

Becoming Kalanri, Part 1: Diplomatic Exchange

An Anonymous Commission

Alan and Marcus are young men selected to become diplomatic emissaries to the kalanri, an beautiful, blue-skinned, all-female race of aliens. However, they soon find that the kalanri's idea of 'cementing relations' involves literally becoming members of their species, and more than that, becoming pregnant with their young!

Part One: Diplomatic Exchange

It was perhaps the most important posting in human history: a diplomatic exchange between the people of Earth and the alien race known as the Kalanri. The United Nations Government had been in contact with the Kalanri for well over five decades, and brief messages and exchange of data had taken place, but the powerful alien civilisation had otherwise maintained its borders. They were not harsh; human space vessels were simply tractorized away if they wandered too close to Kalanri space, and Earth had no illusions about being able to challenge this; the Kalanri had been part of the galactic community for centuries, and there were still some spacefaring communities they did not engage in diplomatic relations with, such as the Vultar, or the Hranians. Which made it all the more surprising and wonderful when a message came by way of an unexpected Kalanri envoy, stating that the advanced civilisation was willing to begin opening diplomatic channels with two select envoys.

The excitement could not be contained, and information quickly leaked across Earth and her colonies. The Kalanri had been a subject of fascination ever since they had first been discovered, though as it turned out, the aliens had known about Earth and its people far longer. Whereas other species in the galaxy were utterly distinct from humanity - the carbon-breathing spider-people of Janris, for instance, or the gaseous neutral network of Carval 9 - humanity's brief sightings of the Kalanri species excited them: just like humanity, they were bipedal, possessing similar body structures and facial features. They breathed a similar oxygenated atmosphere, and based on several sightings of Kalanri in other worlds that were more friendly to humanity, they seemed to experience pregnancy in a similar manner.

All of this would have garnered an interest enough, but there was perhaps an even more significant factor that drove human fascination with the Kalanri, one that had many a science-fiction nerd, comicbook geek, and starry-eyed single man captivated with wonder, and more than a little lust.

The Kalanri were a monogendered race. Specifically, an all-female race of 'humanoids', each one appearing like a more realistic 'alien space babe' from classic sci-fi serials. Their skin was generally blue, though it also ranged to violet, to deep purple hues, and even some turquoise-green members had been spotted. Regardless, it seemed almost each member was impossibly beautiful, with full lips, almond eyes, rounded hips, and tall figures; most were roughly six or more feet in height. Unlike humans, they did not have hair, but instead had semi-flexible tentacles of flesh upon their head that writhed slowly, ranging from half a dozen stubby ridges to greater numbers that hung down to the top of their necks. Their eyes were enchantingly a light violet with dark pupils. And each moved with a sensual grace, like elves from the stars.

No wonder they had captured the imagination of the public, and even that of Earth's greatest explorers, diplomats, and officials. So to know that the Kalanri was finally considering humanity worthy of contact was no small thing, especially to Marcus Ingram and Allen Pickett, who had been selected as the two envoys for what could well be the human race's most important mission. The two men had volunteered among many others, and their fellow astronauts and political figures and other competition joked about "seeing how beautiful a Kalanri is up close" or "just how flexible those tentacles are." Alan and Marcus had joined in those jokes, but always restrained themselves respectfully, knowing they were likely recorded. For Alan, it was a point of professional pride. For Marcus, it was playing the long game; deep down he wanted more than anything to be the first human to fuck a Kalanri, and tell others what it had been like. Regardless, their bets paid off; they were seen as possessing the sensitivity necessary to lead the mission, a true honour. Though of course, there were other criteria they fit that they were not made privy to just yet.

Alan bid farewell to his girlfriend Gracey, the two tearful, knowing he would be gone on a minimum two year mission. Marcus, instead, made one final booty call before he was set to go. The two men, alike in skill but different in temperament and interest, thus made their way to *Union*, the ship that would take them to the starbase *Alanti* where the diplomatic exchange was to take place.

Humanity cheered them on as they ascended to the skies.

"So, what do you think they will be like?" Marcus asked. The tall man was the tougher of the two, being formerly a trained astronaut. He was thirty years old, and he had black hair and blue eyes, and a powerful square jaw. On the voyage to *Alanti* he had made sure to keep his fitness regime despite the zero-G, as well as reading up on what little was known about the Kalanri and their ways.

"I imagine we'll find out," Alan said, adjusting his glasses. They were irritating in zero-G, but he could barely see without them. "But every reading suggests we shall have to be respectful and poised in our interactions, and demonstrate a cultural finesse worthy of their attention."

A trained diplomat following in his father's footsteps, he was the younger of the two, being only twenty seven. His lithe frame and spiky blonde hair that he could never get under control made him appear a little frantic, but all who knew him understood that he kept a cool head in even the most unexpected circumstances.

Marcus chuckled, looking up from his E-Pad. "I've read the same file, buddy. I'm talking about what they are actually like. You know, beneath the stuffy exteriors. You can't tell me you aren't just a little bit interested in those hot space babes?"

It irritated Alan that a man as crass as Marcus had been chosen for the mission, particularly since he had no actual diplomatic experience at all. He was undeniably intelligent, but why had he been chosen?

“I would hope you won’t make comments like that in hearing range of the Kalanri.”

“Oh please, I’m not stupid, Alan. I know how to play my role. But don’t tell me you haven’t thought a little about some interspecies . . . relations?”

Alan blushed, returning to his E-Pad. “I won’t deny they are . . . elegant. Beautiful, even. But they are also vastly more intelligent than us, so please don’t make a fool of humanity.”

“Hey man, humanity is horny. They’re going to learn that somehow.”

Alan sighed.

“The Kalanri were the ones to select us?” Alan asked in bewilderment.

They had arrived at *Alanti* station, and were just a day from the arrival of the Kalanri shuttle. And both men had been hit by shocking news from their direct superior; Ambassador Cleary, a dark-skinned woman in her 40s whose hair was as tightly braided as her demeanour.

“They were. They selected you personally.”

“Hmm,” Marcus said, and Alan noticed he pointedly said nothing further, though the fit athlete smirked briefly.

“Do you have any idea why?” Alan asked.

Cleary crossed her arms. “Just a few. We were given a set of criteria to draw from, eliminating many of the more highly qualified candidates we had. The UN Security Board was in chaos over that. The Kalanri expected the following of the human envoys:

“One, that they be healthy males.

“Two, that they be young - between the Earth ages of twenty to thirty. You just made it in Marcus.

“Three, that they both held a pre-existing interest in Kalanri culture.

“Four, that they be childless.

“Five, that they be, and I quote, ‘of prime breeding ages.’”

Alan couldn’t help but notice Marcus grin a little wider, though the shock was evident in his eyes also.

“Why would they need to know that?”

The Ambassador’s eyebrow raised. “Go enjoy your last human comforts gentleman. I can only hope the Kalanri offer the same level of comfort we do.”

As the two chosen envoys walked away, Alan was increasingly confused and fascinated. As strange as the conditions were, he was incredibly excited by the fact that the Kalanri had actually selected him. Him!

He pushed from that thought as Marcus reached a powerful arm around his shoulder.

“Man, when I am right, I am *right*, buddy. Interplanetary *relations!*”

Alan rolled his eyes at his crass companion, but even he couldn't help but imagine what it would be like to have one of their gorgeous bodies against his.

The Kalanri shuttle had arrived, and its advanced technology was evident. It was a purple-pink in colour, and seemed to be composed of softly-glowing crystals that curved in architecturally beautiful fashions. Alan and Marcus both watched in awe alongside Ambassador Cleary as it landed. An organised arrangement of UN officials and dignitaries held their breath. The red carpet had quite literally been rolled out for their guests.

“Wow,” the normally grumpy ambassador managed.

An invisible seam dilated open on the vessel, and four Kalanri descended down its platform elegantly. Each was dressed in ceremonial robes that clung tightly to their forms; deep reds and greens were their preferred colours. Each of them were beautiful, but the two in front appeared quite different to the two behind. The Kalanri women at the head of the procession were noticeably taller than their counterparts, and their skin had brighter hues. Their clothing was a little more skimpy; their sides of their hips were exposed by the fabric, and a tantalising hint of blue cleavage rose from their low-cut uniforms, appearing to contain what were at the very least ripe pairs of DD-cup breasts. Their tentacles reached their shoulders, writhing slowly and somehow sensually.

The Kalanri behind them were paler in colour, and were not as curvy as the women in front. They were daintier, more fragile, and their clothing covered more of their forms, though the entirety of their arms were exposed, and there was still the barest hint of cleavage from their slight breasts. They were more willowy, and their eyes seemed more ordinary. More human, even. Their body language was more uncertain, perhaps even nervous, compared to the strident figures ahead of them. The party moved ahead, and met with the delegation. The Kalanri bowed deeply, as did the human delegation. Cleary exchanged several words with the two Kalanri in front, and there was an exchange of small gifts. Finally, the two men who were to be the aliens' guests for the next two years were called over.

“Marcus Ingram, Allen Pickett, this is Avara and Tevine,” she said, gesturing to the two curvier Kalanri women. Avara was the slightly bustier of the two, with bright blue skin, and was more formal. Tevine grinned as she took their hands in the human fashion, though she clasped her other hand on top, pressing into their skin in a manner that must have been cultural. She had softer purple skin.

“We are most honoured to meet you both,” Alan said.

“Yes, we are exceedingly grateful for the opportunities you bestow upon us,” Marcus said. Alan was impressed at the man's ability. He was smarter than he seemed, even if he was a bit of an

alpha-male. The Kalanri were obviously charmed, as they both smiled, Avara quite prominently, shedding a bit of formality.

“We are honoured also, for this exchange.” She gestured to the two women behind her. “This is Nis’na,” she said, indicating to the slightly turquoise woman with the most slender figure, “and this is Sanalga. They are both looking forward to seeing your Earth, and forming the diplomatic connections we hold so dear.”

The two young women gently bowed. Alan’s eyebrows raised. He had no idea that this was to be a people exchange, and judging from Cleary’s brief cough, neither did she. But this had to go smoothly, and in short time the parties were mingling and talking pleasantries. Several Kalanri aides - advanced robotic entities constructed of sleek, seamless metal - shuttled the men’s luggage onto the shuttle. It became clear after only twenty minutes of meeting that the aliens were keen to depart and take their human cargo with them. Cleary approached one final time.

“This is all unexpected, but we’re dealing with it. I’ll keep Nis’na and Sanalga close by me and see they’re taken care of. You two get going, and make sure Earth is presented well, just like I apparently have to do now.”

She returned to the two demure, nervous aliens now surrounded by humans. Avara and Tevine gestured for the men to follow them up the ramp to their ship, and Marcus easily did so. Alan took one last look of the station, this last legacy of Earth he’d see for some time, and then entered the ship.

They were each gestured to comfortable couches in the pink-and-purple crystal interior of the ship. The surfaces were sleek and modern, and the furniture had a sponge-like quality that seemed to mould itself around their forms for maximum comfort. Avara and Tevine took seats opposite them, and made no gesture to put on seat belts. In fact, none were available. Before Alan could figure out what to do, the ship took off; several large windows dilated to reveal the brilliance of the galaxy, but it felt no different than being in a softly ambulating aircar. They were travelling at lightspeed, and he felt perfectly fine. He rested back on the couch, admiring the women before him.

Now that he had a better look at them, he could tell some further differences. Avara definitely was the curvier of the two; she wore slightly less clothing, especially now that she had removed her elegant robe. She wore a light pink one piece that looped around the back of her neck, leaving her arms and shoulders bare, and part of her back also. Her breasts were easily E-cups, if not F-cups, and there were held in by two large strips of the one piece’s fabric, leaving a ‘boob window’ of sorts that provided a mouth-wateringly erotic view of her cleavage. The sides of her blue breasts bulged out of the open sides of the costume. The one-piece exposed her wonderfully-wide hips, and a sort of dangling half-cape fell from behind to behind her knees, currently tucked beneath her as she sat. She wore long thigh-high boots that ended in high heels, not dissimilar to earth fashion. Her tentacle ‘hair’ fell around her shoulders, the longer ones almost half the length of her back.

Tevine on the other hand seemed less developed, though still incredibly sexy. She also wore a one piece beneath her robe, green in colour, but her breasts were slightly more covered up, having one large fabric wrapping around them, and her hips were also covered. Her chest, while impressive, were closer to D or Double-D cups, and her tentacle hair fell to the top of her neck. She had an easy manner, less poised, and her skin was a duller shade of purple. Alan also noticed

that both women's eyes were almost devoid of pupils, instead being bright purple, Avara's especially. It was difficult not to appreciate their beauty as they travelled. Visions of having sex with these gorgeous entities swam in both men's minds, but Alan knew it would be an impossibility, and an outright diplomatic incident if it occurred.

"So, if I may ask, what is the first order of business for us when we arrive on your homeworld?" Marcus asked, as he relaxed into one of their spongy couches.

Avara was reserved and poised in her response.

"You shall be given a tour of the capital, Palantea. You shall be shown your accommodations, and given new clothing to wear. You will meet with several of our high matriarchs. And then you shall be mated."

Both men's jaws briefly dropped.

"I'm sorry," Alan said, "can you explain to me what you mean by mated?"

Avara breathed gently, and her impressive chest rose and fell visibly. She did indeed look deeply sexy, in a mature way.

It was then that Tevine chimed in. "Yes, you're going to make 'alien babies' with the 'sexy blue alien space babes.' Is that not how you Earthlings say it?"

"Ohhh . . . mhhhm . . . ahhhh!"

Marcus buried his face in Tevine's generous breasts, sucking at her dark blue nipples as he felt at her curvaceous hips and ass. The beautiful alien woman cooed and moaned beneath him, her purple legs entangling his, tentacle hair wriggling with pleasure as he lined his tip up against her moist opening.

"Would you like to go all the way?" he said, incredibly turned on by her hot alien body. It was like a dream come true, and it was not one that disappointed.

"Mhhhm, yes Earth-man Marcus," Tevine replied, her sultry voice matching her lustful need. She ran a green-blue finger down his form, ending at his erect penis, and helped guide him in. "It is important that you understand all aspects of being Kalanri. For the mission."

He slid inside of her, and he grunted with pleasure as her tight passage accepted him, slick and perfect.

"That mission . . . ah . . . yes, god the mission feels good!"

Her alien hands - four fingered, one less digit than humans - raked his back as he continued to thrust. Unlike her partner, Tevine was utterly enthusiastic in the sexual act, and clearly enjoyed the feeling of a human within her; her species must have evolved this pleasure act as a form of mutual play or even due to meeting other alien species.

Alan was in the same room, entangled with the bustier, curvier, but colder Avara. The younger man was less experienced in the ways of women, but was certainly no virgin; he thrust into her, overwhelmed with pleasure but more than a little guilt; back home Gracey was his love, and here he was cheating on her. And yet, it was for the mission, wasn't it?

"Don't stop," Avara said, cooing slightly, holding him in an almost maternal fashion. "The diplomatic mission demands we complete this act."

"Oh, oh God!"

He was sitting on one of their comfortable gel-like couches as she rode him, her magnificent breasts pressing into his face, demanding he suckle them. She had an almost motherly way about her; a distance yes, but also a care that made her devastatingly lovely. Her blue skin was bright, and her longer tail hair writhed and danced as he slid in and out of her. Her reactions were understated, and difficult to tell given her more opaque purple eyes, but from the sensuous way she licked her full blue lips, it was obvious she was enjoying it. She bounced her hips in time with his rhythms, the two of them gasping as they neared climax.

"Very good Alan, you are so close. You are both so close to understanding the Kalanri."

Alan could barely respond, preoccupied with the way her tightness gripped him, milking his cock for all it was worth. His balls tensed, and he marvelled at her perfectly feminine alien form. At the last possible moment, she grabbed his hands and placed them on her large breasts, letting his fingers sink into her ample flesh. His balls released, and he felt his member moments from shooting their contents into her womb. Avara smiled calmly, hugging close and whispering in his ear.

"Accept this gift, Alan Pickett. Become Kalanri with me."

"I will! I will! OHHH I WILL!"

And with that, he expended himself inside of her, and she moaned in rapturous pleasure alongside him, tensing like a human woman, but her pleasure somehow lasting longer and more dramatically than any of his kind. In his hearing, Marcus grunted in a masculine fashion as Tevine shrieked with more unrestrained pleasure than her counterpart, and she too made to whisper something in his ear. But then his vision was blocked, as Avara pressed her hands over his eyes.

"Hey," Alan managed, his penis still throbbing, sending streams of his seed into her, "what - what are do -"

He was never able to finish the sentence, as everything became dark. A void. Emptiness. Nothingness. An eternal black.

Then . . .

The universe. The Big Bang. Creation. Cosmos. The dancing lights of stars mingling and churning and burning and surging and expanding and exploding and reforming and remaking and creating and forming and giving fruitful life to all things a thousand thousand thousand countless galaxies spinning endlessly out to the edges of reality, each filled with thousands of thousands of thousands of stars, all with bodies orbiting them full of life. Alan beheld the cradle of creation, the life cycle of the universe, and for a brief moment understood everything. Everything.

“My God,” he whispered, and his voice sounded odd. High. Feminine in a way that made total sense, here in perfect understanding. It was pleasure beyond anything he had ever felt or understood. For the briefest moment he regained enough consciousness to see Avara smile, her purple eyes lit up like neon and slowly fading to a satisfied stare.

“It worked,” she said.

But before he could even tell what she meant, the post-coital, post-*universal* bliss became all too much, and he fainted back on the couch, his voice sounding strangely feminine. Out the corner of his eye, even as things became dark once more, he was surprised to see not one but *two* Kalanri on the lounge across the room. Where had she come from? And where had Marcus gone?

But the thoughts fell away into unconsciousness. Both men dreamed of blue and purple hues, and the stirrings of creation and new life.

“You have awoken,” was the first thing both men heard, followed by: “Congratulations, humans. The diplomatic exchange worked.”

Both men stirred to consciousness, remembering the events of the previous day. It had been long and vibrant, strange and fascinating. They had been shown the beauty of Palantea, the capital city of the Kalanri homeworld, Kalen. Great crystalline spires jutted from the verdant purple forests, and the skies were light orange by day and deep hues of pink at the rising and setting of their blue sun. They had been shown vast wondrous technologies; teleportation pads, replicators, and programmable matter. But the tour did not cover everything, despite their curiosity. Avara and Tevine had been eager to get them to their quarters; the men had their duties to perform, and while Alan had initially been reluctant given his own relationship, he understood the importance of the mission. And of course, they were *Kalanri*. Ethereally beautiful, curvy, exotic, and - apparently - deeply in want of baby-making the old-fashioned way. Not that it was old-fashioned for their mono-gendered race.

It was a wondrous thing to recall, the best sex either man had ever had, right up until the truly mind-blowing, borderline spiritual ecstasy they experienced as their minds melded with their partners. But as both men stirred, they quickly noticed something was not quite right. Their bodies felt different. Very different.

Alien.

Marcus was the first to scream, and Alan was not far behind. The two humans were not so human anymore, and in fact were far from it; they both appeared to have somehow become members of the Kalanri race; fully alien, fully female, and fully *blue*.

“What - what the absolute fuck!?” exclaimed Marcus, feeling herself over. Her naked form was exquisite; she had the equivalent of B-cups breasts, the size of large peaches, upon her chest, and her skin was a dark blue colouration. Her eyes, like all Kalanri, were now purple, though her dark pupils were still obvious. She felt at her head, and groaned in dawning horror as a light smattering of fleshy tentacles undulated at her touch. They were short, barely two inches long,

several sticking up and making her appear to have the alien equivalent of a pixie cut. Her hips were wide, and her rounded ass generous, but what shocked Marcus most of all was the very obvious lack between her perfect blue thighs. There, a vagina, similar to a human's but missing a pair of labial lips, was situated. She had lost the additional digit on her hands and feet, and had somehow grown at least a foot taller.

“You're - holy shit you're a Kalanri,” Alan spluttered, trying to get used to her new voice, which was light and sensual. “We both are!”

Marcus looked at Alan with awe. “Alan?” Her voice was lower, but no less sultry. Alan could only nod in response, trying to process her new body.

The two managed to remember the way to turn the crystalline walls reflective, inspecting themselves over. Marcus continued to look her new self over, going into a panic. Alan was more fundamentally curious, her shock being processed in slow motion, the significance of the change dawning like the rising blue sun outside as she took her new self in.

She was unbelievably cute. Where Marcus had been given an alien body that was a curvy goddess, hers was a more petite, pretty form that seemed almost shyly demure. She had breasts that were a little smaller than B-cups, topped by sensitive blue nipples, and her form was svelte, though she noticed she was wider in the hips than Marcus' own form. She too had become taller, roughly 6'2 in height, and her hair had likewise become a mass of roughly a dozen or more stubby flesh-tentacles, perhaps two inches at most in length. It was an utterly alien sensation to feel them move independently of her will, but then her whole new body felt alien. Alien and blue; her skin was a lighter tone compared to Marcus, more of a light sky blue.

Both of them, in fact, felt differently on a hormonal level as well. While both were utterly confounded by their changes, there was a strange tingling sensation on their skin they were not used to; a sort of sensuous default that had no human equivalent. The world seemed sharper, somehow, as if their senses were heightened; Alan and Marcus could both sense their own body's regulation, their health and energy, and the energy both possessed was greater than what they were used to. It was difficult not to bounce on the spot.

“This is . . . holy shit this is weird,” Alan managed.

Marcus turned to her, and it was difficult to see the alpha male astronaut he had been in the curvy beauty she had become.

“No shit, Sherlock. We've just become an alien species. Why have they even done this? We've got vaginas!”

Alan had no clue, and there was a weird stirring in her stomach that made it difficult to focus. Kalanri bodies were human enough to be familiar, but she couldn't shake the sensation that she was able to sense a strange development continuing inside of her.

“Marcus, do you feel something else?”

The blue alien beauty put a hand on her generous hip. “Shit, where to start Alan, do you mean the fact that my hair is suddenly moving or - oh!”

She breathed sharply, breasts bobbing slightly, and she rested a hand on her lower stomach.

“Okay, yeah, I've got you. Yeah, I feel something there. That's weird.”

Alan searched the room, trying to remove some of that burning energy she suddenly felt. Her clothes were missing; in fact, anything they could wear had been removed from the otherwise comfortable room. Kalanri beds had no sheets, and their windows were open; they didn't have the sense of privacy that other species needed, so there was nothing to wear.

"We've got to figure something out, what they're playing at," Marcus said.

But another thought was occurring to Alan. "Marcus, what if this is what they intended for us? What if this is part of forming relationships with the Kalanri?"

Marcus turned her head, looking at Alan like she was a crazy man - a crazy alien *woman*. She cupped her breasts, a little embarrassed to be naked. "How could this possibly be part of 'forming relationships? I've got boobs, Alan. They feel pretty fucking nice, but I don't consider them exactly ambassadorial."

"We're dealing with an alien species, Marcus, think! You wanted to 'bang an alien space babe' as you put it, and that turned out to be right, and I couldn't believe it! But it was clearly important to their species. This must be a result of that - a *literal* way of seeing through Kalanri eyes to better understand them! It's the only thing that makes sense."

"*And you would be right.*"

Marcus and Alan turned, a little unused to the way their hips naturally swayed due to their impressive wideness. The crystalline wall had dilated open, revealing Avara and Tevine, both of whom were wearing loose clothing that revealed their entire midriffs and tantalising cleavage.

"What have you done to us?" Marcus stuttered, gesturing to her naked form.

"We have begun negotiations," Avara said imperiously. She gestured to Tevine, who brought form items of clothing. "Please, get dressed. We shall walk through the gardens, and speak to you of your two year journey with us."

Alan and Marcus took the offered clothing, and exchanged glances. It was women's clothing, but more than that, it was *Kalanri* clothing, made of a comfortable fabric neither recognised. Avara and Tevine discreetly left as they put it on, knowing better than to breach protocol and demand answers. Instead the two former men became flushed with a little embarrassment as they awkwardly placed the unusual clothing on. Though Alan did notice that they no longer blushed red with embarrassment; instead, a deep purple hue briefly rose to the surface of their arms, cheeks, and thighs. One more strange thing.

Soon, both new alien women were dressed in Kalanri fashion: Alan in a forest green sari-like outfit that bared her shoulders and navel, and Marcus in dark purple dress that split down much of the middle, connecting at the skirt and collar, leaving her cleavage and belly button open.

"This is ridiculous," Marcus said, looking herself over. "I feel like a stripper."

"Shh. This is how they live. This is what they wear. At least cut the comments until we find out what's going on."

But again, both former men were distracted by that strange stirring sensation in their bellies. The new alien women made their way out on bare foot, as was the Kalanri way. Avara and Tevine greeted them in the adjacent garden. They were on a plaza roughly ten stories high, with

numerous tiers of similar purple and red forest gardens extending downwards diagonally, broken up by the gorgeous diamond crystal towers. The sky was pink as the sun drew near to setting. The native Kalanri walked ahead, hips swaying, as Marcus and Alan took in both the beauty of their surroundings, and the strangeness of their situation.

“The change has been successful,” Avara said, as they walked, “this is a good sign.”

“You intended to do this to us,” Alan said.

“Of course. Tevine and I were chosen to facilitate this change. For five decades we have been preparing our bodies to receive your genetic code, and in doing so, substantiate your own when you entered Infinity.”

Marcus scratched the strange new ‘hair’ she had developed. “Infinity . . . was that the Big Bang? All the things we saw, and felt?”

Tevine smiled earnestly. “Yes, it is the ultimate expression of beauty between Kalanri. It is most alike a sexual act in human terms, but goes beyond it. It is how we mate when intended to make children; the one who shall become mother embraces that Infinity, and reaches the Goddess’ understanding, if only for a moment.”

“Wow, yeah,” Marcus said, “some understanding.”

Alan realised something. “Wait, you said five decades you were preparing your bodies to be able to change us? That’s almost as long as humanity has known the Kalanri existed.”

“Indeed,” the maternal Avara said, “we have watched your kind longer with interest, and once you discovered us by natural trajectory, we deemed you worthy of communication. Tevine and I volunteered, as you did, to be the ones to make contact. Nis’na and Sanalga were selected from our younger generations to serve as exchange contacts on your planets.”

“Are they expected to become human?”

“Not quite, we can make others like us, but the reverse is not so. But they shall mate with a worthy being, and thus cement relations, as you have done.” Avara paused, taking in the beauty of her home planet, and smirking slightly as Marcus and Alan took it in, still bewildered. “You are wondering why we change you? It is the ultimate expression of understanding, and in our culture, the creation of new life between species through courtship and breeding is what forms foundational relationships between entire peoples.”

Something even more horrible and strange was dawning on both men, and it was Alan that realised it in full first. “Wait, so when you said we were going to make alien babies . . .”

“Yes, you shall be gestating them, as native members of the Kalanri.”

Marcus and Alan both looked to their blue stomachs, horrified.

“Then . . . we’re both pregnant?”

Tevine grinned. “I believe the common Earth response is ‘congratulations’. You have indeed proven yourselves worthy of diplomatic exchange. Your young are already growing inside you.”

“Oh fuck,” Marcus managed, looking between her breasts to her open midriff, “oh shit, oh fuck. Do you mean to tell us we’ve gotten knocked up by aliens?”

Tevine giggled, but Avara silenced her. “You have been blessed with new life. This is your duty with us for the next two years of your Earth cycle. To carry our young to fruition; it is a great blessing, and it is the reason we selected young virile males such as yourselves - those most likely to experience the greatest change, and thus, reach the deepest understanding.”

Alan could barely speak. She was pregnant. Capital ‘P’ pregnant. What would she tell Gracey? She was suddenly a blue-skinned alien woman who was going to give birth to alien young? It sounded like science-fiction movie nonsense. She began to sway on her legs, and Avara stepped forward, elegant as ever.

“By the Goddess, this came as a bigger shock to you than we anticipated. We shall take you inside.”

But it was too late. That strange stirring - a stirring of new life - in Alan’s stomach was making her entire world spin. She did the only thing she possibly could. To the shock of Tevine, and even to the normally straight-faced Avara, Alan bent over, and vomited up purple liquid on the ground.

Marcus vomited moments later.

Part 2: Closer Ties

It was a month later, and both initiates to the Kalanri race were becoming a little more settled into their new roles. There was a lot to get used to, however, and neither still felt fully comfortable in their skins, and certainly not in their new roles, especially since they could feel the growing of new life within them much more intimately than human women. Indeed, simply the sight of their new bodies each morning was an oddity, not to mention the oddity of having breasts, a vagina, literal child-bearing hips, and slowly undulating head tentacles. Both former men had learned these were called ‘Selu’, and their length was a determiner of age among their species.

“You both have the appearance of young Kalanri,” Avara told them, “befitting your own ages. But Kalanri are long-lived compared to your species; we regularly live to between three and four hundred years, and our bodies alter over time.”

Alan had been fascinated by this. She and Marcus were what they considered to be at the tail end of the *nascent* stage, where their *selu* were still short, their bodies slim and petite, and their bodies feverish with energy. Overtime, Avara and Tevine told them, Kalanri would then enter the *blossom* stage - often as a direct result of a first pregnancy. Their breasts would swell, their figure become more curvaceous, and their desire to continue breeding would last, often producing twins. Their *selu* would descend, becoming longer and more alluring, and their skin would brighten in colour. This stage could last decades, with each of these qualities continuing to exaggerate over time; *selu* are generally shoulder length at this time. Next would be the *purelight* stage. By this point, a Kalanri’s eyes no longer have pupils, instead being a softly-glowing purple, and an intricate patterning appears on their skin, made of smooth ridges of a slightly altered tone to their skin colouring, which itself increased in bright hue. *Selu* generally increase in number and fall to the length of one’s lower back or even bottom at this stage. The breeding instinct is still present at this stage, but much diminished, and those that fall pregnant are blessed with multiples in larger litters, usually three to four children. Finally, the *matriarch* stage

composes an indeterminate stretch afterward, during which the *selu* have grown to drag on the floor behind one, appearing somewhat royal in nature. Matriarch women are by far the curviest, bustiest, and appealing of all their kind, able to produce large litters of Kalanri young to be raised communally, and possessing a quiet and imperious wisdom that all the younger members of their kind pay attention to.

It was a lot of information to relay back to Earth, but gave so much more knowledge to their people. The only thing was the sheer embarrassment and confusion of having to contact via video recording their Ambassador Cleary, and reveal that they had not only become alien women, but pregnant ones at that.

“You have got to be *shitting me*,” said Cleary, with an expression torn somewhere between utter frustration and amusement. “The dark blue one is Marcus? Jesus, he finally got his paws on a pair of tits that he can’t up and leave the next morning.”

Marcus blushed purple, stroking at her *selu* in a cute way that was becoming her habit. “I can’t say I’m happy about it, Ambassador. I mean, it’s the mission, but . . . it’s embarrassing. Can’t you fudge the reports?”

The Ambassador shook her head. “I’m afraid everyone knows. It’ll be public in another four months, so you two may want to record a little something for a wider audience if you want to at least get a say in how this gets portrayed. You’ll also be put in contact with family and loved ones.”

Alan sighed. “Wait till Gracey hears this. How are Nis’na and Sanalga doing?”

“Well enough. They seem to have attached themselves to humans connected to you, in order to make the connection a proverbial two-way street. They have a funny diplomatic approach we’re still getting used to.”

“Who have they, um, attached themselves to?”

Cleary pulled her collar, looking a little embarrassed.

“No way,” muttered Marcus in that sensual new voice of hers. The camera panned to reveal Sanalga situated on a couch behind the Ambassador. She waved awkwardly, her clothing as scantily-clad as any Kalanri’s.

“It’s all very new to me,” Cleary said, clearly uncomfortable.

“With all due respect Ambassador,” Marcus said, “I’d say you have less to be embarrassed about than we do.”

“Granted. Nis’na is staying with Gracey, and by all reports they are getting along well. She is aware you are in a relationship, Alan.”

He breathed a sigh of relief. “Well, at least there is that. Does she know I’m . . . ?”

Cleary shook her head. “We’ve left that particular piece of news for you to tell her.”

“Thank you Ambassador. We’ll keep sending you information on the Kalanri and their ways. And . . . their biology.”

“Good luck, girls,” Cleary said with a slightly-amused expression. “Oh, and all the best with the babies.”

“Gee, thanks chief,” Marcus said, as the screen winked out. “She was a little too chuffed about me being knocked up.”

“Let’s just hope we get clearance to talk to our loved ones soon.”

“You’re a woman.”

“Yes Gracey.”

“And you’re an alien.”

Alan idly stroked her *selu* with her slender, four-fingered hand. They shifted a little, subconsciously. “Yeah, I am. A blue one.”

Gracey spluttered a little. She was a pretty thing, slender and petite, with gentle blue eyes and wavy brown hair. “I’ll say, really blue! This is a lot to take in, Alan. I mean, I knew this would be hard for us, but I don’t recognise you! I mean, jeez, you’re gorgeous! And how come my boyfriend has bigger boobs than I do?”

Alan laughed, but was still nervous. She stroked her fertile belly somewhat lovingly, not quite knowing how to break that particular piece of news.

“I didn’t really know it was going to happen. Apparently, it’s their way of ‘bringing our races closer together.’ I feel ridiculous.”

“You look amazing. I’m kind of jealous - how come no one asked me if I wanted to be a blue space babe? No fair!”

They laughed, a little tensely.

“And I hear Nis’na is staying with you? How is that going?”

Gracey blushed a little. “It’s going . . . well. She’s learning a lot. I had no idea I was going to wind up with an alien roomie, so that’s been something.”

“Yeah, they sprung this change on me too.”

“But she’s wonderful. Really cute actually; she’s a bundle of nervousness, and so eager to learn all about us and ‘cement relations’.”

That made Alan a little curious, but a little shifting of movement in her womb distracted her, and she moaned softly, tearing her from the thought. Gracey cocked her head like an owl in the vid-screen. “Uh, you okay there?”

Alan sighed. She had to pull off the bandaid.

“More than okay, but it’s something you kind of have to see for yourself. There’s one other change I’m going through. A big one.”

“Bigger than being an alien woman?”

Alan shifted the camera, allowing Gracey to see the full roundness of her swelling belly, a dainty hand gently rubbing its taut skin. A small ripple of movement was discernible in that very moment, and Alan bit her lip in response. Of course it had to happen *then*.

“Is that - fuck - Alan, are you . . . ?”

“Yeah Gracey. I’m pregnant.”

Alan sighed as she tried to put on the one-piece and thigh-boots she had been given to wear. The struggle was not because the outfit did not suit her proportions, but because she was unused to working around her baby belly. Marcus was having similar troubles, and it was made worse by the fact that both of their breasts had increased in size, and their *selu* now curled and uncurled against their necks.

They had officially entered the *blossom* phase.

“Damn, so - hic! - big already,” Marcus moaned, just managing to get her spandex-style dress on, the one that left her entire rounded belly bare. “How can we possibly last like this for two whole Earth years?”

“That’s their cycle, so I suppose - hic! - we’ll have to get used to it.”

“Great,” the darker blue of the women groaned, “just great. Not only do I have a pussy, but I’ve got a baby sitting in a damn womb that will be there for two damn years, and the whole damn Earth is gonna know that Marcus Ingram got turned into a - hic! - knocked up space babe wearing stripper clothing. And why do I keep hiccuping?”

“It’s a symptom of early pregnancy for them. Better than morning sickness. And we have to accept this. To the Kalanri, we’re being given a great honour. The Kalanri have managed for thousands of years, I suppose this is part of the understanding they want for us, after all, it’s us who - Ngh!”

Marcus gave a sympathetic look as she adjusted her breasts, which had swelled already with pregnancy. “Another movement?”

“Felt like a kick. I really thought she had gone back to sleep.”

“I don’t know Alan, but it feels like I’ve got more than one in here. Hell, we look nearly full term already.”

It was true, both women looked like they would have crossed the seven month mark if they were human women, and yet they were only four months into a two year pregnancy.

Marcus managed to get the last item on, just avoiding overbalancing. Her *selu* writhed in irritation. “Maybe to you paper jockey types. My friends will never stop laughing at me. And I can tell you that I’ve got a long train of exes and one night stands who are just gonna relish that ‘Marcus the player’ will be lying back and birthing little blue babies in nearly two years time.”

Alan spun, arm around her pregnant dome of a belly. “How do you think I feel, Marcus? I’m out of my depth here too! I’ve got a girlfriend I’m going steady with, and now she’s found out I’ve not only slept with an alien race, but I’ve become one! It’s been hard to talk to her about this.” She stroked her fertile roundness. “But she’s making her best try, and Nis’na is helping her back on earth, and - hic! - I’m making the best of it. It *is* a great honour. A strange one, but even if we’re a little embarrassed about it, just *think*: we’re doing something no human has ever done before, and in doing so, cementing ties with the most influential alien species in the galaxy. If that means being pregnant for a couple of years, I can deal.” Again, she stroked her belly. “And besides . . . it’s kinda weird to admit, but it *does* feel nice at times. I don’t know about you, but it’s like I can actually sense the life inside me sometimes. The potential.”

Marcus sagged her shoulders a little, and her cleavage pressed together. Alan once more marvelled at how Kalanri bodies moved in ways that were almost impossible not to sexualise and idealise.

“I know what you mean,” she said, and she placed both hands under her swollen blue stomach. It was domed beautifully, the belly button just on the edge of popping out, and there was not a single blemish of skin. It had even become more distinct in hue as it had developed over the months. “There are times when I sort of lie back and just feel them.”

“Them?”

Marcus grinned a little sheepishly. “I think . . . I think it’s twins. No, I *know* it’s twins. It’s not just their little kicks and damn pushes either. I can sense them too.”

“Well, I’m glad I’m not alone in this boat,” Alan said.

“You’re having twins as well!?”

Alan smiled. “Yeah. Besides, what else could explain how quickly this baby belly is getting? Only four months and these little girls are kicking up a storm inside me.”

Marcus laughed, and it seemed almost a relief for the two former males to be able to openly chat about their pregnancy experiences, rather than closet it behind male ego and shame. “I know, right! I had no idea what women went through - made me feel guilty about a few close pregnancy scares a couple of my exes went through! Who would have thought that Marcus fucking Ingram would end up like this, huh?”

They laughed together this time, and tears formed in both their eyes.

“Oh, damn pregnancy hormones. I’m crying all the time now.”

“I’ve never seen you cry,” Alan remarked, wiping her tears away.

Marcus considered her. “I’ve been hiding it. I guess I’ve not wanted to face this, you know. As I said just before, it’s embarrassing what others will think of me.”

Alan approached, and something about the brotherly - no, *sisterly* - bond she was forming with the former alpha male made her bold. She stepped forward so that their rounded bellies pressed against one another. The feeling was almost sensual. Alan dipped forward, and hugged her friend, enjoying the way their breasts pressed against one another.

“It’s okay, Marcus. I’m not embarrassed of you. You’re doing amazing.”

There was a moment’s hesitation, and then the hug was returned, a set of darker blue arms encircling Alan, and the two transformed males remained there for some time, until one of Alan’s babies kicked against Marcus’ belly, setting off a series of shifting movements in both of them that made both women break apart laughing.

“Thanks,” Marcus said, after the laughter died down. She wiped a silver tear from her eye, “I needed that. “

“Me too, I think. Maybe, between the two of us, and these little critters inside of us, we can actually have a little fun, huh?”

As the sixth month approached, both men were educated a little further on Kalanri pregnancies. Avara and Tevine were very pleased they had successfully entered the *blossom* stage, and so soon: both Alan and Marcus’ busts had further increased in size, occasionally a little sore with growth, and their curves had enhanced also; their hips widening in preparation for eventual birth, and their behinds gaining fat in all the right places also. It brought a strange pride to both the new aliens, and Alan felt a strange jealousy that Marcus’ bustline was more impressive than her own; they were approaching D-cups in size, whereas hers were still a generous pair of B-cups, verging but not quite on C’s, roughly the size of well-grown pomegranates.

But other information gave them further context. Kalanri pregnancy functioned differently from human pregnancy in one major way other than the length of time: the bodily development of the fetus was almost entirely complete by the eighth Earth-month of the alien pregnancy, and the remaining year and four months was devoted largely to nurturing the infant within, developing its instincts and mind beyond what humans were capable of.

“So . . . we’re going to be waddling around like full-term pregnant women - with twins no less - for nearly a year and a half.”

Tevine giggled. They had taken a day trip, overseeing the great Auralas Mountains, which were brilliant to behold; one could see two more cities from its height. Alan and Marcus had been intimidated, but again that boundless reserve of energy in their alien pregnancies made the walk easier, though at a certain point they had to rely on the floating coaches. They sat on them now as Tevine replied, walking beside them while they sat, eating local fruits to sate their increased hungers.

“Yes, a little different from what you are used to, but it is a great blessing! Most Kalanri consider pregnancy to be a deeply fulfilling time; spiritually, emotionally, physically, and even sexually.”

Both former males blanched a little at that, but couldn't help but think of how they had been checking out the other's form lately.

"Oh, okay," was all Alan could manage. Indeed, she looked full-term with one baby already, and it wouldn't be long before she appeared all the way along with two. She sighed at the thought of being like this for well over another year, but a kicking within made her smile despite herself.

"I see you smiling there!" Tevine said, taking her arm, "and you as well, Marcus of Earth. The sense of life within is a wonderful feeling, I look forward to carrying more daughters again one day."

"How old are you Tevine? And how many children have you, ah, carried?"

The woman beamed with pride. "I am ninety years old now. I have carried seven pregnancies to term."

"I'm sorry," Marcus said, "*seven*?"

Tevine chuckled. "I know, I know. Fourteen in total. It is not many, is it? Most Kalanri tend to have more by now. In truth, I have enjoyed a life of art and exploration. I am still in my *blossom* stage, far later than many others! My *selu* are still at my shoulders, but they are growing quicker and quicker these days. I shall enter my *purelight* stage when I am ready; we know that one's eagerness to reach another stage of life will influence how quickly it arrives."

"But where are all your daughters?" Alan asked. "Was it difficult raising them all?"

The gorgeous purple-skinned woman placed a hand at the small of Alan's back. The two of them had learned this was a way of showing reassurance among their kind.

"Oh, no, not at all. Kalanri are not like you humans. We raise our children communally, together. Parents are important, yes, but much more so when a child is fully raised, functioning as a guide, as Avara does for me."

It was enough to make Marcus spurt out his drink. "Wait, Avara and you are mother and daughter!?"

Tevine was quizzical. "Of course, did you not recognise our closeness? And she is in the *purelight* stage. I have stuck close to her many years, learning her wisdom and arts."

"But - but we had sex with you both! In the same room!"

Tevine laughed. "Oh, you humans, I forget you have such strange rules about these things! There is no such embarrassment on Kalen. In fact, it is a wonderful thing to experience the pleasures of mating alongside your own mothers or daughters; it is both a learning and bonding experience, and to share a partner is not uncommon either. If you choose to stay after your two years, perhaps one day you too will experience the joys of teaching the mating ritual to your daughter by example."

It was a lot to take in, and as the transport stopped, reaching the zenith of the mountain and revealing the brilliance of the Kalen landscape, its fields of purple trees and great silver lakes, and crystalline cities filled with foliage, one question stood out to Alan.

"Wait, we have a choice to stay?"

“Report, gentlemen. Women.”

Both transformed males adjusted their positions on the couch, clutching their enormous bellies. They were utterly full-term with twins, and had been for four months. Ambassador Cleary was stoic as ever, but there was something different about the forty-three year old woman that both of them recognised; there was a soft flush to her dark skin, a diminishing of wrinkles, a slight rounding of the face. Sanalga was beside her, appearing more confident than they had last seen her. Her light blue skin seemed more vibrant, and she maintained an easy, almost zen, silence.

“Well, it’s been a year,” Marcus said, “and we’re still playing dress up, as you can see.”

They were both wearing long dresses - green for Alan, red for Marcus - that pulled tightly around their mounds, leaving the upper half of their bellies bare, so that a separate garment pulled their breasts up, making them appear even larger than they were and creating a deep line of cleavage. Their shoulders were bare, but they wore long gloves up to the elbow. They appeared almost regal, and the platter of fruitful delicacies before them only enhanced the effect.

“Yes, I can see you are dealing with it well, Mr Ingram.”

Marcus smiled sheepishly, a deeper purple hue flushing on her upper arms and cheeks. In truth, the former ladies’ man was finding the fashion increasingly appealing, taking delight in how it accentuated her lovely and gravid form, just as she had appreciated a good suit or casual dating getup when she was a man. It was beginning to hold a similar weight of pride for her, that she looked good in all the right things. But it was hard to admit.

“It’s damn irritating ma’am, but we’ll cope. We’ve come this far.”

“Yes, and the information we’re getting is fascinating. Sanalga also says that we are proving ourselves worthy of extended relations on this end.”

Sanalga nodded. “Your Ambassador has been most forthcoming.”

Again, their leader blushed a little, and Alan couldn’t help but wonder . . .

“Chief, if I may, you look very well today.”

The Ambassador flustered. “Um, thank you Alan. Nice of you to say, but we have business to discuss in terms of data releases and what happens once the mission is conc-”

Marcis rose in her seat, gripping her belly with both hands. “Yes, you do look quite good Ambassador. Why, you look like you’re *glowing*.”

“I agree Marcus,” Alan continued, eyeing the way that their superior’s regulation jacket seemed to be a bit more unzipped than usual; two body parts in particular outlining more prominently against the uniform. Cleary cringed. She obviously had not wanted the two transformed men she had been making sardonic comments at all year to know her situation.

“Fine,” she managed, breathing heavily, “you two have already figured it out. Computer, zoom out fifty percent.”

Suddenly, Cleary’s entire upper half was visible, and there was more of it there than last time they had seen her. The stiff ambassador was obviously pregnant, and had refused a uniform change; her jacket was pressed against a burgeoning belly that appeared roughly four or more months along.

“It seems I, too, will be making history,” she sighed, a hand falling to her rounded form. “You are the first two humans to ever become Kalanri, and I’m going to be the first human to give birth to a Kalanri-human hybrid. All thanks to this lady.”

She gestured to Sanalga, who moved around behind the ambassador and placed her light blue arms around her, hugging the stoic human’s growing belly lovingly. She was taller, as most Kalanri were, and it only made Cleary more embarrassed.

“Well, congratulations commander. It seems ‘relations’ are going well on your end.”

“Very well,” Sanalga said, kissing the ambassador’s neck.

“I - we’re very happy with one another,” Cleary managed, trying to avoid their gazes.

“When are you due?” Marcus said, unable to stop grinning.

“In five months. I at least only get the usual time compared to you girls, though I didn’t expect to have babies ever again - my own daughters are grown, and can barely believe it themselves! They’re happy for me, at least.”

“Well, you’ve certainly *blossomed*, ma’am,” Marcus said, giggling so much that her own children were kicking.

Cleary looked down, still red-faced, observing her swollen bust, which had pushed the zipper down further. “Damn things won’t stop growing. And don’t you start Marcus, there are interviews gone viral here with at least three ex-girlfriends of yours laughing that you’ve got a ripe pair now!”

“Ouch. Touche.”

“Indeed, we’re all making history.”

“Twins?” Alan asked.

Clearly nodded, regaining her composure, though the fact that her blue lover was still gently holding her, caressing her belly openly did undermine her image of authority somewhat. “The Kalanri special, I’m told. We’re all making history, just not in the ways we thought.”

“Ready for the press release when you give birth, Ambassador? First half-human born to an unexpected diplomat?”

The woman sighed. “Well, I may have lied a little about being *first* there. Alan, you may want to talk to your girlfriend. She has some big news you may want to discuss.”

One of Alan’s girls gave a wallop of a kick inside her, as if personally reacting to her mother’s shock.

“Yeah, things have really gotten out of hand,” Gracey said as she rubbed her stomach on the screen. She had a maternal glow, and her breasts had come out of hiding, though Alan was surprised to feel a flush of pride at the fact that her own were still larger. “I didn’t meant for this to happen, Alan. I mean it. It’s just . . . I was lonely, as you were already pregnant, and Nis’na has been so supportive, and, well, it’s sort of why she’s here and everything.”

“Wow, it’s just . . . a lot to take in.”

“Yeah.” She sighed, and much like Alan, could not help but stroke her fertile roundness. “It’s been strange. I always expected us to stay together, maybe one day have a kid of our own, if that’s what we wanted. Now, I’m pregnant with a baby from an alien woman.”

Alan couldn’t help but smirk. “And your boyfriend *is* an alien woman. And pregnant too.” He sighed. “I’m not angry with you Gracey, I’m not, so please don’t cry.”

Gracey wiped some tears away. “It’s these stupid hormones. Though I guess you’re the first boyfriend in history to totally understand that, aren’t you?”

Alan wiped her own tears. It was true. Not just being pregnant and female, but feeling even more deeply as a Kalanri had changed her outlook. She was more open about her emotions, and Marcus was making a similar transition.

“I love you, Alan, I really do, but I guess it’s a different kind of love now, huh?”

“It is Gracey. I love you too, but I mean it when I say I’m happy for you and Nis’na. You’re going to be pretty famous now, you realise?”

She chuckled. “Speak for yourself! Do you know how many interviews I’d had back here about ‘the boyfriend who became a pregnant alien’? God, the gossip rags will be all over us now that both our eggos are preggo with little aliens.”

“I’m guessing twins?”

Gracey giggled. “The kalani special, Cleary says.”

“I saw her. She was practically busting out of her regulation outfit. I’m guessing you two have gotten to know one another?”

Gracey smiled as Nis’na entered, her turquoise skin bright and beautiful. She took a seat and said hello to Alan, blushing purple a little.

“It’s all good, honey,” Gracey said, “we’re okay. I was just telling Alan that Jennifer Cleary is still coming to terms with her new relationship.”

“She looks most verdant and fertile,” Nis’na said in her light voice, “a true blessing! She will be most bountiful with children.”

Alan strained not to laugh. Gracey as well. “Just don’t tell her that!”

“And you are looking very fertile yourself, Alan of Earth! You make a fine kalani, exceptionally beautiful. You wear the *janali* well, our maternity dress of the summer season.”

She blushed in response to the comment. “I thank you Nis’na. And I thank you for taking care of Gracey. I guess with all this craziness we weren’t going to last, but it’s strange to think I’m going to be not a boyfriend, but your girl friend now, Grace.”

“Only for another year,” she replied. “Of course, you’ve got to give birth to twins first, but then you’ll be back, and the world will just be waiting to hear from you up close what it’s been like. I bet Marcus is looking forward to being a man again.”

Alan smiled. “Yeah, we both are.”

But even as she said it, she ran a hand down her rounded belly, admiring the life growing within. Nis’na’s expression changed, seeming to notice something. Her smile grew a little wider, but otherwise she remained quiet. She could tell what the former male was thinking.

Do I even want to go back?

Part 3: Fruitful Partnership

The news that Gracey had given birth had come several months ago. Two healthy girls - Kaley and Yssa - one a light shade of purple, the other a turquoise much like Nis’na’s own colour. They were over the moon, though Gracey was finding all the media attention a little difficult, as was Nis’na, who generally was a shy member of her species. Thankfully, the press had a much bigger field day when Ambassador Cleary went into labor in the middle of a United Nations address she was giving, being escorted off stage alongside Sanalga. Marcus had watched the entire footage of her going into labor numerous times, and never stopped finding it funny.

After an arduous birth, two baby girls arrived: Ishna and Tabitha, and the people of Earth were already in love with them, as were the people of Kalen. All four babies had hair instead of *selu*, and their eyes were more human, as was their height, apparently. But they were identifiably half-alien, and it was considered a huge success for international relations. Less so, however, for Jennifer Cleary, who had taken maternity leave, and was more than a little red-faced over the public commentary on her ‘blossomed mom-bod’ as one magazine put it; she’d had to have all her uniforms and regular clothing taken out a few inches around the chest and hips, and the former stoic creases of her early-forties face were now glowing with near supermodel beauty.

“Oh man, I hope it doesn’t take long for her to have another one,” Marcus said, slapping her own prodigious belly lightly, “I don’t think the Ambassador would be able to make a joke at our own conditions ever again!”

They were currently laid back on the Nhadra Beach, on the equatorial line of the planet, soaking in the wonderful blue rays of the sun. Both were clad in the Kalanri equivalent of bikinis; a tube top that contained their growing bosoms, which was connected to a fabric that ran down either side of their waist, becoming a miniskirt that sat below their bellies, leaving them open-backed and open-bellied. Alan had to admit, it was a great look, and truly emphasised their large domes. Avara and Tevine were once more with them, as well as several attendants who had helped massage protective oils onto their stomachs and breasts.

“Mmhhm, this is the life,” Alan mused, as she lay back in her hover recliner, gazing out at the rippling silver sea. Her own womb rippled with life.

"Damn right," Marcus said, beside her.

Both were wearing human sunglasses. Despite their new eyes not needing them, they had seemed appropriate, and other Kalanri were beginning to adopt it as a form of delightful human fashion.

"You know, this whole pregnancy thing is actually pretty fucking great," Marcus said after a pause. Alan turned to her friend in surprise. "No, I mean it. I've never felt this way before AI. It's crazy; I've been turned into a blue-skinned space babe, the kind that I would have loved to have sex with as a man - and really, I still do want to have sex with half the planet - but what's been most amazing of all is feeling this life develop inside me."

"I know what you mean. I was terrified of being the equivalent of nine months pregnant for nearly a year and half, but now, with only four months to go, I think I'm going to miss it."

"Plus, we have bit tits."

Alan snorted. "You do. Mine are still growing."

"Mine started leaking this morning. Guess what colour the milk was?"

"Blue."

"I had to express it. Tevine gave me a lot of help there." Marcus chuckled. "Like you said, this is the life."

Alan laid back, continuing to admire her own form. She idly walked her blue fingers over her taut dome. It was huge, dominating her slim body, even as her hips had widened further in preparation for birth, and her bust increased solidly to a C-cup. *Blossom stage indeed*, he thought. Even her *selu* head tentacles had lowered, and were long enough now that they were striving towards her shoulders. But it was the belly that was the biggest thing. A great blue planet, like Neptune, rounding out her figure for all to see, celebrated by Kalanri on the street, even those who didn't know their origin. To be fertile and full was venerated, and it was no wonder the Kalanri held so many worlds, governed by peace and prosperity.

Alan sighed in contentment as her girls shifted within her, kicking gently. It was not always easy, being so pregnant for months on end. Like humans, Kalanri still needed to pee, and this big, she needed to pee often. And there were nights where sleep was difficult. But the sensation of growing new life, of literally creating living beings inside of her that would soon be birthed into the world, was gratifying beyond imagining. Her body had become a vessel, an interstellar fertility idol, and sometimes it felt like the course of her life had always been destined to this point, that she was now literally made to *make babies*.

Even in her dreams, Alan imagined being full of life once again. She daydreamed of motherhood, not just her impending one, but motherhoods beyond that. She imagined the embrace of the wise and imperious Avara, this woman whose stern yet kind manner could guide her in her people's ways, and she pleased herself at the mere thought of it; she and Marcus both did, though they did not share their wanton dreams, they had embraced the spirit of free love of Kalen, and masturbated when relaxing, not caring who saw. It was normal.

"I can't wait to meet you," Alan said, feeling a little kick inside her. She raised a hand, feeling her sore breast. Sore, yes, but it was a *good* soreness, one that pleased her to fondle, practically urging her mammaries to grow. When she called Gracey these days, and even Cleary to give her congratulations, she found herself jealous of them, that they had given birth and she had not.

"Soon, it can't come soon enough," she whispered, leaning back.

Avara and Tevine returned from their swims in the ocean, mother and daughter smiling, the former dryly, the latter with open abandon. Alan could see the resemblance now, and it warmed her. Avara's body was clearly in the *purelight* stage; her head-tentacles reached down her back and swayed gently with each movement, and her breasts were incredibly ripe, nearly the size of her own head. Both were almost naked but for the minimal wrapping around their waists. For a mere moment, Avara and Alan exchanged glances, and the wise, motherly Kalanri smiled knowingly.

"You know what I want," Alan whispered to herself.

"Things are going well," Avara said with stoic pride. "You fit in well, and this bodes well for our ongoing species' relations."

The two former men were chaperoned at a high-class event, and introduced to many important artists, philosophers, and individuals of renown in Palantea. The food was spicy and exquisite, which was good, as Alan and Marcus found their pregnant bodies increasingly ravenous for food, both craving spice; apparently, the banquet had been chosen specifically to fulfil this usual request. They dined well, discussing matters of Earth and Kalen, laughing at jokes and taking in the good treatment they received as dignitaries of their homeworld, and soon to be mothers: birth was only about a month away.

Alan was on Avara's arm, and the younger woman was surprised at how gentle and close the older woman was being. Marcus was elsewhere, laughing up a storm, letting a procession of individuals touch her belly, and practically tonguing Tevine in public. The two had gotten close. But Alan found herself increasingly drawn to her first partner, even after the minor experiments she'd had with herself, and with Marcus. The former humans had enjoyed their brief forays with one another, pregnancy hormones driving a horniness that left their bellies pressed against one another, but their original lovers were fast becoming paramours in truth.

At least, that's what Alan hoped. She had never met anyone quite like Avara, who seemed natural in any environment, quick-witted with any comment, and able to soak in information while never forgetting it. She had the poise of a geisha, the knowledge of a scholar, and the artist's skill with a brush: she had painted Alan naked, swollen with child, appearing beatific and at peace. Alan couldn't help but cry when she saw it, and examined it every day, much to Avara's quiet happiness.

"I am glad I am fitting in well," Alan said, as she drank a glass of yellow nectar from the Orain Fields, suitable for a glowing woman in her final month of pregnancy. "I feel it will be difficult to return to Earth, now that I am so good at being Kalanri."

Avara gazed at her with slight amusement, and Alan found it hard for her wandering eyes not to fall to the vibrant blue alien's incredible chest. She found a hint of jealousy and admiration there. "You are that good at being Kalanri, are you?"

Alan felt a hint of challenge there, and she straightened her back, allowing her great globe of a belly to stick out even more than usual. "I believe I am. I carry *your* children after all, and you are the *most* Kalanri person I have met."

Avara leaned close, the taller woman whispering in Alan's ear. "Show me, then. In private."

Alan blinked. It was difficult to see what meaning existed behind those completely purple eyes, devoid of pupils. "You mean - leave the party?"

A nod. "They will understand, they are Kalanri." She moved closer, and brushed at the sensitive *selu* tapering down Alan's neck. "And, I *want* you, Alan of Earth. It has been too long since we coupled, and I would desire it again, if you wish."

Alan did.

The two of them made their way to a private room, Alan glowing with pleasure and growing in horniness. As soon as they reached the bed, Avara helped her remove her clothing. There was a lustful look from the older alien that she had never seen before, an eagerness and enthusiasm that she had long restrained. She removed her own clothing slowly but certainly, freeing her melon-sized breasts, which were topped with dark blue nipples.

"You look amazing," Alan said. "No, you look perfect."

"And you look ready," Avara said, easing the pregnant woman back onto the bed and caressing her roundness. "Ready for motherhood. Ready to be Kalanri."

Her fingers moved further south, and Alan moaned eagerly in her womanly voice as the alien's fingers entered her depths, already moist and ready.

"Oh God, that's good."

"You said you were Kalanri. Do you not mean 'by the Goddess'?"

"By the Goddess - MNMHM! OOohhh . . . that's good."

Avara stood over the sitting woman, allowing Alan to nuzzle and suck as her immense chest. "I can tell you like these, do you not?"

"I do - fuck, I do!"

"I am pleased with them myself," Avara said, smiling more eagerly than she normally did. "Did you know that you could have a pair much like them, if you stay into the *purelight* stage?"

Alan moaned as her ministrations continued, and Avara groaned slightly as her erect nipples were played with.

"I'd - oh - like that very much!"

"I know you would. A Kalanri only becomes more fertile as her years and stages progress in life. Were I to become pregnant now, I could expect a beautiful set of quadruplets, even quintuplets, with your eyes, I would hope."

Alan paused, just for a moment, but continued as Avara moved down. She pulled the older woman again her own breasts, and the *purelight* Kalanri drank eagerly from her bosom, suckling at Alan's milk in a way that made both of them sigh in pleasure.

"I - that sounds amazing!"

Avara pulled back. "It is. Truly. I wish to sire again, but I shall play the role of a human 'father' several times first. Would you like that, between us, Alan? Would you like me to fill you again, when this lot is through?"

Her fingers worked expertly within Alan's folds, and she could feel a climax coming.

"Yes - Avara, I want that. I want it so bad. I was embarrassed to admit it!"

Avara laughed, and it was a beautiful sound. "Your friend Marcus is far more embarrassed. I think, even as we speak, my daughter is bringing him around. The truth is, I have loved you for some months already, my beautiful Kalanri."

Alan gasped, there was so much pleasure, but this somehow *heightened* it. "You - you do?"

"I do, yes. I think I have loved you ever since I sensed your love of learning, your desire for understanding, your passion for new experiences, arts, and philosophies. And, of course, for this."

She stroked Alan's dome, children shifting within, and Alan could take no more. She pulled the older woman into a loving embrace, and they kissed long and deeply; mentor and student, dominant and submissive, native Kalanri and the transformer from the stars. They pulled apart, and Alan didn't want this moment to end. Those glowing purple eyes widened in lust, and Avara licked her full blue lips before speaking.

"Do you wish to enter Infinity?"

Alan could only nod eagerly. She'd never wanted anything this much. She wanted to be round and full with alien babies forever. She wanted to embrace this life with Avara forever. The older woman stroked the new Kalanri's *selu*, bringing further shocks of delight, and in that heightened state, gave Alan the doorway to Infinity.

She entered it, and pleasure beyond imagining came.

"You must push, young one!" the midwife called.

Alan groaned in pain. In agony. There was such pressure in her swollen stomach that it was difficult not to push, but lacked the power to vocalise even that. She was on her back, legs spread wide, experiencing natural labour, which was most celebrated by the Kalanri. As was the custom of her new people, Alan was undergoing labour entirely naked, her beautiful and fertile form upon a comfortable bedding that moulded perfectly to her form. She could feel her daughters eager to get out, and her swollen breasts ready to receive them.

"It is not long now, my love," Avara said, holding Alan's hand with care, "soon it will be over, and you will be a mother in truth."

"AAGHH! Oh - oh - oh, that was a big one. So similar to human births."

Avara mopped up the sweat that had pooled around Alan's forehead and *selu*. "With one final difference; a pleasure, at the end."

"I - ah! - look forward to it. I look forward to all of it!"

Her belly tensed, rippled, and another urge to push came. Alan screamed, uncaring of how utterly feminine it sounds - she was, after all, completing the ultimate feminine act. She embraced it, the pain and discomfort, all of it. As horrible as the pressure was, it was wonderful in its own way, a precursor to new life, literal birthing pains. She knew, even in the midst of it, that she wanted to experience it again. And again. And again.

"Get Cleary on the screen!" she yelled, and for a moment no one knew what she was talking about. She had to ride out another contraction before she could repeat it.

One of the nurses - a pale green in colouring, hesitated. "Are you certain now is the best time -"

"She knows what she wants," Avara said, kissing her lover's belly. "I will make the contact. Be patient, my love."

"OOOohohh - I'm t-trying!"

In just a few minutes, the screen turned on. It must have been late at night where she was, because Cleary was on the screen in a nightgown, looking tired and irritated, two blue babies at her humongous breasts. Alan idly mused that there was likely not a regulation uniform that would fit those puppies, and Cleary would be no doubt frustrated by that fact.

"Alan Pickett what the hell have you called me for - Oh my God! Woman, what are you calling now for? Is everything all right?"

Alan grunted, fully aware that her naked breasts, bloated midsection, and dilating nethers were on full display before her superior. She didn't care; she was Kalanri now, and she held no shame over her form, only pride.

"Ambassador, s-sorry to be calling you - aahhhh - at this time. And c-can I offer my c-congratulations to you and Sanalga. You look glowing!"

Cleary frowned, looking down at the bulging belly on display, her brown skin poking through the nightie where it had not been buttoned up.. "Damn, that wasn't meant to be in the shot. Don't tell Marcus, I'll never hear the end of it and frankly I'd like to put off the time that damn jokester finds out."

"It's - mmhmm - it's beautiful."

"Yeah, yeah, it's all peachy. My own daughters can't believe it. I have less rooms in the house than I'll soon have kids. You heard about Gracey?"

"Aagh - y-yes. Sent my congratulations there too."

"We're all a bunch of goddamn baby makers, I swear! I blame Sanalga. Anyway, I don't want to think about my own hooch stretching again, let alone seeing your blue one. What's this about?"

"Well, speaking of b-babymaking, I - OOHhhh - I officially request an extension to my diplomatic mission, ma'aaaamm nnggh!"

Cleary's eyes shot wide awake, and for a moment, little Tabitha had to relatch to her milky breast.

"How long?"

Avara smiled, and nodded in support to Alan.

"I'm th-thinking another four years? M-maybe six? Or s-seven?"

"Jesus. Why not make it forever and call it a done deal?"

"Ooohh . . . would that be p-possible?"

Cleary was certainly not expecting that. The pregnant Ambassador briefly flustered, regaining herself only as she looked at her own blue children, gently suckling away.

"I think it could be. Are you sure about this, Alan?"

"MMhmm - I am! I want to stay! I'll still do my j-job, but I've got something else now, too." She looked to Avara lovingly.

"Well, I can get it done. Anything else?"

"Yeah," Alan said, trying not to chuckle. "Expect a similar call from Marcus. You'll get your last - ah! - last laugh!"

That was enough to make Cleary grin. "Best of luck, woman," she said, and signed out. Alan collapsed back, smiling.

"I'm pleased," her lover said, playing with her tentacle-hair as the next contraction rolled through her.

"Me t-too. I want this, again. And one other thing."

The pressure was building, another need to push, and Alan could sense this was the final time. The moment her babies would finally enter the world after two blessed years of growing them.

"Anything, my love."

Alan caressed Avara's face. "I don't want to give birth as Alan. I want to be a kalanr, in full. I want you to choose for me a new name."

The midwife called. It was time to bear down and push. Alan parted her legs as far as she could, and pushed with all her might. The living contents of her womb began to shift down into her passage, pushing through her alien cervix, and expanding the width of her tunnel. She gritted her teeth, *selu* writhing on her neck as her babies slid closer and closer to the outside world. It was painful, it was horrendous, it was *wonderful*. And even as the pain increased, so did the pleasure, and the feeling of orgasm, as the delight of bearing children, drew closer also. She screamed in joy as the first arrived, sliding out from her body into the waiting arms of the midwife, and the other followed not far behind, causing her whole body to shiver, her breasts trembling with delight at the ultimate act of creation. The pain fell away, and only the feeling of something like post-coital pleasure remained.

She had done it. Her daughters Dacia and Jarlan had arrived.

"Congratulations," Avara said, placing two beautiful blue daughters at Alan's breasts. "You are a mother, *Cereia*."

Marcus did not ask for a permanent life on Kalen. Instead, the darker-skinned of the new alien woman drip fed her requests for extensions, asking for them every two to four years as childbirth approached. There was always another reason to stay for the former alpha male, always some area of understanding, interest in a strange alien sport, a cultural festivity approaching, and so on. Half the excuses she made fit Alan better, but in truth, both of them knew that neither would ever go back. The former player and ladies' man had slowly lost her embarrassment at her new form and began to delight in it, enjoying her incredible looks and enhanced fertility, going on dates and pursuing nights of free love as a woman as easily as she had a man, though she always returned to Tevine, her first.

"What can I say, my services continue to be needed," he stated in an interview with a reporter from Earth, "and if that means I need to remain female and have more children in order to fulfil the mission, then that's what I'll do."

She gave the interview already heavily pregnant with her second set of twins, having birthed her first set - Hari and Noeste - a week after Alan. More than a couple of Marcus' ex-girlfriends and old

fuckbuddies managed to get messages, recordings, and even letters sent congratulating her on 'finally taking responsibility.' At this point, even through the embarrassment, she took it in stride. Being a mother, having two beautiful daughters feeding on her, was enough. Especially given, as she was purple-faced to learn, she was a prodigious lactator.

After several cycles, she too took a Kalanri name; *Nithynia*, meaning 'one who turns to the road,' which she found quite appropriate. Cereia, formerly Alan, celebrated with her, and both women gathered once more in Palantea to consummate their new lives with Avara and Tevine.

Life continued, and both former males entered further into their blossom stages as the years passed, keeping in touch with Jennifer Cleary, who had finally entered menopause.

"Thank God," she had said, "six was enough! Sanalga wouldn't have stopped at ten, I swear!"

Gracey too, remained a close friend to Cereia, and visited Kalen to meet with her, so that their children might also meet. Cereia embraced her old girlfriend, and the two reminisced about old times, joking about the unexpected directions their lives had taken, and poking fun at how incredibly pregnant both had become once more; Gracey with her third set of twins, Cereia with her second - though both knew the latter would win out for numbers in the long run.

In truth, Cereia was saddened to see her children go. She loved her babies, and she was still human enough in culture and spirit that it felt wrong, on some level, to allow her children to be raised communally away from her once they were weaned from her milk. But Avara was there for her, reassuring her that what she did was right, and that she could still visit her children anytime, and play a part in raising them also.

"As you humans are wont to say; it takes a village."

It did not take long for the heat to come upon Cereia once again. Unlike *Nithynia*, who flitted from partner to partner in sexual flirtations, yet always orbited Tevine, Cereia felt utterly bound to Avara, and the two spent their nights cradled in one another's arms. The *purelight* Kalanri's body only became more abundant and curvy over time, much to Cereia's enjoyment, and she herself 'blossomed', her breasts becoming full D-cups forever pert and rounded. They travelled the world of Kalen and even other colonies together, and their passion only enhanced; Avara had not lied when she said her species only become more fertile and fecund with age.

Cereia experienced many pregnancies in the decades that followed. The feeling of new life growing within her never ceased to give her wonder, or sexual thrill. When she did not possess a rounded dome of a stomach, something felt not quite right in the world, and even other Kalanri marvelled at her sheer gravidity, her cycles of pregnancy following quickly from one another. The feeling of having a beautiful rounded dome, as awkward and cumbersome as it could be, far outweighed any negatives. Her skin only brightened as she continued to produce children, and her eyes took on their increasingly purple state earlier than most of her adopted kind. The feeling of pushing new daughters into the world never ceased to be a pleasure, nor the orgasmic joy of that one moment of creation, where they exited her being. She loved every one of her daughters, and always kept track of their birthdays; it was a human cultural allowance made for her, and it made her daughters feel loved too.

Occasionally, she gave an interview to the Earth press, or a particular magazine, or even a Kalanri media service. They often asked her if she ever intended to change back. Sometimes *Nithynia* would even be beside her. In response, all they would do was rub their distended bellies, letting the world see their perfect maternal bodies, and say:

"Why would I ever change back, when I have everything I want right in here?"

And, as if on cue, an adorable little foot might imprint against a stomach.

It was over five decades later when Avara woke ahead of her paramour. Some days she could still not believe the trajectory her own life had taken; falling in love with a former human! And yet she had; she was lying against that very once-man in that moment, cradled against Cereia, her arm over the alien's immensely distended womb.

A series of shifting movements disturbed the skin, and Cereia moaned softly in discomfort, but also a deep satisfaction. Avara mused. *She was right, it was as if her body was made for making children. She has blessed this world with so many.* Indeed, five beautiful little lives shifted within, half-dreaming, occupying an immense amount of space. It was Cereia's largest pregnancy yet, her first in her *purelight* phase of life. Avara found it deeply alluring. Despite all her stoicism and gentle repose, her lust had only enhanced over her two centuries of life, and it was this woman who was now the recipient of it all, as their many children showed. Cereia had insisted on carrying most of them, but occasionally the older woman still felt her call to produce. It was a most delightful day when she and her daughter Tevine went into labor at the same hour, in the same room. A most blessed experience.

Avara felt the warmth stir in her, and smiled. She had become a *matriarch* only several years before, and already found herself more horny than even her most needy experiences as a *purelight*. Her *selu* dragged on the ground, a sign of almost royal wisdom, and Cereia loved to play with them. They both did. Her breasts were now very large indeed, and Cereia joked that they were equivalent to a 'mega porn star's', but had never elaborated on what that meant. Avara could only assume it was a mark of high honour, but kept the compliment between them just in case. Nothing gave her greater joy than showing Cereia the wonders of the universe, and pleasuring her at every stage. They were currently on the paradise resort planet of Hrad'dar, and company would be coming soon.

But first, there was the need.

Her hands rose up to reach Cereia's delightful bosom, quite prodigious for a *purelight*, and she started to massage them. The incredibly pregnant woman groaned, still half-conscious, but she began to wake with her ministrations.

"Mmhhm . . . Avara, you always wanted it now that you're a matriarch."

"You are my muse, Cereia," she whispered, "you inspire me."

Cereia tried to turn over to face her lover, but several attempts fails to dislodge her enormous boulder of a belly. "Damn, too pregnant."

"Do I hear a complain about being pregnant, now?"

"No complaint. I love it. I love that you've done this to me. I would also love it if you came over to this side so I can stick my face in your enormous tits."

Avara smiled. She was so delightfully obsessed with her bosom. She kissed Cereia on the back and moved to the other side, so that they faced one another, and Avara's naked hips lay against the undulated tautness of the other woman's pregnant dome.

"By the Goddess," Cereia said, "they're so big. Think mine will be that big some day?"

"Bigger, I would say. I was smaller than you at your age?"

"Mmhm . . . I'd like that."

"You'll *need* that, my love. You have five within you. If you continue to lust for pregnancy - and I suspect you will - you might get as high as ten in your mid-matriarch years. You'll need them big, for the milk."

"Ahhhh . . . I'd be okay with that. And those patterns on your skin, to have my own . . . mhhm . . . you're not convincing me against it."

Avara leaned in close, kissing the former man deeply, appreciating how her lover's skin hue had only brightened, and her *selu* now descended to her back.

"I wasn't trying to, my love. I like you big and round, just as you do. As does someone else, who we shall see today. Tevine will be visiting, and Nithynia with her."

"Mmhm . . . more babies?"

"Yes, my love, though Tevine carries them this time."

"Well, maybe we can all come back here later. You can show me a good time, maybe I can convince you to have one last litter. Nithynia and Tevine can go over there, and my old friend can get knocked up too. We've never had all four of us with child before."

Cereia smiled, eyes still closed, dreaming of all the beautiful babies. *She really does love it*, mused Avara, as both traced their hands over the spherical belly, and all the life within. *And she has entered the purelight stage so much sooner than my kin. Could some remnant of her human past be advancing her stages earlier?* She decided not to voice it, though the prospect of having another matriarch to share her bed excited her.

"Perhaps, my love. Perhaps. But until then, I have a matriarch's need, and you have a Kalanri's spirit. Let us celebrate life together."

Cereia grinned. "I'm so happy I stayed a Kalanri."

"Yes, it was a most successful diplomatic mission. Now let us enjoy the fruits of it."

The two blue beings pressed closer together, minding the large belly, as they had done uncountable times before.

And would for uncountable times to come.

The End

Epilogue: Matriarch Stage

The children greeted Cereia as she entered the temple to give her respects to the statue of the Goddess. She gave them each a gentle wave, passing out noraleaf flowers to them, a small piece of candy in the centre of each. They looked to her with beaming eyes, unbelieving that a matriarch was visiting *their* small village, and the matriarch from the stars nonetheless; the famous Cereia, who was once Alan Pickett, a human male from Earth. She stood before them, regal in her long red dress, her impressive *selu* braided loosely around one another, sliding on the red train of dress that fell behind her.

"Are you really *the* Matriarch Cereia?" one asked.

Cereia smiled easily, bending down to face the child. Her tentacle hair shifted in sensuous patterns, easily reflecting her calm, and her bosom wobbled slightly in her top; even a matriarch could only contain so much of their own tremendous bust.

"It is I," she said, still smiling.

"You used to be a man. You used to be human."

She chuckled lightly. "That was a long time ago. And look at me now, do I look like a human man to you now?"

They shook their heads. "You look beautiful."

"Why thank you."

"When I grow up, I want to be a matriarch just like you and have lots and lots and lots of babies."

Cereia was taken a little back, but passed the child another sweet. "Enjoy your childhood, little one, then decide what you want. Life can give you all sorts of strange twists and turns. I know this better than most."

She blessed each of the children, offering a tiny piece of wisdom and a light peck on the cheek before sending them out of the temple. That was one benefit to being a matriarch; they alone could find a piece of privacy that younger Kalanri found no need for.

"Of course," Cereia said to herself, as she approached the reflective stone containing the scriptures of the Goddess, "I am quite young still."

She gazed at her reflection, unbelieving that she was a Kalanri matriarch. Her blue skin was utterly radiant, practically glowing even without pregnancy. One could spot her in a crowd of fellow blue women easily. Her eyes were completely purple, shining like subtle torchlights, their expression unreadable were it not for her expressive brow and easy smile. Her skin had also taken on a gorgeous spiralling pattern; raised 'pebbles' of soft skin were coloured a shade half-way between that of her eyes and that of her skin, starting at her wrists and feet and extending along her limbs, reaching over her back and even forming light patterns on her forehead and cheeks and neck, like subtle tribal tattoos. She turned her head, admiring the two dozen prehensile protuberances that ran from her scalp down her back, writhing slowly like undulating snakes on the ground behind her feet. They were heavy, but her body had become taller and stronger to deal with it, and like all matriarchs she moved with a slow, easy grace rather than the energy of youth. There was no matriarch who could be taken seriously if they tripped on their own *selu* after all. Avara had spent many days in private teaching Cereia how to navigate just that problem.

But beyond these changes were the more curvier ones. Cereia was undeniably proud of her body, but even she had been shocked at how far her matriarchal form had progressed, becoming an image of buxom fertility. Her breasts - once meagre B-cups after her initial change - were now H-cups or larger, human sizes had no real meaning to her. But she had taught the people of Kalen the game of beachball, back when she could run without tripping on her *selu* or hitting herself in the face with her own bosom, and her breasts were easily the size of those same volleyballs now. They hung lower, as gravity would have them, but were still incredibly rounded and pert for their size, and her large, dark nipples, so accustomed to feeding new life, were still slightly raised upwards, and not extended or drooping.

The marvels of a Kalanri body. And there were other marvels too: her hips were wider than ever, from dozens and dozens of childbirths. Her legs were long and strong, yet carried a slim grace all the same, and her ass rounded out any costume, her cheeks swollen to melons, but had never hit the point of absurdity. In fact, all her curves seemed to fall thankfully shy of hyperbole; she simply

embodied the ultra-fecund form of a matriarch, though Cereia was even bustier and more beautiful than most. It was a body made for sex, and the compulsion was still strong ever to mate. Stronger, even. The strongest it had ever been.

"Which is why I'm here," she whispered to herself, breathing heavily so that her tremendous bosom rose and fell, cleavage pushing upwards like a rising empire.

Because as much as her life had been joy, she had reached an uncertainty. The average matriarch reached their stage around their two hundredth year of life, sometimes later. Cereia, on the other hand, was only eighty-four years old; it was utterly unheard of for any of her kind to advance through the stages of life that quickly. Even when willing them so could shift the timeline forward by a decade or two. She was an anomaly, and for a time had feared her lifespan would be the same as a humans, but the best Kalanri geneticists confirmed that she would most certainly live to the species' usual three hundred or more years. No, the reasons were deeper. Her origins were human, and moreover she had her own . . . inclinations to consider. The same inclinations that brought her here now.

"I still want to make life," she said, touching her flat belly, "but I know that I shouldn't."

"Oh mother, in one of *those* moods again, are you?"

Cereia turned suddenly, and the top of her dress strained to contain her wobbling. There, standing at the entrance to the temple, was a familiar figure in her own *blossom* stage, her belly just beginning to round. Her skin was as blue as both her mothers.

"Dacia, my firstborn, how did you know I was coming here?"

She moved to embrace her daughter, and they held close for a moment, the former male's matriarchal shelf of flesh practically burying her daughter's face.

"Enough mother! Or else I shall suffocate between them as my other mother so clearly enjoys to partake in, now that you are equal or great to her in size."

Cereia pulled back, blushing a little purple along her arms and face. "Sorry, my daughter. I still forget how, um, 'blessed' I am now."

Her daughter smirked, entering with a natural swagger that Auntie Nithynia must have taught her from her Earth days. "All going a bit fast, is it?"

"You still didn't answer my question, how did you find me here?"

"A daughter just knows, mother," she said, grinning. She had a smattering of dark green freckles on her face, a trait unique to her children; some remnant of Cereia's human past. "And also Avara sent me. She was worried about you."

The one once known as Alan sagged her shoulders slightly. "She knows me better than I know myself."

"She believes you are worried because you have reached the matriarch stage so quickly. That you may be ageing too fast."

Cereia waved off the concern, and was once again caught a little off guard at how heavily her bust wobbled in response. She was new to being a matriarch, and it was difficult to keep the grace and poise of one with all the . . . bouncing.

"No, Dacia, it is not that. I know that I shall live as long as any Kalanri. No, I'm simply worried about the fact that I'll spend the remaining two and a half centuries of my life as a matriarch. When I chose

to become Kalanri, I knew it was because I loved the feeling of creating life. You and your sister were the world to me, and I cannot wait for you to feel the same blessing I did. And from that time on, I found pregnancy . . .”

“Addictive?”

“I was going to say admirable. I wanted to bring forth life, and your other mother was so wonderfully supportive. We have had so many children, and I love you all. I just worry . . . I’m a matriarch already, and I can already feel the urges to procreate stronger than ever, and I can feel in my womb that I am more fertile. Carrying five or six little ones inside me was such a great blessing in my *purelight* stage, but should I not stop? Would it not be best to put aside these wants, and enter this stage with grace and poise, and stop being such a - a - a broodmare!”

It was meant to sound dramatic, but Dacia only laughed. Cereia realised too late that one of her stray *selu* was tapping against her ass. She hastily brushed it behind her, but it helped relieve her tension.

“Don’t laugh, you’ll have to get used to it one day.”

“Oh, I still have plenty of years before I have to drag my *selu* around behind me.”

Cereia chuckled, feeling at her fleshy tentacles. “Don’t get your hopes up, your biggest change is yet to come. Motherhood suits you.”

“And you too, mother. I say that on behalf of all your daughters, many of whom send their love, even from other worlds. I’ve got quite a lot of mail to give you. None of us are embarrassed or ashamed of you. We are *proud* that you are a matriarch, proud to be of a lineage that springs from the union of Earth and Kalen, and we are proud that you have taught us our ways and our wisdom despite hailing from another world - because you hail from another world and found your place here.”

Dacia placed a hand on her mother’s blue arm. “Mother, you are an inspiration to us, and your very history tells us we are to embrace the changes we desire, not reject them. If you wish to spend your matriarchal years full with litters of children, then you will be supported in that choice. And I know that Avara feels the same way. She tells me that when you return, she will be ready for her.”

Cereia rolled her eyes, before realising that no one could ever tell she was rolling her eyes ever again. “That’s just like your mother. I’ll go teach her a lesson, then.”

She began to stride off, her chest a proud shelf jutting forth from her being, her *selu* trailing behind her.

“Sure mother,” Dacia called, “is that what we call getting knocked up now? I shall have to ask Nithynia if that is so! She’s just become a matriarch too!”

“That infernal woman! A matriarch as well and she spends her time tending *bar!*”

“Oooohhhh,” Cereia groaned, clutching her enormously rounded form, “s-sooo m-many b-b-babies, ahhhhh.”

There was simply no way of her ever reaching around her stomach; it was almost larger than the rest of her, and its weight made it near impossible for her to walk, except for short distances, and even those put her a little out of breath. She was immensely gravid, and had been on this journey ever

since she had returned to the waiting Avara, her *selu* trailing behind her, and wrapped her lover in her blue arms and took her passionately.

"I've made my decision," she had said."

"I know. It was the decision you were always going to make. Enter Infinity, my love, and I shall bless you with new life, more than ever before."

And Avara had not disappointed on that front. Cereia leaned back in her chair, admiring the setting blue sun of her new homeworld. She was so unbelievably gravid with children that there was rumour she would be setting new records. At last count, Avara had knocked her up with eleven little daughters, all of them fully grown within her, but still at least a year away from exiting into the world.

It was a lot to take in, and for Cereia, it was easier to remain largely naked but for what her lover draped over her. Her breasts had swollen yet again, becoming the size of basketballs, overflowing with milk so prodigiously that Avara received half her daily nourishment from them. Still, they embarrassingly leaked from time to time.

But it was the neverending movement in her great womb that was the largest change. She had felt that she would be blessed with enormous fertility as a matriarch, but even Cereia was shocked at how profoundly pregnant she had become. In their room, she often looked at the old photo of herself when she was still Alan Pickett, and compared the form she had then with the form she had now. It was almost enough to make her miss being able to run, jump, and so forth without falling on her belly and being stuck without help.

Almost enough.

Even Nithynia couldn't believe it, and she had entered the matriarchal stage too, but like many at that age, she used their contraception to avoid becoming effectively a mobile womb. But the truth was, Cereia knew she had made the right choice. She was often uncomfortable, overheated, and sleep did not come easily. People came to her for wisdom, rather than she to them to dispense it, but many others came to admire her, and see the blessing the Goddess had given her.

"Mmmhhmm . . . ahhh . . . my little ones. You are so w-wonderful," she said. By the Goddess, she knew that even as pregnant as she was in that moment, she could still daydream of more. Her body wanted babies, babies, and more babies, and it would always be capable of producing more, she knew. To become so stretched, so round and full and overcome with new life, it made her content each and every day.

"Are you enjoying yourself, my love?" Avara said, entering slowly, and lowering herself carefully beside her paramour, adjusting her head-tentacles to make room.

"Mmhhmm," she moaned in response, "they are v-very active at the moment."

A smile. "But you are indeed enjoying yourself?"

Cereia nodded. "I am . . . content. Truly content. I feel so round and full. Like I'm just *bursting* with life, and every day my body works to make more. I love being hostage to this great dome, I really do. I love that it dominates me, as you do, and to feel so fertile every day, it is beyond words. Thank you for convincing me to go ahead with this. I would feel an emptiness inside, if I were not able to bring more children into the world. I thank you every day Avara, for filling me with life."

"It suits you, far more than any I have known. I am simply fortunate to call myself the other mother of your children." Avara looked over to the image of Alan, inside. "But I am curious. Is there some small part of Alan remaining? Do you ever regret it? Even for a moment?"

Cereia turned to her lover as another ripple of kicks began in her womb.

"I am still Alan, and I am still Cereia. All parts of me want this. I have no regrets. Not even for a moment. Now come here and let me show you just how much this matriarch appreciates you."

The End