

Miss Alien Queen of the Universe! (Alien TFTG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

One of the biggest livestreamed events of a generation has begun: the Miss Alien of the Year pageant that will select the new Alien Queen of the Universe! This time, the contestants have all been abducted from Earth, and these 'lucky' men and women are forced to compete to become an alien queen, whether they want to or not! But with a watchful audience voting in their favourites, those eliminated may find themselves changed into other alien forms anyway!

Alien Queen of the Universe!

"It's that time of the year, folks! That's right, it's the one, the only, the Miss Alien Queen of the Universe Pageant! This once-in-a-generation event is being held right here on Sollast, the verdant planet from which the newest alien queen shall be chosen from our contestants! I'm your host, Skorlak Pedash. With the former queen entering her age of retirement, a new one must be chosen, and by tradition it must be an outsider! Well, the entire galaxy is watching, ready to vote for their favourite contestant to take on a form of purest royalty!

But where are these contestants coming from, you may ask? Last time, the icy planet of Izra, where primitive folk lived in subsistence upon their cruel world, was chosen for such a glorious uplift! This year, we have gone slightly more advanced! As per the treaty on planetary interference signed by nearly all galaxial spacefaring civilisations, only pre-interstellar societies can be chosen for uplift, abduction, and a wonderful genetic makeover, as we shall all see. This year, we've chosen a world that is on the cusp of interstellar travel, but just a few decades shy. And frankly, with their carbon emissions spiralling their climate out of control, the projections aren't looking good for them, folks!

What is this planet? Where is this planet?

Well, it's a little nothing world hanging off our spiral arm.

A little world called EARTH.

And what kind of creatures live there, you may ask? Are they mollusc, like some viewers? Are they tentacles and aquatic, like our good sponsoring Aqualians? Or are they crustacean? Quadrupedal? Avian? Have they ascended beyond flesh entirely like our good allies the Mechalons? Well, you're about to find out! Behind this phase field are six wonderful contestants we've taken from across Earth's surface. You will see them in near-naked glory, and witness their strange appearance! Don't worry, they've been injected with translators so you can understand them. For now, say hello to . . . the HUMANS!"

The strange wall of energy that distorted and misted anything beyond began to dematerialise. The six humans gasped, trying to cover themselves as best they could, or simply trying to appear defiant, as an entire panoply of alien forms were revealed in a great stadium, many of them cheering in strange, foreign ways as the contestants were unveiled. May bit her lip, trying to keep herself calm. It was like being unveiled before an emperor in the colosseum, albeit a colosseum bigger than any stadium ever constructed on Earth, and filled with a gigantic menagerie of aliens.

"This can't be real," a man beside her said. She recognised him as Adam. He wore only a white speedo, supplied to him by the robotic caretakers representing the pageant they'd been abducted into.

"Believe it," May said, keeping her face as calm as possible. "It's real."

"Oh God, oh God," Li-Ann said, trying to cover her modesty - she wore only a tight pair of white underwear and a white bra, much like May. It was made of a kind of alien mesh that stretched and conformed to their bodies way too closely. "Did that announcer alien just say that we're on another planet? We're not on Earth anymore?"

"Uh, obviously she did, you dumb bitch," Priscilla spat. She stood as defiantly as May, her long blonde hair down her back. May was not bad looking herself - guys liked the freckles and the red hair, she found - but Priscilla looked like a damn supermodel with her perfect blonde curls and curvaceous figure. She knew it too; she had the attitude of an entitled snot, that was for sure.

Li-Ann, who looked to be a Eurasian woman with her almond-shaped eyes and short black hair and English accent, withered beneath Priscilla's stare. "I was just . . . I can't believe it."

"Cheer up, hot stuff!" Jason exclaimed, putting a hand on Li-Ann's shoulder. He had an Australian accent, and was very built and tan. He seemed to know it as well; he'd leered at them during the UFO trip over, and had more than once tried to pressure poor Li-Ann into some 'final sex before we all die,' something which May had to bite back against.

"I didn't believe it either," Jason said. "But c'mon, babe, look at the sky, look at those aliens. I mean, Jesus, I was just in the outback checking on me cattle and then - poof! I'm up on a UFO."

Adam cringed. He had a much stouter figure, and looked like he belonged in a banking firm rather than on another planet. Certainly, his gut was flabby and his features older, probably in his mid-forties.

"They're all looking at us. Judging us. You bastards! Do you hear me! I'm the head of my own business, y'hear!? You take me back or there'll be serious consequences! Don't think I won't sue!"

"Fucking idiot," snapped the last of the men, a dark-skinned man who went by Musa. His accent was perhaps Nigerian, and he was in his mid-thirties. He had a guarded, almost dangerous nature. He had been a hunter, and not a legal one, but now he was kidnapped by aliens. He was already thinking of ways to kill his way out.

"You would do better to look for weaknesses rather than showing your own," he said to Adam. "The same goes for the Asian girl."

"I'm j-just scared," Li-Ann said.

"Fear is useless."

"You're all useless," Priscilla said. "This is a goddamn contestant show. We have to charm them, not fight them. But I guess I'm the only non-country bumpkin here, apart from Adam, and he doesn't count."

May groaned. "Can we all just calm down! They're already trying to decide among us. We need to know what's going on, and what this competition is."

"And why it's called *Miss Alien Queen of the Universe*," Jason said. "Because I'm not exactly a sheila here. I'm a bloke, and I've got some tighty whitey speedo that outlines the proof right now. Some very significant proof, if you know what I mean. In fact, I bet if I win they'll pair me up with this sexy alien universe lady. Whadda ya say, Li-Ann. Wanna be the queen to my king?"

Li-Ann thankfully didn't have to answer, because of what followed next. The alien furor died down, and the six of them, illuminated upon their dais, floating cameras zooming in on them from afar, were suddenly subjected to the attention of the presenter again. He was humanoid-ish from the waist up, with rubbery dark blue skin like an octopus that led to two large and rather expressive golden eyes, and a flap for a mouth. This appearance made sense, because his bottom half consisted of six tentacles. He floated on a little platform, gesticulating wildly to the crowd as he talked into a small device that amplified and translated his words.

"Well, we've all had a good look at them! These humans from Earth are split into two genders, much like roughly two-thirds of our galaxy's civilised races! They are mammalian, bipedal, and have tertiary sexual characteristics you can clearly make out - see the females here, and the males here. But why don't we get to know our contestants a little further, before we discuss the nature of our contest! To you, our lovely male, please give us your name, and tell us something about you that viewers across the galaxy might find interesting!"

He had floated down to face all of them now, and had drifted over to Jason, the strongly-built ox of an Aussie. He looked cautiously up at the lights, the crowd, and the many floating cameras in this strange alien stadium. Despite his earlier bluster, his confidence seemed to wane in the spotlight.

“Um, uh . . . my name is Jason. I’m from Earth, as you know. A country called Australia. I live out in the bush and, uh, I work as a farmer. You know, got lots of cows to milk. I . . . I’m not really good at talking about myself, I guess. Very down to earth, you might say. Love a good woman! Reckon I could romance a nice Miss Alien Queen, alright. Especially if she’s got a nice pair of . . . well, you know what I mean. A big pair of milkers! Just like me cows!”

A few aliens laughed at this, but others gossiped, and it carried like a wave across the crowd. Some even jeered.

“Um . . . that’s about it, I guess. Vote for me, unless I’m becoming a sheila, in which case, vote for Li-Ann and then vote for me to spend some one-on-one time with her, eh?”

There were murmurings among the crowd, but largely silence and perhaps even a little disgust. Despite having easily half a million people in attendance, it wasn’t clear if Jason had endeared himself to the galaxy at all, though some slimy, rather corrupt looking blob people in the left wing were cheering. They were a small part of the crowd, though. In fact, it looked like there were orbital stations and vehicles in the sky filled with their own audiences as well.

“Well, that was . . . something alright,” their host Skorlak said. He shifted his floating platform to be beside May instead. *“Now here’s something unusual! Some rather orange hair and strange markings on this one. Battle markings? Tell us about yourself, female human!”*

May swallowed, trying to take a lesson from Jason’s clear failure. She took a deep breath and remembered her marketing experience, then gave a big smile.

“Hello everyone, my name is May! May Peterson! I come from a place called New York, one of the biggest cities on our planet and certainly the most *fun*! I love partying, I love catching up my friends, and sailing across the blue ocean as well. Until today I had no idea that other aliens even existed, so you can imagine I’m pretty shocked to find myself not only abducted but in some weird contest. Frankly, I’d like to get off said contest, if I can.”

“Not possible, I’m afraid!” Skorlak said, his tentacles wriggling with amusement.

“Yeah, I didn’t think so. Well, in that case, I should warn you: one of my favourite pastimes is archery. That means I hold a weapon that shoots long bolts with pointy ends. You probably think that’s very primitive, but it gets the job done.”

The host laughed, and the crowd made various sounds of amusement and gossip. All in all, it seemed a little more positive. Skorlak moved to Li-Ann, who was so overwhelmed by emotion and nervousness that she could barely squeak a sentence out, but managed to tell everyone that she was an IT worker and that she loved computers, which set a section in the crowd that Skorlak identified as the Mechalons into clear excitement. She also talked about her massive anxiety, and burst into tears, pleading to go home.

“I - I don’t b-belong here! I don’t want to be Miss Alien Human or whatever it is!”

This prompted more laughter from the crowd, though others made sounds that could almost be considered as sympathetic 'awwww's.

Next, Skorlak moved to Musa. *"You have lovely dark-skin. Camouflage? Tell us about yourself."*

Musa folded his arms. "I will say only this: my name is Musa, and I *will* escape. And I will kill everyone in my way, including *you*, octopus man."

The host backed away on his floating platform, much to the amusement of his crowd.

"Tough contestant! Perhaps worthy of taking our title? Oh, and who is this? Another male, but one that appears much . . . flabbier! Not a bad thing. After all, I'm a Klaraggian and we love flabby! Tell us about yourself."

This was Adam. The businessman was clearly very self-conscious about his older body and saggy front, particularly given he was wearing only a tight white alien-made speedo. He frowned deeply as he patted down his greying hair.

"I am Adam. Adam Southwater. I'm a very well respected businessman. I run accounts and finance, and I aim to benefit other businesses. I've had a great deal of success in my life, and let me tell you that I have a lot to offer this galaxy if they'll just consider taking me out of this contest and putting me in charge of its financial affairs. I guarantee I could do a better job than the current person or . . . squid thingy. I'm also the oldest contestant here, and I think that should give me some seniority and preference, personally."

May had to roll her eyes, and Priscilla actually giggled at this. The crowd seemed to enjoy this display of ego, however unearned it was, and others even clapped.

"Ah, the Credit Worlds enjoy a good business sapient!" Skorlak continued. *"Let's see how our final contestant can compete against such a boast!"*

May had only known Priscilla for part of their panicked trip over to the world of Sollast. The part where they woke up on the UFO, to be precise, and had only a couple of hours before this insanity began. But from what she knew of Priscilla, she expected the blonde beauty to act as she already had been; as a whiny bitch who would make herself look like a completely contemptible person to an entire galaxy. Instead, much to May's surprise, Priscilla actually smiled and made what she could only call a *sexy pose*; one hand on her hip, the other waving to the crowd, her chest thrust out a little as if she were going to Miss Universe back home, instead of this strange alien variant.

"Well, hello galaxy! Wow, isn't this a wonderful surprise! Yesterday, I thought we were, like, alone in the universe, but now here I am surrounded by the most amazing sights I've ever witnessed, with so much more to come! I'm just . . . *honoured!* You can call me Priscilla Banks. I'm just an ordinary gal from a city called Los Angeles, the City of Angels. Like May over there, I like to party, but I'm also a full-model. I'm considered quite the looker back on Earth, and I hope how I look pleases you too, because *gosh*, I just really want to

please this crowd! You're all so wonderful in your own way. And if looks aren't your thing, then I promise I speak two other universal languages: song and dance! Yes, that's right, I'll be sure to entertain you with sound and movement and, like, my heart as well! I imagine it would be a real honour to become the galaxy's queen, whatever that means, so thank you for listening, and please consider me! Especially that loud group of reptilians in the front - what a great group you are!"

A bunch of happy hisses emanated from the crowd, followed by further cheers from the rest. It was obvious that she'd immediately captured their hearts and minds.

"What is she playing at?" May hissed.

"It sounds like she wants to be here," Adam said astonished, and Li-Ann gasped at that mere thought.

May frowned. What was she playing at?

Their tentacled host seemed very happy with her response, because he took to the air on his platform, chortling away.

"Well, now there's a future Miss Queen of the Universe if I ever had to judge! But it's not up to me, it's up to an entire galaxy of sapient species from far more civilised worlds! Now, with our contestants introduced, it's time they really understood the stakes. So, listen up male and female humans! This game will pit five contestants against one another in a competitive pageant to determine who is worthy of literally being genetically changed into the most powerful alien in the galaxy: a Telarrian Queen, in fact! A member of beauty, power, and royalty who shall command legions and be a symbolic statement of unity to our galaxy! But only one of these five can be granted such an honour. Alas, the rest of you who fail to make the cut will have to be sent away."

For a moment, hope filled the heart of every contestant, even Priscilla. But Musa narrowed his eyes. "Wait for the hook," he said.

"Of course, by sent away, we don't mean back to Earth, but rather to your new homes across the galaxy! You may not be genetically modified into a glorious Telarrian Queen, but you will receive much more minor blessings depending on where you rank! Perhaps you shall become a Desert Concubine on Nylar Five! Perhaps you shall weave gorgeous silk webs on Arachnia as a twelve-limbed Scorpoid! If you're not in it to win it, you may not like your runner-up prize!"

May swallowed. She didn't like the sound of those fates. Priscilla put her game face on, determined to beat the others. But while Li-Ann panicked and Musa planned and Adam considered his own qualities to pitch to the business-minded aliens, something occurred to May, and she could see the same confusion on Jason's face.

"Why just five?" he asked aloud. "You said five contestants. We're six! Unless your producers listened to my request and decided to make me the King or whatever. Look, I've

seen *Farmer Wants a Wife* back home. Well, *this* farmer wants a wife! Why not pair me up with-

"Ah, you've figured it out, Jason, but not quite!" Skorlak said triumphantly, floating near him. *"Because we're down to five already! The contest began the moment you introduced yourselves, and sadly, YOU were the least-interesting of the bunch in all our polling across three entire sectors. Which means . . . you're OUT!"*

Every eye turned to Jason, who suddenly quivered on the spot. "Wait, you don't mean - listen, I can provide a lot of entertainment! I'm a real ladies man! Back on Earth, farmers-

"Milk other mammal species, yes? Well, your fate won't be too 'alien' for you, I imagine. Folks watching at home or in orbit, enjoy our first feat of genetic engineering tonight! A feat of wonder and change, one that Jason here will never forget!"

Jason tried to make a run for it, right off the stage.

"Screw you! You can change the crying bitch who keeps - ugh!"

A bright light shone upon the white marble stage where the Australian man was fleeing from. The light was tinged green, and it immediately caused the panicking male to clutch his stomach and fall to his knees. To the horror of all the contestants, he immediately began to change. His form bulked up, his hips spreading wide audibly, every sound of the phenomenon enhanced by the alien speakers on either side of the stage.

"Oh G-God! What's h-happening to me!? I don't deserve this! Why are is my chest - NGHH!"

He arched his back, and May and Li-Ann both gasped in horror. Large mammaries erupted from Jason's chest, growing larger and larger until they were almost the size of *basketballs* they were so massive. He cried out from the sheer discomfort of their existence, squeezing them against one another, but this only caused his enlarged, feminine nipples to suddenly spray pale green milk from their ends like they were firehose nozzles.

"What the f-fuck!? What the actual f-fuck!? NGHH! OHHHHH!!!"

His body continued to grow, the light beam somehow warping him, adding on flesh, almost as if particles of the light itself were bonding to him and transforming to match his changing cellular structure. Li-Ann began to cry, and Priscilla looked away, but Musa only narrowed his eyes further.

"Without honour," he muttered under his breath, all while Jason continued to grow. New limbs formed out of his backside as it swelled behind him growing and extending until it was undeniable that he was growing a centaur-like body. His voice whined, becoming a contralto bellow more suited to a woman, and sure enough his penis began to withdraw visibly into his body, his underwear having snapped away during his expansion.

"Euugh! Help m-meee! I'm becoming some sort of freak c-cow thing! AHHHH!!!"

His entire bulk widened, his rear legs forming and gaining elephantine-like feet that had toes instead of a more equine or bovine hoof appearance. His front legs gained a similar appearance, bulking up dramatically, and it was necessary too, because the man's lower half was becoming massive, a powerful body the size of a rhino's.

"Ahhh! S-so much f-fucking pressure! Please, I'll d-do anything to change back! I'll - ohhh!"

More milk spilled as he tried to cup his enormous teardrop-shaped breasts. Another pair of legs formed, this time between the others to give him sex lower legs in total, all vaguely mammalian looking, all stolid and strong to support his body. On the underside, a new organ developed, lowering and widening and swelling to promise. May's jaw hung.

"It's an udder," she managed. "They really are turning him into some kind of alien cow!"

The former human bellowed. His skin was changing to a light green pigmentation, and had a kind of soft rubbery look to it like Skorlak, albeit not so wrinkled as him. A large, ponderous tail pushed out from above Jason's rear, causing tears to form in his eyes from the clear bodily discomfort and pressure. It had a large pulsating tip to it, and Jason could only shudder - along with the rest of the watching humans - as it searched around, almost as if sniffing for something.

"That is seriously gross," Priscilla mocked. "Seriously gross."

"F-fuck you!" Jason cried. "I don't know what this th-thing does!"

His face began to change, his entire facial structure pushing forward and his neck elongating until he looked a bit like a long-necked dinosaur, perhaps a diplodocus, only with a much thicker body, six massive legs, and an udder that was growing bigger than a super-sized beachball. His neck twisted around, his snouted green face twisted about in surprise, only to see that a small pool of strange slime was being placed behind him courtesy of some futuristic drones. Immediately, his trunk-like tail punched down into it, and then began . . . *swallowing*.

"Ohhhhhhhh," he groaned, feeling a mixture of relief and shame. "It's d-drinking! Ohhh, I can f-feel it entering m-me!"

"Of course you can!" exclaimed their host. *"You're becoming a female Lorrbeast, one of the most prized livestock in the entire galaxy, and exceedingly rare. I hope you appreciate the cost to convert you, Jason, because this is, as you humans say, a one-way street! Your body, as you can no doubt tell, is going to be massive, and yet capable of producing enormous quantities of milk that is considered an incredible delicacy - and aphrodisiac, across hundreds of worlds!"*

His body continued transforming, growing in size beneath the light until he was the size of an African bull elephant, albeit one with a large humanoid upper half, like some kind

of sauropod centaur. His six legs stomped upon the platform, his enormous tail drinking greedily the strange goo placed behind him. His dinosaur-like head made a roaring sound, and his jawline began to shift further, making human speech soon impossible.

“S-so f-full! T-too much milk! The p-pressure! UGH!!”

A second set of breasts erupted from his torso, followed by a third pair. They continued right down his front, all the way along his underside until they met his massively inflated udder. The last remnants of his manhood withdrew, leaving a vaginal opening, one that was already wet with a strange arousal due to the constant leakage across the female Lorrbeast's body.

“Rrgghhh! Aahhhh! Mhmmm! NGHHH!!”

The creature shifted and turned its head on its long neck, unable to help itself, but desperate to be milked. It was clear that Jason's intelligence still existed within the huge beast, but the female creature was helpless to be able to express it. Instead, she stamped in outrage and humiliation, veritable torrents of blue milk pouring from over a dozen large mammarys and her ever-more prodigious udder.

Several aliens, their skin a paler green than Jason's new rubbery flesh, emerged to surround her. They had sticks like prongs, and when the new Lorrbeast arched up in anger to crush them they emitted a strange gravity pulse that kept her at bay. Nodules rose up from the stage to surround the new milking creature as well, and they began to vibrate with strange lights. Skorlak was quick to explain.

“Time for Jason the Lorrbeast to embrace her new life as a mighty milk producer in the Selco System! Who knows, she may well help breed this ultra-rare species as well, if she's fertile enough! One thing's for sure, her milk will be highly sought after for the rest of her long life!”

There was a great *ZAP*, and to the astonishment of the contestants, Jason's mutated body as well as her surrounding ranchers disappeared in a bright purple flash, off to whatever planet she would now call home.

“Oh my God,” May whimpered, shuddering and placing her hands over mouth.

Li-Ann matched the expression, trying desperately - and failing - not to cry. Priscilla had turned white, her fists balled. Adam and Musa, meanwhile, only looked more determined.

“It appears we have good reason to try to win, then,” Adam said. “Even if it means - *gulp* - becoming an alien *queen* rather than a king.”

“Hm,” Musa replied. “Only if you choose to play the game. There must be a way to escape. We just have to find a weakness.”

“Speak for yourself!” Priscilla said, checking her hair and composing herself. “I’m gonna win this thing. Just you wait; Priscilla Banks is gonna be the queen of the whole frickin’ universe!”

The crowd cheered, and then the program went to some kind of intergalactic commercial break, with one final tease from their floating host.

“Now, time to take our contestants to their next planet. Yes, folks, that’s right, it’s time for . . . the DANCING ROUND!”

May frowned as she looked over what she had been dressed in. At least she was no longer nearly naked, but she still didn’t feel comfortable in such a dress. It was made of alien material that clung to her skin, and yet it had a swish with her motions, the skin separating into small ribbons when she spun on the spot. It looped over one shoulder only, and the whole thing felt like it was going to fall off of her at any second. She looked to Li-Ann and noticed the same discomfort: the Korean-American was had a slight frump to her, and was just an IT worker, not even used to marketing like May was. Her dress was black and seemed to be made of a kind of high-tech living shadow.

“I don’t like this!” the woman whined.

“Oh, stop complaining,” Priscilla said, marching past in her pink dress, which seemed to be made of actual crystals that interlocked and showed off her beautiful form. She touched up her long blonde hair, which was also woven with crystals. “Or don’t, Li-Ann. Maybe if you lose this round you can get turned into a fat cow as well and then the real winners can compete among one another.”

“Why are you so cruel?” May asked, the redhead stepping up to face the mean blonde. “She’s done nothing to you.”

“Dog eat dog world,” Musa said from the corner, sharpening a stake he’d been given. He was dressed in a fine green robe with a flowing coat, and seemed oddly comfortable with the coming competition, despite his usual self.

“Exactly!” Priscilla said. “Musa understands it, as does Adam. Don’t you, Mr Business?”

Adam nodded and swallowed a little nervously. He had a blue toga-looking costume for dancing. “Of course. There’s a ruthlessness to this. None of us will get quite what we want, so we have to compete for the best position, that’s all. And frankly, I’ve been a CEO, so I don’t see why I can’t have the top spot. I already managed to bribe one of the strange three-legged technicians - the bird-looking fellow - out there for some tips - gave him some interest folklore on Earth. There’s always a way out, you see!”

He grinned, folding his arms. May frowned.

“Anything you’d like to share?”

“Let’s just say they like something *different*. I’ll leave it at that.”

The group frowned, but neither Musa nor Priscilla seemed too worried. That was, until they were finally told to exit their little change room and enter out beyond the hatch. Instantly, everything changed.

They’d all assumed they’d been teleported to another planet to keep the show going. No, they were on a space station in *space*. A massive red-white planet loomed behind the glass, but they were on the top deck of what looked like a gigantic mall in space, complete with a massively impressive dancing square. Thousands of aliens were in the stands waiting for them to arrive, and others still floated above. The dance floor had coloured transparent walls and panels that hovered above, as well as a glass ceiling to stop anyone from floating off. And ever-present in view was that enormous planet and the magnificent stars as they rotated in space.

“Oh God,” May said. She knew how to dance for the most part, but not in zero gravity! How would one even do that?

“*Surprise!*” came Skorlak’s electronic voice as the tentacles octo-alien hovered into view. “*Today each of you will be considered in the light of your grace and beauty in zero-gravity! The Alien Queen of the Universe must have the ability to traverse in such environments, after all, and this is your chance to prove it! How are we all feeling today?*”

Priscilla puffed up her chest. “Absolutely f-fine,” she squeaked, voice just a little shaky.

“Prepared,” Adam said with a smirk. Clearly, he’d had all night to consider the ramifications of Zero-G and the type of studio they had.

“I - I’m not sure,” admitted Li-Ann. “I . . . is this really necessary?”

There was a great ‘awwwww’ from assorted aliens in the crowd. Clearly, Li-Ann was a surprise favourite, probably because of how adorable she was.

Musa, meanwhile, said nothing but: “I am ready.”

May bit her lip. “I’ll do my best for all the lovely aliens out there!” she announced. “Plus, I wanna kick the ass of my competition today.”

That got a laugh from the galaxy, as well as a sneer from Priscilla.

“*Well, well, the competition heats up among the humans! How quickly they turn upon one another! Looks like it’s time to start! First up, by random draw, will be . . . Li-Ann!*”

The poor girl squeaked, but made her way into the chamber. There were numerous rails and guards to allow one to grip, to loop, and to dance. To her clear relief, there was *some* gravity here, but not much. May watched, tense but taking in details, as Li-Ann tried several abortive attempts at a dance. It was distinctly unimpressive, and she was soon

shifting about, floating up into the air and having to kick off the panels, only to land faster on the ground than she thought. She flipped and kicked, and some moves approached dancing, but overall it was an embarrassment. By the time she left, she was in tears, and May was quick to hug her. Not even her fans in the crowd - particularly the seemingly empathetic jellyfish aliens - were enough to comfort her.

"It's okay, you won't be the worst. Just wait."

Musa was next. May wasn't sure what to expect; was he going to make a run for it? How could he? Evidently, he'd made a similar conclusion about the impossibility, because he entered the dance chamber, and the floating audiences and those in the stands on all sides hushed in anticipation. Nothing about Musa made him seem like he would be a dancer.

Until he started.

May's jaw dropped, and even Priscilla squeaked a little in shock as the man moved with such languid motion as to startle the entire audience. He used his staff to kick off from the ground, to turn and shift in the air, and he kicked off the various transparent panels to twist and somersault with expert precision. After a magnificent three minute performance, he ended up exactly where he'd started, barely even panting. He raised his hands in the air and pointed his staff towards one of the cameras.

"Do not underestimate me," he said.

He walked out to *earth-shattering* applause, leaving the rest wondering how to possibly keep up.

Adam was next, and he did far better than May expected. The man was no great dancer, but because he'd bribed ahead of time to get the information necessary, he actually was able to acquit himself decently well, shifting with the low gravity and kicking out his legs. He looked a bit like an over-inflated balloon flying around the glass chamber, but the man had clearly been to enough weddings. The alien music was strange and rhythmic, but it had a frenetic enough pace that he was clearly doing something akin to *Footloose*. When he finished, he was panting and sweating, but he exited to triumphal applause.

"I dedicate this dance to the Antari Mining Guilds!" he yelled. "And to Fizzpop Meteor Soda!"

More clapping and hooting, enough to shock the host. "*Clearly, someone is adapting well!*"

May was next. She did better than Adam, but didn't know enough but any of this insane intergalactic politics to really sell anything to the crowd. The music provided to her was vaguely electronic, and so she harkened back to her nightclub experiences. She slammed against one of the panels by accident, eliciting an 'ooh!' from the crowd that would hurt her ratings. When she was done, she realised that Li-Ann was still the worst performer.

Unfortunately, Priscilla being the last aided her. She was a lovely dancer, and the model was clearly used to such attention. She blew kisses to the crowd and bowed to them, moving like a gymnast and showing off her curvaceous form. It seemed to work; Skorlak more than once referred to her as the most beautiful woman, with May coming in second.

"Looks like Li-Ann is becoming a space cow," Priscilla said to May as she exited, walking past and bowing again to the floating crowds in the station.

She was right, sadly, because the voting occurred in real-time. The translation feeds in their brains told them which bar belonged to them, and over the next ten minutes the literal *billions*, if not *trillions* of votes came in. Li-Ann was popular enough, but after that performance, she lagged noticeably behind Adam and May.

"Oh no!" she cried. "Oh, no, oh no!"

Skorlak floated down, pursing his mouth, his tentacles curling slightly as he gestured to the contestants. *"It seems we have another contestant to say goodbye to today! Rest assured, she will be blessed with a new alien form, albeit one that she may not love, shy thing that she is! Li-Ann, as this particular competition event is sponsored by the Kalar Corporate Worlds, you will be transformed into that most lovely of sights to help sell their products and please their customers and CEOs: a prized and genetically-enhanced dancer, mixed with the genes of dozens of the most erotic alien species to finally teach you how to dance!"*

Images of erotic alien dancer girls suddenly appeared on numerous huge floating screens. On some, pink-skinned women with two rows of breasts danced. On others, women with fleshy tendrils of hair writhed against poles, their hair moving like snakes, like living tails.

"Please no!" Li-Ann said. "I'll - I'll try again! But please don't make m-me a stripper!"

"I'm afraid it's too late for that, Li-Ann. Ready the genetic beam, and we can - wait. Stop, everyone. I'm just getting word from our information department. By the stellar dust! Li-Ann, you are NOT the loser of this round; it seems we have a CHEATER in our midst!"

There was a wide gasp, and the floating screens changed, suddenly showing a scene featuring Adam talking to the bird-like alien with three legs.

"So long as you tell me everything about the next event and what I can shout out to help my ratings, I'll give you all the exclusive Earth gossip you need for your news article, I swear."

Adam suddenly turned red. All eyes were trained upon him. Even the mining guild aliens, green and oozing, railed at him, clearly angry at this bad publicity.

"No! I didn't - I mean, no one ever said! It was just smart business!"

Skorlak chuckled. *"And now you'll help the Kalar Corporate business transactions, in a much more pleasing way, Adam! Time to improve those dance skills! Best of luck!"*

Adam, like Jason, moved to run, but was caught instantly in the green beam. He groaned, his voice going high, his fat body beginning to thin, though the fat also travelled *elsewhere*. The man grunted as two quite large breasts formed upon his chest, easily triple-D's in size, if not E's. He cupped them, moaning, even as a second pair began to develop beneath.

"Oh God! I can m-make a deal! Just g-give me another chance! Ohhhh, what am I becoming? I didn't s-sign a contract, I deserve to kn-know!"

Li-Ann took May's hand as the two beheld the businessman's changes. The years were falling away from him as his body rejuvenated, sliding back in the years until he was in his thirties, then his twenties, until he finally looked no older than eighteen or twenty or so. The beam shifted the molecules of his clothing, reducing his dance uniform down to a very, very tiny blue skirt that barely covered his derriere, which was continuing to swell dramatically.

"It's s-so sensitive! You're m-making me some kind of nympho! You've got to s-stop! I've got soooo much more to offer - ohhhhh!"

He began to touch himself all over, even as his figure became an exaggerated, curvaceous body. His skin literally turned pink, and he groaned as another pair of breasts formed below the top pair, growing and growing until they jutted out just as far. His top had become little more than a sexy bra, and now it extended down so that it cupped his lower pair of breasts as well. It then had to extend a third time, because his already large boobs separated further, allowing for a *middle* column of breasts to push out. Everything jiggled and wobbled, the bra providing only enough support to show off how pert and round Adam's *six* big E-cup boobs were. He found himself cupping them, massaging them, squeezing them.

"What the actual fuck!?" Priscilla screeched. "Why is he acting like a total nympho."

"I think - they're making him one!" Li-Ann said. "Oh God, that could have been me."

"Be grateful it was not," Musa said, narrowing his eyes.

They all watched as the cheating, proud businessman continued to warp and change into an alien erotic dancer. The new woman gasped as her manhood retreated, and literally couldn't stop herself from thrusting her pink hand down under her tiny skirt to feel herself for a moment.

"It's impossible! This isn't f-fair! Ohhh, my voice!"

She stuck her tongue out, and it was *long*. Long enough for some clearly sexual activities, and able to curl in on itself. Her hair clumped together, changing to those living tendrils, a slightly darker pink colour to give the appearance of being hair-like. They moved like a gorgon's snakes upon her head, and she touched them in shock, only to moan again.

"Oh God, they f-feel so - hot! Ahhh, why is everything so sensitive!? Why am I m-moving like this!?"

Her eyes were now a vibrant grin, contrasting against her pink flesh, and her feet arched up, now naturally positioned on her toes like a cat, or a stripper's feet in high, high heels. Her ankle cracked, shifting so that this position would hold for good, and then another surprise came: a fleshy tail pushed out from over the band of her miniskirt, extending until it went nearly down to the ground. It was no thicker than perhaps eight centimetres at its base, tapering at the end, but it was clearly entirely pliable and prehensile, because it looped around a pole that had just risen up from the stage, pulling Adam towards its safety.

"Now to see if this new Telerian dancer can actually dance!" Skorlak announced. *"By now, the nanites changing her biological composition will have made alterations to her brain. From now on, Adam should have a very high libido, and a strong compulsion to submissively please her masters and dance for them, and their clients! She's got a body built to please, folks, so make sure to clap your tentacles together and cheer through your mouthflaps to encourage her!"*

The crowd indeed erupted, and May was disgusted to see that Priscilla was cheering with them, trying to gain favour. Adam was still overcome by every part of her ultra busty, six-breasted alien form. She wobbled on her changed feet, her hips swaying heavily, her butt sticking out thanks to her permanently altered sexy posture. And yet . . . she began to dance.

"I can't help it!" she whined. "This isn't my fault! At least t-tell me this comes with the opportunity for promotion!"

No one answered; the floating cameras simply zoomed in on her dancing form, taking in the way she sways, twisted, and danced around the pole. Her six heavy breasts heaved on their two rows, and she sexily pressed them together, exposing a great deal of multiple cleavages. She moaned, her hair writhing about, now extending halfway down her shoulders and curling in ways that emphasised her dance. Her tail held her to the pole as she span around and then went upside down, extending her lovely legs. Even May had to admit, being bisexual herself, that the sight was shockingly erotic.

Only it was Adam who was forced to do it, and clearly aroused by it, because she was fondling herself every chance she could get, and blushing a strange purple from the public humiliation of it. It was almost a relief when the Kalarian's came to claim her. They were humanoid, bipedal, and surprisingly human-like, albeit with shorter builds and bald, red-skinned heads. They teleported her away to their corporate worlds, and the last thing the remaining contestants saw was the look of enormous arousal and intense shame upon Adam's face.

"Off she goes to dance and entertain! And now there are four! We'll be back tomorrow, folks!"

The next day, the contestants were awoken from their oddly comfortable rooms to find themselves on a thick jungle planet. Strange birds like pterodactyls flew overhead, and the trees had blood-red leaves that hinted at menace. Snorkel floated before them in the middle of an expanse. As usual, there were enormous stands full of thousands of alien onlookers that were floating above, but none on the ground this time. The stands even had what looked like forcefields.

“A particular challenge today, dear contestants!” Skorkal’s voice boomed. “You are going on a hunt! A grand hunt! The Alien Queen of the Universe is a survivor, a being of remarkable resilience, worthy of rule! For you to be worthy of becoming her next incarnation, you must prove that you can survive the wilderness of one of the fiercest planets: J’harvad. Here, much will try to kill you, maul you, eat you. You must survive. If you fail, we will extract you before you meet your end . . . hopefully. There is true risk here. This is why you are dressed as you are, like true barbarians!”

May groaned, even as her heart hammered in her chest. So *this* was why she was dressed in some kind of scaled bikini. Priscilla wore something like a leopard print equivalent, and looked truly, truly nervous. Li-Ann had more of a dress, one composed of woven reeds. Musa, on the other hand, wore a sort of cape and loincloth, as well as a red sash. He looked strangely serene compared to the rest of them.

“We should team up,” Priscilla said.

“Fuck off,” May replied. “You’re giddy to win this thing and screw us over.”

“Of course I am! I’m in this to win it. But I’m not a psychopath. We could die if we don’t help one another. We just need to get through this round.”

“And who do you intend to lose it?”

Priscilla smiled. “Musa, of course.”

“He’s the most capable here!”

“And that will make him overconfident. We’ll have numbers. You’re athletic. Li-Ann can serve as bait.”

“Hey!” Li-Ann protested.

“I’m just saying.”

May considered this. “No. No way.”

“Have it your way, then,” she replied. She moved to Musa instead, and began whispering to him. The man listened.

“Fuck, we should have taken the offer,” May realised. She looked at the hostile jungle ahead. “How do we even survive this, Li-Ann?”

“Um, I used to play a lot of survival games on my PC. I’ve got *some* ideas.”

May sighed, trying to calm herself. "Great. Just great."

May and Li-Ann shrieked as they sped away from the horrific serpentine creature with its numerous millipede legs. It roared at them, shooting streams of acid, and they only just made it clear by jumping over the boiling river and passing under the razorwire webs. Both were tired, angry, and utterly terrified. They were covered in bruises, bites, burns, and bleeding cuts and wounds. May was practically out of breath, and poor Li-Ann was just about spent. This planet was home to enormous and terrifying beasts, many of which were far larger than any land-dwelling creature on earth, and twice as vicious. They'd only managed to survive by running and letting the monsters fight one another, but their luck was running out: Li-Ann had rolled her ankle, and was clutching it, wincing in pain.

"You g-go on without me," she said.

"I'm not doing that, honey."

"One of us has to win this. It should be you, not Priscilla or Musa. She's horrid, and he's . . . I don't know what he is. But it's scary."

May put her hand on Li-Ann's shoulder. "I'm not leaving you, okay? We'll get in the top two, and then figure things out from there, besides, I'm not sure that Musa isn't trying to—"

Something exploded far away, an enormous rush of fire bursting up from the treeline. May ran to the edge of a chasm and looked down in the distance, only to gasp. Musa had somehow gained access to some futuristic weapon, and had boarded a flying ship and was holding the man on it hostage.

"Holy shit, Musa is making for an escape," she murmured. "Li-Ann! He may have found a way out of here!"

Priscilla was with him, it seemed, and that dashed her hopes: the vehicle was rising high into the air and taking off into the sky, leaving the two women behind as Musa coerced the alien pilot to take them out of the atmosphere. May collapsed back onto the ground and sighed.

"Never mind. I think . . . I think we may be stuck."

It was just breaking into morning. May had fallen asleep without realising it, right next to May, the pair covered in large leaves for disguise. It was so wet, and thick globules of rain fell on her, sliding over the leaf.

"Ugh," she groaned. How long had she been out?

She was about to try to sleep again when she suddenly heard a guttural sound, one that was the precursor to a roar. Slowly, with trepidation filling her chest, she pushed her leaf aside . . .

. . . only to stare straight into the twin jaws of some multi-headed scaled beast.

“AAAGHHH!” she cried, dodging to one side as it launched forward. She just managed to tug Li-Ann away in time, but the beast roared again and moved straight for them, and this time the pair were done for.

Suddenly, a blue shield slammed into place, knocking the dread leviathan back. It whined, then scampered away into the dark, dragging its large body behind it. A series of lights and floating cameras descended upon the pair, and Li-Ann was struggling to see with it all, not to mention realising what was happening after being asleep until just now.

“Well done, well done! You two have lasted quite well! Not many make it to night on J’harvad.”

“Did we win?” May asked as Skorlak stepped off his floating platform into their little hideaway area. He curled a tentacle, and all three of them were suddenly teleported to a bright, sunny clearing, where Priscilla and Musa stood. The former looked surly, and the latter calm and collected. He had several wounds that were being instantly healed with some kind of ray from a floating robot, and Priscilla’s beauty had fully been restored. To May and Li-Ann’s delight, they too were healed, all under the watchful eye of those massive platforms above housing thousands of excited spectators.

“Did you win?” Skorlak said, as if no teleportation had happened at all. *“Well, that’s one for the judges, that’s for certain! After all, two of our contestants literally fled from the planetside, and yet did they not hunt successfully? Hmm, so many points of contention. My sponsors wish to tell you folks at home that they do indeed consider Musa to be a successful hunter in this regard, but . . . Priscilla, you may have come out as the biggest loser tonight. You failed to hunt, and your survival was entirely dependent on Musa. More than that, you did very little in your bold escape attempt!”*

Surprise crept across Priscilla’s face, and she bit her lip, her eyes flitting about as she tried to think. Musa stood beside her, saying nothing in her defence, simply standing stolid and serene. He still had a knife at his side, one he must have stolen or claimed when he’d made his escape attempt. For a moment, May was certain that she was witnessing Priscilla’s final fall, but then the most surprising thing of all happened.

“I voluntarily drop out of this race,” Musa said.

The crowd gasped. May and Li-Ann gasped. Even Skorlak gasped, a weird trill that flowed from his strange mouth.

“You . . . drop out!?”

“Am I right in guessing that whomever fails will become mutated into some kind of beast creature to survive on this hostile planet?”

Skorlak turned orange briefly; embarrassment? Annoyance?

“Yes, you would be, human. Our sponsors at Arbadyne Genetics have sponsored this bout! For all your intergalactic hunting needs, remember that you can always become a better predator, or create a predator for your own personal hunt!”

Musa smirked at this, and stepped forward. “I am not escaping this. I see that now. But I have no intention of becoming some Alien Queen of the Universe. I’ll leave that to the women. But here . . . I can remain free. I can be myself: a hunter and survivor. I withdraw my place.”

A long silence followed. May got the sense that the judges were conferring in Skorlak’s ear. Finally, a decision was reached.

“A special conclusion has been made; this shall be the first, and ONLY voluntary withdrawal in the entire history of epic competition! Musa, step into the green light if you wish, and become a great She-Beast of legend!”

Musa arched an eyebrow. “Must I be a *she*-beast?”

“It’s not MISS Alien for nothing.”

The strong, dark-skinned man sighed, then, without hesitating any further, strode straight into the green beam. Perhaps it was because he was voluntarily taking on this change, but the transformation occurred much more rapidly as a result. The powerful, brooding man grit his teeth, barely making a sound but a few manly grunts as his legs began to fuse together. His clothing was obliterated, turning to ash at his feet, but said feet quickly flattened. The man fell forward, but caught himself with his powerful arms, as if simply conducting a series of professional pushups. He bit his lip, clenching his eyes shut as the fusion fully commenced, his limbs extended behind him so that he developed a full-blown *tail*.

“Holy shit,” Li-Ann said. “He’s really becoming some kind of jungle monster.”

“An aesthetically pleasing jungle monster!” Skorlak added. *“As courtesy for our delighted viewers and lovers of the female form!”*

The grunts were indeed becoming more feminine, albeit husky and low. Musa’s chest bloomed forward, two impressive, naked breasts developing, large and perfectly proportioned, dark brown teardrops topped by lovely large nipples. His hair extended down behind his neck, becoming long and vibrant, a curly African woman’s hair that covered much of his naked back.

“Nghn,” Musa grunted, gritting his teeth further, even as they sharpened. He gained a pair of vicious fangs at the front, sizable venom sacs forming in his neck to help inject venom into prey. His face shifted, taking on a beautiful woman’s features, but ones that were also

hard and capable of being vicious, with cat-like eyes with vertical slits that could see so much better already. The man twisted, rising into the air with the ever-growing length of his scaled snake tail, which had an almost draconic edge to it due to the numerous spines shooting up along its length, a leathery red fan extending between them, slightly lighter than the crimson red pattern of his tail. He shuddered, and two more arms erupted from his side. Even with an increasingly female figure, this serpentine, four-armed naga mutant was very muscular, with spectacular abs upon her midriff. She roared at the sky, flame erupting from her mouth thanks to some kind of internal combustion in her lower body. It coiled around, longer and longer, until her alien half was at least thirty-feet long. Rather than ending a rattle or simply a flesh stub like a snake's tail, it instead had a sharpened point that could easily skewer an enemy.

The final changes completed themselves, and May had to look up in awe and amazement at the new half-alien, half-human, all-warrior woman. Her torso was human, barring a pair of red-scaled, elongated ears, a set of fangs, her cat-like golden eyes, and those four powerful arms with sharp talons at the ends of her fingers. Her lower half was massive and long, all muscle and power, like something out of a Greek myth, but with a distinctly alien edge to it.

"Woah," she said. "She almost looks . . . *perfect* like that."

"Yeah," Li-Ann said. "I'm glad it was him. Er, her. Not me. I couldn't be like that."

Priscilla said nothing; she simply backed up a little, simply relieved not to have been the one to change. She was still in the running, and had gotten past what would likely be her weakest trial.

"This . . . is not entirely unacceptable," Musa said, a flickering forked tongue emerging from the amazonian space-naga's mouth. "Am I to stay here?"

"You are indeed! This is your hunting ground now, this entire planet! See if you can survive and show off Arbadynne Genetics' good work to investors and customers everywhere! Impress them enough, and you might even get a mate!"

Musa scoffed. "No mate is necessary. Only the hunt."

And then, without another comment or even a goodbye, the dangerous and serpentine former human male slithering off, tearing tree trunks asunder as she went. She already moved with an elegant yet implacable precision, and in moments she was gone.

"And then there were three!" Skorlak announced, excited. *"Just in time to prepare for the talent show!"*

This time, the planet was a vibrant metropolis, like something straight out of *Star Wars*. Aerial vehicles flew in long highway columns across the sky, and the city expanse went to the horizon and beyond, with nary a spot of nature in sight. Li-Ann, May, and Priscilla had been given time to prepare themselves in their rooms, re-attempting old skills and trades and anything that could show off their talent. Musa may have been happy with his - or her - fate, but somewhere Jason the Lorrbeat was being milked of her endless produce, and Adam was dancing for sleazy alien businessman and probably doing a lot more than that with them after dark. None of the three wanted a bad fate, and it was clear that Priscilla was out for blood.

May, meanwhile, was cycling through her ideas. Nothing she could think of could impress an enormous coalition of thousands of different species. Her marketing skills were strong, but it wasn't like she could simply outline her skillset: it was fairly boring on Earth, let alone in this brave new world she'd only discovered a few days ago!

"There must be something," she mused to herself when she exited to the alien cafeteria, which had a brilliant glass view of the outside city expanse. Numerous aliens existed in this space, and some even came her way, asking for autographs, blood extracts, or 'aural signatures,' whatever that was. She turned them all away as politely as she could, opting to keep Li-Ann company.

"I just . . . if we could get into the top two," Li-Ann said. "I'd be fine with you winning, then! Runner-up has to be a good prize, right? Maybe I just become, like, a little bit alien, or they let me home, or something! But third place . . . I don't know if it would be good. What if they make me some kind of gross tentacle monster?"

May put a hand on her friend's arm. "You just need to think of something that will really get their attention! Something visceral and exciting. Something you're passionate about. When you're passionate, your audience will be passionate, too."

Li-Ann smiled, just a little. "You're right," the chubbier woman said, adjusting her glasses. "I think I've got an idea."

"Good," May replied. "Because - oh, shit."

A group of aliens were parting, and others were moving to close the gap across the room. In the centre was Priscilla, smiling and giggling and complimenting an avian on his sharp beak and a lizard-like alien on his particularly luminescent scales. She moved naturally through the crowd like she really was a queen, doting on everyone. For just a moment, Priscilla locked gazes with May across the criteria, and her expression was one of supreme smugness, flush with victory.

"Yeah, we gotta beat her," May said.

The stage was set; open air and atop the enormous alien hotel, great skylights illuminating the space. The entire vista of the city's nightscape was right there, endless skyscrapers and fields of lights. It was staggeringly beautiful, but the tension was thick in the air, especially when the audiences arrived on their floating platforms, watching keenly for the talent show.

"Welcome, welcome, welcome, folks!" Skorlak announced, circling the remaining contestants like a shark. *"As you are away, the Alien Queen of the Universe must be adaptable, skilled, and passionate. She should not be some useless female, incapable of change! Not when her responsibilities will be so great! As such, we now bear witness to the second-last of our events; the TALENT SHOW! Let's begin!"*

Priscilla was first. As May had expected, she wore a showy outfit much like a sci-fi cheerleader-inspired costume, allowing her breasts to bounce with each step and her hips to shake. There were more than enough bipedal aliens with humanoid bodies to find her attractive, and others to simply find her bold sensuality exotic and *erotic*.

And it didn't help that Priscilla could *fucking sing*.

She really did have skin in the game, May realised. The blonde beauty was playing an electric guitar and singing some alien tune in a punk-pop fashion, having clearly learned it over night to perfection. She had the entire crowd singing along, and May was crushed to realise how Priscilla was adapting so well to this wide new galaxy. She'd almost consider her worthy of being Queen of the Universe, if she weren't so horrible. When she finally finished, she blew kisses at the audience, from jellyfish aliens to silent molluscs, and then walked backstage to where May and Li-Ann were waiting.

"I just can't wait to find out what gross slugs you two turn into," she said smugly.

"Don't count yourself the winner just yet," May replied, sneering.

"I think I'm going to enjoy being Queen of the Universe. I wonder if there's a nice prison I can chuck, like, my future enemies into. Or, if they're too rude to me right now, the *bad ones*, too. Best of luck, Li-Ann."

She 'accidentally' caught the woman by the hair with her bracelet and pulled her backwards, then jumped out of reach of May's immediate reaction, which was to grab the bitch.

"Oh, it was just an accident!" Priscilla said in her oh-so-innocent voice to Li-Ann. "But you better not openly strike May, or else you might end up getting the kick from the competition."

She laughed as she walked away, and from there things only got worse. A very nervous Li-Ann had indeed chosen her skillset, and it was not exactly what May had imagined: gaming. She'd asked Skorlak to connect her to the best gaming devices in the galaxy, and so she was showing off her skills to the wider alien community, an enormous

projection of her progress holographically displayed as she attacked other players, jumped around in low gravity, and racked up a high-score. She wore a tactical sense-suit and a VR visor to plug her more fully into the game, and May was impressed at how well she'd adapted, and even her clear passion for it.

But it wasn't an audience killer. Oh, it got applause, roars, and tentacled fists in the air, but the share of the crowd was too small. When Li-Ann finished, May could tell that she was very proud of herself, so she didn't try to pop the woman's bubble.

"I'm proud of you, Li-Ann."

"Thanks, May!" she said, hugging the woman suddenly. "I think I might have a shot! But . . . go out there and give it your best. Please!"

May took a deep breath, and entered out onto the stage, cheers resounding through the air, to do exactly that. Skorlak had done his work, and provided four aliens of different kinds in each of the corners of the stage.

"H-hello!" she said, heart still fluttering as she saw the thousands of people watching her. "I'm May, as you know, and today I'll be showing off a skill I believe *any* Alien Queen of the Universe must possess: the capacity to defend herself should the worst come to worst. To be a leader, to be decisive, and proactive in ensuring the dynasty is secure. As such, I'm going to display a skill I bet you didn't know I have: self defence! Corner A, approach!"

A serpentine enemy ran at her, and she easily deflected his first strike and then locked his scaly arm behind his spiked back, spinning him and rolling him to the ground. Once she had subdued her enemy (she was naturally wearing midriff-bearing workout clothes, for the audience appeal), she summoned the next, which looked more humanoid but with a long, curled, prehensile tail and sharp horns atop her head. Still, May was able to take her down, and one by one she subdued each of her foes. With each one, she announced to the cameras what she was doing, instructing the audience.

"As you can - ughh! - see, pressure points enable one to immobilise an enemy and safely remove your attacker from the situation! Simply lever *HERE* and they will - ahh! - be forced *DOWN!*"

It was a surprising display of talent, and it got an equally surprising roar from the crowd. May actually jumped and pumped her fist when she was done, her body sweaty, her muscles sore and bruised, but her feeling of victory *marvellous*.

"*Wow, wow, wow! What a great display of talent worthy of a Queen of the Universe!*" Skorlak declared, ushering the other two contestants back to the stage. Priscilla was fuming, but Li-Ann just looked deflated. It made May immediately regret her display of talent; she could already tell that Li-Ann knew her chances were gone.

"*Time to see where the votes land, people, and who will be the next to be transformed!*"

May moved to hold Li-Ann's hand, but it didn't help the reality of what followed. The enormous holographic projection of the voting poll made it clear: Li-Ann was trailing behind May and Priscilla, who were just about even. Li-Ann's column was much smaller. The poor woman barely said a word, simply squeezed May's hand tighter.

"Thank you anyway," she said. "For helping me. I hope . . . I hope I don't become a slug."

"Not at all!" Skorlak announced, floating over to her and gesturing for her to step away from the other two women. *"In fact, as our third place contestant, you will be greatly prized! This particular event was sponsored by the Yulari Empire, and as those of you who keep up with the intergalactic cloud feed will know, the Yularan Emperor has been continually expanding his immense harem of unique galactic concubines! All that's missing is a mind-linked pair of Tessani . . . which is what you'll be upgraded to, Li-Ann!"*

"I'm - what?"

The answer came quickly when the beam swung over her, and the woman began to change moments later. Li-Ann gasped, clutching her body, vibrating in a highly strange manner. May and Priscilla both widened their eyes at the astonishing sight of Li-Ann literally pulling in two: a clone version of herself separating from her original body, or was it the other way around? One shifted right, the other left, and it was impossible to tell if one even was the original as the flesh unbound. The two twins groaned as they separated, looking to the other with astonishment.

"What is happening to meeeeeee!?" they cried as one. "I'm splitting in t-two! Somebody help meeee!"

They staggered, turning to face one another, unbelieving what was happening. They raised their hands at the same time to their respective mouths.

"Oh God, it's like looking into a mirror! Ohhhh, why am I seeing two directions at once. It's like - ohhh, it's like I've got two b-bodies! May! I think I've got two bodies!"

The crowd laughed, and so did Skorlak. *"That's because you do indeed, my dear Li-Ann! You are a lovely pair of mind-linked twins: one consciousness existing in two bodies. This is part of what makes a Tessani mindlink such a sumptuous and sensual draw to so many singular lovers across the cosmos; twice the bodies, twice the fun, but no worries about cheating on your biological mate! Plus, twice the reproduction too, if the Emperor has his way!"*

May's jaw hung. She hadn't known what to expect, but it hadn't been *this*. Poor Li-Ann was clearly struggling to adjust to having two bodies spread across one mind, and her limbs were flailing out a little. The duplicated woman literally had to grab the hands of her own twin just to steady both her selves, but her journey was far from over.

"Now, it's time to really make her look like a gorgeous Tessani!"

Li-Ann's two selves groaned in unison, scratching their bodies - each other and themselves - as their skin pigment turned a lovely turquoise colouring. Her breasts expanded, becoming full and found, and her pudgy figure thinned, though it still retained a lovely thickness. Still, this was a thickness that was clearly fertile and attractive, with hips that rounded out dramatically and thighs that were no longer fat, but lovely to behold. Her clothing changed, the sensesuit giving way to a harem-looking dress, bright yellow in colour for one half and bright pink for the other. It cupped her large breasts - both pairs - and lifted them dramatically. Her fingers started to combine, and the same was true of her toes until she had three digits per limb; two fingers and a thumb per each hand.

"This is too strange!" one of them said.

"I just wanted to stay in IT!" the other replied.

"I didn't want to become a concubine!" they said together, looking around to Skorlak, who just chuckled.

"But you're already becoming so lovely. Tessani are very, very fertile, so there is no doubt you'll be fulfilling your duties well for an Emperor in need of many heirs to rule his planets! You might even become his favourite. Or is it favourites? Regardless, where are those sensual antennas?"

Both parts of Li-Ann grunted, clutching their heads as two antennas burst forth. They were not like insect antennae, and certainly not stalk-like. Rather, these were cute space-woman antennas: two-inch long protuberances that ended in little spherical balls the same colour as her turquoise skin. Her hair shimmered, becoming a sort of seaweed green. One half had hair down her back, and the other had it short in a very attractive pixie cut. Apart from their dress colours, this was the only noticeable difference between them. Not that it mattered, because Li-Ann was in control of both bodies, and the moment her antennas came in, she seemed to develop a sudden better control. One half of her patted over her body, even feeling her lovely round backside, which was barely hidden by her harem outfit, and the other half looked around to Skorlak and the other contestants.

"I can feel twice of everything!" she said, before shifting to her other mouth. "This is so weird! Oh God, May, this is too weird! Do I really have to be a concubine? I mean, can't at least one of me-"

"I'm afraid you have a duty to perform, and a highly honoured one for the Yularan Emperor. But can't we all agree how utterly beautiful this Tessani mind-linked beauty is, folks!?"

The crowd roared louder than anyone had ever heard it, and it was overwhelming to May, and no doubt even more to Li-Ann, who was still getting used to her thick and busty new turquoise alien form - *forms*, technically. She looked up at May with both sets of eyes, and slowly, something like a nervous half-smile appeared on both features.

"It's not all-bad, at least?" she managed, speaking through both bodies.

"I'll do whatever I can to help you, once I'm Queen!" May promised.

"Please do!" Li-Ann said. "This is so freakin' weird, and I'm n-not sure what life is going to be as a concubine!"

"Then it's time to find out! Don't forget: Tessani mate for life once bred, and they have an instinctive loyalty to their mates that can border on nymphomania! A lucky man, that Emperor!"

Li-Ann squeaked, but didn't manage another word, because suddenly she was teleported elsewhere, off to meet her new Emperor master. May exhaled, hoping the best for her friend. What a strange existence, but perhaps one at least where Li-Ann could find some comfort. At least she wasn't a monster, a six-breasts stripper, or a gigantic alien lactating cow . . . thing.

"Well, well, well," Priscilla whispered, coming alongside May. "And then there were two. Such confidence in your future success in that statement, by the way. *When* you're Queen?"

"I will win this," May said. "I'm not becoming a monster or a puppet or a slave or a concubine or anything else."

"And yet you seemed resistant to all of this from the beginning."

"That was before you ended up being such an antagonistic, cheating *bitch*."

Priscilla just winked. "Temper, temper. When I'm Queen, you may regret that. I don't relish the idea of losing my perfect form, but having a great deal of power will obviously let me access that green ray to remake myself as I like. And frankly, I'm looking forward to putting pathetic little bitches like *you* in their place, May. I might even punish Li-Ann too, if I can get away with it."

With a smirk, she strode away as the cameras ended their livestream. May snarled, knowing she couldn't act out now. But she desperately wanted Priscilla to suffer.

The fear was; would she?

It was the final day of the Miss Alien Queen of the Universe competition, and they were now at the Centre of the Galaxy. May's beauty department had informed her that it was not *really* the centre of the galaxy, but rather a designation of the location's significance. *This* was where the Queen would rule from, forming a major part of the ongoing trade and politics of the entire known cosmos. It was among the Inner Worlds, and therefore close to the Galactic Core, so 'Centre' was still somewhat descriptive.

Now that they were on the planet proper. It was called Tellaris, and looked to be a massive world, at least twice as big as Earth judging from the information she'd been able to gather. They were in a resplendent orbital ring that surrounded the world, with two massive space elevators keeping it pinned across its equatorial line. It was the grandest construction May could ever imagine, and apparently every race in the galaxy had the equivalent of a city along it, just to be close to the centre of such important affairs. It felt like a planet of its own, for they were located in a gorgeous artificial valley, with great fields of blue grass and hills topped by strange structures of crystal that had apparently grown in this environment. Numerous domes made of web-like material dotted the ridgelines and the low-parts of the valley, but otherwise there was no life to be seen outside of their building, barring some strange insectoid race that shuttled forth in long lines, each the size of a short man and with four legs, like insect-taurs or something.

All in all, May wasn't sure if this last place was underwhelming or overwhelming or simply surprising. The ring itself was grand, as was the sight of the world below, but why such an unpopulated valley? Why so much nature, and so little in the way of buildings? People were tight-lipped. Not even the rather gossipy platypus-looking alien woman who helped dress her could off her much.

So instead May simply had to prepare. She read over her speech again, trying to make sure her words were perfect. She had worked in marketing, so she knew what would grab a good audience. And then there was, of course, her outfit. Clearly, the Miss Alien Queen of the Universe pageant and the Miss Universe pageant on Earth had something in common, because she was expected to wear a beautiful dress that outlined her form as she gave her speech. This was, she suspected, to be the equivalent of the stereotypical 'World Peace' speech, though obviously no one would be so naff as to expect something *that* trite. So instead, she read over her points again, even as her team finished up beautifying her.

"You are looking so very gorgeous," Hyspatia, her main stylist, the same species as Skorlak, said. "Like a true queen!"

"I truly hope so," May said. "I have to win this."

She stood and looked herself over. She wore a gorgeous green dress that complimented her fiery hair, which was styled with extra curls and gorgeous trinkets within it. Her dress tied around the neck and crisscrossed over her breasts, emphasising them as best as possible. It went tight around the waist, bare at the back, and flowed out over her legs, with a slit up the left side. Her makeup reddened her lips and put green eyeshadow around her eyes, and she had to admit she looked somewhat regal with the jewellery and silver necklace.

"Here we go," she said, taking a deep breath.

She was escorted out across the lovely swaying blue field, moving all the way to a plateau that looks out over the impressive valley. Below, some of those strange insect people - if they even were sapient - strolled in long, automatic lines, but other than that, there was only Skorlak and the floating seats full of several thousand spectators. They, at least, were over four hundred feet away, relying on the cameras and enormous projected screens closer to them.

Which just left her and Priscilla. The other woman was in a royal purple, something that May should haven't seen coming. And however good May looked, it flattened her to realise just how much better Priscilla looked. She even had a goddamn *diadem*, and her body wouldn't quit. May had always been a little bisexual, and even she had to admit, much as she hated this woman, Priscilla was working her image in such a way that it was a pretty big turn-on. Her breasts were shown off, but not to the point of looking slutty, and she had her hair done up regally, with just a couple of wispy blonde strands of hair loose to not make her look *too* perfect.

"Goddamn it," May muttered. She walked forwards, until she was upon the plateau, Skorlak before them, tentacles clasped like he was about to marry the pair as a celebrant.

"And so, here we are, just the pair of you alone on this plateau (as well as several thousand high-profile guests floating above) in this final competition. This is the valley where the first Queen of the Universe was recognised, a great mother and ruler to be sure. And here it is where one of you will replace the now aging current Queen, and guide Tellaris into a new age, and so steer this most populous race in the galaxy into good terms with the rest of us. This is the agreement hammered out millenia ago, and one that has kept peace between us, as well as a great deal of entertainment. You both look utterly splendid and regal today, but that is not enough to be queen. Tell me now, with your speeches prepared . . . what is most important about becoming the Queen of the Universe? May, you can go first, and impress the entire galaxy!"

May stepped forward, and cleared her throat. She tried to remain composed and focus on the words of her speech. She didn't have a paper in her hands, but simply clasped them before her, looked to the horizon, and began to speak. She talked about the role of a good leader and a good woman. She talked about her own upbringing on Earth, and how leaders can either fail or rise to the occasion. She talked about freedom and hope and trade, about how a global community could be a beautiful thing, so how much more beautiful could a truly galactic community be? How she would be truly honoured to ascend to the role of alien queen, and would take her duties seriously, and work to ensure lasting peace and prosperity. She used the rule of three throughout her speech, reducing important points down to memorable soundbites. She brought back a continual, repeating motif of 'Prosperity', knowing how many corporate worlds there were, and others that desired greater

wealth. She got emotional at all the right points, and lifted her hand up in a gesture worthy of a queen, as if addressing every world in the known universe.

“And so, I ask that you vote for me, and give me the highest honour of becoming your queen, that I may do my best for this galaxy that I have come to love so dearly already. Thank you.”

There was a loud applause, and even Skorlak seemed impressed, flapping his tentacles about. May took a step back, smiling - but not smiling *too* much - and then composed herself. Her mind was ablaze with questions: had she hit all the right points? Had it resonated universally or was it therefore spread too thin in an effort to appease everyone? Was there something she was missing?

The last thought permeated, because though Priscilla clapped and smiled, as if happy for her, she could see a twinkle in the other woman’s eye, as if she already knew she had *won*. May bit her lip, rolling it over her front teeth, trying to keep herself composed. Priscilla knew something. She had to.

“And now, our other remaining contestant! Priscilla, step forward and tell us, what is most important about becoming Queen of the Universe?”

The blonde bitch strode in an elegant manner and gave a beaming smile. “Why, that’s obvious!” she said in a high, crowd-pleasing voice. “It’s Galactic Peace, of course!”

She finished with a silly giggle, and May’s jaw dropped. *That* was her speech? That was her *whole speech*!? How could she possibly expect that to-

May had to plug her ears as the thundering roar *exploded* from the crowd, magnified by the speakers to their left and right. Massive projections on holographic screens showed aliens of all kinds across every world cheering, and it boggled May to see.

“Oh my God,” she said, slapping herself in the forehead. “They really did just want a goddamn shallow, peppy, Miss Universe answer.”

The next two minutes were interminable. Skorlak was praising the pair, comparing them, droning on and on about how while they were both eminently qualified for uplift, only one would succeed. That the other would be generously rewarded as the runner-up, but only one could truly become Queen of the Universe; a true Telarrian Mother. Their qualities were praised, from their adaptability, their inner strength and talent, their native beauty, and willingness to fight for the galaxy’s highest honour, but it was all just background noise to May. She was struggling to breathe. She knew she had lost. She knew it in her bones.

“And so, with all that said,” their tentacled host said, grinning to the floating cameras. *“It is time we announced our winner for the Miss Alien Queen of the Universe Competition! And I am overjoyed to announce that our runnerup is . . . May Kenneth. Which means that Priscilla Banks is our Miss Alien Queen of the Universe Winner EVERYONE!!!”*

Fireworks and drone displays and massive explosions of colour erupted across the skies. Holographic projections of Priscilla's face, immense in size, suddenly flared up across the horizon. People screamed and went wild, and Priscilla immediately embraced Skorlak, chuckling and smiling and already thanking all of her voters for making sure she won.

"I promise to be a highly active and powerful queen!" she announced, looking in the defeated May's direction. "One who wields her authority to make this galaxy-

"Well, getting ahead of ourselves a little there," Skorlak said with a chuckle. "After all, part of the original treaty was that the Queen would remain a chiefly ceremonial role, ruler only over her populace, and bound by peace agreements and pacifism."

"I - yes, of course. Naturally. But what I meant was that I would be a queen worthy of your love and worship and attention, of course."

"Indeed! One that will be restricted to the planet of Tellaris, and bear her young here, unable to wage war or inflict pain as the Ancient Mother once did. Hence why we select outsiders, of course."

Priscilla frowned, trying to piece together these additional implications. May was confused too. Why so much attention on the Alien Queen of the Universe if she was powerless? Was it purely for the entertainment spectacle? But then why the talk of treaties?

There was no immediate answer, because a device floated down and activated the green genetic-alteration beam on a spot before May. Skorlak smiled on his strange aquatic face and gestured for her to enter.

"And now to accept the runner-up prize, May! Enjoy!"

May was terrified. Could this be some terrible punishment? Would she end up a stripper or a lactating cow or some other beast? She hesitated, but knew that she could do no other. She had no power here, and she had misread everything. Priscilla gave her a condescending little wave, coupled with a smug look in her eye. It almost made the woman try to run, but what use would that be?

No, it was time to face the music.

She stepped into the light, and prepared for her horrifying change.

Only instead of comfort, a strange bliss came over her. Her skin tingled, brightening and shifting until it turned a stunning reflective silver, with strange patterns of rainbow colours that shifted across her like LED lights. Her hair gained this energy, growing longer and then losing any gravitational pull, moving as if she were underwater in a slight current, moving by delay with her movements. It also shifted in colour, moving through the hues of the rainbow, as if she were composed of light itself. The former redhead moaned in a strange bliss as her breasts expanded a little, and then again as they shifted, accommodated a third large breast between them that expanded to the same impressive size as the other two. Her dimensions became even more delectable, though not as

curvaceous as Li-Ann she possessed a more supermodel-style petiteness. Her spine extended, as did her limbs, leaving her easily six feet tall. Every part of her senses seemed heightened: she could see further, hear better, even taste the molecules in the air and smell the flowers and grass upon the distant hills. Her dress became a flowing thing of gold, like liquid metal itself, with small sections that floated behind it. It circled around her chest and hugged her twin cleavages, leaving her shoulders and clavicle totally exposed. A third eye suddenly formed in the centre of her forehead, and for a moment she blinked, overwhelmed by this strange new growth. But it only seemed to complete her, as did the lovely, sinuous tail that grew out from above her buttocks, the same silver in colour.

"Oh my God," she whispered, touching her body all over, feeling how sensitive her skin was, how alien yet perfect her form was. "What - what am I? I feel . . . beautiful."

Every part of her was composed, as if she had become the very personification of elegance. Her tail swayed behind her hypnotically, running counterwise to her equally hypnotic hips. Her chest bounced slightly with each step, and she was unused to their weight, and yet it seemed entirely . . . appropriate to feel this way. She was silver, she was sparkling, and the most beautiful hues ran and shifted across her skin, blooming and reforming slowly like fireworks in slow-motion, or a softly rotating kaleidoscope projected upon the body of a beautiful alien woman.

"I feel so beautiful," she uttered again, and saw in that moment Priscilla's shocked gaze, horrified that her rival had achieved such uplifted brilliance.

"Of course you feel beautiful!" Skorlak announced. *"You have taken on the loveliest traits of your original race and those of the three loveliest races in the galaxy: the Narites, the Skiirti, and the Faleriuns. As an apology that you cannot become Queen of the Universe, you are instead endowed with the loveliest looks of anyone in the galaxy. No doubt a grand future for yourself as a model, a celebrity, perhaps even a great actress across the stars, awaits you. It is not queendom, but-"*

"It's enough," she said, staring at the shifting constellations of light within her hands. She ran her fingers over her body, savouring the sensations yet again. "This is enough. Thank you. Thank you."

Skorlak gave her a hug with his tentacles, and then turned to Priscilla, who was now looking quite confused. After all, why would May end up being the loveliest creature? Wasn't that *her* future role? Or at least part of it?

"But now we must turn our attention to the most important woman in our galaxy! Priscilla Banks, congratulations! You are to become the new Alien Queen of the Universe! The new Tellarian Mother! The new grand broodmother of your insectoid race!"

Priscilla was smiling right up until she wasn't, at which point her blue eyes went wide.

"Thank you, thank you, I - what? Did you just say insectoid!?"

“Of course! Ready the beam! We must prepare the all-important broodmother of Tellaris!”

A series of green beams focused upon her from various floating devices, and Priscilla immediately began to gasp and groan, almost as if she were losing her breath. May took several elegant steps backwards as her rival's changes began, and my, what changes they were.

“Eughh! What's - what's happening to me!? I'm meant to be beautiful! Tell me what I'm going to become before - AAIIIEEE!”

Her stomach expanded, as did her ass. Her dress tore apart and then disintegrated, leaving her bloated form naked. The blonde beauty whined as her blonde hair fell away, leaving her entirely bald, only for her cranium to suddenly expand as well, sweeping backwards and growing wider in diameter. She fell to the ground unable to hold it up until her skeleton grew, which it proceeded to do. She forced her ass up into the air, and May winced as it grew so big that it split in the middle, expanding into a huge insectoid abdomen that simply would. Not. Stop.

“No! No, you bastards! You can't - eughh! - do this to me! Explain what the fuck you are doing to me RIGHT NOW! NGHHH!!”

Skorlak chuckled. *“It's a grand surprise, is it not? Of course, the Telarrians waged a grand war against the galaxy millenia ago. There were trillions of casualties. Eventually, they were beaten back, but in order to restore the galaxy's functions, the Telarrian drone workers would be needed en masse for all sorts of service and industrial jobs! To keep her race alive, the Telarrian broodmother Queen made an agreement with the struggling galaxy: they would have the power to appoint her heir, and she would allow her ability to wage war, conquest, and subterfuge stripped from her race down at the genetic level. She would serve from her planet, unable to leave it again, but she would have the comfort of allowing her race to live and flourish across the galaxy! Of course, over time, the new broodmother has become selected via this contest, since a later treaty stipulated that, to prevent any future queen having advantageous political knowledge or connections with the galaxy, she would instead be drawn from an ignorant pre-FTL planet! And so, here you are, becoming a glorious broodmother! Just watch that beautiful ovipositor swell!”*

Priscilla screamed, stalk-like antenna pushing out from her scalp. “You never said this!”

“That's also part of the treaty!”

“I can't be a big fat insect! I forfeit! I withdraw like Musa! Make that fucking bitch May like this!”

The crowd laughed; clearly this was an amusing development.

“Sorry, no take-backs! Besides, look how fertile you are? Don’t you feel your eggs growing already?”

She moaned, and her belly swelled even larger, ripples in it as young clearly formed within. Her eyes were becoming slightly larger, and her breasts were growing even larger than Jason’s had. Another row formed on her torso, then another, then another! They were massive and dripping grey milk, and this was followed by further mammaries on the underside of her ovipositor. She screamed in frustration as it expanded to the size of a fridge, then a small car, and then a pick-up truck, before growing and growing to become what May could only assume would be a whole freakin’ semitruck’s size. Several more legs extended out from her sides, helping stabilise her, but they were effectively useless, spindly compared to her ever-growing pregnancy. Her skin became plated in areas, but overall remained more soft to accommodate her expansion. Her skin was becoming somewhat purple, and May could only marvel at all of this.

“No! This is fucking wrong! I hate you all!” Priscilla squealed, even as several more arms extended from her torso, presumably to hold even more young while she fed them. Milk poured from her body, and her belly squeezed tight, her ovipositor as well. “You fucking bitch, May! You knew this would - euughhh - happen! You knew I’d turn into a fucking freak! I’ll kill you! I’ll fucking kill you-ohhhh! Something’s c-comingnngggggh!”

She bore down and pushed, sweat pouring down her alien face, which by this point didn’t even have a nose so much as two vertical slits. Suddenly her belly contracted, and her hips swelled as what had to be several softball-sized eggs passed into her egg sac. At the same time, the lips at the end of her egg sac suddenly opened, large black eggs, like black pearls, pushing out from its tip and falling gently to the ground. They came out quickly, one after another, until six of them were on the ground.

“Despite some rather unqueenly words, can we see how perfectly suited she is to this role, folks? She’s given birth to six eggs already - by the stars, now seven! No, eight! No, ten! More than any in recorded history in such a short time! Truly, Queen Priscilla will be the ceremonial Alien Queen of the Galaxy, her progeny keeping our most important labor and administrative jobs staffed while she remains here, birthing endlessly!”

“Birthing endlessly?” May asked, as Priscilla bore down, crying out as she pushed yet again, her belly still expanding, her many breasts more than her arms could handle. “As in, forever?”

Skorlak winked. *“Well, at least for the next four hundred to five hundred years or so, certainly. Don’t worry, you’ll have a lifespan just a little shorter than her, so I’m sure you can drop in and remain fast friends! Her anger will subside! After all, she is helping achieve galactic peace with every push, every birth! Look at her folks, Miss Alien Queen of the Universe! The pageant is over, and we have our winner!”*

Another roar, another seemingly-endless cheer. And here was May, runner-up and yet far more in line with what a human woman should want for herself, feeling more beautiful and almost fey-like than any person could ever be. And there was Priscilla, an increasingly swollen bug alien, getting her just desserts, her crew already preparing to teleport her to her hive, where she would be perpetually pregnant and birthing her clutches for the rest of her life.

“Congratulations!” May called out to the other woman, finally feeling smug again.

Priscilla showed a look of outrage, but couldn't hold onto it; her body demanded she birth yet again, and soon more eggs were flowing from her, right up until the point where she and her growing progeny were teleported away.

It was a year later, and Jasana plodded forward towards her handlers, behaving in a docile and submissive manner. Once, she had been unruly, but then her alien handlers had just not been able to milk her vast quantities of milk effectively. The enormous female Lorrbeast had long since realised how futile such protests were, and how uncomfortable it was not to have her enormous, endlessly lactating body attached to numerous pumps on the strange farmstead she now called home. At least she was fed well, treated well, and the world was indeed beautiful, with its alien purple sky. The former livestock owner just never expected to end up as livestock herself, especially one that had to be constantly milked in order to make her 'owners' wealthy beyond belief. She had been informed that her milk extract was sought after across the cosmos, but that brought her little relief. Instead, she simply revelled in the pleasure of being milked yet again, knowing that this was to be her life, and for quite a long-lived time at that.

The beast let loose a low rumble as her belly rumbled, hanging low as something shifted within her. A farmhand stroked it, giving reassuring words. But Jasana just tried not to think about it. After all, it was one thing knowing that she was to be milked, and quite another knowing she had been *bred*. And yet, her stomach grew each day, as did her milk production. If only she had won that first round . . .

Adamari moaned as she was fucked by one of her bosses. He was a hairy Praxite, but that just made it all the hotter for how manly he was. At the same time, she sucked off one of his new clients, who was a well-endowed Galarian. Both male aliens fondled her many breasts, and her boss slapped her fat ass as he thrust into her. She tried to still hate this, and alls he

could summon up were trace amounts of shame. The truth was, her body desperately wanted this; she was always so fucking horny and needed to be filled with alien cum. It was a marvel she wasn't pregnant yet, but at least her bosses gave her contraceptive ointment, though one had hinted that they'd love for her to give them a half-Quintellian child one day. For now, she was simply the dancer, the entertainer, the one that dressed up in sexy outfits that showed off her jiggling, eroticised form. She was a genetically idealised female that couldn't help but lust after every male, and business was booming thanks to her very existence.

Still, if only she could make partner. Then, perhaps, she could have some say in what went around. Maybe she just needed to play the long game, and convince one of the major partners to marry her, or simply keep her as a mistress off the books. Whatever let her keep on dancing, taking alien cock, and moaning in relief when she pleased a male, however that male looked.

As the aliens came inside her at the same time, she couldn't help but smile as she drank alien cum and absorbed it in her tunnel. At least, judging from the news, she hadn't become Queen. That turned out to be quite the poisoned chalice. Better to spend her life getting fucked and just accept her life as a sexy, six-breasted, pink-skinned alien slut.

Mila leapt at the carnivorous Oditron, and managed to grapple it to the ground, savagely tearing at it with her talons. She coiled her enormous tail around the dragon-like creature with its deadly jellyfish-like tentacles, and was rewarded with immense pain as it scorched marks along her lower torso and tail. With one mighty heave, she cracked the creature's neck, ending its threat for good. Mila panted for a moment, regaining herself.

"Well fought, prey. A good feast you will make."

She rested back to nurse her wounds, giving herself some time to calm before she began slicing the creature up. Truly, this world was a paradise, this endless haven of death, of kill-or-be-killed philosophy. Yes, she was a woman, and occasionally had a woman's needs, and she recognised on occasion that her mind could sometimes be more . . . emotional. Empathetic. Less inclined to outright, testosterone-fuelled aggression. But she was still a huntress, a killer, a seeker in the dark and in the shadows. And her new form was more powerful, more sleek, more weaponised than her old by far. Becoming female was a small price to pay for that.

And yet, she still could not take down the great winged Tri-Lizards. They were too much, even for her, and had nearly taken her life instead, several times. As had happened before, a floating camera descended to check on her progress as she used her four arms to

clean her weapons and redress her fur top that bound her breasts. She looked at the bot, thinking first to destroy it, then thought better of it. Perhaps, to take down a Tri-Lizard, she simply needed one ally, like her.

“I am ready for a mate,” she simply said. “A mate, and fellow hunter.”

After all, a woman still had needs.

After some earlier months of struggle, Li-Ann now wondered how she'd ever managed herself with just one measly body. The thick and busty turquoise-skinned Tessani was able to pull double duty as a mere fact of life, and nowhere was that more obvious than that fact that one part of herself was breastfeeding her first little child, a much-desired boy for her Emperor, while her other self was writing out a communication for her best friend May Kenneth. They had kept in contact ever since the end of the competition, and thanks to May's incredible fame, the silver-skinned beauty had even been able to visit while one half of Li-Ann was pregnant. It was lovely, and gave the Tessani mind-linked woman further confidence that she could deal with this life.

Certainly, giving birth was easier when you could just put more of your focus on your non-pregnant self. The Emperor clearly hoped to get both halves of her pregnant one day, but for now at least she had this benefit. It wasn't a perfect life, but the Yularan Emperor kept her life in the lap of luxury, and she had made fast friends with many of her fellow harem girls, including a darling creature made of living slime named, of all things, Helen! Some names transcended humanity, evidently. And so had she; rumours abounded that the Emperor would name her his First in coming months, if she continued to please him. He really was a charming man, if a bit distant at times, but none could doubt his passion. Besides, no one had told her that his species had not just one but *two* very impressive members, and the location of each made some very interesting positions all the more possible, especially with both parts of her involved . . .

May posed for her photoshoot. Her shining silver skin reflected beautifully for the cameras, and her ever-changing rainbow patterns made her look almost like she was a being of pure energy. She'd always been able to market other products and other people, but now she'd turned those skills upon herself, and just as Skorlak had suggested, she had been able to become a high-profile celebrity, supermodel, and object of praise and affection across half the galaxy. She'd already had a series of lovers, some of them less humanoid than she once

would have imagined herself allowing, and was dating a very handsome Devak who cycled through their three genders once a week, which made for exciting times. Who knows, perhaps he might even be the one, thought it would no doubt disappoint her *billions* of fans.

When the photoshoot was done, May thanked the photographer, signed some autographs, and moved elegantly to the exit accompanied by her security guard, out into her flying car which her chauffeur was already preparing for her next destination. The life of an alien celebrity was a busy one, with so many appointments and galas and dances and even some holofilms to be a part of, but this new life was exciting, especially since she'd just received a message from Li-Ann. She'd have to visit her again soon; she had a film shoot there soon, right?

Truth be told, May had come to love her life. She could never imagine going back.

Priscilla grunted as another one of her young latched onto her breast and began to suckle, joining the veritable colony scuttling across her enormous body. The pressure increased in her form, and she had to push yet again. She'd been pushing for a whole year; her body did it automatically anyway, and yet she was compelled to add to the effort. It was only a little painful, mostly uncomfortable, but that strange pleasure from the relief of birthing occurred also. The insectoid broodmother was powerless. Powerless to literally move, powerless to change her circumstances, powerless even to stop herself from being perpetually bloated with pregnancy, an endless stream of eggs exciting her body.

Once again, she howled in frustration, blaming everyone and everything for her predicament. But it did not stop what her body demanded, nor the fawning of her supplicant children and race. She demanded more food, more comfort, more massages along her body. It would bring some comfort, but still the effort continued.

She birthed and she birthed and she birthed and she birthed and she birthed and she birthed and she birthed and she birthed, always and forever and onward for hundreds of years, no doubt, yet to come.

Still, she had some pride. Priscilla adjusted the pink sash over her torso, ensuring her many young weren't ruining it, nor her grey milk spoiling it. Along its length was written, in clear English for her and her alone, the title she had won at the universe's largest pageant.

Why not wear a model sash? She was goddamn Alien Queen of the Universe, wasn't she?

The End