

Alternate Ending: Alien Space Babe - Derek's Turn

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Camden Levy

An alternate story to the original Alien Space Babe. Where before the alpha male Chad was the one turned into an alien hottie by nerdy Derek's recovered UFO device, this story looks at what would've happened if Derek was the one who changed. What kind of alien space babe could dominate a jock bully like Chad?

Alternate Ending: Alien Space Babe - Derek's Turn

Chad Penwick looked at the strange device in Derek Maye's hands. The annoying college roommate was a total dweeb from the jock Chad's perspective, what with his thin and scrawny build, his erratic brown hair and glasses, and his obsession with subjects like physics and mathematics and all that geek stuff. But this one took the cake.

"I think . . . it's extraterrestrial in origin," Derek said, intoning the words carefully. He knew that Chad would look at him like a crazy person, but his frustratingly blockheaded roommate needed to understand that his beliefs in UFOs was no joke.

"Yeah, sure."

"No, I'm serious! I discovered it in a crater near a crash landing site not far from Roswell, the original UFO spot! *The spot!*"

Chad moved faster than Derek could have believed, swiping it instantly out of his hands with ease and inspecting the complicated looking piece of technology, turning it over in his vice-like grip.

"Looks fake as shit," he said, in a voice that made Derek's stomach churn. "Is this some kind of prank or something?"

"Give that back!"

Chad grinned, thinking quickly. "Maybe if you do my homework for me, I'll consider it?"

"This isn't funny!" Derek whined, but Chad was just too big. He was 6'3 in height, a true sports legend in the making, and their college knew it. With his tousled black hair and lantern jaw, all the girls went wild for him, especially Kaley, his current girlfriend who he already missed being able to sleep with on the regular. In his mind, he was now stuck with this dweeb all because his father insisted after the last big party event went wrong and nearly got him expelled.

With those recent events in Chad's mind, it was little wonder that he was having fun toying with Derek, keeping the strange console device out of his reach. But Derek had a

boiling anger of his own; the anger of the constantly trodden on and ignored. He balled his hand into a shaking fist and shocked Chad by smacking him right in the nose. Chad stumbled back, and in anger he gripped the so-called alien technology like a vice, then flung it hard right at Derek's head. The UFO nerd ducked just in time . . . only for it smash right into the wall, shattering into various component parts.

"NOOOO!" he cried, as bits of it crumpled all over him, frayed wires and strange looking multi-sided modular parts. "What the hell have you done?"

Chad rubbed his hands together, imitating a job well done. "Taught you a lesson, you weird little egghead," he said. "If you need another, I can always stuff you in a locker like-"

He paused, then gave a dismissive gesture. "Ah, forget it. You know the drill."

Chad turned to leave, but Derek wasn't even focused on his tormentor, but instead on the strange whirring sound and bright flashing coming from the surviving damaged tech.

"What the-" Derek said.

Chad heard him and looked back, only to see the red and purple and green flashing lights reach a powerful crescendo.

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The two men clutched their ears, hearing the strange intonation, one that sounds truly alien indeed. Derek contorted his face in confusion, trying to reach it and shut it off, somehow.

"Dude, get out of there!" Chad called.

But suddenly the smaller man was bathed in green light, which rose in a horizontal line as if it were scanning Derek from toes to head and making some kind of assessment. It flashed red immediately after, and a high-pitched wail sounded.

"What the fuck is that thing?" Chad yelled.

"I told you, I think it's an extraterrestrial piece of tech-"

The light focused upon him, becoming a narrow beam right into Derek's forehead. His brain overheated, followed by his body as warm rushes of energy poured into his very being. It lasted only a few seconds, but Derek was completely unable to move. For a moment, he feared for his life, and he wished that it had been Chad who'd been affected instead of him; if he hadn't rushed to see the tech, or if Chad had thrown it in a different direction, that's what would have happened. Instead, the light switched off, and Derek collapsed to the floor, panting and grunting beneath his breath as he tried to regain control of himself.

"The fuck just happened?" Chad asked, going to his side. He moved to help Derek up, then seemed to think better of it.

"I've got no idea," Derek said, as the device seemed to finally short out and die. "But that didn't sound good. Not at all."

Derek tossed and turned in his bed, his body sweating as the strange dream message repeated through his mind. Chad had decided the whole thing was some hoax and not really talked about it for the rest of the day, and then Derek had tried to calm himself in the days that followed. He'd gotten tests, been to the doctor, and done everything he could to assure himself of his normalcy, but so many tests were yet to come back. Tonight, just four days after the event, Chad had gone off to spend the night with his girlfriend, and that was alright by the UFO geek, because he didn't want a jock like that nearby while he researched online what this could all possibly mean. Occasionally, a strange buzzing feeling occurred throughout his body, and other times he saw red. He wasn't becoming angry, he was *literally seeing red*, like the whole world was bathed in tones of scarlet before it all returned to him as normal.

Needless to say, it was scaring the shit out of him. Chad had activated something through his thuggery, and now in turn Derek was being affected. He hoped that it was perhaps a communication event between humanity and aliens, but that was a longshot. The biggest fear was cancer; like he had been utterly irradiated by the warmth of that green-then-red light. Already, there were signs that his body was reacting to it all a bit . . . oddly. His skin was a little flushed to start with, and his nipples had begun to throb. As he tossed and turned in bed, he felt them with his fingers, moaning. His muscles, none of which he used much, were starting to ache, as if he'd gone through a hard day of work. And he was hungrier, constantly replenishing himself with food and drink.

Derek was no fool. He suspected if Chad had been hit by the alien device's light then he would just pretend none of this meant anything. Instead, Derek continued to confront his roommate.

"Aren't you seeing the differences in me? In how I sound?"

"Yeah, you sound even girlier than usual, dude."

"Look at me! My face looks softer. I'm losing body hair. I look . . . bulkier than usual."

"So you're finally going to the gym already. Good."

"Chad, I haven't done anything of the sort."

He shrugged. "Go to a hospital then. It's not my problem."

Derek halted. "I - I can't. Not if this is an alien thing. They'll take me away. Chad, you may not like me, but you're the only one who saw what happened. You're just as wrapped up in this as I am."

Chad frowned, but only for a moment. Then he lay back in his dorm bed, texting his girlfriend Kaley. “Whatever, I’m still not convinced this isn’t some bananas experiment. You do you, man.”

Derek lost patience, he grabbed his alarm clock and threw it lightly against Chad’s sign. Or at least, he intended for it to be a light throw. Instead, it rocketed across the room and smacked into his side, eliciting a howl of pain from the other man.

“Dude, what the fuck!? You are seriously asking for some pain here!”

Chad stood, cracking his knuckles, but before Derek could even explain, a sudden bout of nausea came over him. The young man doubled over, clutching his stomach and then his head. In the upper right of his field of vision, strange alien symbols were appearing, and that odd voice sounded again.

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It screeched in his mind, loudly.

“Oh G-God! It’s so f-fucking loud! Make it s-stop!”

Chad stopped, staring at Derek as he writhed and groaned. The pressures inside his body were becoming all too much, and for just a moment Derek was terrified he was going to die of some alien sickness. But then the pressure released in the most dramatic way he could imagine: his frame began to grow, his spine and limb bones extended to accommodate rapidly swelling mass. He grunted, unable to form words as his average height grew and grew, inch by terrible inch, until he was easily six feet tall.

“What the fuck!?” Chad stuttered.

“I c-can’t s-stop it! Ohhhh!”

It was painful, it was uncomfortable, but an undercurrent of pleasure followed it as well. Derek moaned as his manhood hardened, though it seemed smaller than usual it was still unbearably aroused by these changes. His biceps swelled, as did his thigh muscles and calves, and his abs slowly turned to an impressive six-pack, revealed by him ripping his clothing apart moments later as it became too tight. His nipples throbbed, extending a little, and the sickliness he had been experiencing seemed to emanate now from his pale skin, gaining a slight greenish tinge that left him looking odd.

“Holy shit, that really was a fucking alien device,” Chad gasped. “I gotta call the police!”

“D-don’t! They’ll take y-you away too! They’ll lock us up and Aghhhh!!”

His waist pulled in, just a little, and his hips flared out. The remainder of his body hair disappeared, and the greater amounts of food he had consumed in the past week did not just go to his muscles either, but to his chest, which gained a softness as it pushed out.

“Dude, you’re growing tits!”

“I - I knowwww! Ahhhh . . .”

Finally, the sensations ended, and Derek collapsed against the wall, still shaking a little from the various changes that had occurred to him. He looked at Chad, who stared back, neither knowing quite what to say. Derek shivered, trying to get ahold of himself, but one final message played in his mind, and for the first time he felt as though he could understand the word.

“Conquest.”

Somehow, it seemed to refer to Chad.

“Dude, you gotta get out of here. This whole place is super depressing and dark as shit.”

Derek looked up from his laptop to Chad, who had just turned on the lights.

“And how do you suggest I do that, meathead? My skin has turned green!”

“Just pretend you’re sick!”

“Forever? And may I remind you that I grew several inches and gained a heap of muscle?”

“Then parade it around and sleep with hotties like I do. Jesus, you nerds don’t know what to do when this stuff comes straight to you.”

“And what about this, huh?”

Derek got off of his bed and gestured to his chest. The breasts there weren’t large, but they *were* breasts, large nipples and areolas and all. Even wearing one of Chad’s shirts, Derek’s new chest was obvious. In the summer heat, he had to risk a heatstroke just to cover his developments up.

“Yeah, okay, that’s a bit of a taller ask. But you’ve been here for two days like this and it’s freaking me out. No government suits are coming for you, and if you don’t stop stinking up this place with your presence I’m seriously gonna report you to the police and wash my freakin’ hands of it, because Kaley wants to sleep here soon and you’ll have to get out of here when that happens.”

Derek stood to his full height. It was still three inches shorter than Chad’s impressive stature, but with his newly bulging muscles there was a comparative strength between them now. For reasons that escaped him, almost something instinctive, Derek felt a lot more confident pushing back against the other man now.

“If you do that, I’ll do everything to implicate you in this. It was you that threw the device. Watch your fucking step with this shit, Chad.”

Chad was momentarily confused by this daring, but he stood closer to Derek, clearly performing a standoff.

“Yeah? Trying to outmuscle me? At least I’m not getting boobs and ball squeaks like a fucking girl, you little bitch.”

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NEXT PHASE’

Derek clutched his head and groaned, the red filling his vision. His voice cracked again as he backed away, but Chad did the same, clearly alarmed by this.

“It’s - it’s happening again! I thought it was over - nnggh!”

This time, Derek’s hair grew longer atop his head, the brown curls turning black as they descended to frame his face. His lips protruded a little further, filling out in a feminine manner, all while other female changes took place. His breasts, already sore, began to push out a little further until they were definitely modest but quite noticeable B-cups. They now jiggled beneath the tightening shirt Derek wore, and the sensation of his nipples rubbing against the material almost made him salivate from the strange sensations. He grew a little further as well, just one inch in height, but his body only became more muscular despite its growing femininity.

“I - my mind! I feel - ughh!”

His mind was alight with other changes, only just beginning. That word kept resounding in his brain like a siren, the one that meant ‘conquer.’ And it only sounded when he looked at Chad. It was odd, but for just a moment, the man actually looked *attractive*, someone that Derek wanted to be closer to instead of getting away from.

But then the changes passed again, the red light faded away once more, and Derek was left panting and groaning, touching his body and exploring the ways it had changed. His member had shrunk again, his waist too, but his hips had swelled wider. He was almost getting an hourglass figure at this point.

“What the actual fuck,” Chad said in a total deadpan.

“I told you it was an alien device!” Derek said, his voice almost feminine by this point, albeit quite low and husky, oddly. “And you threw it! Now look at me!”

“Yeah, I’m out of here. I don’t give a shit what my old man says, this shit is way too weird for me. I’m leaving.”

Chad made to go, but Derek crossed the room quicker than he thought possible and gripped Chad’s arm in a vice-like grip.

“You’re not going anywhere, Chad,” Derek said. “Not after what you’ve done to me. You’re going to help me find a cure before I get taken away. You owe me that.”

“Dude, don’t even think you can take me on. I’m tougher than you, even if you have turned into a weird alien freak.”

He shoved Derek backwards, but the geek easily caught his footing and launched forward again. He had to conquer this man and show him what was what, and it was unclear how much of that thought was his own and how much was the strange new instinct the changes were giving him.

“You aren’t getting away!” he declared. “We’re in this together whether you like it or not!”

He grabbed Chad again, this time around the chest from behind, and lifted him back with surprising ease. Chad struggled, kicking and punching, but Derek held his own.

“There’s no way you’re this strong, what the hell?”

“Blame yourself for getting me infected! Now, are we in this together or not?”

“F-fine! Jesus, you fucking freak, fine! I’ll help you!”

Derek calmed a little. There were two pressures upon his forehead, but he elected to ignore them. Too much of this was strange, especially how his breasts against Chad kind of felt . . . nice. Way too nice. He let go of the other man before it felt *too nice*.

“God, you’re a freak,” Chad said, brushing himself down.

“So you’ll help me?”

“Sure man, sure. I just gotta go grab something first, okay?”

He moved to the door, gaining speed, then swung it open and *ran*. Derek ran also, but this time Chad was just a little too fast and he was already bounding down the corridor.

“Goddamn it!” Derek said, seeing the people up the hallway look in his direction. He quickly pulled himself back inside and shut the door, cursing his naivete. *Of course* Chad would run.

‘*Conquer.*’

He grit his teeth. “No, I can’t! Fuck, am I becoming some alien conqueror? Am I a vanguard for an eventual invasion?”

It would be the worst possible kind of scenario. He had to hold back tears as he looked over his form. He’d always imagined what it would be like to be tall and muscular, but never like this! He could barely handle having breasts at all, let alone what was happening to his skin. He brushed his hands over his scalp and felt two small nubs there, at the top of his forehead. He didn’t even want to *think* about what they could be.

“What could possibly be worse than this?” he murmured.

He got his answer moments later, when there was a strange fuss outside, and plenty of shouting. Confused, Derek looked out the window carefully, avoiding letting himself be seen. Several black vans had rolled up on campus, and a white-haired man in a black suit was leading a group of others in the same getup forward, flashing a badge and directing college students away. He was the most fed-looking fed Derek had ever seen. Alarmed, he

quickly retreated and opened up his laptop. In all the fuss, he hadn't done his hourly checkup of his local conspiracy network feeds.

"Shit," he said, looking at the updates.

'Something big's happening in your direction UFOFreak.'

'Black vans. They aren't FBI either!'

'Hide everything. Remember you've got rights!'

'They're arriving on campus now. I'm deleting my info. Will see you under another username guys!'

Derek moved to the window again, and saw why there was so much fuss, and why students were crying out. A number of feds were manhandling Chad, who was yelling and struggling against them.

"It's not me, you assholes! It's Derek! Derek Mayes! He's become a total freak. I was just there. You can't fucking touch me. Do you even know who I am?"

But they were shoving him into the back of a prisoner van anyway, the white-haired man flashing his badge which evidently gave him all the authority in the world, all while his goons flashed a device that seemingly shut off mobile phones, because everyone was checking theirs angrily in confusion.

"No recordings!" he yelled, loud enough for Derek to hear from the second floor. He then turned to his other agents. "Get the subject. Now."

"Fuck!" Derek squeaked, pulling back from the window. He had to move fast. They'd found him somehow, perhaps from the release of energy the device gave, or just his constant check ups on the internet, or something else. Either way, he needed to get away. Chad had sold him out immediately, so there was no point in trying to help that sack of shit, not after everything he'd-

'Conquer. Tame. MATE.'

The tone resounded in his mind once again, and Derek had to take a deep breath. The two nubs at the top of his forehead pushed upwards painfully, but new sensations bloomed as they rose. He could *feel* Chad's presence, could sense him even from afar, like he was reading his mind patterns, somehow.

"Holy shit, I've become psychic. Just like the online theories about the visitors."

He was growing antennae - they even had little nubs on the ends of them. Part of him wanted to check them out, but a bigger part knew he needed to move. He needed to get out of here.

And, worst of all, he needed to save Chad.

The instincts pushing him to do so were just too powerful.

'Conquer. Tame. MATE.'

Chad was struggling against his restraints. Derek wasn't sure how he knew, but his antennae could sense it. The same way he could follow the path of the car transporting him without needing to keep it in visual sight, though he was concerned there might be limits. The young man had fled his dorm room as quickly as possible, grabbing his shoes, a hat, a large coat and little else before running. His laptop was likely compromised by this point, and his phone even more so, so he had to rely on his new alien instincts to guide him against this strange federal group. The agents were crawling over the campus, but Derek was adaptable, leaning on his new psychic instincts to get a sense of when danger lurked, which allowed him to slip through the net and out onto the street. He actually chuckled to himself when he did so.

“Ha, imagine if Chad had been the one to change. He wouldn't be nearly as ready to adapt to alien tech as I am.”

There was also the fact that he was no longer the scrawny Derek they were searching for, unless Chad spilled *all* the beans. He still wasn't used to his changed form, especially the strange miniature antennae forming from his head or the greater height, but he was certainly becoming slowly accustomed to a greater sense of confidence and *power*. Derek had never imagined feeling so tall or strong, and yet his limbs now ached for a demonstration of their alien-activated rejuvenation.

It was a good thing he was about to get the chance, because he was approaching the area Chad was being held at. From everything Derek had read about secretive federal agencies, they maintained equally secretive black sites in various cities, places to house and interrogate the rare citizen who gained knowledge of extraterrestrial occurrences before transporting them south down to a place like Area 51. Such a place was where Chad had seemingly been taken; it was a warehouse in the industrial district, one where several of the black vans had entered.

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REGAIN MATE \$^^#\$\$%@##\$%^\$^&#@\$ CONQUER DOMINATE
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Again, the strange alien language streamed through Derek's mind. He tried to hold onto the meaning, but it slipped through his mind as quickly as he had understood it, or at least parts of it. But when it ended, a renewed vigour was in him; not just a desire to spring Chad in order to keep his own secret clean, but to spring Chad in order to *save him*.

“Okay, I don't know if this is something the device is doing, but I - I have to get in there!”

He circled around the building until he found a weak part of the fence. Trusting in his greater strength, he was able to uproot part of the chainlink and push himself under. It was painful, but not as much as it should have been; was his skin tougher? It was difficult to tell what *hadn't* changed for him at this point. From there, Derek got closer to the building. He gripped a drainage pipe and easily clambered up, his own speed astonishing him. Despite himself, he smiled, frustrated only by the slight jiggling of his chest. By the time he reached a window where he could not only see in but open and climb inside, he was also able to see Chad. There was something pathetic about the sight; the once-mighty and smug jock was tied up by himself in a chair, his expression terrified, his voice shaky, the two federal agents in front of him projecting true strength.

"I'll ask you again about the device."

"I can't tell you anything! It had bits and bobs and strange wire! And Derek started changing! Ask him instead!"

"Did you tell Derek how to escape? We have been unable to find him. What did the device do to him?"

"I'm not saying anything more until I get my lawyer! Call my asshole Dad if you must, but I know I've got, you know, rights and shit!"

"You don't have rights now, kiddo," one of them said. "Not when it comes to stuff like this. We'll give you a few minutes to mull it over. If you can't tell us anything more, we get . . . creative."

They walked away, synchronised, leaving Chad to wallow in fear. It was then that Derek descended. The fall should have been terrifying, but somehow, some kind of new alien sense told him he could handle it. He vaulted over the railing and landed in front of Chad, grabbing the other man's mouth before he could scream.

"It's me," Derek said in that strange new contralto voice of his.

"D-Derek? What the fuck is happening, man?"

"I'm saving you. You need to come with me."

"Screw that! I just wanna go home already, wait till my Dad-"

Derek leaned in close. "*Do you think your Dad can help you? This is a secretive federal agency. No, you're coming with me. You don't get a say in it. Got it?*"

To his surprise, Chad slowly nodded. "Wh-where are we going?"

Derek began to untie him, conscious of how little time they had.

"New Mexico. It's where the device came from. It's the site where I might be able to turn back, and we can both get the heat off our backs."

"That's ages away!"

Derek took off his hat, revealing the antenna nubs through his longer dark hair.

“You did this to me, so you get to help me change back. I’m quickly becoming stronger than you, Chad. Don’t make me *drag* you into doing the right thing here.”

He freed him from the rest of the ropes, and Chad winced.

“Fine. Fine. But we’ll need a car.”

Chad drove. It only made sense. He continued to mutter to himself as they took the highway, grumbling and complaining about the second hand van they now had.

“I can’t believe you made me sell my sweet ride.”

“I didn’t *make* you sell anything. We both agreed it was the best way to stay undercover.”

“Yeah, well if you hadn’t gotten that stupid device!”

“And you threw it! Now look at me!”

Chad looked away from the road to see Derek in the backseat. The aircon was cranked up to the max just to deal with the heat, because Derek was still covering up as much as possible. His skin was still tinged green, and was getting greener. He now no longer looked simply pale and sickly. He just looked . . . green. But that wasn’t the only thing; his antennae were growing longer, gaining sensitivity and power. He was finding that they were often concentrating on Chad, reading the other man’s body temperature, even his moods. Occasionally, they even made Derek view him in a new light.

‘Conquer. Dominate.’

Those words continued to thrum in his mind, making him understandably uneasy. There were other things too; a pressure just above his rear, and an odd trembling that occasionally struck his hands. And that was to say nothing of the achiness in his new breasts or the headache that was sitting right in the centre of his forehead.

“Yeah, you’re definitely a freak,” Chad said.

“Fuck you.”

Chad chuckled as he continued to drive. “A freak with attitude, now. Since when were you so aggressive, man? You were snarky, sure. But before all this you weren’t the type to throw down.”

“It’s . . . my mind. It’s changing with this transformation. I don’t know if I’m becoming one of them or - nnggh!”

Derek trembled, and Chad looked at him with a mix of fear, interest, and even concern. The last was a faint trace but it was there; Derek could sense it with his antenna.

“Dude, what the fuck is happening to you?”

“J-just keep driving, I’ll - ahhh - d-deal with it.”

“Whatever. Just make sure you don’t-”

“Ngh!”

‘\$^^^#\$\$%@##FURTHER CORRECTIONS\$\$%\$^\$&MASTER
FORM\$#@#\$^#\$SUBJECT YOUR MATE#\$\$%T\$#%’

The strange commands poured into Derek’s mind as he writhed and shifted on the backseat. He undid his seatbelt to give himself more space, groaning and shifting while his body altered even more. As expected, his muscles swelled, as did his height. The sensation of his spine extending was an alien one, even more so with his limbs - even the digits of his fingers slide forwards. But that was not all; his fingers were beginning to fuse together. Derek gasped, trying to control his whirlwind of emotions in response to this change: his pinkie and ring fingers joined together, followed by his pointer finger and middle finger. The bones knitted together until they were one, and then they thinned out somewhat, losing the glove-like thickness they had just gained. In mere moments he had lost two fingers, his palms slimming to leave him with just three digits - two fingers and one thumb.

“Holy shit, I’m really b-becoming an alien! I’m - ohhh, my forehead!”

“Dude, I’m pulling over.”

“Don’t! Just keep driving! We need to find a motel or something.”

Derek writhed again. The pain in his forehead was absolute, taking all priority. Something was sliding forth from his tailbone, new segments joining. His antenna grew, and his skin was ever more green, but none of that mattered compared to the pressure between and above his eyes.

“It f-feel like something’s gonna-”

It burst through, and suddenly there was a bright and overwhelming light. Derek exhaled at the release of tension, and then blinked.

Only for a third eye to blink as well. His vision was suddenly enhanced, and for a moment he could see not just his surroundings but *through* them, as if he’d gained X-Ray vision. No, it *was* X-Ray vision.

“Oh my God,” he said.

“What happened to - HOLY FUCKING SHIT!”

The car veered, Chad and Derek screamed, and he only just got control of it in time to avoid slamming into an eighteen wheeler truck coming the other way. The vehicle honked loudly and angrily at this near-accident.

“Dude, did you just grow a frickin’ third eye?”

Derek swallowed, touching around the new eye tenderly with his altered hands.

“Yeah,” he said, lowering one hand down to his tailbone and feeling a thick fleshy lump there. “And I think I’m growing a tail, too.”

It was a shitty little motel in the middle of bumfuck nowhere, at least that was how Chad put it. They even had to share a bed, which neither was comfortable with. Well, that wasn't true; Derek's alien instincts were telling him to keep close to Chad. He had to conquer him, whatever that meant; it didn't *feel* violent, at least. The greater concern for the pair of them was getting down to New Mexico and reversing Derek's changes before it was too late, and, at least for tonight, getting some good shuteye.

All *three* shuteyes, in Derek's case.

He couldn't stop looking in the mirror and observing himself. He was now equal to Chad's height, but the tingling in his spine told him he'd be getting even bigger. He was also *jacked*. Not in the same way Chad was, though. The jock had the bulging musculature of a man who went to the gym every day and played sports every *other* day. Derek's frame was more of an Olympian's; sleek and lithe while also displaying an incredible amount of power. It somehow served to enhance his growing masculinity, making him look like a tall and buff woman.

"A female of the species," he whispered to the mirror as he observed himself, his third eye blinking. "That's what I'm becoming. Perhaps the female ones are the leaders. Maybe that's why I'm getting more aggressive and . . . dominant."

At that, he thought of Chad. The thought of dominating that man sent something of an excited thrill down his spine. And Derek knew he was right, he *was* becoming female. His breasts were now full C-cups, and despite all the other sensations, this was just as alien. There was a weight and heft to them, not to mention a jiggle, and there was no way of supporting them properly. Not to mention there was an itch between them; a little bump forming. His tail, on the other hand, was just a stub less than a foot long, but it would grow longer. It had a thick base, and he could flex it when he thought about it. The UFO nerd hadn't mastered his new X-ray vision yet, but perhaps that would come in time.

"I shouldn't enjoy this," he noted to himself, flexing his muscles. "But . . . I did want to discover alien life."

His lips were fuller. His face softer. Despite all his powerful stature, he really did look like he was turning into a beautiful alien woman. The kind of fantasy that nerds like him secretly desired because they could boss you around and then fuck your brains out.

"And now this is me," he said. "God, I barely have a dick left."

A small part of him wanted to lose it. It was the alien instincts, he knew, but still . . .

Derek shook his head and turned, entering the shared space. Chad was staring at him, and he couldn't help but notice the man's gaze was on his breasts. The changing

near-woman stood over Chad, who was sitting, and placed his three-fingered hands on his wide, childbearing hips.

“I’ve got a job for you, Chad,” he said. “You’re going to get me some new clothes.”

“Hey, I didn’t sign up to-”

Derek leaned down close, intimidating the other man. “Now. I want you to do it now, got it? We’re connected, you and I. It’s time to stop being an asshole and pull your weight a little. Go get me some clothes. I can help you out but obviously I can’t do it myself. I’ve got cash to pay; paper cash.”

Chad gulped, his eyes on Derek’s tits. And then he nodded.

It was a good feeling.

Another day of travel, another day of using backroads and the most non-ideal route imaginable. The black vans existed as much in their peripheral imaginations as they did, potentially, in real life. Every time a helicopter flew overhead, the pair stopped beneath an overpass or went further rural. Derek’s body continued to swell and change, his breasts surging forwards, his subcutaneous fat developing to an extent that gave him ever more impressive female curves. Occasionally, he slept in the back of the car, though it was odd; his third eye stayed open and alert, feeding his brain any sign of betrayal from Chad.

Strangely, there was none. Chad occasionally looked his way, and while there was a sort of bile fascination from the jock, there was also an odd softness. One night, when the pair had to stay in the so-called ‘shitbox’ of a van overnight, unable to get a hotel that would take them anonymously, Derek found himself shivering from the constant tingling and discomfort of the changes. He was asleep, but his third eye remained awake, and it caught sight of Chad rolling his eyes, muttering some insult . . . and then placing a blanket upon Derek. The actions of a servile mate. At least, that was the brief thought that flashed through the changing man’s subconscious.

They finally managed to find a motel that would take them. Chad had left and returned with an unexpected supply; a crate of beers that he desperately felt like consuming. After some hesitation, Derek decided to join him. The place was small, and they were on the couch with the TV showing some stupid program. At one point, Derek even had to undo the tightly-wound cap that Chad couldn’t loosen.

“Damn, you are getting tough. Call me jealous.”

“Don’t be. I’m nearly female. I can feel it. I’m going to be a female alien.”

“Yeah, those ripe Double-D’s were a bit of an indication,” Chad replied, smirking.

Derek snarled. "You can enjoy the sight of my new tits when you've earned the right, Chad."

Chad gave him a funny look.

"What?"

"It's just . . . that sounds almost flirty, dude. Like you were trying to fucking make me your naughty sub or something."

A tingle ran down Derek's spine, and not just because it was growing.

"An alien instinct," he said. "It makes me . . . feel things."

"Well, keep your feelings to yourself, dude. I was just making a joke. I'm not actually touching your green tits. Even if they are . . . you know, pretty nice."

He waggled his eyebrows at this, and Derek simply returned a glare from all three eyes. "I can see your brain, you know."

"Is it weird that that's kinda hot?" Chad said, still teasing.

"Nothing about this is ordinary," Derek said. "Thank God you bought me some large cup sizes, is all I'm saying." He shook his shoulders, letting his large breasts tremble in the bra. The sensation wasn't at all bad, especially since Chad looked at them again.

"Holy shit, you're still growing?"

"I can feel it. The tail too. I think the females of whatever species I'm becoming - or half-becoming, if I'm a hybrid like I think I am - are meant to be the dominant one over males."

"Ha, explains why you're being such a hardass."

"Not a hardass," Derek murmured, biting his full lip as he felt his tail push out another half-inch or so. "J-just *in charge*."

"Yeah, sounds just like my old man," Chad said, downing another can. His voice was starting to gain the slight tremor of tipsiness to it. "He was all about being in charge. Never saved the belt, either. 'If you can't dish it out, you won't be able to take it,' he told me."

"Is that why you're such an asshole?"

"I'm just who I am."

Derek scoffed, then punched him in the arm. Chad actually clutched it and winced.

"What the fuck? That actually hurt."

"New feeling for *you*, I bet. Now stop lying. Why are you such an asshole? Did it come from your Dad? Because I can't be mates with an asshole."

Mates. The word had just slipped out. But Chad just winced again.

"Mates? What are you, a Brit now or something? We're not friends."

"But we are allies. Something closer, perhaps. We're saving one another's lives. That means something, Chad, and I'm tired of you pretending otherwise. So tell me why you act like this. Right now."

Again, there was more of that intimidation factor than either of them expected. Chad put down his drink.

“Let’s just say that if I were to put you and my Dad in a room, you’d only be the second biggest freak there. My old man pushed me hard, and there was the locker situation, and . . . fuck. I’m getting drunk. I can’t talk about this. And stop using that third eye to talk me down. I don’t care how freaky sexy you’re starting to look, I’m not falling for it.”

He grabbed his drink, drank it right down, and headed off to bed.

“Freaky sexy?” Derek murmured to himself, looking down at his amazonian form. “I guess he gets drunk a lot quicker than me now.”

Still, there was something in those words that enticed him. When he went to bed, he wore very little, allowing his breasts to go free. Chad was already asleep, and Derek’s antenna could sense his wonderful warmth, his virile manliness.

‘Conquer. Dominate. Mate.’

He shook his head, the thoughts fleeing it. His tail was sore, and needed further growing, and the same was true of his overall stature. That space between his breasts was likewise prickly.

“Need to sleep,” he said to himself. “Need to think. Need to keep hold of myself.”

He had no idea what he was becoming. In some ways it excited him; a true alien-human hybrid! But becoming female was another matter, as were these new instincts.

Why did they have to feel so damn empowering?

Derek woke feeling flushed. His vision - which was now able to see normally even in the pitch-black room, was flashing red. His third eye had sensed it and woken him up. Sometime in the night he must have pressed his soft green hairless body against Chad, because their legs were bushing against one another, as were their arms. But now Derek had to shift. A change was coming, physical and mental, and even in his tiredness he found himself excited for it.

“Bring it on,” he murmured. “Let me see the truth. I want to . . . believe.”

The changes hit him, the red light flashing to green. The tail was a major focus, because it began to push outward, extending from his body and gaining new ligaments. It writhed as it slithered like a snake between his legs, and from its end it gained two digits like a soft crab’s claw, like a litter grabber. As he moaned softly, Derek experimentally squeezed it shut and opened it again, savouring the strange new sensations of an additional limb. Once more his height extended, and there was no doubt that he was bigger than Chad now. His shoulders expanded slightly, and his back muscles rippled with new developments. Even

his ass, which had become much softer, also had layers of muscle beneath the pleasing fat. With a wince, Derek noticed that his toes were also merging, leaving him with a three-toed pair of feet to match his three-fingered hands.

“Mhmmm . . . it f-feels sooo . . . ahhh. *Powerful.*”

The formerly scrawny conspiracy geek knew his mind was changing, but it was difficult *not* to embrace it, especially because of how tough it made him feel. His antenna pushed out, now easily three inches in length each, and they swivelled a little, focusing on the warmth and heat of Chad in the bed with him. The other man was now smaller, weaker, but that was somehow even *better*. All the easier to conquer and dominate.

“I’m n-not going to . . . ahhh.”

His breasts grew, and then they *separated*. The new impressive E-cups pushed wider apart, the ‘spillage’ of breast tissue resting on Derek’s upper arms as something new and soft and *round* formed between them, topped by a sensitive nipple that he already knew would be as dark green as the others.

It was a third breast.

Three eyes. Three limbs on his lower half. And now three tits. The middle one rose, drawing upon the heavy lunch and dinner he’d had in order to catch up to its ‘sisters.’ It was barely believable - he’d barely gotten used to having two large breasts, and now a third was rising up to greet them! But the feeling was simply too pleasurable, the sense of verging completion causing his body to shudder. His penis was withdrawing, and his testicles with it, all while a new tunnel opened up in his body, warm and wet and needy. No, that was too submissive. Too much like the old Derek. No, his new pussy would be *hungry*. It was desirous, wanting to consume and grip onto a member and suck it dry after overpowering it.

“I can’t - why am I - ahhh . . .”

The change completed. It caused his body to shudder even more, stirring Chad beside him. The man grunted in half-waking confusion.

“What’s happening?”

‘#\$%#@#% CORRECTION E@#*#(\$ PRONOUN \$#%\$#*%’

The mental change hit just as Derek readied to answer the other man. He’d been asleep when he entered the bed - they hadn’t agreed to share this space. But now it was necessary, because his entire mind was shifting gears and never going back

Derek was no longer a man.

No longer a he.

She was a woman now. An alien woman.

And she was *horny*, desirous of a mate to *dominate*.

“Chad,” she said, her voice now a sultry purr. She reached out with her three-fingered hand and began to massage his chest, before drawing her hand lower. Her heart beat

frantically, but her antennae were picking up all sorts of pleasure zones and heat in the air. Was she exhibiting pheromones? God, was it getting *both of them*? Chad was damn hard, and not just from the dream.

“Derek, what the fuck are you doing?” came the weary voice.

“I’m toying with you,” Derek found himself replying. “Taking control. Do you want me to t-take control? Would you like *this*, Chad?”

She grabbed his hand, the new woman pulling it across her enormous triple-bust and letting his fingers soak into the divine flesh. Her three nipples hardened, supremely sensitive.

“Oh God,” Chad managed in the darkness, though she could see him easily with her third eye. “So big.”

“Bigger than Kaley’s. Bigger than anyones. I want you, Chad. I’m going to have you, if you’ll have me. I’ll take control. You just need to nod. Feel, I’m all woman now. I know you’ve been looking at me. Feel, little man.”

She grabbed his hand and lowered it to her crotch, teasing his fingers against her increasingly wet slit. Even as she did this, her hand began to stroke his hard and frankly massive cock. This pleased her; she wanted a mate to *milk* of all the seed he could, and such a member would be worthy of her . . . once she broke it and its owner in and made them submissive to her will.

Chad breathed out, and it was clear he was struggling to control himself. Her antenna could sense his testicles readying their load. “I - this is fuckin’ crazy, man.”

“Not man. I know you can’t see in this darkness like I can, but surely you can hear me? Do I sound like a man to you? Do I *feel* like a man?”

She pressed her body against his, letting all three tits slide against his chest. Slowly, she crawled on top of him, pinning his body down with her larger one. Her enormous three breasts hung from her form like perfect and large drops of flesh, each topped by a nipple that yearned to be attended to. She gyrated her hips against him, sliding against his hard cock and teasing him with every movement.

“Let yourself go, Chad. I *demand* it. You are my *mate*, and I want to *dominate* you. Do you dare refuse?”

Slowly, his hands rose, gripping her powerful and shapely hips. His fingers ran across the soft fat of her ass, causing it to jiggle and her tail to extend further, wriggling just a little as he brushed it.

“This is crazy.”

“How do you think I feel? But this body wants you, Chad. You’ve been chosen. And you *will* succumb, I promise you. And you’ll enjoy it.”

Another gulp, another moment of nervousness. But a person like Chad couldn't keep his brain running when it was all flowing to his dick, and Derek sensed that. She touched his penishead again, massaging it perfectly, and then the human male couldn't take it anymore.

"Just - oh God, let me fuck you."

"No," she said, lowering herself so that she had him pinned down, all three breasts sliding against his form. "I'm going to *fuck you*. And you're going to love it."

Her body knew how to move. Instinct drove her. She lowered herself upon him, pressing her entrance upon the head of his mast. There was the briefest of resistances, and then her new green womanhood parted and accepted him.

"Ohhhhhh," she moaned. "Yesss. This is what I needed. To *master* you."

"F-fuck. Holy shit, you f-feel wet. Tighter than Kaley."

"Feel my tits. Do it. C'mon Chad, just feel them already! It won't be awkward, I promise."

Chad barely resisted at all. His eyes opened wide, despite how blind he was in the dark, and Derek grinned. He had realised.

"Do you have-"

"Three tits - mhmm - and they're s-sensitive. Feel them. I order it."

"Dude, why are you talking like that? It's so fucking hot."

"It's what my body is telling me, dude. Now shut up and let me fuck your big cock. We're both going to cum, I just know it."

She began to slide up and down his pole, elicited groans of pleasure from both of them. Derek shoved her three big tits right in the man's face, savouring the way he motorboated both canyons of cleavage she now possessed. She overpowered him easily, pinning him against the bed, and it was only making Chad harder and more *virile*, her antenna just knew it. Every motion added to the alien bliss, and soon she was on the very edge of purest ecstasy.

"Yesssss! I d-don't care about b-being human anymore. I just want this! To conquer you, my mate!"

"I - oh f-fuck, Derek. What the shit are we doing, I'm gonna cum. I'm seriously gonna - Aghhhh!"

It flowed into her, warm and sticky and wonderful, and she accepted every part of it. Her vaginal muscles clamped down upon him, and she did indeed milk him for every drop, drawing it into her waiting womb and sucking him dry as a result. Derek's vision turned red even as she pinned Chad once again, drowning him in her boob flesh.

\$\$\$^@##\$%^&#@\$ NAME CORRECTION

\$\$\$^@##\$%^&#@\$ JARANA \$\$\$^@##\$%^&#@\$

Jarana. It was her name now.

She soaked it in as she lay against Chad, her middle nipple still sitting in his mouth as the pair fell back to sleep.

Jarana.

Things were awkward the next day between them. Not only did they wake with their bodies entangled, but both were experiencing arousal along with a set of memories of what they had done. Chad recoiled instantly, and Jarana did also, even if she didn't truly desire it. Instead, her body already hungered to put this man under her thumb.

"That was - that was fucking wrong! What the shit was that?"

"You were just as eager as me! At least I've got the excuse of turning into a half-alien amazon chick, unlike you, asshole!"

"Yeah, well I wasn't doing some weird domination kink either!"

"Please, you were fucking into it! My antenna could sense it! You were licking my tits, and it felt great! And if you try to deny it I'll force you to the ground and pin your arm until you admit it. I'm stronger and bigger than you now."

She folded her arms, looming over him, now easily 6'6 in height. In doing so, she deliberately emphasised her naked breasts, which hung off her form in triplicate, all three almost level with Chad's face. He was staring right at them, and this amused her.

"Yeah, I could still take you," he said. "You're still a chick now. And you were a pussy before."

Jarana put her hand against the wall, pressing the now-smaller man against it. He was looking right up at her now-beautiful face. Her elongated tail shifted, stroking his thigh.

"And you enjoyed that pussy last night. Admit it or not, we mated, dude. I'm an alien hottie now, and whether it's the changes or just me, I like it. I've finally made alien contact, and it feels fucking *good*. And you weren't a bad lover, last night."

"Please, I'm fucking great at having sex, Derek."

She grinned, kissing him on the cheek to establish dominance. "Prove it again sometime, then. And call me Jarana. That's my new name. Blame the DNA changes *you* caused."

She gestured for him to follow.

"C'mon. We gotta hit the road fast. I can sense . . . danger. They're closer than I'd like and I don't want to leave you behind."

"Sure you don't."

She turned and looked at him. "No, I'm serious, Chad. I wouldn't leave you behind. And I know you won't either. We're in this together, and I mean it. Last night just sealed the deal."

They were now in New Mexico. There was AlienCon nearby, but it held little interest to Jarana now that she was the real thing. But it did afford her an opportunity to find some proper clothing; the various cosplayers and fetish artists at the fringes were able to supply her with a three-cup bra for F-cups breasts.

“Fucking America, man,” Chad said after she got changed into her new clothing. “There’s something for everyone, even the weirdos.”

Derek snorted. It wasn’t wrong; her new shorts even had a hole for her tail, not that she planned to always use it publicly.

“How do I look?” she said as she exited the stall near where AlienCon was still running. She spun on the spot, her crop top and trousers showing off her green skin, her antenna now proud upon her head, her three breasts wobbling, her tail shifting almost sensually, brushing Chad’s face.

The man just blushed a little, then looked away. “Yeah, pretty hot, actually.”

“Say that louder.”

“I said pretty hot actually, God. Is that enough?”

Derek smiled. “I guess it is. For now. We should get moving again. This disguise will work well while the pilgrimage to Roswell is happening. I’ll just look like a hot as hell cosplayer strutting her stuff.”

“And what about me? I don’t exactly look like the crowd of dweebs here. The feds are looking for me, man!”

“Not man, *Jarana*. And you can be my hot jock boyfriend. It’s not far from the truth.”

She gestured for him to follow, and he did so after a moment’s pause, the pair of them heading back to the parking complex where their van was.

“What truth is that?”

“That we’re fucking. That you’re my *mate*.”

Chad balled his fists. “Hey, I didn’t sign up to be your fuckbuddy! It was one time at night while I was horny and you didn’t look like a freak.”

Jarana swivelled on the spot and jabbed him in the chest with her tail. “You’re turned on right now. I can *sense* it. You just don’t want to admit it because you’re acting like a tough guy. Well, news flash, I’m stronger than you. I’m bigger than you. And when I was a guy *and* now, I was and remain smarter than you.”

Chad narrowed his eyes. “Then why are you dragging me along at all? Why save me from the feds?”

She threw up her hands. "Because that stupid device made me want to dominate you and fuck you! And because . . . I guess I thought I was starting to see a non-asshole side of you as you helped me. Guess I was wrong."

"Yeah, I very much guess. Now can we finally get a move and -"

He froze, and Jarana's antenna went haywire with information. She pushed Chad backwards, spinning on the spot and just dodging a tranquiliser shot.

"Run, Chad! RUN!"

The man hesitated. Federal agents were running across the parking lot complex, having been in place to ambush them. Chad hesitated, and then did exactly what Jarana said after she barked it a second time. An agent tried to size him, but by this point the half-alien woman had the strength of three or four men, and she launched herself forward, leaning into her powerful new instincts and quickly batted the agent right across the hood of the nearest car. A second agent readied a taser at the fleeing jock, but Jarana was even quicker, kicking his feet out from under him and then pulling him to the ground with her tail. She dragged him away even as she ran towards the third agent, who was levelling a pistol at her.

"You won't grab my mate!" she declared. "He's mine! No one will hurt him!"

The programming was in her mind, but it was *good*. It was making her strong and protective, and she had to embrace all of it in order to stay ahead. More agents poured in from their hidden black vans and undercover vehicles. A taser got her in the side, causing her to wince. A tranquiliser dart got her in the neck. She pulled it out with her tail and flung it back in the agent, who wheezed and fell to the ground. She leapt from vehicle to vehicle to get away, until a black van careened backwards and knocked her down. She landed on her three fat breasts with an 'oof!', and it knocked the wind out of her to feel such pain.

"Never kn-knew they could hurt like that," she mused out loud. But then she was up again and moving rapidly, even as her left leg struggled from the hit. Only a few agents were remaining, but they were being clever about it. She could see the white-haired man directing them on his radio further back in the lot. She used her tail to rip off a hubcap and fling it at him like a frisby, but he dodged it easily.

"Give it up already!" he cried. "You can't escape! We know what you look like!"

`$^^#$#$%@##$%^&#@$ CONFIGURE FORM`

`$^^#$#$%@##$%^&#@$ STEALTH PROTOCOL $^^#$#$%@##$%^&#@$`

Jarana gasped, clutching her head as new information ran through it. It didn't make sense; none of it looked alien, but rather *human* instead. Lots of humans, in fact. She couldn't make heads or tails of it, but the confusion only meant that more agents were soon upon her. She managed to hide behind a pillar and yank away one's feet with her tail, then

throw part of a hood at another. But they were keeping their distance now, wearing her down and establishing a greater perimeter.

“Fuck,” she groaned. “I always thought I’d end up being captured by some secretive agency, but not like this! And I was so close to the truth!”

It burned her, not to know her species, their civilisation, or their ultimate plans. This was the information the government had kept hidden, and now she would be whisked away against her will and locked in some cell deep beneath Area 51. She just knew it.

“You fuckers!” Jarana yelled. “I was gonna blow the lid wide open on this!”

“That’s exactly why we’re here!” the white-haired man yelled. “We’ll be taking you somewhere deep and dark where you can never get close to-”

Everything was interrupted by a loud screech followed by the roar of an engine. The agents ran away in a different direction, firing on a van Jarana recognised as the one she and Chad had purchased. It was flying backwards at a dangerous speed straight towards them, and the white-haired man was knocked back by it at the very moment it braked. He smacked into the car behind him and was knocked out cold, instantly.

“Fuck yeah!” Chad yelled. “Score one for the jock! Get in, Derek - Jarana - whatever your name is! Let’s lose these fed fuckers!”

Jarana needed no further encouragement. She sped forward, batting aside one agent and then another, and then flinging a third against a fourth until the way was clear. The chaos Chad had sowed gave her enough time to jump into the front seat.

“Hit the pedal to the metal!” she cried. “*NOW!*”

“On it, boss!”

They sped out of the parking lot.

The city was filled with black vans by this point, and numerous law enforcement agencies had joined in on the hunt. Jarana and Chad had to ditch the van almost immediately, but things were looking dire. They’d managed to cross some alleyways and find a derelict old apartment building slated for destruction. Here, as time turned to evening, the pair managed to catch their breaths and think about what their next moves would be.

“Fuck me, I still can’t believe I did that,” Chad said. “Why did I do that?”

Jarana smiled, all three eyes drinking in the form of her mate, and she sauntered over to him. She’d removed her top to nurse her wounds, so that she was only wearing trousers and a bra now, her curvaceous and powerful green form there for Chad to enjoy. He in turn drank in the sight of her voluptuousness, particularly as she picked him up and pulled him against her, his face wedged right into her pair of cleavages.

“You did it because you’re not an asshole, Chad, at least not anymore. You’re my mate.”

Chad’s fingers roamed across her form, and she was pleased by this. She raised him up to face her only when it was clear he might actually suffocate in her boobs.

“I’m not some mate,” he declared. “And I *am* an asshole. You don’t know what terrible shit I’ve done. There was this thing with a locker I still have dreams about. Nightmares. My old man, he always said-”

But Jarana just placed a three-fingered hand against his mouth, shushing him.

“Silence, little one.”

“Little one?”

She continued: “That’s all in the past, dude. Look, I’m a big dominant alien chick now. I’ve got all these new senses, and ever since I rescued you, you’ve been repaying me, most of all back at the parking lot.”

“Well, I do like those green tits. Not to mention those hips.”

“I think my size is starting to turn you on.”

Chad blushed a little. “Well, maybe. That one night was pretty fucking hot. Jesus, what even is my life now, when I’m having sex with huge alien nerds with three tits!?”

Jarana laughed. “Much more interesting, I’d wager. This experience is so different from what I expected, trying to find out the truth about aliens. Now I *am* one. I can’t lose this opportunity. And . . . I can’t lose you.”

Chad looked away. “We had sex once. I mean, I keep telling you, I’m an asshole. You just choose to forget that.”

“No, *you* forget, I’ve got a pair of antenna now, and they can read you, Chad. You’re not an asshole, at least not anymore. And you’re *mine*, besides. *My mate. Mine to conquer and dominate.*”

“That’s the alien in you talking.”

“Well, I’m half alien now, thanks to you. And you know what? I fucking like it, man. I haven’t just *found* the truth, I *am* the truth. And together we can get out of this and do something about it. You and me. Besides . . . I promise that I’ll show you what’s what in bed. Trust me, this alien body is very fucking horny to do things to the person it recognises as its mate, and that’s you, mister.”

She slid her tail against his thigh, before rising up to feel his member. It hardened instantly, and Chad whimpered just a little bit.

“Jesus, that sounds good. God, this is so weird. But . . . not bad, I guess.” He shook his head. “Wait, what are we thinking? We need to get out of here before anything crazy like that! Hell, they’ll put me in a hole too, just for rescuing you.”

Jarana felt that pulse in her mind again, that little urge to embrace a new ability. She was already using her x-ray vision more adeptly now; keeping watch on any black vans to avoid being surprised again, but there was something else. She could sense it.

“Wait, I think there might be something. Just wait a moment . . .”

She focused inward. In just the span of less than two weeks she had become an alien woman, had sex with a man she once hated, and came to view him as her mate. And he in turn had come to defend her. Whether destiny was true or not, this was what she was *meant* to be.

“Tell me what to do,” she told her instincts. “I won’t fight any of it. Change me one last time.”

The thoughts came, the programming with them, and this time there was no confusion over what their meaning was.

‘ENGAGE STEALTH PROTOCOL. CONFIGURE FORM TO LOCAL BIOME STATUS - ALPHA SENTIENT CAMOUFLAGE. EVASION FROM DETECTION, PROTECTION OF MATE.’

Slowly, she felt her body recede. Muscle retreated, her spine contracted down, her third eye melted into her forehead and her tail pulled back in. Her middle breast shrank dramatically until it was gone, her right and left breasts pulling closer together to eliminate the gap. Her skin became flushed with heat, and when she opened her eyes, Jarana could see that it was back to its pale self. Even her clothing had changed: she wore a crop top and dark skirt and regular heels for her feet, which had five digits again just like her hands. A smile crept across her features as she looked down upon Chad - still shorter than her, but only by two inches now that was 6’5 instead of the glorious 7’0 she’d possessed a moment ago.

“Well?” she asked, unable to contain her grin. “What do you think?”

Chad’s jaw hung. “Holy shit, you look human again. Um, are you human again? Because I gotta be honest, I’ll miss the big green sexy momma dommy look, not to mention you picking me up.”

Jarana did exactly that: she picked him up, swung him around, and then pressed her lips forcefully against him, showing him *exactly* who was boss.

“Oh, I can still pick you up, my little man,” she declared, gripping his buttocks just for emphasis. “And don’t worry, I’m not human, not that any human technology will be able to tell. I’ve got all the same mass, I can feel it, but it’s all internal now. And it should be enough for us to slip out, especially when . . .”

She touched her mate, and he grunted a little as his own physiology was altered. He lost several inches of height, and his hair colour changed to blonde, all while his clothing altered to accommodate his slimmer body.

“Hey, what the fuck?”

“It’s just to get out of the city, dude. I’ll restore you, don’t worry. It’s only temporary besides. But since I had to be a bit shorter, I figure you should too. After all, this body likes its mates to be . . . smaller.”

She scruffed the back of his head playfully, then lowered her hand down to touch his still-hard member.

“I - oooh - guess I can put up with that for a little bit. You know, since I might be sticking around. Might, I want to emphasise.”

He stroked her flank. It stirred some feeling in her, especially in her breasts, which remained at least at the Double-D size. She had no doubt she was still astoundingly beautiful, not to mention amazonian in appearance.

“Might, huh? Don’t tell me the great Chad Penwick is thinking of pulling out? I heard he *never* does that.”

“Never. But there’s always a first time.”

She struck a pose, enjoying the way she loomed over him. The desire to put him in his place and be the sexual conqueror was only growing. She reverted her body slowly, allowing it to become green and giant and three-breasted, her antenna savouring every bit of arousal and heat their bodies emanated. Chad licked his lips as she slid her tail against his back, now her triumphant alien self again.

“Then why don’t we put these bodies to the test before we make our dangerous escape? And if you like it just as much as I know you will, then you come with me and stay as my mate. I think you’ll like being under the thumb of someone else for a change.”

Chad swallowed, his dick throbbing in his pants.

Wordlessly, he began to remove them.

It was the best part of Jarana’s day. Well, the *second* best part - the best went to those moments of pure domination in the bedroom, after all, when she would subjugate her mate. But coming home from her work as an investigative reporter allowed her to embrace her true self. The home she and Chad lived in was as private as they could ask for; a place on the edge of town that backed into the forest and was ramshackle enough that few others lived nearby. It was a little unfair, using her antenna beneath her hair while in human guise to ratchet up money at the casinos, examining various card players and knowing when to bet and fold, but it had at least amassed them a private little fortune to stay under the radar and out of sight of the white-haired man and his secret agency.

Not that she'd given up the hunt, of course. For now, however, she simply joyous to be back home and in her skin. She sighed as she got out of her car, stretching her tall body. Men always liked to look at her, and she occasionally got comments about how they'd like to 'climb her like a tree' or that they 'loved tall women.' If only they knew.

"Mhmm," she moaned as she stretched. "It feels good to become *me* again."

Her clothing altered to accommodate her form as she grew to her full seven feet, as her skin changed to its forest green, as her toes and fingers reduced to three per limb, as her tail extended outwards. She shook her shoulders, letting her now-three large breasts swell into their proper size. Her muscles swelled just as much, and in moments she was, in her own mind, the dominant life form on the planet. At least she would be, if she ever cared about such things. Dominating Chad was more than enough. The evidence was right there in her swelling belly.

"My little Amari," she said, rubbing her large orb, in which her half-alien daughter grew. "You will be so perfect."

X-ray vision certainly helped know the gender a lot easier. Besides, she had always believed that knowledge was power. The pregnant half-alien hybrid entered into her home, ducking low to get through the door frame before rising up to her full comfortable height; they'd renovated the ceiling just for this purpose.

"Chad! My mate! Where are you?"

She already knew, of course - X-ray vision again. Still, she liked the human formality of it, and knew that Chad appreciated it.

"In the back, with Callis! You should get over here. We're collecting bugs!"

She grinned. Oh, but he was so very good at being a house husband. She'd insisted after he'd first bred with her. She'd known they'd conceived the very next day after they'd successfully fled from the city three years ago; her antennae were always hyperaware. She strode out, letting her hips sway to catch his attention. Of course, it also caught the attention of her green-skinned son, whose tail was wagging happily as he looked at the beetle he'd caught in his little bugcatcher.

"Mommy!" he cried, racing towards her.

She grabbed him and pulled him up in her arms. "Oh, my little green bear, I missed you," she said.

"You were at work," he said. "Why are you at work, Mommy?"

"Because I was doing something *important*. Did you catch bugs? Can I see one?"

He nodded enthusiastically, and she lowered him down to the ground before pulling Chad against her. He didn't resist; he'd long learned how deeply alluring that submission was.

"Welcome back, hot stuff," he said.

She kissed him on the cheek, then slapped his butt with her tail while Callis was looking away, explaining in broken two-and-a-half year old speech what he'd done that day and what bugs he'd caught. It was adorable to hear, but it also gave time for the pair to be a little flirty without their boy noticing. Jarana even grabbed Chad's hand and pressed it against her belly.

"Jeez, you're getting big," Chad whispered. "I mean, even bigger."

"All the better to crush you in bed, dear," she noted. "Just the way you like it."

Chad grinned, his gaze going to her three breasts which were straining against her top, threatening to escape at any moment, which was all by design, of course.

"Well, I won't complain about that."

"Oh, you can complain, all right. I like it when you pretend to fight back. It gets my alien senses going to reduce you to a little nerd and me the powerful jock."

"A fun reversal from the truth, huh?"

She giggled, kissing him on the cheek again. "Speaking of the truth, I've got something to show you, later. After Callis naps."

Then they turned their attention back to the bug presentation.

"F-fuck me! Ohhhh ye-yess! Fuck me! I'm yours, Jarana, I'm all yours! You own me! I'm your little human m-man. Keep d-dominating me!"

She gripped his shoulders and continued to ride him, controlling the entire act and forcing him into submission once again. Their passion was nightly, but while they experimented often, they both knew this kind of roleplay brought the greatest pleasure; when the seven foot tall alien chick made her human babydaddy know *exactly* who was in charge. Chad had been in denial over his love of this for well over a year, even after Callis was born, but no longer. He now embraced being her 'pet,' her 'little human mate,' her 'conquered subject.' And she enjoyed mating with him, breeding with him, and - in those quiet moments afterwards - truly loving him and all he and she had become.

"Cum in me!" she ordered. "Your alien queen orders it! I want all of it. Breed me!"

Chad seized up, grasping her left and right boobs while sucking on her central one. It was enough to send them both into a terrific climax. In the aftermath, she lay on her back, him on top of her with an arm around her, she clutching him like a man would ordinarily clutch a submissive female lover.

"Mhmm," she moaned. "You have no idea how much these antenna add to sex. Plus this tail."

"I've g-got a pretty good idea on the last one, judging by how you were stroking me. Jesus, it's this kind of stuff that makes being a house husband worthwhile."

"Are you unhappy?"

"Nah. I mean, I sometimes think about the sports career I would have had, but this is better. I got the local club, anyway. And besides, what other guy has a fucking hot alien MILF to dominate him in bed each night."

"And morning."

"When Callis allows."

They kissed again. "You've certainly grown, Chad. Even more than me, I think."

He shrugged. "Well, maybe I wasn't so much of an asshole as I thought. And you were a lot tougher, too. Literally, now. Is it weird that I'm glad I threw that device?"

"I'm glad. In fact, that's what I wanted to talk to you about."

She removed his hand from her swollen stomach and shifted, her tail helping her. Using her third eye, she was able to see where she'd placed the board behind the cover of the bed, and she pulled it out easily before sitting it on the bed. Chad's eyes widened at it.

"Holy moly, is that what I think it is?"

"Yep. I told you, I didn't just become a reporter for the hell of it, or because it worked with our new IDs. I never stopped being an alien specialist, Chad. Hell, becoming an alien only made me more focused."

They both took in the corkboard in front of them. It had places, maps, details. The white-haired man was on it several times, as well as images of UFO wrecks, a strange signal down in New Mexico, and a facility not far from it. All of it was pruned and researched and centred entirely around what she now thought of as 'her' species.

"Jarana, this could be dangerous. For all of us, I mean."

"We're always in danger, living this life. But I meant what I said when this all started, love. I intend to blow this thing wide open, *and* keep our own identities secret when it happens. We'll defang the people chasing us for good. No more need to move around. And I expect my sexy submissive mate to be there with me, when I do. Are you with me?"

Chad glanced at the board, then roamed his eyes across her luscious, powerful form before staring into the centre of her third eye. She already knew his answer before he spoke thanks to her antenna, but she liked to hear him say it anyway.

"I'm with you all the way, my alien queen," he said.

The End