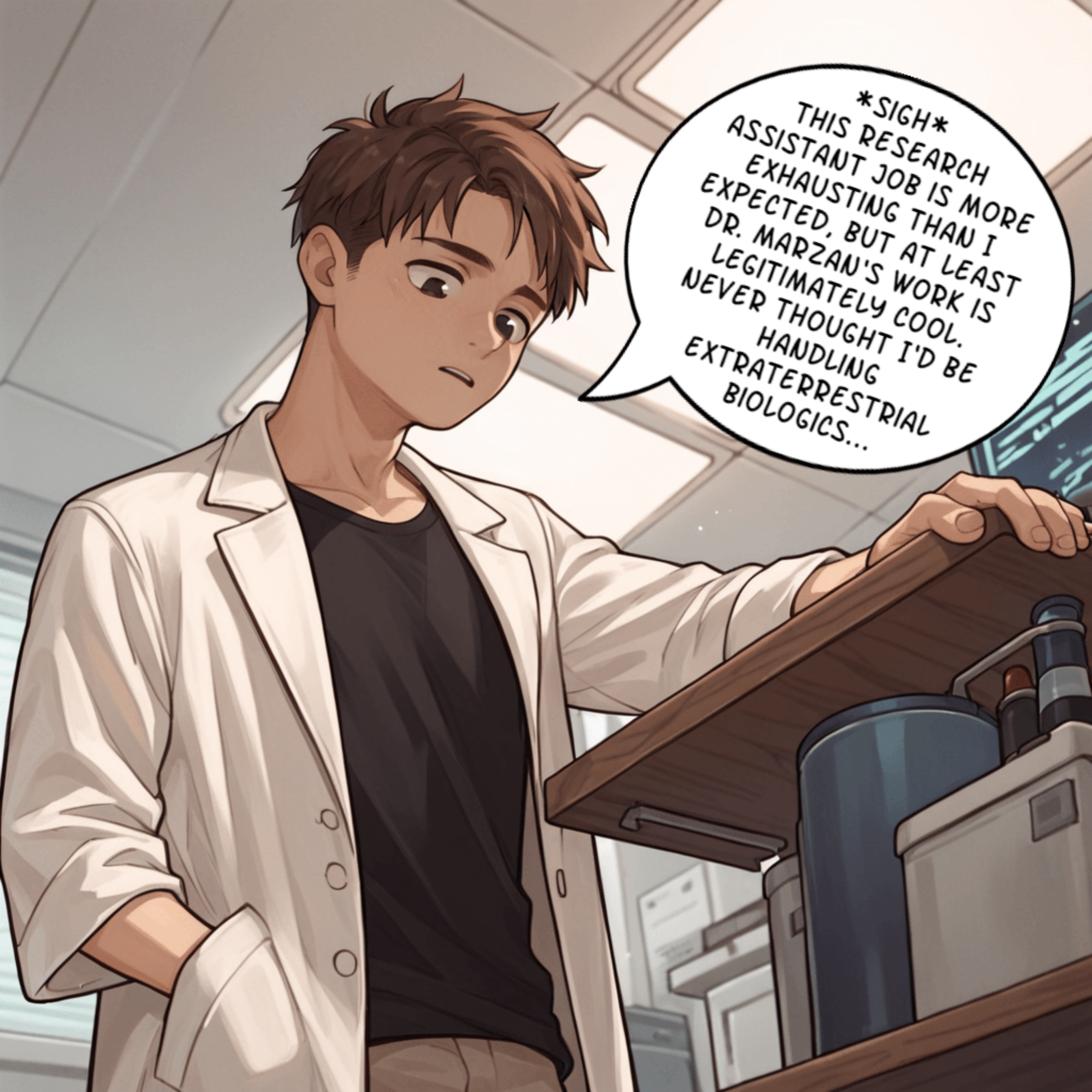




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\*SIGH\*  
THIS RESEARCH  
ASSISTANT JOB IS MORE  
EXHAUSTING THAN I  
EXPECTED, BUT AT LEAST  
DR. MARZAN'S WORK IS  
LEGITIMATELY COOL.  
NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE  
HANDLING  
EXTRATERRESTRIAL  
BIOLOGICS...




HEY, MARK. I'VE GOTTA GO GIVE A LECTURE ACROSS CAMPUS. I SHOULDN'T BE GONE MORE THAN AN HOUR.

COULD YOU MOVE THE SAMPLES WE JUST GOT IN TO THE RESEARCH BAY AND PREP THEM FOR ANALYSIS?

A young man with brown, spiky hair, wearing a white lab coat, is shown from the back and side. He is giving a thumbs-up gesture with his right hand. He is standing in a laboratory setting with various pieces of equipment on a wooden table in front of him, including a pipette, a beaker with blue liquid, and a water dispenser. A window in the background shows a cityscape. Two speech bubbles are present: one above him and one below him.

SURE THING,  
PROFESSOR.  
HOPE IT'S A  
PACKED  
HALL!

HEH, IT WON'T BE,  
BUT THANKS. THOUGH  
MAYBE WE'LL HAVE A  
BREAKTHROUGH WITH  
THESE NEW SAMPLES  
THAT'LL GET PEOPLE  
INTERESTED. I'LL SEE  
YOU IN A BIT.

A young man with brown hair, wearing a white lab coat over a black t-shirt, stands in a laboratory. He is holding a glowing green orb with a gear-like pattern. He has a worried expression, with sweat drops on his face. The background shows laboratory equipment, including a sink, a potted plant, and shelves with various containers.

I USUALLY JUST  
WORK WITH  
MOON ROCKS. I  
WONDER WHERE  
THESE CAME  
FROM...

OH MAN, THESE  
SAMPLES DON'T  
LOOK ANYTHING LIKE  
THE OTHER ONES  
THAT'VE COME  
THROUGH.



OH SHIT,  
I FORGOT TO PUT ON  
MY PROTECTIVE GEAR!  
I MIGHT BE MORE  
SLEEP DEPRIVED THAN  
I THOUGHT. I HOPE I  
DIDN'T CONTAMINATE  
THE SAMPLES...



IT'S PROBABLY FINE, RIGHT? I'VE SEEN THE PROFESSOR HANDLING SAMPLES WITH HIS BARE HANDS BEFORE...

...BUT NONE OF THOSE SAMPLES WERE GLOWING LIKE THIS ONE. MY HANDS DID FEEL A LITTLE TINGLY WHILE HOLDING IT...GOD, THE PROFESSOR IS GONNA BE SO PISSED IF HE LEARNS THAT I-



WHAAA!? M- MY HANDS?! WHY ARE MY HANDS GREEN!?!



S- SHIT! IT'S SPREADING! OH GOD, W- WHATS THE EMERGENCY PROCEDURE FOR SOMETHING LIKE THIS?!

?

THAT SAMPLE  
MUST'VE BEEN  
CARRYING SOME  
PATHOGEN! I'VE  
GOTTA ALERT -  
NH! MY CHEST?!  
WHAT'S -  
HNGG!!





EHH?! AM I  
GROWING B-  
BREASTS?!  
WHAT KIND  
OF-



AHH!  
GGAHHH!!!

?



HOLY  
SHIT! W- WHY  
IS THIS SO  
AROUSING?  
I'M SO  
CONFUSED!

My



THESE  
SENSATIONS ARE SO  
STRANGE! MAYBE I  
SHOULD DOCUMENT  
THIS? I CAN FEEL  
MYSELF GETTING HARD,  
BUT I THINK  
SOMETHING ELSE IS  
HAPPENI-

**S C H L I C K !**



WAAHH?! MY  
CROTCH?!  
IT'S-

MLAHH!  
INVERTING?!  
OH GOD, IT  
FEELS SO-



OOWAAHHH!!!  
HAA!  
GLLAHHH!

M- MY  
TONGUE!? H-  
HOW IS THIS  
EVEN SUPPOSED  
TO FIT IN MY  
MOUTH!?

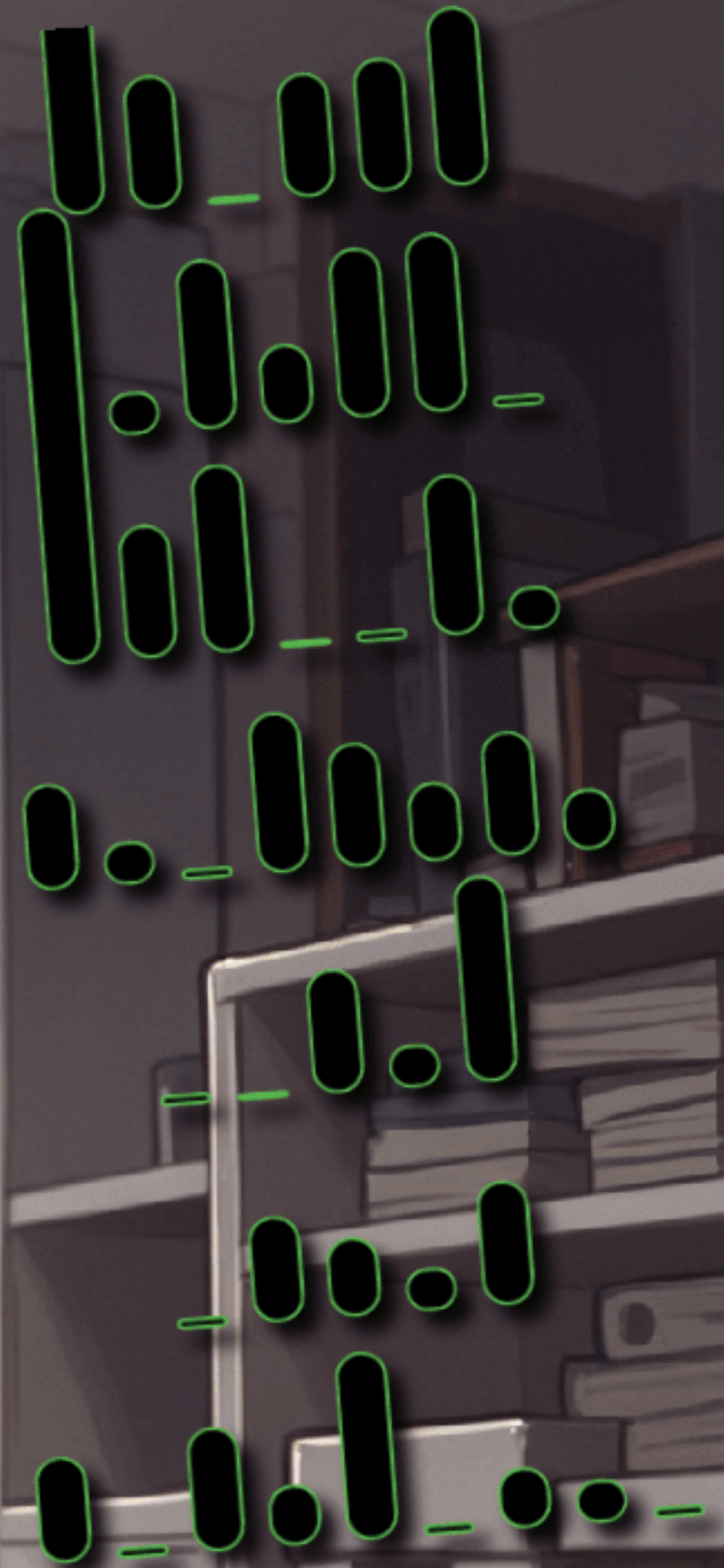


OH NO,  
NOT MY  
HEAD! W-  
WHAT'S-



I HAVE ANTENNAE?! OH GOD, MY HAIR! GAHH! WHAT ARE ALL THESE SYMBOLS AND SOUNDS IN MY HEAD?!

?  
IT FEELS LIKE A NEW LANGUAGE! IT'S TOO MUCH! I C-CAN'T-





(I CAN'T THINK  
IN ENGLISH!)



|||  
(GAH!)



...AHH...HOLY- DID I  
JUST LEARN AN ALIEN  
LANGUAGE?! OH GOD, I  
CAN FEEL MY TONGUE  
RETRACTING DEEP INTO  
MY THROAT...EUGH...

A green alien woman with large breasts and antennae is shown in a laboratory setting. She has a distressed expression, with her hand to her face and sweat droplets on her skin. She is surrounded by lab equipment, including a counter with a water bottle and a sink. The scene is lit with soft, indoor lighting.

OH  
GOD, WHAT AM I  
GONNA TELL THE  
PROFESSOR?!  
SHIT, WHAT AM I  
GONNA TELL MY  
FAMILY!?!

THAT SAMPLE  
MUST'VE ALTERED  
MY DNA! GOD, I  
FEEL SO...ALIEN!  
EVEN MY EYES...IT'S  
LIKE I CAN SEE  
MORE OF THE  
ELECTROMAGNETIC  
SPECTRUM...

OKAY,  
JUST GOTTA CALM  
DOWN AND APPROACH  
THIS LIKE A SCIENTIST.  
MAYBE THIS IS HOW  
THIS SPECIES  
REPRODUCES...

I'VE GOT LARGE,  
WIDE HIPS NOW...  
AND MASSIVE  
MAMMARIES. AND  
OF COURSE, I'M  
NO LONGER A  
MALE...



MMH!  
Y- YEP. THAT'S A  
VAGINA. IT WOULD SEEM  
THAT WHATEVER WAS IN  
THAT SAMPLE ALTERED  
ME FOR...  
O- OPTIMAL  
BREEDING.

RMM,  
M- MY NEW SEX  
ALREADY SEEMS  
QUITE LUBRICATED. I  
MUST HAVE MILLIONS  
OF NEW NERVES  
DOWN THERE. THE  
SLIGHTEST TOUCH F-  
FEELS-





OHH!  
GH-LAAHH! I C- CAN'T  
STOP! ARE MY  
VAGINAL EXCRETIONS  
RELEASING NEW  
PHERMONES?! AHH-



AHH!  
MLAHHH!!!  
THIS F-  
FEELS-

H...  
(FUCKING AMAZING!)  
h...



HAH...  
OHHM- MY  
GOD...  
MAYBE THIS  
ISN'T SO  
BAD...




\*SIGH\*  
I'M BACK A LITTLE  
SOONER THAN  
EXPECTED. TURNS OUT  
THE AUDIENCE DIDN'T  
HAVE MUCH INTEREST IN  
"SPACE ROCKS" AND  
ONLY CAME BECAUSE  
THEY THOUGHT I WAS  
TALKING ABOUT ALIENS.  
ANYWAY, DID YOU  
FINISH-



M-MARK?! OH  
MY GOD! WHAT  
THE HELL  
HAPPENED TO  
YOU!?



UMM,  
I THINK THAT  
MOST RECENT  
SAMPLE MAY  
HAVE BEEN THE  
BREAKTHROUGH  
YOU WERE  
HOPING FOR...

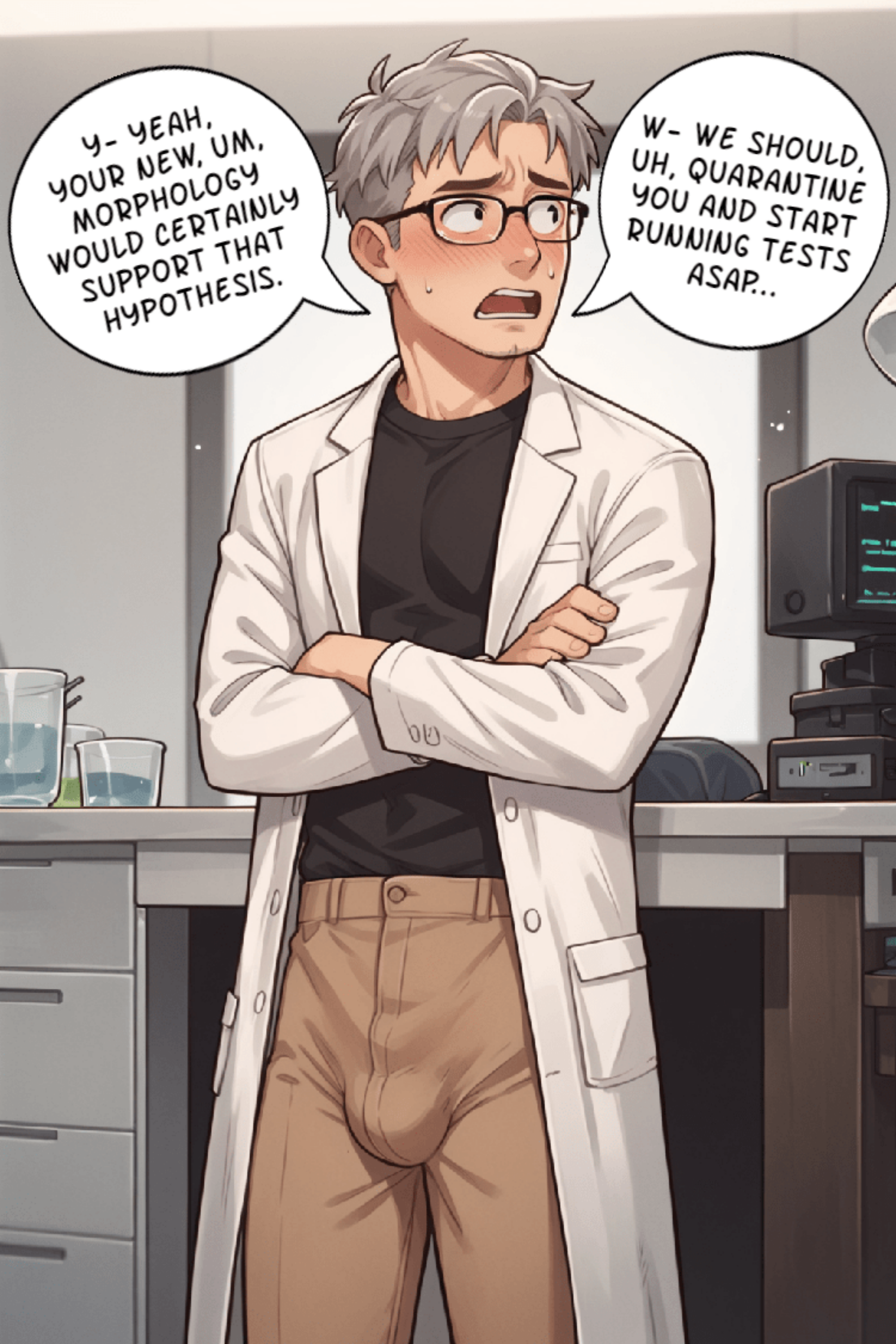


Y- YEAH,  
IT WOULD SEEM SO!  
UH, ARE YOU OKAY?  
THAT MUST'VE  
BEEN QUITE THE  
METAMORPHOSIS...

I THINK SO?  
UM, I'M STILL KIND  
OF PROCESSING  
ALL THESE  
SENSATIONS. I, UH,  
THINK I SPEAK AN  
ALIEN LANGUAGE  
NOW, TOO.

I'M NO EXPERT,  
BUT I THINK I'VE  
BECOME A B-  
BREEDING UNIT  
FOR WHATEVER  
SPECIES I AM  
NOW...



A male scientist with short, spiky grey hair and black-rimmed glasses stands in a laboratory. He is wearing a white lab coat over a black t-shirt and tan trousers. His arms are crossed, and he has a nervous expression with a sweat drop on his forehead. The background shows a lab bench with various pieces of equipment, including a computer monitor displaying blue data, a microscope, and several beakers with blue liquid. Two speech bubbles are positioned around him, one on the left and one on the right.

Y- YEAH,  
YOUR NEW, UM,  
MORPHOLOGY  
WOULD CERTAINLY  
SUPPORT THAT  
HYPOTHESIS.

W- WE SHOULD,  
UH, QUARANTINE  
YOU AND START  
RUNNING TESTS  
ASAP...



!!!  
(HIS DICK IS HARDENING. MY PHEROMONES ARE WORKING! I NEED TO HARVEST HIS SEED!!)

UWAHH!  
OH NO, PROFESSOR! MY PHERAMONES ARE AROUSING YOU! I CAN SEE YOUR BLOOD PUMPING... YOUR HEARTRATE INCREASING... YOUR MEMBER GROWING...  
I CAN'T FIGHT THESE NEW INSTINCTS!  
I H- HAVE TO-

M- MARK?!  
CONTROL YOURSELF!  
I'M YOUR BOSS,  
REMEMBER?! D-  
DON'T LOOK AT ME  
LIKE THAT!

S- STAY  
BACK!!!

???





IIIIII  
(I NEED TO BREED!)

C'MON, PROFESSOR. LET ME MAKE YOU PART OF HUMAN HISTORY...

THIS IS WRONG, BUT...GODDAMN, THESE PHEROMONES ARE SO STRONG! I...I NEED TO CUM!

MLAHH, NOW THIS TONGUE MAKES SENSE. OH, I WISH YOU COULD FEEL WHAT I'M FEELING. THESE TASTES, THESE SMELLS, THESE SENSATIONS...

OH! AH! OHHH MY GOD-



AHH! OHH  
YESSS! PLEASE,  
PROFESSOR, I  
NEED YOU TO  
CUM IN ME!

! ! !  
(LET ME HARVEST  
YOUR SEED!)



AH! YES! GOD,  
EVEN THAT  
LANGUAGE  
AROUSES ME! I  
CAN'T RESIST! I  
HAVE TO B-BREED  
YOU!!!



AHH...  
HAAHHH...  
I CAN FEEL YOUR  
WARMTH  
SPREADING  
THROUGH  
ME...

MMLAH...  
I'VE NEVER FELT  
SATISFACTION LIKE  
THIS...  
I FEEL SO FULFILLED,  
LIKE MY LIFE IS  
SUDDENLY FULL OF  
PURPOSE...

OH FUCK. OH  
GOD. WHAT  
HAVE I DONE?  
M- MARK,  
WHAT HAPPENS  
NOW!?

DON'T WORRY, PROFESSOR. I'M FEELING CLEAR HEADED AGAIN NOW THAT I'VE GOT YOUR SEED IN ME. WE SHOULD PROBABLY BEGIN RESEARCH LIKE YOU SAID.

HOW ABOUT STARTING WITH MY VAGINAL EXCRETIONS? I THINK WE CAN BOTH AGREE THAT THESE PHEROMONES ARE OUT OF THIS WORLD.

