

Mini-Story: Life After Abduction (Alien TFTG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

Weeks ago, a group of friends were abducted during a get together by a UFO and taken to a new world as they were experimented on. Turned into various broodmares and nurses for alien young, these friends try to pass the time with smalltalk, but the inevitable debate over who has it best and worst rears its head as normal.

Life After Abduction

“So,” Georgie said as he entered the breeding grounds. “How are we all doing?”

Abigail panted. She was in the corner, her body overwhelmed by the literal *dozens* of mammarys growing out from it, as if she were a human pinecone or pineapple, only it was breasts that jutted out from her,

“H-how do you th-think, G-Georgie!?” she gasped, her various breasts tensing as yet another bundle of alien joy was added to a free mammary. “I’m still breastfeeding! I’m *always* breastfeeding! I can barely *stand* because I’m so full of milky boobs that are constantly *breastfeeding!*”

She wasn’t wrong: her body had been heavily modified by the aliens. She had bright green skin and was covered in breasts all around her body, to the point where her stomach was swollen out as one giant milk-filled breast, and her ass cheeks were even lactating tits as well. Her milk was a bluish colour, always leaking down her form wherever a little humanoid alien was not yet attached. A pair of darker green antenna pushed out, somewhat cutely, from the top of her forehead. The breastwoman moaned again, another alien attendant placing yet another baby upon her.

“Ohhhh, yesss. I was g-getting engorged there.”

“See, that’s a bit of a relief, right?” Georgie asked.

“Are you kidding? I’m literally just a mutated milk machine!”

A groan came from the centre of the breeding room, and a far more human figure grunting, getting up into a birthing chair and spreading its legs wide.

“At least you aren’t - hhgnnh! - giving b-birth again!” Gareth cried from his spot, a contraction rippling through his belly. His skin was more pinkish than a normal human’s, but otherwise Gareth was pretty normal; except for the fact that from the neck down his body was that of a *very* pregnant woman’s. He gasped, rubbing his distended womb, completely naked, his large, sleek breasts on display.

“At least you get a break from birthing!” Abigail moaned back. “Ohhhh, t-too much milk!”

“Try spreading your legs once a week and - NGHH! Oh God, here it comes! Someone help m-meee!”

Gareth cried out as the urge to push hit him. He spread his legs wider, ashamed of his very pregnant, very female body below his neck. He even still had a goatee and manly face, but the rest of him was like something out of a maternity ad. Except for the fact that he was currently laboring to expel an alien-human hybrid from his loins. He bore down, screaming through the pain and discomfort, and soon several multicoloured aliens, their eyes large and black, their figures almost elven in appearance, made their way to him.

“*Push,*” their leader said through her antenna, directing her thoughts to him. “*You are doing well, Gareth. You are serving your purpose!*”

“I’d r-rather serve my purpose by being Abby’s boyfriend again!” he grunted, pushing all the same.

“Damn straight!” Abigail added, another baby attached to her now - the twelfth in total. “You can do it, Gare-bear! I believe in you!”

“Th-thanks b-babe! I - AAGHH!”

Georgie winced a little, feeling guilty. Still, he wanted to be optimistic today. “How about you, Tiana? Are you feeling good today?”

“Fucking *great,*” came the reply, and it was not even sarcastic. It was Tiana who had spoken, resting on her back, her enormous ovipositor pushing her purple legs outward. Her belly was ripe and pregnant with alien young, her antennae twitching slightly as her babies shifted around inside of both her womb and her massive egg sac, which was largely than a fridge by this point. She was resting atop a large expanse of plush cushions next to her boyfriend-turned-birthing partner Daniel, who had a blue colouration to her skin but was otherwise of the same nature as her former girlfriend.

“How can you seriously like this?” Daniel - or Danielle - asked, gesturing to their equally huge wombs. “We’re full of babies! We have to give birth *every single day*. We can’t even move!”

“Yeah, but babe, we can watch all the intergalactic entertainment feeds we want. And besides, we orgasm when we give birth. Like thissss! Ohhhhh!”

Her ovipositor squeezed out another egg, leaving the woman who had once been a curvaceous cheerleader to moan with ecstasy, clutching her form and stroking her large purple breasts.

“How can you not like that?”

“Because it’s humiliating!” Daniel responded. “And - ahhh! Ohhhhhh, mhmmm! Ahhh . . . what was I s-saying again?”

“That it’s humiliating?” Georgie pitched in, moving over to the pair and away from Gareth, who was feeding his newborn from his plump breasts, knowing it would eventually go on to Abigail. “But you just came multiple times, so it can’t be *that* bad, right?”

Daniel frowned. “I’d rather be able to play football again. I’m sure *all* of us wished we could be free again, right Gareth?”

Gareth was still panting from the birth, clutching her infant as her alien attendants cleaned her up. “At this point, I’d just take not having to keep getting knocked up. Hell, I’d take getting a female head at this point, just to suit the rest of my body.”

“No!” Abigail cried, shifting slightly closer to him, her many boobs jiggling. She placed a hand on Gareth’s side. “I still love your handsome face.”

“Thanks, sweetie.”

Georgie smiled at this. “See?” he said. “We’re all still close, right? That’s a kind of freedom!”

Tiana nodded in agreement. “Exactly! We’re all still together, still besties, even if we’re all mutated broodmares and whatever now. It’s not like the food ain’t delicious.”

Daniel crossed her arms. Her belly churned, signalling a need. Georgie instantly caught those pheromones, and his member began to grow erect.

“Ohhh,” he murmured. “I can s-smell you again, Daniel.”

“Right on queue,” the former male grumbled. “Why did we have to be at that cabin in the woods together? And why did that damn UFO have to fly over and abduct us! I could have been a star footballer. Tiana, we were meant to be married! And Abigail and Gareth could have stayed together.”

“We are still together,” Gareth said, the child now latched. “We just bicker.”

“Yeah, because I have it harder with all these boobs.”

“Do not.”

“Do too!”

They continued their little argument, and as they did so, Daniel found herself shifting a little, arching her back so that her wet and waiting slit was more on display, below her bump and before her egg sac began to protrude.

“Mhmmm, if only they hadn’t abducted us! I wouldn’t be begging you to fucking inseminate me! But I - ahhh - am!”

Georgie shrugged, his wide shoulders displaying their muscle. “Hey, it’s not my fault that I was the one who got to turn male. I mean, they picked me at random. Hell, I used to have a crush on you.”

“W-well, now you get to live it out. Hurry up and put more babies in me. This stupid body needs it!”

But Tiana's smell was even stronger, and her hand was raising up like a good student. "Me first! Me first! I just love this bit!"

"Seriously?" Daniel complained. "Can you not be so enthusiastic about getting knocked up by someone who is *not* your boyfriend?"

But Tiana just shrugged. "Hey, a girl wants what a girl wants, and this girl wants babies, babies, and more babies! Put a load in me, Georgie!"

Georgie gave a cheerful salute with his red-skinned arm, then began to crawl on top of her. "See? I told you guys, we can still be happy with our new lives!"

"Says the guy who doesn't have to give birth," Gareth said.

"Or make milk."

"Or be stuck in one spot," Daniel finished.

But as Georgie inserted himself inside Tiana, and the pregnant half-alien broodmare began to whimper in delight, all the other figures in the room watched with interest, their shared arousal starting to peak.

"I guess having you guys taste test my milk isn't so bad," Abigail said, her nipples stiffening everywhere.

"And we still get to have fun sex," Gareth said to his multi-boobed girlfriend. "Even if we have to be more careful."

Daniel folded her arms. "Whatever! I'll save the nice words for when you're fucking me, Georgie. Now hurry up and finish inside my girlfriend so you can get me even more pregnant with aliens than her!"

The bickering and back-and-forth between the friends continued, and their alien attendants worked around them silently, not wanting to bother them unless necessary. Still, their caretakers couldn't help but exchange a message between themselves.

'Do you think they're starting to finally adapt?'

'I rather think so. Perhaps in a hundred years or so, they won't be complaining at all!'

The End