

Mini-Story: Alien Feeling

By FoxFaceStories

Nadia smiled, savouring the sensation of her swollen alien form instructing her to push, and finally relented only when the pressure became mildly uncomfortable. Her newest child – she'd lost count around the 2,000th – passed from her stomach and into her lengthy, bloated ovipositor, joining the procession of young slowly exiting her being.

“Y-y-eessssssss,” she moaned, rubbing her taut yet supple stomach. She raised her flexible alien legs and used their finger-like digits to massage the bloated first section of her life-filled ovipositor, teeming with alien life.

“*Mhmmhhmm . . . this is the life,*” she cooed. She marvelled at her alien form and the life it carried so easily and pleurably. A far cry from her former life.

Nadia had once been human, an ordinary college student studying to become a psychologist when the alien race she came to know as the Velians abducted her one night from her dorm. At first, she was terrified, especially when they explained to her that they would be changing her to become a female broodmother of their kind, due to a disease wiping out females of their species. But the utter worship of her by the males and the lust she constantly inspired in them slowly grew on her. She had little choice but to be transformed by their strange science; over several Velian weeks, her skin turned a dark purple, and her cranium enlarged and lost its hair. Her eyes turned pitch black all over, dark as purest night, and two vertical slits replaced her nose, as her lips became thin and oddly inhuman, though oddly cute, she thought. Her hands lost two digits, and her hips widened monstrously. A large egg sac grew between her thighs, her vagina stretching forth at its tip; the new location from which she would be impregnated by her male Velian mates, and soon bring forth life. Her breasts enlarged in size, seeping violet milk, and overall her skin became hairless and somewhat rubbery in texture; all the better, so the Velian males said, for her to *grow*.

Her new body was incredibly horny. Even if the changes were non-consensual, she was soon begging for the male Velians to give her their seed. She needed to be filled and impregnated, to become swollen with eggs, even if that meant sealing her fate forever, she did not care. And so they formed a procession before her, each offering up words in the new language she suddenly understood, words of praise and worship, of poetry and wonder and sheer awe at her queenly form. And each entered her new vaginal lips, stretching forth her ovipositor's vulva to spurt their seed within, and each time she cried out, her new voice oddly filtered and musical.

It did not take long for the eggs to grow, and with them, her excitement. She needed re-seeding, as her alien broodmother body was destined to bear egg after egg, child after child for the Velian race. She wept with joy the first time she felt the pressure to push, to move her eggs into the sac, and from there, out into the world. Even as she became bloated and immobile with young, she was rewarded with the most intense orgasms that accompanied each birth.

She had not been the only one abducted. A girl she didn't know well at college, and a former boyfriend too, had both also been abducted and transformed similarly. She had since become friends with the broodmother known as Sandra, and they enjoyed talking several times a week as they were routinely re-impregnated, her friend's skin a bright pink. Her former boyfriend Brad, on the other hand, was none too happy with being constantly 'serviced' by the Velian males, and hated even more his immobile, perpetually pregnant state. The fact that he experience those alien, female orgasms whenever he was impregnated or laid his constant eggs only increased his irritation and humiliation. Nadia didn't have much sympathy for him; he'd dumped her when she'd had a pregnancy scare, and now he could enjoy the shoe on the other foot from now on. Especially since the change was apparently permanent, he'd have to get used to it. A number of the males seemed especially taken with Brad, always trying to service him extra and knead his soft, perpetually pregnant queenly form, desiring to improve his mood. Perhaps one day they would succeed, but one thing was for sure; their extended Velian lifespans would mean she, Sandra, and her ex-boyfriend Brad were to be alien breeders for well over a century to come.

Nadia supposed that her life wasn't exactly how she imagined it would turn out to be, but then what life does? Sure, she now had purple skin, long droopy antenna, a massively enlarged cranium and a perpetually pregnant, rooted-to-the-spot alien form, complete with a massively weighty egg-carrying abdomen. But was she happy? No.

She was ecstatically over the moon.

Sure, it wasn't the hot bod she'd always aspired for, all thin and perky and bouncy, but she had never thought in her wildest dreams that she would be lusted after so intensely by a horde of *very virile* males. Which, speaking of . . .

Nadia leaned back against her malleable chair, her *throne*, and reached out to her male attendants with her mind. Her enlarged brain was useful that way. The males at once, ready to 'service' her every lustful need. She loved being a Velian.

The End