looks oddly placed in. And there, on the rug, was Hazel.

“Hazel! Wake up!” Destiny said, shifting the other woman.

“Wuh . . . Des? What happened?”

“I don’t know, but it looks like we’ve been kidnapped. We need to find a way out of here. C’mon, get up!”

Hazel groggily stood, but her panic soon set in. She was far less steely in nature than Destiny, and as she took in the blank room she began to hyperventilate.

“Oh God, oh God, are we going to be probed or something?”

“It’s not aliens!” Destiny said. “It’s some military thing or Russia or something, I don’t know. C’mon, let’s be practical. You’re the one who’s the optimist, remember?”

Hazel swallowed, nodding. “Yes, of course. Sorry, Des. We can do this. Aliens, I don’t know what I was . . . thinking . . .”

She looked up, jaw dropping. For a moment Destiny became frustrated with her as she touched a number of panels on the nearest wall, but then she saw what Hazel was staring at: a wide horizontal window was situated right near the top of the tall chamber, and several figures were now standing before it, looking down at them. Figures with very short statures, large heads with big black eyes, and noticeably grey skin.

In a word, *aliens*.

“Oh God,” Hazel said, “I was right.”

“You were right,” Destiny repeated.

“Um, hello!” Hazel said, trying not to panic again. “I’m Hazel and this is Destiny! I’m sorry, but you appear to have lifted us up. Can you let us leave?”

The grey figure in the centre spoke, and his voice was strange through the intercom.

“Haaaazellll. Desssstinnyyy. You are . . . experiment.”

It lifted a bulbous finger and pointed at the all opposite. A large screen manifested from the hexagonal panels, and it displayed a vibrant looking woman with dark skin and a beaming smile, partying with friends. Neither recognised her, until Destiny remembered a case several years ago of a young woman disappearing.

“That’s Monica! Monica Hughes! She disappeared a few years ago. Did you take her?”

The alien shook its head. *“Otherssss of kindndnd. Mistaaaaake. Born of thissss.”*

A new image appeared: Monica in a silly cow costume. It was clearly for Halloween.

“Otherssss tried to correct. Wrong asssssumpttionn.”

A new image: Monica looking bloated and large, her flat chest now enormous.

Another image, her breasts migrating to between her legs, white and black fur springing from her skin. More images, each charting her changes, the growth of horns and a tail and legs instead of arms until finally . . .

A photo of a cow. Just a regular bovine cow, back in a field eating grass, looking quite heavily pregnant, another calf upon its udder.

“Oh God,” Hazel said. “She was turned into a cow? She was killed?”

“Minnnnd saaafe. But now a cooooww. Mistake, but led to stuuuudy. Interesting dataaaa. Weeeee are geneticsssss, we try experiment. Then we let you goooo. But must conduct experimennntt.”

The pair looked at one another, imagining the fate of that poor woman, whose mind was likely still in a cow somewhere, still birthing calves.

“You’ll let us go?” said Hazel, clinging to hope.

“If you folloowwww ruuuules.”

Destiny knew all about rules. She calmed herself, focusing on her lawyer’s skills.

“What rules? And to what end? Is this a contract?”

“In a mannnner of speeaaakingng. You mussst consuume the liquid. The light-skinned one must drink the pink. The dark-skinned one must drink the brown. Very ss-simple.”

“And if we don’t?”

The creature did not frown, but it did point to the cow again. It’s meaning was clear; whatever fate was in store for them, there was a worse one.

“I demand you let us go normally when the experiment is over!” Destiny yelled. “We deserve to live our full lives.”

The aliens conferred. *“Agreeeed. Drink the nutrient passsste.”*

The window became blank, but it was clear that the aliens were likely watching. From the wall nearest to the two women, a pair of basins emerged, each with a nozzle and a number of jugs and cups. There was a faucet similar to an Earth design, and the purpose was clear: turn it, and the nozzle will pour the nutrients.

“This is nuts,” Destiny said. “We can’t do this.”

“But we’ll turn into a cow!”

“I’m not convinced this isn’t some crazy prank.”

“They lifted our car! Look, let’s just do this, so we don’t end up like Monica. Des, they’ll let us go. We just need to play along, and maybe we can use our smarts to find

something. I'm going to be an architect, and you're going to be a lawyer; together we can find a way to either escape or get out of this properly."

Destiny put a hand on her shorter friend's shoulder.

"There's my optimist back again. Shit, okay. Um, maybe we can hold off until-

"Eaaaat the passsste."

She clenched her eyes shut. "Damn it, they're definitely still monitoring us. Fine, but just a little bit. See how it tastes. I'll . . . we'll figure something out."

They both moved nervously to the basins before them. The faucet turned easily, and from it came jets of paste. By coincidence or design, they were standing before the right stations, removed by only ten feet or so. Brown sludge poured into Destiny's cup, and pink sludge into Hazel's. It was thick and gelatinous, but the strange thing was how alluring the smell was. They both breathed it in deep, and there was almost something intoxicating about it.

"H-here goes!" Hazel said, trying to summon her regular cheer.

"Bottoms up, I guess," Destiny replied, still cynical.

They both drank their goo, slowly at first. Both their eyes snapped wide open at the same time, and they almost gagged: not because it was awful, but because of how unexpectedly delicious it was. It set off fireworks in their brains, and despite their initial caution they began to wolf down the substance, then more, then more until their large cups were entirely drained.

"Fuck me, that's good," Destiny said.

"Too good!" Hazel said, unable to suppress a smile. "M-maybe this won't be so bad? I - I need more. I'm going to have a bit more."

Destiny held off only a little bit longer. She knew she shouldn't want more, but seeing Hazel gulp down more set off her newly minted addiction, and she joined her friend in gulping and slurping down more, even licking the excess from the cup's rim. It was impossible to describe, somehow sickly sweet and perfectly savoury at the same time. It was utterly morish, because they couldn't stop eating once they had started, and soon they were filling up cup after cup, guzzling it down with ease and even moaning from the sheer taste.

"Mhmmm, why is this crap so good?" Destiny asked.

"I don't know, but I want even more!"

"Me too, and that's what makes me afraid!"

But it wasn't like either could stop. They continued to eat and eat until they were positively stuffed, and even then they downed more, to the point where it felt like their bellies would explode. It was only when the nozzles retracted back into the walls that the pair finally slouched back, managing to slowly trudge to a pair of sofas and collapsing back into them.

Their stomachs were visibly distended from the sheer amount of alien ooze they had consumed, and they panted slowly, barely able to talk.

“There’s s-something wrong with that sludge,” Destiny managed, rubbing her sore midsection as if she were pregnant. In truth, she was simply pressurised as all hell.

Hazel did the same, though she was smiling with surprising content before she could herself and frowned too. “I got lost in it, Destiny. I swear I ate even more than you. God, I became such a pig.”

“You’re not a pig. Whatever that stuff is, Hazel, it’s addictive. I don’t know what experiment they’re running, but we have to be careful. They said it was genetic.”

Hazel nodded. She closed her eyes. She was feeling quite tired after so much consumption, to the point where it was putting her in a food coma.

“That’s a w-worry,” she said dreamily.

“Don’t go to sleep,” Destiny said, her own eyes fluttering closed. “We have to s-stay vigilant. W-we’ll make it out of th-this . . .”

“I’ll be a famous architect,” Hazel said, already slipping into sleep.

“And I’ll be . . . a hotshot . . . lawyer.”

They both fell into a deep slumber, rubbing their stomachs from the sheer amount of ooze they had imbibed. Destiny was wearing a cute black dress that showed a generous amount of thigh and had a slightly plunging neckline, while Hazel was wearing a cute pink t-shirt and cute denim shorts that fit her more bubbly self. But as they slept, their clothes began to stretch. Their bodies absorbed the nutrient paste, as well as the genetic coding hidden within it. Already, their DNA was becoming altered, bonded to samples from animal life that the aliens had gathered weeks before and perfected into this very concoction. Occasionally the pair stirred in their sofas, twisting and shifting with discomfort, sweating a little as the first changes began. They were not major yet, but both girls gained a bit of weight, their pressurised stomachs absorbing the paste and gaining a more doughy appearance. Their rears swelled subtly, and their breasts began to ache, enlarging a little. Hazel had a busty C-cup compared to Destiny’s more slim B’s, but both edged up in size, making their bras uncomfortable.

The alien Greys watched with interest, their computer matrixes taking a ludicrous amount of notes. The others of their species may have accidentally given the one known as Monica a bad fate, but this experiment was intentional. They would release the two females in time, but not until they had made a new pair of species entirely out of them, as the girls would soon find out.

Hazel woke first this time. She felt tired from her poor sleep, and it took her a moment to realise she was still on the alien ship. Instantly she felt a well of pent-up emotion come over her; there was a bed now in the chamber, two of them in fact. Clearly, they were meant to stay here longer. For a moment, she trembled, wanting to express tears even as she tried to keep an upbeat attitude.

But then the hunger hit.

Her stomach growled, quite loudly at that, and Destiny stirred awake.

“What the - where are - shit! It wasn’t a dream!”

Hazel beheld her friend. “Des, um, I think we overdid it on the ooze.”

Destiny looked at herself and squeaked. Her wonderfully fitting black dress - a cute little number - was now surprisingly tight in places, especially around the stomach and chest. Even her rear felt bigger. They weren’t bad curves, not at all, but in the context of their alien kidnapping, it wasn’t a good sign.

“We need to get the fuck out of here,” she said.

Hazel nodded, but then the intercom sounded, the nozzles and basins reappearing at the walls just in time for both their stomachs to whine.

“Eeaaaatt. The experiment must continuueueue.”

“What experiment?” shouted Destiny up to the pane of glass where the aliens watched. “We need details! What are you doing to us?”

“You willlll find ouuutt. Eaaaaeaeat.”

Another groan, and then the nozzles raised up automatically. They hissed, and two clouds of vapour - one brown and one pink - misted the air. It went into the nostrils of Destiny and Hazel, and the two friends were suddenly like felines before catnip. Their pupils even dilated, as if entranced.

“So good,” Destiny said, stumbling forwards.

“N-need more,” Hazel said.

“This is so fucked up. It’s doing something to us.”

“I know, but I don’t care! I need to eat as much as possible!”

And they did, somehow scoffing down even *more* than yesterday. They ate and ate and ate and ate, the flavour somehow distinct from the previous session, packed with even more nutrients, hormones, and genetic mixtures. They were ravenous, and Hazel became quite the pig indeed when she grabbed the nozzle, turned the faucet wider, and began to suck the ooze directly from the tap, as it were. Destiny saw this and was disgusted.

“Hazel, what are you doing!?”

“I can’t help it! I need MORE!”

She managed to keep her dignity this time, but the lawyer-to-be desperately wanted to do the same. In the end, she had to keep drinking from the cup, which felt far too slow.

This continued on for some time, the pair moaning and trembling from how full they were. It was like they were going to explode, and Destiny's dress in particular was getting too tight. Hazel grunted, unzipping her denim shorts so she could eat more. At no point did it even occur to them that they hadn't used the toilet once since arriving; all the goo was going to their bodies, not a single sample of genetic tinkering wasted.

Finally, the pair of them fell back on the rug as the nozzles went away, overcome with it all, sweating profusely and whining.

"Nghhhh!" Hazel grunted. "I'm s-so f-full!"

"M-me too," Destiny cried, feeling herself over. She was so goddamned flushed, but couldn't stop touching her body. Unlike last time, it was on fire with strange pressure, like she was getting pinpricks all over. She scratched an itchy pair of sections below her breasts, and even cupped her chest, fondling it.

"S-something w-weird's happening," Hazel said, panting.

"You think!?"

"No, s-something new! I can feel - my nose - it's like - UGHHH!"

She *snorted*, and to her horror her nose began to widen dramatically at the joining point in her vision. Destiny squeaked in shock as she watched her friend's nostrils expand, Hazel's button cute nose becoming rounded and wide, the nostrils vast.

"What the fuck is happening!" Hazel managed, but still the pressure in her stomach was too great. She could feel it absorbing, directing elsewhere. Her breasts surged forth, growing from C-cups to very generous D's, pulling her shirt up to reveal her bloated abdomen. "Aghhhh, Destiny, h-help me!"

She snorted again, turning on her side. There was a pressure in her rear she couldn't make sense of, like her spine was trying to push out from her skin. She pulled her denim shorts down a little, squirming from the sheer pressure.

"What's h-happening!"

Destiny whimpered, feeling her own sets of changes starting. Those itches beneath her breasts were like small bumps now, and her own nose felt odd, like it was changing shape, pinching in a little, the nostrils not expanding but becoming diagonal slits. A pressure was beginning at the end of her own spine, but it was Hazel that changed first.

"S-something's c-coming!" she cried. "I can feel - NGHH! OHHH!!!"

There was a tremendous, almost pleasurable release, and a pink-coloured pig's tail pushed out from her spine. It wasn't particularly big, but neither was it small either. It curled around like a coil as it pushed outwards, roughly five inches long if pulled straight, and surprisingly thick too. Destiny gasped.

"Hazel, it's a tail! A pig's tail!"

"What!? No way! Oh my God, you're growing one too, Des!"

Des felt her tailbone, the pressure getting bigger and bigger and bigger. She clenched her eyes shut, getting on all fours as if trying to give birth. She let out a long, high whine until the sheer burden could no longer be tolerated, and then all at once a new tail exploded out from her backside, ripping part of the dress out from the sheer lack of room. Dark brown hair that was just slightly lighter than her skin shot forth from it, causing her to scratch and feel and paw at the strange growth. But it wasn't like Hazel's tail. No, this was:

"A rabbit tail, holy shit!" Hazel said, before falling back into gasping. "What the fuck is happening to us?"

The pressures finally relented. The pair panted, both feeling sleepy from the effort of the change, both looking larger, a bit tubbier, and certainly less human. Their breasts had grown, and little itchy bumps were forming below them. And now, flushed and barely conscious, they had both grown tails.

"I - I don't know," Destiny managed to say, succumbing to exhaustion yet again. "Bad contract . . ."

No aliens appeared on the third waking. Both women had lost a little bit of weight around the stomach during their sleep, but had gained it more around the bust. Their tails were still there, with nerves for sensation and everything. Worse, small hairs were beginning to appear across the thighs and hips of both women: pink for Hazel and brown for Destiny.

"What the fuck are we turning into?" Destiny said, before screaming up at the glass. "What the fuck are you doing to us? I have a right to know! You're in American jurisdiction, goddamn it! There has to be a Bill of Rights where you come from! ARGH!"

There was no reply. She clenched her teeth shut, only to feel something odd: her front two teeth were longer, thicker. Almost as if they had absorbed the smaller teeth next to them. She searched around, only to find that a new pair of objects had been placed into the room: a pair of full length reflective mirrors.

"Hazel," she said, "look at this."

The pair moved over, hesitant and cautious. What they saw was not what they wanted. Both had bloated up in the hips, and their boobs had definitely swelled, though the weight and jiggle of them was obvious already. Destiny indeed seemed to have slight buck teeth, though they were oddly cute in a way. Her fur was soft and silky, and Hazel's was faint against her pinkening skin; she looked more flushed all over, actually. The ends of the blonde's fingertips were a little greyed, and the same was true of her toes when she removed her shoes. Worse, both of them noticed odd changes in their ears: they were further up on their heads by half an inch, making them look even more freak-like. Worse,

they had thinned up at the top: Destiny's were a bit longer and furrer, while Hazel's sort of tapered to a slight triangular edge, like elven ears, but pinker.

"M-maybe they'll change us back when done?" Hazel said, nervously biting her lip. She snorted from nervousness, her larger pig-like nose taking in more air than intended. "They said they would return us, right?"

But Destiny had been in enough boardrooms for her ongoing internship to know that any contract could be manipulated and debated. "We need to get out of here."

Hazel nodded. "I'll check out the walls. Use those architectural skills, right?"

"Yeah. Right." Destiny's voice was a little distant. She was trying to ignore the strange tension in her legs, the itchiness of the two bumps beneath her breasts. And more than that, she was trying to ignore her addictive hunger, just as Hazel was.

Hazel got to work. The room was clearly alien, with only modicum attempts to replicate human needs. Neither had needed to go to the toilet or even drink water since being abducted, so there was no bathroom. There was, however, a shower area that had been added, which would make them smell better given how much the changes made them sweat. Hazel investigated it, and found something interesting that she whispered to Destiny.

"The hexagonal hatches are more easily pried there. We might be able to slowly remove a few and escape. I don't think the aliens can see us there."

Destiny agreed. Besides, it was a good excuse for showers. She went to take one, eager to at least feel clean, but then her stomach growled loudly, and the nozzles extended from the nearest wall, promising the most delicious produce.

"F-fuck," she said.

Hazel echoed the sentiment. Like addicts returning to their favourite vice, the two young women couldn't help themselves. They were starving, and they needed their fix. This time there were no cups, however, no jugs or even basins. There were just the nozzles, and a switch to turn them on. Hazel blushed a terrific pink, her skin unbelievably flushed as she gripped the nozzle first.

"God, I'm so pathetic," she said, and then she turned it on. Destiny sighed, a hand wandering down to those itchy bumps. They were so damn sensitive, and she knew something was happening there. But she also needed to eat.

She turned her nozzle on, and the pair consumed. Somehow, they managed to drink up more genetic paste than ever before. They moaned, eyes rolling into the back of their heads. It was different again this time, sweeter and more filling, and yet not filling at the same time. Both could almost swear they could feel the sludge being absorbed into their systems, infecting their DNA and shifting it further from humanity. But neither could pull away. This time, the pressure was almost excruciating, bordering on utterly painful. Still they

drank and drank and ate and ate, their stomachs distended as if four months pregnant until finally the nozzles pulled back into the wall and out of their desperate grips.

“Nghhhhh!” Hazel grunted. “I - shit!”

Her shirt ripped open at the front. Destiny turned to see her friend, and the sides of her dress ripped too, along with more of the rear.

“Ughhhh!” she groaned. “Oh G-God. F-fuck!”

They were both sweating profusely. As if by some unspoken agreement, the pair moved to the shower room. They didn’t want the aliens seeing this part, and their outlines were obviously above, making their progress. Yet with each step, the dreadful changes began. Hazel’s skin flushed further pink, and for the first time she realised it wasn’t actually her skin flushing at all; she *literally* was turning actually pink! She gasped, feeling more of the fat distributing around her form. Her thighs thickened, her buttocks expanded, and soon her shorts were ripping at the back, the undone fly not enough to contain her widening pelvis.

“Ohhhhh G-God,” she groaned. “I’m g-growing! Destiny, I can f-feel - UGHH!!”

She clutched at the two mounds below her breasts, stumbling into the shower block. They were getting bigger, as were her breasts.

“I’m c-changing tooooo!” Destiny managed, panting heavily. She wasn’t becoming as big as Hazel was, but her hips were also creaking wider. Her fingers began to shift, bone rearranging slowly but surely, fingers curling and fusing together. In moments she had three fingers instead of four, and they were covered in dark brown hairs. Her ears shifted upwards, becoming floppier still. She tried to pull them back down again, but was only met by more soft fur along the sides of her head.

“This isn’t legal!” she cried. “I should kn-know! Let us out, damn it! NGHHH!!”

Her teeth lengthened, as did her ears. Destiny bent over as her leg bones cracked, only to change shape entirely. Her thighs gained more muscle and her toes lengthened, becoming paw-like just like her hands.

The showers turned on automatically, adding insult to injury. Hazel pulled away her top and clutched her sensitive chest, fondling her breasts from the sheer, unmitigated arousal that was sweeping over her. Her nipples were becoming huge, like dark pink thimbles, and her now-D-cup chest was rapidly becoming a pair of Double-D’s, and then to cantaloupe-sized E’s that jiggle with every trembling shake of her shoulders.

Destiny, meanwhile, felt hers also expand. They were also covered over with fur except around the dark brown nipples. She moaned desperately, slick juices running down hairy thighs from a weird rise in her libido.

“Why is this t-turning me onnnn!?” she whined, lowering her pawed hands to the sore lower bumps.

“M-me tooo!” Hazel cried. “I’m - oh God, I’m growing more breasts! Destiny, I’m growing a s-second pair of tits!”

Destiny’s eyes went wide as she looked at her friend. Hazel was now naked but for her very stretched underwear, her piggy tail and pink skin on display. Her nose was even wider, her ears looking pig-like and migrating to the top of her head. Her boobs were huge, but even more shocking were the two new additions below them. They were expanded visibly in real time, taking the shape of breasts complete with dark pink nipples upon them. Hazel clenched her eyes shut, snorting and squealing just like a pig as she cradled them, trying to force them back in. But clearly the arousal was getting to her, because she was also fondling her new nipples, urging her new boobs to grow. Slowly, they did so, lifting up her lower pair so that her larger upper pair rested on these ones.

“Ohhhhhh,” she managed, before snorting again. “This isn’t f-fair! Why do I get these!?”

“I’m getting them t-too!” Destiny announced, making the connection. She clutched her increasingly furry breasts, then lowered her hands down to the second pair that were rising like a pair of soft souffles. Her nipples were responsive enough to send little shocks of pleasure through her body, and she stamped her larger foot down several times just like a rabbit. She panted heavily again, not even noticing the whiskers extending from either side of her nose. Her breasts were now ripe DD’s, and the ones below them at least B’s, weighed down upon by the upper pair. Hazel’s finished growing, and she was left with prominent EE-cups, practically half the size of her own head each, and below them a pair of impressive C-cups that would have been pretty ample on any ordinary woman, but looked small in comparison to her upper pair.

The two were drenched in warm water, the showers still pouring upon them. Their clothing was half discarded, and in the strange aftermath Destiny had to unzip her dress, only for it to fall in tatters around her transformed feet. Neither said a word, both too overwhelmed by all that had happened.

“Y-you’re looking like a pig,” Destiny murmured almost blankly.

“And you’re looking like a bunny,” Hazel replied.

There was another moment’s pause as they took this information in . . . then both women went down on their knees and began to *tear* at the hexagonal plates in the wall, trying to rend it away and find freedom. They managed to pry one entirely free, giving only the faintest of hopes, but then the alien voice echoed.

“Commmmmme. Let ussssss seee your progressssss.”

Both women managed to get another small hexagon free, but with their expanded forms it wasn’t enough to fit through: Hazel especially could recognise that she now had quite the pair of wide hips and large, piggish buttocks, and Destiny’s round bunny tail would

be a squeeze, that was for sure. Slowly, filled with shame, the pair walked out of the shower block, naked. Destiny's legs were now slightly digitigrade, and Hazel had to help steady her as she got used to her new gait. Her whiskers twitched, much to her annoyance, and she had to fight off the weird urge to hop forward rather than bounce. Hazel, meanwhile, snorted a little from nervousness. They both looked like anthro animal girls now. Their ears weren't yet finished, and their new colour and hair were not covering them fully either, but the animalistic nature of their changes were clear. Hazel beheld her greyed fingers and toes and feared further transformation there, and Destiny did the same regarding her legs. Both rubbed their stomachs, feeling the last of the sludge absorb.

The aliens above looked down on them.

"Are you fucking happy!?" Destiny cried, tears sliding down her hairy cheeks. She could feel a pressure in her nose, as if her jaw wanted to push forward a little.

"Success is w-wwelll."

"Fuck you!"

"Please," Hazel said, quieting her friend. "We'll do anything if you just return us to normal."

"Experirmennnt mussst proceed."

It was all the answers they were going to get. The two anthro-women looked at one another again, feeling the weight of their new breasts and expanded original pair, not to mention their furry forms and changed faces.

"We'll find a way," Hazel promised Destiny. "We'll find a way."

Destiny just looked at her furry, paw-like hands. "We have to."

More stomach growls, more hunger, more sludge, more change. The changes were more incremental now, as if the genetic engineering in the nutrient paste was fine-tuning their forms each day, ensuring that their final anthro-forms were exactly as the grey aliens wanted. The routine was simple as it was agonising and reluctantly pleasurable. Destiny and Hazel would fill up on their respective goo, only to writhe and moan, snort or stamp a leg as the changes hit. The blonde architect-to-be became more pig-like, her ears shifting to the top of her head, poking out of her still-yellow hair as soft pink triangles. Her upper breasts were now F-cups or so, though it was impossible to tell without a big bra around. They were pert and full, and she could barely use one hand to cup a single one. Below, the lower ones were catching up. Her hands were also changing, the digits fusing to leave her just two fingers and a thumb, the hard grey matter of her hands more like manipulatable hooves. This matched with her feet, which were fusing toes to become proper hooves. She stumbled

about a bit getting used to them, and only the expansion of her big pink rear gave her the ballast she needed to keep upright. Her skin was entirely pink now, the faint hairs adding to this. The poor girl was entirely naked all the time, her underwear having snapped off from another expansion to her hips. She snorted and squealed often when agitated, or even when laughing after a bit of gallow's humour. Her middle was soft and chubby, though there was no denying her figure was oddly attractive. It pained her to admit it, but was damn cute and hella busty to see in the mirror. A shame she just had a freak number of boobs and piggish features!

Destiny's body was even further changed. Her upper and lower breasts were large and equal in size now, though not to the same degree as Hazel's massive double-pair. But her body now had a thick coating of soft brown fur that matched her actual dark-skin. Her feet were now enormous, just like a rabbit's, and also like a rabbit she was starting to hop. Even walking had a small hop-like quality to it, much to her embarrassment. Her ears had also extended to enormous: they were nearly two entire feet long, and either sat vertically from her head when alarmed or concentrating, or otherwise resting over her shoulders. Her hearing was sensational, but it just for now meant hearing more of the aliens fussing over her changes. Unlike Hazel, who still had a very human face apart from the pig-nose and skin colour change, Destiny had a small, oddly cute snout. It didn't push out much, but it was noticeable, and her teeth had altered all the better for future herbivore consumption. The only real benefit, as far as she could tell, was that her fur lining made her feel 'clothed' in a sense, whereas Hazel was naked. Unfortunately, unlike Hazel, she had lost her lovely curly black hair, which had become more loose flowing brown hair instead to match her fur. Hazel's had stayed blonde and wavy for some reason, an odd contrast to her pink skin.

"This sucks," she said, biting her buck teeth as they showered.

"We're nearly there," Hazel said, grunting as she pulled back another panel. Her large breasts drooped low, making her snort a little from the sheer weight.

"We get out, we find some way to change us back, and then we leave," Destiny said. "I don't trust them."

"I trust you," Hazel said, patting her friend's fur. Destiny shivered a little. It felt wonderful. They were both getting a little animalistic; Hazel was expressing a desire for a mud bath lately. But then she caught herself.

"Just n-need to get this last one out and then . . . THERE!"

The last panel came away, finally leaving enough space for escape down a hidden vent of some kind. Hazel was about to enter when she suddenly seized up.

"Ohhhh, one m-more ch-change!"

Destiny groaned as well. "Ahhh, m-me too!"

It was, in some ways, the final finishing touches. Hazel's form became just a little chubbier, her buttocks and hips even further expanded. Her breasts grew yet again, making her whine from bliss and irritation.

"They're all the s-size of m-my head now! Ohhh!"

Destiny's legs finished their changes, now fully adapted for hopping. The last fur grew in on her forearms, and she shivered as her ears gained a half foot of length. The two breathed heavily for a moment.

"Commeeee letttttt ussss ssesesese."

A shared glance, a shake of the head from Destiny. No way were they going back. The changes were clearly done, and who knows what the aliens would do now. It was time to leave, *now*.

"I'll go first, Hazel," Destiny said. "No offence, but-"

"I get it. I'm the bigger girl now. At least one of us can hopefully go through."

They entered, and thankfully there was enough space for Hazel, though she snorted and squealed from the sensation of her heavy tits pressing against the cold tiles, producing arousal and discomfort at the same time. Her buttocks pressed against the vent ceiling, while Destiny ahead was trying to flop her ears down and figure out her feet, which were difficult to manoeuvre.

"I can see something ahead!" she hissed back to her friend. "And I don't smell any aliens, at least I don't think I do with this new nose of mine."

"Is it a control room? A room with cures?" Hazel asked hopefully.

"I can't tell. It looks promising, I think we might even-"

She was interrupted by a loud metal groaning, one that came from the vent itself. The weight of both women were clearly too much for it, and before they could act at all the bottom of the vent collapsed on one side, the hinges coming undone and spilling them down. Both women squealed - especially Hazel in her porcine voice - as they tumbled down a far greater chamber in the UFO, one filled with large vats of liquid. They splashed into one, both unable to stop themselves from sucking down more of this new, strange purple fluid even as they tried to swim up. Destiny managed it, her powerful rabbit legs kicking powerfully, but Hazel was not used to her heavier form, and her hooves were hardly suitable for swimming without practice. She began to sink, panicking as she did so.

"Hazel!" Destiny screamed. "Oh God, Hazel!" The rabbit woman held to the edge of the vat, pressing her breasts against them. She swallowed down more of the purple goo still in her mouth. It made a strangely warm sensation bloom in her lower belly, but she didn't have time to think about that just now. "Someone help us! HELP HER!"

And just like that, a great green light shone down from on high upon them, illuminating them with its tractor-like properties. Slowly, the two rose up out of the vats

entirely, barely able to see. Hazel spluttered, having drunk a great deal of the purple liquid. To her own shame, Destiny had a huge amount of it matting her fur, and she quickly caught up to her friend's intake by sucking it from her arms and pooling it up in her paws to drink from.

"Hazel!" she declared. "Thank God you're alright!"

"I'm sorry, I was too heavy for the vent!"

"You're not that big, it's my fault! But now . . . oh God, they might not let us go at all."

The light only grew brighter as this realisation hit.

The two anthro-girls were not probed, but they were certainly examined. Nervous tentacled devices scanned them over when they were returned. The grey aliens allowed them to be showered, and then, now that Destiny in particular was so furry, a warm blowdry was provided across her body, leaving her embarrassingly fluffy. Both felt rather strange from the infusion of the purple gel they had consumed. They stood naked, waiting for what the aliens would do to them, a curvy pig-girl with two pairs of enormous head-sized tits, and a surprisingly beautiful rabbit woman, especially tall with her prominent ears and long, athletic legs, and a coating of soft fur to compliment her still impressive double-pair of breasts.

To their surprise, a door opened up against the hexagons in the room, and a grey alien entered. He or she or it cocked its head curiously.

"Whyyyy did you trryy to escaeepe?"

Destiny gestured to herself, then to her porcine friend. "Look what you did to us!"

"You agreeeeedd to ourr conditions. We would retuuurn youuu."

"You expect us to believe that!?" Destiny shouted, stamping her foot on the ground in a rabbit-like fashion through pure instinct.

"We spoooke truuue. We would channnge you baack. Experiment was successsss."

Both of the transformed women looked at one another. Hazel was finding it hard not to cup her huge boobs - either pair. She really needed some support for her big, pink tits. If this was a success, then it was certainly a dramatic one.

"So you'll change us back?" Hazel said, giving her biggest, beaming smile. She still had her blonde hair and bright blue eyes, and it made for quite the appeal along with her expression.

"Unfortunately, you have consuuumed paart of the male reproduuuctive gel."

"The purple jelly?" Hazel asked.

"Yessss. You consumed amounts. Your genetic cooode fuuurther changeddd. Now reproduuce. Can't change back. Geneticcsss loocked."

A horrible, crestfallen feeling came over both of them. Tears formed in Hazels' eyes. Destiny was far more angry, suiting her personality.

"Are you fucking kidding me!" she cried, stamping her bunny foot. "I'm not living as a freak bunny girl with big ears and fur and four huge tits! And you aren't keeping my friend as a big-boobed pig-girl either! We're not staying here!"

The alien did not smile, but it's body language was . . . slightly amused.

"Of couuursee not. We will still return you."

For a moment, hope.

"Asssss you arre. We will monitooor."

Before either girl could protest, the powerful green light blinded them. The last thought that went through Destiny's steel trap of a mind was that the word 'reproductive' seemed rather ominous . . .

Hazel grunted as she brought her latest luggage to Destiny's campus dorm room. A number of peers watched her go, her pink skin and porcine features catching the eye, not to mention her curly pig tail poking out between her wide denim shorts and beneath her blue top. Her four breasts were obviously outlined against the fabric, full and round and sore from recent growth, and her gut stuck out as well, rounded and taut.

"Ughh," she grunted, stepping into the room with her bare hooves.

"Nice tits, Hazel!" a man shouted.

"Fuck off, asshole!" Destiny said, literally hopping past Hazel to exit out into the hallway. She thrust up a large uncovered rabbit foot and pointed to her ears. "I can hear you from a mile away saying those things about us, so watch it or I'll put my foot up your ass, no matter how damn pregnant I am!"

"Thanks Des," Hazel said as she collapsed onto the couch. Destiny came back in and shut the door.

"No problem, Hazel. Ugh, how is it that frat boys are even worse when the girl they're hitting on is literally a half-animal freak?"

"Isn't it obvious?" the other woman joked as she removed her top, the summer weather making it too hot to cover up so much. Her enormous four breasts jiggled in their bras. "We've got four tits, and that's all some guys care about."

"Especially yours, though enough weirdos want to stroke my fur, seriously. I had one guy grab my tail. I *did* kick his ass."

Hazel gave a snort-chuckle. "You're literally bouncing a little from anger right now."

"Stupid aliens giving me stupid rabbit instincts. The kitchen is half full of cupboards."

“Well, I did have that wonderful mud bath the other day, so I get it. It was nice on this big belly at least.”

The pair considered one another, and themselves. Their futile escape attempt had left major ramifications on their bodies. Not only were their changes now permanent - and boy, had there been a wild news cycle and endless interviews over *that*, not to mention the legal ramifications - but they had also been left *pregnant* as a result of the jelly. It wasn't long after being returned naked in a damn field that the pair began to feel nauseous. After becoming major sensations against their will, the doctors had discovered they were both pregnant.

Quite pregnant in fact.

Really fucking goddamned pregnant, actually.

Hazel's belly, after just a couple of months, looked like a woman at full term. It was bloated and large, and already she could feel movement stirring within. The exact number count was unknown, but it was clear she was carrying a whole damn litter, and her big pink boobs had grown even bigger to compensate. Destiny, meanwhile, had only been a little pregnant, with just one anthro-bunny baby . . . at first. The truth was, much as she hated the weird comments about her body, she was as horny as an actual breeding bunny now, and driven mad by her own incredible libido she had ended up getting 'mated' by a number of horny campusgoers, some of which bragged to others about 'landing the hot bunnygirl.' The end result was that her body had been refertilised a number of times, and now she was also getting huge, carrying at least six in there. Which left the question, of course, of just how many damn babies Hazel had!

“Still can't believe we're stuck like this, and pregnant,” Destiny said, chattering her big teeth and flicking her whiskers. “What a way to ruin life plans.”

Hazel got up with a snort and put her arm around her friend's waist, their big stomachs touching.

“Cheer up, Des. We can do this. You'll be the most memorable lawyer the world has ever seen, and I can still do my career. We may just be, er, part time.”

Destiny sighed. “It's something at least.” She kicked Hazel's luggage slightly with one foot. “Tell me you at least brought some of that new clothing.”

Hazel nodded, shifting down awkwardly to open it, her four big boobs flopping about. Inside were numerous dresses, bras, clothing, underwear, the works. All were custom-made, designed to fit an anthro rabbit girl and anthro pig-girl.

“At the very least, we can start looking damn stylish again,” Hazel said with a grin. “There's even a ton of maternity clothes that won't look super frumpy on bodies with four tits.”

Destiny gasped, picking up an article. “Oh my God, actual pants! Pants that fit my new form! I don’t have to just wear skirts that ride up when I hope anymore. Oh, this is incredible, Hazel.”

The two smiled. It was a fleeting happiness, of course. There were still plenty of discomforts, unwanted looks, unwanted fame, and the prospect of giving birth to entire litters of nonhuman anthro children in future months. Neither would have the life they had initially planned on, and they would always stick out and be the centre of attention in any room, everyone knowing the story of the two alien abducted girls. But for now, at least, they had clothing that finally fit. And when you’re an anthro rabbit girl or an anthro pig girl, that’s actually pretty damn important.

It’s just a shame they both made the wrong assumption about the aliens, or they wouldn’t be in this mess in the first place.

The End