

Mini-Story: Alien Wives (Couple to Alien Harem TFTG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

Jeffrey and Isla were an ordinary couple on a camping trip whose lives were upended when they were abducted by aliens. Transformed into exotic alien wives for a powerful alien male, their disappearance was a mystery to those on Earth, until one year later contact was re-established, and an interviewer was able to get close to the pair of alien wives.

Alien Wives

Just one year ago, Jeffrey and Isla Patton mysteriously disappeared from remote New South Wales during a camping trip. Their tents, equipment, and car were recovered by a combined search group of AFP and New South Wales state police, but there were no signs of where the married couple in their mid-thirties had disappeared to, or why. Conspiracy theories and online rumours have surged ever since, but a little under a year later the answer to this outback mystery finally arrived, and in an explosive manner.

Aliens.

As viewers are no doubt aware, First Contact arrived just several weeks ago, and humanity has been abuzz with interest ever since as we find ourselves at the centre of a galaxy of different species, and the offer of a federated status to come. In all this furor, it's been almost easy to forget poor Jeffrey and Isla Patton. This reporter aims to inform Australians of the truth of their disappearance. They did not die, they did not starve, nor did they go into hiding. They were abducted by an alien race and genetically remade. Yesterday, our crew interviewed them . . .

Alien Wives

The first thing I notice when I sit down with Jeffrey and Isla Patton is that they both seem to be quite happy. Their body language, though a little alien to us humans now, is that of two very relaxed individuals lounging on an interview couch, cuddling up against one another as if they were still a married couple. Of course, most married couples haven't been turned into purple (Jeffrey) and blue (Isla) alien women, complete with prehensile tails, strange alien 'hair' that looks more like a series of thick tentacles that fall down to just above their shoulders, and shiny all-black eyes that are at least twice the size of a human's. Neither have noses anymore, instead they possess vertical snake-like slits, but their bodies rival any supermodel's in terms of hourglass figures and proportions, though one is distinctly a little full in the chest and belly. They were what I can only describe as the extraterrestrial version of harem outfits, their skin displayed, particularly around their curves. If they intend to fight

the view that they were forced into a life of concubinage, it's going to be an uphill battle, and yet . . .

"We're very happy," says Jeffrey, stroking her former wife's thigh with her three-fingered hand. *"I know it sounds insane. We were just trying to fix up our marital difficulties, and now here we are, wives to someone else. An alien, no less. But streuth, it turned out to be the best thing that ever happened to us."*

"We were actually taken on Valentine's Day, by pure coincidence!" Isla adds, grinning in a cute manner. Her tentacled 'hair' shifts a little, as if mimicking her joyous thoughts. *"Not that Tareth knew that. But he had a good chuckle once we told him on our wedding night."*

"Can we walk back a few steps?" I asked. *"What exactly happened that night?"*

The purple-skinned Jeffrey takes that question, though she is quick to remind me that her name is now 'Jadzia.' *"Well, we were having another argument. The whole reason we'd gone camping in the outback was to try and save our relationship. We were trying to get the spark going, but the flint wouldn't even light the fire."*

Isla, who has kept her name, giggles. *"Literally! He couldn't get the campfire going!"*

"Anyway, suddenly there's a bright light and we're just zapped up to this advanced ship. We're in a kind of lab, and we're told by this tall, red-skinned alien that his name is Tareth, and he's completing a rite of passage for his people in taking on his wives from primitive planets, uplifting lucky members of our species to become his mates."

"That must have been quite the shock," I note.

Another giggle from Isla. *"You've got no idea! I screamed to hell and back. Jadzia here, Jeff at the time, tried to fight them off."*

"Thankfully, I didn't succeed," the woman notes, stroking her stomach idly. It is impossible not to notice that she is quite obviously pregnant, and beaming to be so. *"Anyway, we were given an injection, and then some more in the following days. We were given good grub, I'll say that. Food was delish. Better than the Maccas shit we were eating on lazy Saturday nights."*

"Tell me about it!" Isla said. *"And these days, Jazdia can actually cook!"*

"But didn't you want to escape?" I ask. *"What changed?"*

"Well, it was the transformation a little," Isla said. *"I mean, Tareth is very handsome. He's got that kind of Navi from Avatar appeal, in a way. He's tall, broad-shouldered, muscular, and he's got the tail which he can do all sorts of stuff with."*

"All sorts of stuff," Jadzia says with a knowing chuckle, at which point Isla smacks her fellow wife on the shoulder with her own tail.

"Anyway, the more we changed into Yessari - that's our new species - the more the physical attraction was obvious. I mean, for me it was probably there at the beginning. Jazdia was in denial for a bit."

"Only because I was becoming a woman!"

"I don't blame you, honey. I was happy when you admitted it! You were finally opening up like I'd always asked you too. Anyway, we both became female Yessari, and we were given new clothes and a beautiful shared space. Tareth visited us everyday. Yes, he was our captor, and he'd changed us, but he gave us the finest meals, the nicest clothes, and he sat with us for long hours, wanting to know everything about us."

At this point, Jeffrey/Jadzia sighs happily, her tail swaying against the back of the interview couch. *"It wasn't a feeling either of us had experienced in some time. Someone actually wanting to listen. Apparently, it was the reason he'd chosen us in the first place. He was intrigued as to why two mates would have an argument like we were having, and felt that we were not right for one another. Tareth wasn't wrong, in the end. Still, it took some getting used to. Not just being an alien, but being a woman. That, at least, Isla could really help me with."*

They put an arm around one another, close as sisters, as fellow wives to an alien man. It is a beautiful image, but not one that satisfies this reporter.

"Isn't it true that Yessari males produce pheromones to entice females to mate with them for life, though? Wouldn't this have a major impact upon your relationship?"

"Hey, we do that too," says Isla. *"It goes both ways. Look, you won't hear me ever saying that what Tareth did was ethical. I hope Earth can be given association status with the Galactic Federation so that any bonds with Yessari in the future are one hundred percent voluntary. I mean, sprouting breasts and female genitalia may have worked out for my former husband, but I doubt most men want to end up as an alien wife."*

"Let alone a pregnant one," Jadzia interjects. She gestures to her stomach, round with pregnancy, her showy outfit revealing her naked midsection. She looks to be about six months along, but who can say with alien pregnancies?

"Yes, tell me about that. Was it surprising that you ended up pregnant and not your wife? I imagine that was quite the reversal! How did it happen?"

The pair exchange an amused glance, and I realise I've put my foot in my mouth.

"The usual way," Isla says with a chuckle.

"Only with a lot more tail action," Jazdia adds. *"And I guess not so usual for me. It took turning into a Yessari for me to realise I actually like being the one on the receiving end, I guess you could say."*

"I'll also add that I am very much pregnant as well," Isla says. *"Only showing a little, but the action is happening. I'm so excited. I always wanted babies with Jeffrey, but we could never agree on the right time. Now we'll both have them with Tareth."*

"I won't lie, it's a bit embarrassing to be having a baby, but I can't help but love it. I don't want to be a man again. I want to give our husband as many kids as he wants."

“Same! Especially since he makes making them feel so good!”

“Amen, honey!”

This reporter is more than a little flustered by these responses. *“What I meant was, how did you get to this point? As in, how did you come to accept this?”*

Jadzi strokes her mound lovingly, and now that she’s said it, I can see that Isla does indeed have a slight dome for a belly, and is rubbing it slowly.

“Well,” Jadzia said. *“We agreed to see more of his starship, and his homeworld when we landed. He took us through the Elysian Fields, and showed us his great estate as part of his grand lineage. I was still getting used to being a woman, especially since Yessari ladies do the whole ‘swaying the hips’ thing quite a bit, and don’t wear much clothes. Isla helped me out, and we bonded over that. I guess the romance happened slowly. And because my instincts were to be more passive, Tareth being so strong and dominating, making the decisions on dinner and where we would sleep and when we would be married was actually a lot of help.”*

“I think we were just happy that it was an actual marriage, and we weren’t just concubines or a harem of sorts,” Isla added. *“And true enough, just a few weeks later we were wed. Big alien ceremony, lots of cheers and comments on the lovely specimens he’d procured. Very objectifying, which threw us for a loop, but it was nice as well.”*

“I won’t lie,” Jadzia says. *“Having a whole species fawn over what a gorgeous and fertile body you have is a pretty big ego boost. I wasn’t exactly a looker as a man.”*

“Not true, dear!”

“Well, I’m better looking as a Yessari wife.”

“And after we were wives came the wedding night. Some cultures are the same even across the stars. We shared the same bed with our new husband that night, and we have ever since. We’re his only two wives, though he’ll probably have more in the years to come. The next ones might have to be volunteers, though!”

I raise a curious eyebrow at this statement. *“And you two would be comfortable with that? Sharing an alien husband.”*

“It’s the Yessari way,” Jadzia says matter-of-factly. *“Besides, it might be nice for him to take another wife who used to be a bloke. Would be nice to have someone who gets it, and can keep me up-to-date with what’s been happening in the AFL.”*

“You and your sports, honey.”

“Hey, I haven’t changed that much.”

But it is obvious that they have. The pair truly seem like a pair of touchy-feely sisters, holding one another and showing excitement at one another’s future prospects as a mother. Isla can barely keep her hands off of her former husband’s belly, and they giggle as the child

within obviously kicks. I must admit, it throws me for a loop to see them so happy as they are.

“He must be a good husband, to make you both so content,” I note.

“The best husband,” Isla says. *“No offence, honey.”*

“None taken. I wasn’t a great one. I think we’re much better as fellow wives.”

“Absolutely, babe. Absolutely. What about you? Think you’d ever like to be a Yessari wife, honey?”

It takes me a moment to realise that they’re talking to me. I feel a little flustered. There’s no denying that they have an exotic beauty and a clear joy. And this reporter has gone through a hard year and a difficult divorce. It’s difficult not to want what they have, living as sisters and fellow wives, and in love with an alien man who clearly sees to all their needs.

“I’m afraid that as tempting as the offer is, I still have work to do,” I say. It’s not the most satisfactory response. It feels a little boilerplate. But it’ll have to do, because at that moment there is a flash, and a red-skinned alien man with a very handsome frame and a strong figure is suddenly in the room with us, his hands on both women’s shoulders.

“My lovelies,” he says in a booming brass voice. *“I trust you’ve had a good interview, but it’s time to go. I miss you both too terribly.”*

“We missed you too,” they say as one, clutching to him and placing his hands upon their stomachs. He turns his face to me, those shining all black eyes upon me. It’s hard not to get even more flustered.

“And who is this?”

It is Isla that grins, as if knowing something straight away.

“Oh, just someone we might call in to see you at a later date, honey.”

This was the last report from Reporter Melissa Hanson. She handed it in before disappearing on a so-called camping trip in regional New South Whales. She has not been seen since Valentine’s Day.

The End