

IT CAME FROM BEYOND! (Man to 50's B-Movie Female TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for AI

Harry is watching one of his favourite old 50's B-movies when a genie manifests through the electricity of the TV to grant a movie-based wish. Harry wants more than anything to experience the heroism and excitement of a B-movie monster, but little does he suspect that he won't be cast as the stalwart action hero, but instead the classic damsel in distress!

IT CAME FROM BEYOND!

"No, it can't be - the monster is feeding on the nuclear power plant! It's going to keep growing until . . . it subjugates THE EARTH ITSELF!"

Harry grinned as he watched the enormous monster, clearly a man in a suit, thrash away at a miniature model of the nuclear plant on screen. The effects were comical, and he could definitely tell that the background matte painting had a steel girder in view keeping it up. He'd even spotted a boom mic above the meeting of the US Chief of Staff earlier. But still, despite the hokey effects and the poorly-aged stop-motion animation and the jingoistic 50's vibe of the whole thing, he couldn't deny the excitement. He'd loved old B-movies all of his life, especially ones from the 50's and 60's. They had an excitement to them, a sincerity that modern films had lost in their postmodern need to project irony at every moment.

Plus, the leading ladies back then just had a kind of . . . class about them. Exhibit A was the character of Debra Danning, the beautiful blonde love interest to the dashing Captain Harbour, who alone could fly the plane with the weapon destined to kill the monster. She had the thick eyebrows and high cheekbones of a classical Hollywood type, and her curled hair was from a different age, one that Harry revered. Plus, that Transatlantic accent was something else.

"But Jonathan, if you go on this mission, you might never return. Oh, but how will I go on without you? My world revolves around you, now."

"Don't fear, my darling. With your love flying with me, I'll defeat the beast. We'll show it the power of America and then I'll be back in time for lunch. Lunch, and an engagement."

"Oh, Jonathan! You don't mean? Yes! I say, yes! I will marry you!"

Okay, so there was no wonder why she'd never won any awards, but the actress didn't need to, not with that ripped secretary uniform. The cover of the VHS tape even had her clinging to his leg in that classic sexy pulp pose.

"Man," Harry said, eating some more popcorn, "I really wish I could visit that kind of world somehow, even just for a bit."

It wasn't the most out-there remark to make, he thought. Movies like this *were* an escapist fantasy, and besides, he wasn't exactly the fittest, most attractive individual, not with his pot belly and his facial acne. He was in his mid-thirties and his knees were already starting to click loudly, and his short sighted vision was getting worse, he swore. The idea of being a stalwart captain, a crack pilot, a hero who fought a giant monster in some cheesy B-movie with its sexy female lead and fawning deuteragonists . . . there was appeal in that.

And something else agreed. *Someone*. Suddenly, *The World That Shook* stopped playing correctly, the screen crackling. Harry frowned, frustrated by this development. Was the VHS tape stuck again? He almost got up, when to his shock, the enormous lizard monster with its goofy eyes suddenly turned and approached the screen. That . . . wasn't meant to happen.

"Wait, wait, no nuclear meltdown, not just yet! Not when I've got some wishing to grant!"

Harry's eyes widened, and he almost leapt out of his couch as the creature then passed *through* the screen. He dropped his popcorn, but was too terrified to even move. In mere moments a person-sized version of the lizard creature was in his freaking living room, googly eyes wobbling, the zips in the suit preserved and everything.

Except the mouth moved like a real mouth.

"Sorry to scare ya, kiddo!" the creature said in a slightly guttural, bestial tone. "But I was streaming through the electric and couldn't help but overhear your wish there, sport! Is it true that you really want to jump into a B-movie style dimension like this?"

Harry was flabbergasted to the point where he grabbed the remote and began clicking buttons in a futile attempt to change the monster's channel. All it did was change the TV from a cooking show, a karate demonstration, a superhero flick, and finally back to *The World That Shook* again. The monster before him changed with each channel, becoming a moustachioed chef, a karate master, a dark supervillain, and finally the monster again.

"Wh-what are you!?" Harry finally asked.

"I'm the *thing that shook the world!*" the creature roared, before bursting into guttural laughter. "I'm just kiddin' ya! I'm the Film Freak Genie, baby! Well, I'm a genie that moves electric and just can't get enough of these flicks you mortals create! I've carved out quite the niche, and my *bottle*, I guess you could say, exists as a series of pixels that recreate the kind of movie I feel like inhabiting. And you, my lucky viewer, were the most tuned in! Which means I can grant that wish of yours, if you wish. Do you want to exist within a dimension like this, a world of grand heroes and epic monsters to be defeated?"

Harry gulped. This was all happening so fast, were genies even real? He'd only had one beer earlier and definitely no hallucinogens.

"Is this really real?"

“Of course it is, my lovely viewer! But I’ll need an answer. Do you want me to grant your wish? This is the kind of setting where beautiful dames lust after stalwart men, and you could be one of them! Wouldn’t you like to leave this sad form behind for a spell and enjoy a new and exciting existence, one filled with heroism, beauty, romance, action, and all the wonderful cheese and corn of the 50’s B-movie?”

Harry pondered this. The creature was too theatrical to really fear at this point, and he’d pinched himself enough times to know that this truly was real. An actual, factual genie was in the room with him, and . . . could grant him exactly the kind of adventure he desired. He could just imagine being a dashing military hero, or perhaps a brave and handsome scientist, or the attractive, muscled everyman who rises to the occasion and gets the girl. The girl part especially; those fifties dames were built different, and what chance would he have of ever scoring a lady like that in his current form? The excitement rose within him. Worst case scenario, he was simply dreaming. Best case . . . it could give him everything he wanted.

“Okay!” he said, standing up and extending his hand to the lizard monster genie. “Deal! I wish to enter the world you speak of, for a time!”

“Fantastic!” the creature said, before belching flame up to the ceiling in excitement. “Don’t worry about that, the fire will go out. Now, let’s get you into a dimension sideways of this one that ticks all the boxes and genre expectations, shall we? Hmm, lemme see, yes, that’ll do.”

Several VHS tapes flew around his hands, each of them glowing. Harry got the sense that these were actual *universes*, or at least representations of them.

“Ha!” the genie roared. “We’ve got an exact match! A great part for you to play as well: a beautiful scientist’s daughter with a figure that just won’t quit and a propensity to lose articles of clothing. I hope you enjoy being her for a time: the rest of your life is technically a ‘time’, right?”

Harry blinked as the realisation set in. “Wait, you don’t expect me to - that wasn’t what I meant when I-”

“Too late! Enjoy your new universe, Harry! Or should I say, the lovely BARBARA!”

The VHS shot right into Harry’s chest, throwing him backwards. The floor shattered, and the VHS tape grew bigger until it was the size of a car, soaring down through a crackling pixel infinity towards an ever growing cassette player. Harry screamed all the way down, his own reality sinking away into the endless void above. His voice only cut out when the cassette careened down into an enormous VHS player, the screen above looming like a universe. The Mad Movie Genie cackled throughout the expanse.

“Lemme get the popcorn! This’ll be a great watch!”

Barbara shot to her feet, suddenly aware that everything had changed around her. She was in a world of black and white and grey, and little film spots occasionally flickered about, as if she really were inhabiting an old movie. She was in a laboratory room of some sort, with lots of beakers and that silly device with the two red beams going back and forth that were used in every damn B-movie right through to the modern day. Except the red beams were just . . . grey. She was grey.

And she was *female*, very much so in fact.

"Oh, Lord," she said, looking herself over. "That genie really did it . . . he turned me *Into A Woman!*"

She turned and spoke the words to the window, as if some audience was watching, as if she were name dropping a damn *movie*. Even the way she talked was odd, and not just because of her wonderfully sultry voice. No, she spoke in a transatlantic accent and in such a theatrical way that one would expect an old-fashioned boom mic to be above her head. The whole world was old-fashioned black-and-white film grain, and now she was *part of it*. Part of it and *female*.

"Oh my!" she cried, old-fashioned to a tee. She searched around the room for an explanation. There was a mirror beside a small sink in the laboratory, and she moved swiftly to view herself. The resulting sight was *stunning*. Somehow, Harry had become a classic 50's beauty, with curled hair and thick eyebrows and dark, mesmerising eyes beneath a pair of horn-rimmed glasses. She was wearing a dress that made her look like some kind of secretary, but it had obviously been tailored to emphasise her lovely features: the triangular points of her bra stuck out prominently, and a belt cinched around her waist emphasised her lovely hourglass figure. She somewhat suspected that real secretaries of the 1950's likely did not have a skirt *this* short either, one which exposed her nylon-covered legs in their heels. At least by modern standards it wasn't particularly showy; just a small tantalising hint at her cleavage was visible from the slight plunge in her neckline, but it was enough to tease an ample bosom, one which she could feel the weight of. Her nipples jutting out, cushioned against the interior of her bra, utterly alien in how far they were from her rib cage compared to their usual spot. And that wasn't even getting into the empty space between her thighs, or her shorter stature. The only freeing part of this was that she was thin and healthy and certainly in her mid-twenties again, but at what cost?

"I'm a woman," she said, feeling her face, touching the perfect cheekbones that were so prized in that era, rubbing her eyebrows which were contoured dark and thick and feminine. "That genie turned me into the typical female character. Good God, I'm *The Damsel in Distress!*"

Again, spoken like a movie title. She cringed, but found it hard not to pose dramatically, one forearm across her forehead, the other holding her stomach as if she might swoon at any second. Thankfully, the crackle of a nearby old-timey radio made her jolt from her pose.

'The creature is approaching! I repeat, the creature is approaching! Folks at home, I urge you to immediately evacuate the bay area. The - the THING that has emerged from the great cylindrical structure that crashed down just this morning has proved impossible to stop! The conventional armed forces of the mightiest nation of the planet are helpless against the alien creature, which continues to advance inexorably towards the heart of San Francisco! Now - oh GOD! The huuuu-manity! It is tangled in the web of steel girders and the tensile strength of wires that hold up our magnificent Golden Gate Bridge! And now - oh, the huuuu-manity, folks! Cars are dropping into the sea! The bridge is destroyed! The creature is beginning to glow. I don't know if we can get clear in time. Please, folks at home, evacuate before it's too la-'

KSSSSSHHHHHH

The radio went dead. Could it be? Had the genie sent Barbara to an actual dimension where a B-movie plot was unfolding in real time?

Before she could truly contemplate that possibility, the sky suddenly lit up through the great window sheets. Barbara slowly turned. She was indeed now in San Francisco, and there, at the very edge of her vision . . . was something enormous. Something tearing apart the Golden Gate Bridge. Something that was making the sky warble with a strange effect that seemed to ripple outwards.

"Now hang on just a minute," Barbara said, hands on her fine hips as she took in the sight of what was clearly a man in a rubber suit destroying a distant model, and a bad imposed water effect on the sky. "That's darn fake as all he-"

CRASSSSHHH!!!

Barbara was thrown back. Glass shattered across the laboratory, sending equipment flying and machines sparking. She screamed, crying out as if she truly were a damsel in distress and landing flat on her back, surrounded by glass. Strangely, she wasn't hurt at all, but her dress was torn in several places, exposing her left shoulder, tearing at the hem of her skirt to expose more of her legs, and leaving her nylons tattered. Even the buttons at the top of her dress had come a little undone, revealing more of her cleavage. She lay there, blinking slowly, murmuring to herself. There was only a single cut on her hand and the blood didn't exactly look real. It *felt* real enough, though. To her utter embarrassment and confusion over all that was happening, Barbara began to faint.

"S-someone, help me," she croaked, before the darkness faded in.

“Barbara! Barbara, tell me you’re okay! Barbara! Look, I know we’ve bickered, and I should have listened to you, but please, stay with me! Wake up!”

Barbara stirred. For just a few moments, she thought that perhaps her strange wish-gone-wrong had just been a misadventure of the unconscious mind, until she opened her eyes and realised several things.

One, she was very much still thinking of herself as female, and as Barbara Beau, no less.

Two, she was still in a shattered laboratory, her glasses conveniently having been flung from her face, and the sounds of carnage and sirens further away in the city echoing into the room.

And three, there was now a military-looking man cradling her against him, staring down at her like she was the only thing in the world, the only thing of true importance. And good God in Heaven above, he was *handsome* to her new female gaze. He had the jawline and intensity of a Humphrey Bogart, and the eyebrows and tousled hair of James Dean. If she were the product of Lauren Baccall and Katherin Hepburn, then this man was a fusion of those two great leading men. He wore army fatigues and appeared to be an officer, but the most important thing was that he was strong and he was cradling her. Instantly, a warmth crept into Barbara’s body, an unfamiliar connection that was a more womanly feeling than she’d ever imagined possessing. His hand was touching her bare shoulder, and she could feel the hairs on this man’s right arm as it held her. His eyes roamed her body, compassionate yet filled with . . . desire. And felt desire too. Her heart fluttered, and her nipples stiffened at the sight of him.

“Who - who are you?” she asked, her voice soft, almost sultry again. She could barely believe her own tone towards this man, or why she was adopting it.

“Oh, Barbara, you must have taken a nasty fall and bumped your head. It’s me, Thomas. Thomas Marshall. The ‘no-good hard-headed brute-brain ape-shaped oaf,’ as you might remember calling me!!”

Barbara narrowed her eyes. “Your name is Marshall . . . and you’re a Captain? Captain Marshall?”

He suddenly pulled her into a tight grip, smelling her hair. He smelled of sweat and manliness. It wasn’t a bad smell, not at all, and she was revolted at herself for enjoying it.

“You must have bumped your head. It’s a concussion, dear. It won’t last. I’m so sorry, my lo- I mean, honey. I got here as fast as I could! When that creature let loose its atomic-laser blast, I just knew I had to reach you, and see if you were safe. I know you

probably can't stand to see the sight of me after that last spat we had, but please tell me that you're safe."

Barbara had to end this. She blurted out the truth.

"Oh, Thomas!" she said, her words still taking on the campy vibe of her surroundings. "You must know the truth! I'm not Barbara Beau at all. I'm a man! A man named Harry Strithe! I'm from the future, or another dimension! A genie wish put me here."

His face took on momentary concern, one that made her heart fall, and then he burst out laughing, much to her shock.

"Oh, you nearly had me! I bet I would have looked every part the idiot oaf you called me just three days ago. I tell you, it's good to find a woman who can keep her humour high even in the worst of times."

"I feel ill . . ."

"It's just the concussion, it'll pass. God wouldn't let an angel like yourself be struck down by that unholy alien abomination, right?"

Her mouth opened and closed like a fish's, no sound coming out.

"I know, I know," he said. "Here's me, getting all flustered and emotional, just like a woman. I bet you're thinking I should think more, now. That was another verbal jab you gave me, as I recall."

"No, but I really am--"

"I'm sorry to cut you off, Barb, but we have to move. We need to evacuate! Our boys can't hold off the creature, and the research notes in this room hold the only key to defeating the creature. We need . . . *the oxygen destroyer!*"

Barbara rolled her eyes, not that the man noticed. Not only was she stuck as a woman, not only was she unable to make her real identity properly known, and not only was her damn hormones making her wildly attracted to this handsome leading man, but now this reality was riffing its plots off of the original 1954 *Gojira*?

Perhaps . . . perhaps if she played along. Saw this adventure to its end. The genie had had his fun granting this wish, and was no doubt laughing as it watched this reality play out where she was stuck as the gorgeous leading lady instead of the dashing leading man. But if she was stuck, then she just needed to bring the story to a conclusion, right? See this to its end, and then the wish would be over. With a sigh, she decided to go along with it, even if it meant putting up with the exploitative nature of her new role. She fluttered her eyelashes, extended a hand for him to help her up, and he did so.

"I think so they're around here, still," she said. "My research notes into the--"

"You mean your father's notes, of course," Thomas Marshall said. "From when you worked with him. Before that alien monster killed our best and brightest, him included, God rest his soul."

Again, she had to roll her eyes. "Of course they can't be *my* research notes. I never complained about sexism in these films before but now, I swear-

"What was that, Barb?"

"N-nothing, Tom."

Ugh, why was she calling him *Tom*? And why did it feel so *nice*? That stupid genie wish was starting to screw with her mind! She batted it right out of her brain and focused on finding some kind of blueprint or document that looked to be of great importance. Of *course* she was the scientist's beautiful daughter, and *of course* she was this man's love interest. But if she was going to get out of this situation, she needed to see this thing through. Theirs was obviously the slap-slap-*kiss* dynamic these flicks all went for, so she bit her lips as he looked out the broken window, his pose heroic. She gazed him up and down, showing her interest to an unseen camera - or genie - and then found the relevant notes to some . . . doohicky.

"Here they are!" she announced, moving forward, and then she immediately squealed at the sight of the horrid alien creature entering the bay. It was like a giant jellyfish with two larger tentacles, ones that were clearly intended for the suit-wearer's arms to go through, and a long tail that was tearing apart the beach-side buildings of San Francisco Bay. Screams could be heard even at this distance, and the roads were clogged with the vehicles of those trying to escape. One of the many smaller tentacles on the creature's back batted a toy-looking helicopter out of the sky. It made the cliched airplane dive bombing soundbite, despite, well, being a *helicopter*. Still, even with its stupid set of four big googly eyes, Barbara Beau couldn't help but scream, and she wasn't even playing the part. Somehow, this creature was *terrifying*.

Thomas had her immediately, holding her in his strong arms.

"Don't be afraid, it's okay. You're safe here."

She pulled herself away from him, and more of her dress came undone at the top. Now her left shoulder was very exposed, and part of her sleeve was missing. Her hair tousled to one side, like a Veronica Lake type.

"I know that!" she snapped. "I wasn't that scared, you know. I was just . . ."

He smirked for a moment. "Just what? Screaming in sympathy to all those poor souls out there?"

She folded her arms. "Something like that."

"Well, thankfully most are evacuated. But if that creature continues, we won't be able to prevent real casualties from coming. Come on, we've got to get to the airfield. We've got to stop this thing. And your father's weapon is our only hope."

He grabbed her hand, and she tried to pull away, but he didn't let her go.

"Barb," he said. "Please, trust me."

She swallowed, hesitant, both due to her male pride and from narrative necessity.

"Tell me you've got a plan," she said. "And not some trumped-up oafish military pomp." She held up the blueprint, signalling that *she* still had it. "Or I'll find some other dashing military hero to save the day. A smarter one, to start with."

He pulled her closer. "Don't worry, kid, I've got a plan. Only it ain't a smart one. But it may be dumb enough to work."

She had to stop herself from rolling her eyes this time. God, this was such B-movie logic. Except now she was swept up in it, and Thomas Marshall really was . . . *magnetic*.

Thomas drove like mad across town, circumnavigating the traffic in her little car. It was a comical scene, one light on any special effects, though occasionally she looked back and screamed at the monster - it was getting ever closer, and as fake as it looked on the matte-painting effect behind her, its sheer scale was unfathomable. She had to keep closing her eyes while Thomas drove, occasionally yelling dialogue at him like:

"You idiot, you're going to get us both killed!"

"I knew I should have driven! Trust a man to be so reckless!"

And, "I never should have wished for this!"

The last got a sly response from him. "So you *did* wish to take me up on that ride offer, huh?"

"Not as far as I remember, and certainly not from an alien invasion. Now drive faster! It's getting closer. That - that mutant thing."

He steeled his features as they flew down the streets. "Not a mutant, I'm afraid, Barb. No, it's just like your father theorised, before the scientific community exiled him. What I'm telling you is a true top secret, known only to a few. That monster wrecking our city? It came . . . *FROM BEYOND!*"

Barb managed to uncover her eyes just enough to frown. "Y-yeah. I know that. It's . . . we've established that already, haven't we?"

Still, at least the needless, tautological exposition was enough to get her to the base. The car ride had, naturally, undone another button of her costume, and she'd lost her heels. Her nylons were completely gone, and the effect was that her legs were entirely bare, the hem of her dress even shorter, and her hair was now a conveniently sexy mess no longer contained by a scrunchie or tie. Barbara was given a military jacket by Thomas as they exited towards an airfield base hangar, but this only seemed to outline her figure all the more; it hung loose on her, pulling at her dress and exposing just a bit more cleavage. It also had a clear sense of ownership for the new women; even the jacket smelled of Thomas, and

his arm around her was comforting. Damn that stupid genie! She was right next to her dream life, literally being protected by it, and now she was *attracted* to it. His own gaze swept over her, as did every damn soldier on the base, one of whom knocked himself practically out as he remembered at the last second to salute her love interest.

“Men,” she muttered. “Never thinking with their brains!”

“That’s why we don’t usually allow women on the base,” Thomas quipped. “We can get you more clothing inside, don’t fear.”

Barbara sighed in thankful relief. At least she wouldn’t be wearing such a ridiculously tattered outfit for long!

Barbara emerged wearing a ridiculous outfit, one that could *not* be based in reality. It was clearly some kind of uniform for female adjutants or secretaries in the military, a button shirt with a military skirt and a small cap. Only the hem of said skirt was once again far too short, and her shirt was distressingly tight in a way that definitely showed off her figure. She’d even pinned her hair back professionally in a manner that showed off her beauty, though at least she was thankful this strange new existence came with *some* knowledge of how to treat her female body.

“Maybe we *should* allow women on the base,” Thomas Marshall quipped, taking the sight of her in.

“Oh, and why is that?” she asked, exasperated.

“Because if we had one of you on every base, we’d never have enlistment troubles ever again.”

She scoffed, fiddled with her earrings that felt strange upon her. “Well, too bad. I’m one of a kind, Captain Marshall, and your soldier’s tricks won’t work on a dame like me.”

“Well, I’ll just have to-”

A siren sounded. With a pained expression on his face, Thomas took her by the hand and directed her to come with him. They entered into a meeting that was utterly stereotypical, even by B-movie standards. It was a circular room with a large map of the bay area in the centre, and numerous adjutants were pushing little figurines of ships, soldiers, tanks, and artillery pieces on the board. Everyone was either smoking or huffing a cigar, and she felt a strong need to have one too, despite smoking having never been one of her vices when she was Harry. A large, pompous-looking military man with a large gut and overwhelming moustache approached them. Thomas saluted immediately, and Barbara followed, feeling a little ridiculous.

"At ease," the man said. "You must be Barbara Beau, Jerry's daughter, yes? The scientist?"

Barbara swallowed. "I - yes, that's me. Uh, sir."

"I'm General Steele. I'm in command of the fight against this dreaded thing. This . . . creature from *beyond*." He turned to say that, looking away from them, as if staring directly into a nonexistent camera. Barbara had to cringe. His 'acting,' if it could be called such, wasn't so impressive. But perhaps everyone talked that way in this reality?

"Your oxygen destroyer blueprints may be the only thing that can save the day. So far every shell, every missile, every piece of artillery we've shot at that tentacled monster has only made it stronger. We even threw a miniature nuclear weapon at it while it was in the deeper Pacific, and nothing! We're evacuating all the civilians we can, but if it continues to grow and extend, this could be the end of . . . *America itself!*"

Barbara coughed, only to adjust herself when Steele turned back to look upon her, annoyed.

"Sorry, sir, debris in my throat."

"Ah, of course. We are putting together the weapon as we speak, but there are . . . difficulties. Considerations. I'm not sure a woman could understand such things--"

"I'm sure she can, given she was the one who explained the science to me. Or perhaps *barked* it at me, would be a better way to put it."

Barbara looked at Thomas, who seemed almost proud of her. Clearly this interaction had taken place before she arrived into this universe; her 'character' evidently had a will-they-won't-they dynamic with this attractive leading man. But the respect he'd just shown her did make her feel a bit more pride, despite not having been technically present for it.

"Indeed," she said, remembering her *Gojira*. "Someone will have to take the device close to the creature from beyond, yes? That's what you're implying, General. It will atomise the oxygen within the creature's cells, annihilating its physical structure. Is that what you are implying I don't know?"

What a feeling, to suddenly have a feminist temper. But it was easy to feel such, when you were the only woman in a room of men who were looking at you like a piece of meat. The General looked positively flustered.

"I seem to have underestimated you, ma'am. I apologise. I'm an old man, not used to the way some modern women are. The point is, we'll only get one shot at this. The creature adapts, always. That's what we've found. The device will need to be activated *directly* near the creature. The chance of escape from that point is borderline impossible."

Barbara stood up taller. She was aware that her ridiculous military-fetish outfit was pulling tight against her breasts and making her look just gorgeous, but she didn't care.

"Then I'm unafraid to volunteer," she said.

“That wasn’t what I meant. Captain Marshall here is an ace pilot from the war. He’ll make the run at the creature, then parachute down and-”

“Respectfully, sir,” Barbara continued. “I am the only one qualified to activate this weapon. You said you had one shot, then let me help you make it. Thomas - er, the Captain here may be the handsome hero, but fine-fingered he is not when it comes to such sensitive devices.”

The General and Captain Marshall exchanged a look that seemed to communicate “Women, right?”, then a shared agreement was silently made.

“Very well,” he said. “I am summarily drafting you into the service of the American Airforce, young lady. Make us proud, and whatever you do, *follow orders*. Captain, you’ll have your orders shortly as well. Get ready.”

Thomas fired off a snap salute. “Yes, sir!”

It was only when they left the room that Thomas placed a hand upon her shoulder.

“Barb, I know you’re one bull-headed dame, but I can’t let you do this. It’s too dangerous!”

“Please, like you care about some scientist’s daughter who knows too much for her ‘pretty little head’ anyhow. I’m going, Thomas, and you can’t stop me.”

He stopped her, pressed her against the wall while no one was present. His body was so large, his heat so radiant, and his lips were so close . . .

“Barbara, I . . .”

He swallowed.

“God above, I’ve never met a woman like you!”

He pulled back and stormed down the corridor, leaving Barbara panting. She’d never felt such electric tension, such *sexual chemistry*, crackling in the air before. God, why did he have to be so handsome? So magnetic? What had that movie genie done to her?

The sirens blared. The creature was advancing faster than anyone could have predicted. It was growing, getting stronger. The alien monster had torn through San Francisco, and the footage on their television sets and the reports on the radio were dire. Its atomic blasts were continuing to erupt further and further to the horizon. The base was shaking, and military crew were already evacuating as the support pillars began to fail. For the first time, Barbara really felt the *weight* of such a B-movie monster. Even if it did still look ridiculous and googly-eyed upon the horizon, it scared her.

And now here she was, strapped into a plane, the propeller spinning, the takeoff ready to go. It was a two seater trainer - the jets had already scrambled or been shut down

due to the radiation, and some exposition from the General had told them only the older 'analog models' could work. She didn't buy the logic, but this dimension didn't seem to run on logic anyway.

"I'm near the end, I'm near the end," she told herself as the propeller span loudly and Thomas ran through the checks beside her. "Just need to reach the end of the story!"

A comforting hand appeared on her shoulder and squeezed gently. "It's okay, Barb. You just ready that device. I'll take care of the rest."

She nodded eagerly. The device was small, only about the size of an old stereo, which it looked suspiciously like. She fiddled with various buttons at random, and that seemed to satisfy it. It was more important in such movies to *look* busy.

"*Captain Marshall,*" came a voice over the comms. "*We have one final set of checks and then we can clear you for-*"

BWAAAAAMMM!!!

Suddenly, that same warbling in the air across the greyscale horizon. The creature roared, its head visible as it ploughed through more buildings. Its larger tentacles - the one the controller's hands would go through - were raised, and suddenly entire sections of land began to tear apart. Screams resounded across the base, and soon the runway itself was opening up with numerous chasms and fissures.

"Too late!" Thomas yelled into the comms. "It's now or never! Hold on, Barbara!"

"Wait, you can't go like that! We'll die!"

He looked at her, even as the plane began to speed up, straight towards the stretching chasms at the end of the runway.

"Look at me, kid. I told you; I won't let any harm come to you."

He accelerated the plane, but Barbara could only scream, reaching out to hold his thigh and grip onto it for dear life.

They only *just* cleared the runway in time, rising up into the air with her still yelling. Thomas actually bellowed laughter, as if relieved himself.

"I said you'd be fine!" he exclaimed. "Don't worry, you just keep your lovely self focused on that device, and I'll take care of the piloting."

They rose up into the sky, and slowly Barbara came a bit more to her senses. Of course she wouldn't die. The female lead rarely died in such productions, and this reality ran on B-movie monster genre logic, right? If she just kept a level head, kept on spicing up the romance, let the leading man do his thing while she looked enticing and competent (but not TOO competent, of course, she'd still need to be saved, she imagined), then all would be well. She could exit the movie and be back in her own reality to yell at the movie genie. Hell, perhaps she wouldn't even do that. She'd hoped to be the dashing captain figure, but being the brilliant and beautiful scientist's daughter wasn't *too* bad. Certainly, it at least gave her

the unique opportunity of seeing what it was like on the other side of the gendered grass. And there was also that very handsome jawline belonging to Thomas that she could appreciate . . .

“What are you looking at?” the man suddenly asked her.

Barbara blushed as she realised she’d been staring.

“I was just admiring the view,” she said, indicating the skyline outside. He just smiled. Again, that electric feeling in the air. He knew she’d been admiring a very different view.

“You know, I may just be a dumb oaf of a military man,” he said. “But even I can tell when a woman is lying.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Maybe. Well, I was admiring quite a beautiful view myself, Barb, if you don’t mind me saying.”

She found herself fidgeting with the too-short hem of her skirt.

“I don’t mind,” she admitted, looking away. “Not entirely.”

“Good. Call me crazy, but I’m glad you’re here.”

“Me too.”

The brief reverie of connection, the small sparks of flirtation, ended fairly quickly, however. There was another shriek, and the sky warbled. The plane shook, and Barbara found herself squealing.

“Hang on again! We’re getting closer to that thing! I’m going to try some aerial manoeuvres.”

“Aerial what now!?”

She clung to her seatbelt as he suddenly took them into a barrel roll, then an acrobatic loop-de-loop. She even gripped his shoulder, which by all means should have caused him to spin out of control with how she was gripping him, but instead it only added to the drama of the moment. Suddenly the creature from beyond was in view, more detailed and alien than ever. It dwarfed the buildings of the San Francisco metropolis, and the Golden Gate Bridge was so much flaming steel and debris in the bay. Numerous cars were destroyed, and the great raw form from the googly-eyed monstrosity saw more buildings fall over, though from this distance they appeared suspiciously like miniature models constructed of papier-mache.

“My God,” Barbara uttered. “How can we possibly fight that thing?”

“With your father’s device, and your brilliance, and my piloting,” Thomas said, before grinning. “And a little bit of luck.”

They eased out, taking a soaring view of the devastation. The aim was to get behind the creature and avoid its gaze. Barbara felt an instinct, a moment of narrative convenience to do what she had to do. She leaned over to his seat and then, with pursed lips, kissed his

cheek as she held his chin softly. He turned to view her as she parted from him, surprised and gorgeous, even in the grainy black-and-white world they existed within.

“What was that for?”

“For luck,” she said.

Another smile, one that was now filled with much more confidence. “I’ll take it. Okay, time to get your chute ready and prepare that device. We’ll only get one shot at this.”

Barbara nodded. She’d have to deliver the device, naturally. Thomas would get the plane as close as possible, and she’d hang out the side door and drop it straight after priming it. Then, they’d fly the hell out of there. If worse came to worse, she’d have her parachute if she fell out . . . and pray the wind took her far away enough from the monstrosity and its atomic aura.

Thomas held the controls as she got ready, and she removed her hat, letting her beautiful curled hair to spill over her shoulders. She shook her head, allowing it to fall gently and a little seductively, like she was performing for an unseen audience. She put on her parachute pack, and Thomas instructed her how to use it. The tension was rising, the creature getting ever closer. They were behind it, but the devastation was obvious, and its loud shrieking and atomic aura were growing louder by the second.

“Now, prepare the device, Barb.”

She nodded again, and worked several dials. Barbara had no actual idea what she was doing, but suddenly a light dinged green. Well, she imagined it was green; it was a kind of very light grey, at least.

“It’s ready!” she cried.

“Okay, I’m going to set this thing to automatic for a moment.” He did so, and then unbuckled from his seat. “It’ll careen off course if I leave it too long. We’re getting close. We need to-”

Suddenly, something whipped out from the creature; an enormous tentacle that rose up and literally *grabbed* the plane. The creature turned, lumbering, its comical eyes glowing slightly as it took in the interloper upon its space. Barbara screamed as she was thrown around the cockpit, and only Thomas’ quick act in shielding her with his body prevented her from being concussed . . . or worse. Her protector grunted in pain, something had given way, perhaps a broken rib or a fracture in his arm. They were left strewn on the floor of the plane as it was held in place, the propeller slowing down, the creature raising the aircraft to take a better look at it.

“Barb! Barb, are you okay?”

“I’m okay, you saved me!”

She rose, and found that her clothing was conveniently ripped . . . again. This time her shirt’s buttons had all torn off and her sleeves were gone as well. Her pointy-bra was

immediately obvious, and any movie genie watching may well have been salivating at the sight of her generous bust. But Thomas only took the briefest of looks at it, his concern was for *her*.

"What happened?" she asked, only to then scream as the plane tipped forward, so that the window of the cockpit was now facing directly down . . . straight towards the monster's eye and maw. Barbara could now see just how real this monster was. Yes, the alien from beyond looked like a man in a cheap suit with some styrofoam attachments and a bad paint job, but those teeth, that throat, the giant tentacle gripping them, in this world they were all *real*.

"Oh God, Thomas!" she cried in her Transatlantic tone, all drama and cloying femininity. "We're going to die! We can't deliver the device like this!"

Thomas helped her up. He gripped the side of the plane door and pushed it up. He didn't have his parachute on yet, but still he held her at the door. The creature was beginning to glow, its rumble rising to a roar once again. The atomic aura would soon expand, and nothing would survive at such a close range, especially not them. Barbara no longer cared about the fact that she was suddenly a woman, or that she was supposed to finish out her role in a narratively appropriate way. She just wanted to make sure that this man *survived*.

"Thomas - Tom! - get your parachute!"

He kissed her on the cheek. "That's for luck, kid."

"How can I deliver the device when-"

He took it from her. "It's prepped?"

"Yes, but-"

"Then I'll deliver it. You get clear. I told you, Barb, I promised I'd keep you safe. Someone's gotta stop that alien *thing*, and I'd rather go down swinging for the red, white and blue, not to mention a beautiful dame's future, than let one hair on your pretty head be harmed, do you hear."

Something in her heart just fluttered. Even as the creature began to constrict the plane, even as the atomic power warbled around it far below, her focus was entirely on Thomas Marshall. No longer *just* her designated love interest.

"Tom," she said.

The entire structure of the plane groaned. This was it. This was the moment. It was the job of the leading man to kiss the leading lady, everyone knew that. You could count the number of times the woman initiated the Big Kiss in such films on one hand, if that.

Barbara Beau grabbed him and kissed him anyway. Her lips locked with his, and they passionately kissed, pulling away several times only to indulge again. A heat rushed through her body, the kind of attraction and longing of a type she had never before felt.

“Tom, don’t do this,” she moaned, holding him upon the precipice.

“I’ll be back to finish that kiss, Barb. Just you wait.”

And with that, he pushed her from the plane and pulled the cord as she fell. Barb cried out, reaching out to hold onto him, even as he fell ever more out of her grasp. The great alien from beyond was solely focused on the plane, its atomic aura rising to ripple the air. It was immense in size, and while it looked fake, the threat it posed to Thomas was all too real. Tears fell down her cheeks, and they continued to fall as her parachute ballooned above her, the wind careening her away. She sobbed and cried, the monster now at her back, but she looked back.

She had to look back.

BWAAAAAAAAMMM!!!

The air shook, vibrating, tense, almost as if her very core was losing its density. There was no earthquake, however. No shockwave through the air that would have killed her stone dead immediately. Instead, the beauty, barely dressed woman managed to open her fearful eyes and take in the sight of the alien from beyond.

It was posed as it had been, holding the plane, but its flesh was beginning to dissolve. It faded like film, revealing musculature, then a set of organs and bone, and then just an enormous skeleton. And then it collapsed completely, its bones falling to the ground and dashing into nothing more than dust.

It was finished, and so was Thomas Marshall. Barbara had known him for barely a day, but still she wept as her chute carried her further towards the edge of the bay. Such brief romances lit up all the brighter in films like this, and there was no escaping the emotion her character was meant to feel.

“No, Thomas, no,” she moaned.

She continued to drift away, the tragic damsel incarnate.

Barbara sat in her lab. The restoration efforts were only just beginning, and there was still debris everywhere. She could only work on sweeping up the glass and depositing what she could in the large trash cans by the broken windows. The monster was dead, and people were celebrating in the streets. The alien invader had arrived, perhaps with intent to conquer, perhaps simply as a mislaid prisoner, perhaps simply sent as a warning. After she had been rescued by the military and allowed to shower and collect herself, General Steele had admitted rather dramatically that this, perhaps, “was only the beginning.” It sounded like sequel bait to her, but she still left wearing a prim dress, her hair curled once more, her makeup adorned to leave her as a great beauty. She even had her horn-rimmed glasses.

Now it was just a matter of time, she assumed, until the movie genie would pull her back. The narrative's ending in this reality had been more tragic than she suspected, but it would be over. Would she ever be able to put this pain in her heart behind her? She hoped that becoming a man again, joining the world of technicolour and modernity, would make this all just a strange dream to her. Somehow, she suspected this adventure into B-movie scream queendom would never quite leave her, however. That dashing smile, that handsome jawline, those caring eyes . . . they would never quite leave her.

Nor would that kiss.

She stared out at the celebrations on the street, and slowly took off her glasses and sat them on the bench beside her. Then, succumbing to her female emotion and no longer caring about how it made her feel, she wept yet again.

A door opened behind her at the entrance to the lab. Likely another military inspector asking about her father's blueprints. More sequel bait.

"Go away!" she snapped, not even looking back. She swallowed back more sobs. "You'll have your documents when they're good and ready. I want to be alone right now."

"That's a real shame," came a familiar voice.

She spun instantly, almost tripping on her heels, the ones she still wasn't used to. There, standing in the doorway, was Captain Thomas Marshall. A bit worse for wear, with a few bandages on his shoulder and left forearm, and some bruising as well, but him nonetheless.

"Tom," she managed, her voice barely a whisper, her hand at her mouth as if this really couldn't be true. "But how?"

He advanced across the lab, limping slightly but not too dramatically. Even with his injuries and bandages, he still had that same, confident, charming smile upon his manly features.

"I told you, Barb," he said, caressing her cheek so very gently. "I'd be back to finish that kiss."

Barbara *beamed*. How quickly her life had changed. How much more she had *felt* in just these past two days. And now . . . it would end on a high note.

"I think I can allow that, mister," she said, trying not to giggle from excitement.

His arms wrapped around her, and once more she clung to him as their lips pressed together. He kissed her with such warmth, passion, attraction, and *love* that it bent right back around to bittersweet. This would end soon, she knew. It would. She would go back to her life as Harry, lonely and overweight and without a man like this in her life.

So she kissed him as long and hard as she could, feeling his strength and manliness, and Barbara Beau took it for all that it was worth.

She could practically *feel* the triumphant credits roll.

Harry came to upon the couch. The final image of the strange reality he'd just lived was playing upon the screen. There, Barbara Beau was frozen in time, locking in a deeply romantic kiss with Captain Thomas Marshall, the credits rolling. But because such old movies front loaded most of their credits, it quickly dimmed to a black, that strange dimensional link fading away to black, and then to a pixelated screen.

"Tom," Harry said, longing in his voice. He looked over himself. He was back in his body. His male body. He'd longed for this at first. Having breasts, having a womanhood had been strange enough, let alone being a Hollywood beauty in some B-movie dimension. But after all he'd just experienced, his male self just didn't seem to hold up. It was heavy, and hairy, and unfit and older and . . . it wasn't the body of Barbara Beau. He exhaled, trying to come to terms with that.

"Well, fella, how was *that*?"

Harry startled, almost falling off of the couch. There, beside him, was the lizard monster from the original film he'd been watching. It sat down on the couch in a rather comical manner.

"Was that a wish well granted or what?"

Harry considered this. "It . . . wow, I guess it was. I didn't think so at first. I mean, you trapped me in the body of the leading lady-"

"Now, you didn't specify what part you wanted!"

Harry groaned. "I'm well aware."

"But you certainly adapted! I think that was quite an entertaining flick, right?"

"It was. And more than that. Tell me . . . was it real? I mean, the place I was in. Was it a real world, with real people in it?"

The lizard monster smiled, teeth flashing. "Of course, big fella! I can't put you into a real movie! But I can situate you in a universe where everything runs on B-movie logic. Don't you just love it?"

"So Tom . . . what becomes of him? From his perspective, I mean? Was I just possessing the real Barbara Beau or . . . ?"

He left the question hanging. At this, the movie genie chuckled.

"Ah, I get it. Worried about the flame, are you? Well, I'm sad to say that from his perspective you sorta just . . . die, I guess. I'm sure it'll be chalked up to radioactivity or something. Real tragic. But no, ya didn't possess anyone! I inserted your whole backstory into that world. Reality rewrite, you might say. But since you're here, the job is done! Sorry about the tragedy, but at least it's 'offscreen,' right?"

Harry had to fight back tears. Poor Tom. God, his poor Tom.

"What if . . . what if it didn't have to happen that way?" he suggested, his voice quaking from his own nervousness.

Another grin. The movie genie leaned over, its rubbery tail knocking over a lamp.

"I'm listening."

"I mean . . . what if Barbara Beau kept on going on. What if there were new adventures for her and Captain Marshall?"

"Sequels, huh? Well, that *could* grab my interest. Are you suggesting a way for that to happen, Harry?"

He exhaled. Did he want this? He touched his lips. God, *of course he did*. He couldn't say exactly why, but in that reality . . . everything felt *right*. That kiss had felt *right*.

"I could be her again. Barbara Beau. For good, I mean."

The grin somehow got wider. The movie genie guffawed. "Well, Harry, you need only to say the words. Go on, make a wish."

Harry closed his eyes, unbelieving what he was about to do yet determined to do it anyway.

"I wish . . ."

Barbara made love to her husband. His touch was everything, and she yielded to him. There was a kind of strength in being so comfortably submissive, in allowing yourself to be so vulnerable to someone so much stronger than you that you trusted them completely. So was it with her Tom, the man she loved. The man she had walked down the aisle to, wearing a beautiful white dress with her hair pinned in place just so.

The man currently thrusting into her opening and making her moan with such pleasure. She gasped, roaming her hands across his body, feeling his pert butt and clawing at his back. Her legs were spread wide as he fucked her on the couch, and God was he good at it.

"I love you," she moaned, kissing his neck and shoulder. "I love you, T-Tom."

"I love you too, doll," he told her, thrusting again into her entrance, sliding all the way in, driving her to greater heights of euphoria. "I love you, and I'm gonna take you there. Believe it."

"I do - oohhhh, I do!"

"And I'm very glad you did," he quipped, referring to their wedding. Barbara giggled for a moment, only to moan passionately as he groped her sensitive breasts, squeezing them together and thrusting one final time. Her entire body erupted into orgasms, and she

could not help but wail to the high heavens from their bedroom. He was quick to put a hand on her mouth, but she still moaned loudly against it, squirming as he finished within her. Tom grunted, then made a bestial sound that *did things* to her.

“Shhh - ahhhh - n-not too loud! Nghhh!”

She bit her lip to stop making more sounds, and simply focused on the wonderful feeling of his seed flooding all the way to her womb. It wasn't the type of content for the B-movie audience, this moment. This was their moment, and theirs alone.

Not that she was worried about any developments there; the small but obvious dome of her belly indicated that the 'damage,' not that she'd ever call it that, was already done.

As they lay there in bed, naked and intertwined, her on her side and him spooning her from behind, she felt utterly at peace. Thomas slowly rubbed her belly, caressing its expanse in a way that almost made her want to go back to sleep.

“I wasn't too rough with you, was I?” he asked, still touching her belly. She was only eighteen weeks along, but already she was starting to feel those little stirrings, so utterly alien, yet beautiful in a strange way.

“Not at all,” she said, touching his hand and raising it to where there were several small flutters. “They're moving. Here.”

“Mhmm. I wish I could feel it.”

“Trust me, you will. By the end it'll probably feel like he or she is wanting to tear out of me. God, Tom, did you have to get me pregnant so soon after the wedding?”

“Can you blame me? You, in that dress, and then the honeymoon. You, in one of those newfangled 'bikinis.' I swear, half the beach was looking at you. I *had* to get you back into the hotel. For your safety, of course.

They chuckled together, a loving pair in their black and white world. Barbara was still nervous, of course. She'd signed up for this, she knew that. She'd wished to be back in this reality as Barbara Beau, and while she'd had panic attacks later, wondering just what the hell she'd done, it was Thomas Marshall who'd comforted her and loved her, and soothed any regrets she might have had. She'd even consented to marry him, especially after a little fling behind an air force barracks one evening. But to be pregnant! This was something else, and it wasn't exactly an age where contraception was available. If this world followed even something approaching a similar development to her own original reality, it might be another ten years before the pill was accessible. And Thomas had mentioned that he loved the idea of a 'whole playground' of boys and girls for him to play with and raise. The strangest part, even stranger than the idea of growing with child and then pushing it into the world out of her body, was the fact that sometimes she didn't exactly mind the idea of it. When she looked at her handsome husband, she imagined many sons with his face and daughters with his eyes, and it made her heart flutter anew all over again.

"You really are something, doll," he said. "But I gotta have a shower. I may be a Captain, but that doesn't mean I won't get chewed out if I'm not there on time to test that experimental new plane."

Barbara pouted. Pregnancy had her more aroused than usual, so she joined him in the shower, and the pair delighted in feeling one another, particularly since her breasts were quite sensitive as of late. They helped dry one another, and then she stayed back to do her makeup and hair carefully while Thomas dressed up in his uniform. She, on the other hand, put on a smart maternity dress, one that hinted at her bump without showing too much of it. The former male looked at herself in the mirror, observing the greyscale beauty in the reflection, the 50's damsel in distress, now a mother-to-be. The world had, at least, settled down, and -

BWOOOOOM!

The very foundations of the house shook, and Barbara screamed, holding onto her husband rather pathetically. Dust fell from the ceiling, but there was no great damage.

"What in the Sam Hill was that?" her husband said.

The radio crackled to life, the music coming to a halt as an emergency announcement was read out.

"We interrupt this broadcast to report some breaking news folks: a series of giant ants appear to be swarming across both the eastern and western coasts of our beloved United States of America. These ants, some as large as fifty feet in length, appear to be mutated from some other form of experiment. Details are few, but they are erupting from the ground and moving to feast on sources of power. This includes generators, power plants, nuclear plants, hydroelectric dams, and other such sources. If you can hear this message, make sure to turn off any devices in your home before - Oh God! They're coming! Turn off the station, turn it off now, damn-"

The radio was instantly a pixelated series of crackles, the station gone. Thomas exchanged a look with Barbara, then embraced her.

"I have to go," he said. "Command will want me."

"Oh no, mister," she said to her husband, jabbing him in the chest. "I'm coming with you."

"Honey, Barb, you're expecting. You can't possibly believe that-"

But she was already moving to pack her things, moving just a little slower thanks to her small belly. "I'm coming and that's final. I'm the daughter of Jerry Beau, and I've got quite the scientific mind myself, I'll remind you. You're going to need all the help you can get, and someone needs to talk sense into the military types that will just want to shoot these things!"

Thomas went to say something, hesitated, then exhaled, an amused smirk on his features.

"Wild horses couldn't keep you away, could they?"

"Not a chance in hell, honey. I'm not missing the sequel!"

"The what now?"

"The next event, I mean. No doubt you'll be the leading man on this, so pregnant or not, I expect to be the beautiful leading lady, helping you every step on the way. Now, are we gonna go help save the world from *THEM*, or are we gonna just stand here bickering like a married couple?"

Thomas kissed her. It was, as always, a kiss of passion. She returned it just as eagerly.

"Fine, fine," he said, patting her on the backside. He liked doing that, but she never minded. "But let me do the talking."

"So long as I get to finish the conversation!"

They began to move, heading for the car before any of *them*, those giant ants, arrived.

"So, what do you think caused this one?" Tom asked her as he opened the door for her. She took his hand as the gentleman aided her into her seat.

"Well, I'm going to say it was radiation from an atomic test site that did the job."

"What makes you say that?"

She smirked as her husband got into the car.

"Let's just say I've got a sense for these kinds of things," she replied.

Barbara caressed her slightly swollen stomach, and readied herself for yet another B-movie monster story that was waiting to unfold. She hoped, even with her pregnancy, she was still good looking enough to look great in a tattered costume. She imagined she would be. Tom hit the accelerator, and they were off. The giant ants were erupting everywhere, spreading throughout the city and causing panic. But that was okay; you had to expect this kind of thing.

Besides, the leading man and leading lady would take care of it.

The End