

More
Out Of This World



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Al!
A "New Woman" Novel



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More Out of this World

By Heather Berdrow

The next day after Miss T had made her presence known that afternoon in the alley, she showed up on the screen of a secret arm of the government, the D.A.S., Department of Alien Surveillance. They tracked her every move, not knowing she had been the product of alien creation. In fact, the entire Stevens family was under a watchful eye. Discussions at the highest levels were under way on whether or not she could be recruited to work for the department.

The department was overseen by a woman known only as Director Jane. She was middle-aged; at first sight, she reminded some as a school teacher or librarian. That was on the outside. She didn't become the director of a government entity by being sweet and passive. Maybe the best way to describe her was keen, ruthless, and brilliant. Miss T had become close to an obsession for her. She kept a grainy picture on her desk of Tammy and often would stare at the image for hours on end. Little did she know,

Tammy and her family would take center stage in the growing alien influence.

Ever so slowly, the electrical pulses in Francisco's brain began to regenerate. As the fog lifted, he became aware that he was still alive. But where he was and just how he got there were mysteries. There were very faint whispers in his mind, but nothing solid enough to grasp onto. It was at that moment that he began to dream. Usually, Francisco thought, he could remember, in great detail, every dream he had. But now his mind was like a ping pong ball and his head was filled with colliding images. But still, there was nothing firm to concentrate on.

Initially, he was standing on a perch in a great hall, with thousands of people cheering and chanting his name. But before he could zero in on that image, another one would quickly take its place. He was now sitting on a swing, wearing a bright floral sundress, with the sunshine warming his face. Behind him was a very handsome man pushing him higher and higher with each swing. Francisco thought that he could feel his cheeks redden; a burning itch began to spark, low in his belly. It was a completely foreign feeling, like nothing he had ever experienced. But it was a very pleasurable spark.

Francisco was starting to get frustrated. At the same time, he was also starting to feel fear. From his earliest recollection, he had never feared anyone or anything. But that was changing as well. He knew he needed to escape, but just how tough the task would be was beyond him. With all of his might, he tried the simplest of jobs; opening his eyes. But it was no use. It was like they had been welded shut.

He then tried to move a limb or even a finger or toe, but that too was impossible. He couldn't even feel his skin, it was like he was floating in air, as nothing seemed to touch him, anywhere. It was at this point that he felt

the need to cry, but the male in him forbade it. But hiding just beneath the surface, a new and stronger emotion started to swell up in his mind. It was a feminine feeling. He didn't know why it was there, but it was unmistakable. How far did he have to fall before he could regain the life he wanted to live?

Then, far off in the distance, came a whisper of a voice. Was it real or was he was just wishing he heard it? There it was again, closer this time. He knew the voice, but couldn't quite place it. Where did he know it from? The questions began to swirl into just one thought, "Who is calling my name?"

The closer the sound got, the more he could tell it wasn't calling his name. The voice was calling for Francesca. Who would have the audacity to insult him in such a demeaning manner? It must be someone who didn't know him very well and who had a death wish, he was very sure of that.

Francisco became aware of a great weight on his chest, a weight that seemed to sway and wobble. Like the pleasure he felt low in his belly, it was not uncomfortable, just different. Inside he jumped, as someone touched him on the shoulder. "What did she say? Open your eyes slowly?"

He wanted to yell at the top of his lungs, but that as well, was an impossible task, as he had been trying for what seemed like days on end, without success. But then a dim flash of light immediately hurt his eyes. He wanted to turn away but the light followed his every move. "I can move," he then thought.

Excitedly, he tried to move everything else, but was met with failure. He could feel the warmth of the something that was covering his body, then the solid whatever he was now laying on. He felt a few tugs here and several

touches there and quietly asked, "Where am I?" But he was the only one that heard his question.

"Francesca, please move your head if you can hear me," that voice asked soothingly. Francisco slowly nodded, but with just that slight movement, it felt as if his head was about to fly off.



“That’s very good but please don’t try and sit up just yet as you are still quite weak from the infusion. I have lowered the lighting level so you should be able to open your eyes, slowly.” He did what was asked of him, but the lights were still fiercely bright. Once he was able to open his eyes completely, he saw a shape with but a few details, as if he was looking through lightly frosted glass. After blinking a few times, he was better able to focus, but his vision was still a bit fuzzy.

He saw a round, beautiful face with gorgeous brown eyes, long dark hair, and pink full lips. He was immediately attracted to this girl. Her skin was a dark golden brown with a nicely-shaped, turned-up nose and high cheekbones. The sight took his breath away.

“What a lovely face you have,” he exclaimed. The voice coming from his lips was sweet but huskily sexy, not at all like he was used to. As he asked the question, the words were coming out of that face, words gracefully poured from those luscious lips. The image disappeared as the mirror was removed. Francisco tried in vain to speak, but nothing came out.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw another, more familiar face come into view. “Hi, are you feeling better?” she asked. Francisco nodded in the affirmative as he asked her for her name. “I’m sure you don’t remember much just yet, but I am Jent, the medical officer aboard this craft. You have been under my care for more than a week now. Your memories will slowly return, as you have gone through a remarkable change. If you feel well enough, I will help you sit up and we both can see just how much you have changed,” she stated.

Francisco was afraid to answer, so he just nodded his understanding. He felt Jent’s warm, soft, but strong hands slide under his shoulders and assist him into a sitting position. The metallic blanket that had been covering him

fell away, displaying a pair of large, perfectly shaped and pert breasts with large, dark aureolas. As soon as the cool air of the medical bay stimulated them, the nipples hardened and enlarged.

Francisco could feel every movement the breasts made, and it felt pretty good, he thought. He then looked around and saw many strange and unfamiliar pieces of equipment. He saw that Jent was looking at him; he blushed madly, as he did his best to cover the breasts from her view.

Jent smiled as she saw Francisco struggle to cover his new body. "Don't worry Francesca. We are all women here and you have nothing we haven't seen our entire life." The statement did little to lessen his embarrassment.

"What did you do to me?" he squeaked out. "The last thing I remember is leaving that bitch's hideout in ruins." The smile quickly left Jent's face; a look of disbelief replaced it.

"Miss T in no bitch, she is one of us, just as you are now. You were a mean, spiteful, aggressive male, which is why you find yourself here, in this condition. The sooner you learn what being a woman is, the better for all of us," Jent spat back.

"I am Francisco Vargas and no woman will talk down to me," he replied.

Jent reached down, pulled the remaining cover off of him, and grinned. "Do you see anything male about your new body, Francesca?" she asked a shocked and embarrassed patient. He looked down past his breasts to a flat stomach, narrow waist, and flared hips. His long legs were displayed. A dark triangle of hair was very prominent as he spread those legs and tried vainly to find his best friend. But it, too, was history. Instead, he found a

warm, damp area that reacted to the slightest touch, sending waves of pleasure throughout his new body.

Francisco looked up in disbelief into Jent's face. "That is why we will address you as Francesca. That other person you used to be is no longer, and all that you have become can never be changed. There is a lot to learn about womanhood, both good and bad. You will learn how to handle men just like your former self. What I am here to do now is show you what the 'new you' is all about," Jent said with a wide smile.

"I never asked for this. I was happy being a man. Why did you do this awful thing to me?" Francesca asked tearfully.

"You spent the better part of your life threatening the fairer sex, treating them as objects to be played with, then just discarded them. On our planet, the male of the species is nearly extinct, just as someday, it will be on Earth as well. You can fight this until that day comes but it won't change a thing. From this point on you can embrace your femininity and love what you are, or you can spend the rest of your years being miserable. The choice is yours," Jent said with finality.

Her last comment stung like a wake-up slap. Francisco realized the truth of that statement. He looked down and began to take it all in. With tears streaming down his cheeks, he looked into Jent's eyes and asked, "Will you help me? I don't know quite where to begin." Jent moved to Francesca and held her warmly, close to her.

"Of course I will, as will the entire crew. Just remember, you are now Francesca. Francisco is nothing more than a fading memory." Jent then separated from Francesca and said, "I brought a few things for you to wear, and I will gladly help you. We are going to become very good friends," Jent comforted.

Jent helped Francesca off the table, then began to explain each article of clothing, as she had her newest friend put them on. From panties to a bra that barely contained her new breasts, Francesca slipped the final piece, a Miroian dress, over her head, just as Jent took her over to a wardrobe length mirror. Even without any makeup on, or her hair fixed up, she looked at the most beautiful woman she had ever seen. From head to toe, she exuded a smoldering sexiness.

She turned side to side, and began to see just how much of a woman she had become on the outside. Jent then sat her down and tried to explain the workings of her insides as best she could. Francesca was a fully functional female. One mistake on her part would change that flat tummy of hers.

“Tonight after our evening meal, you and I will go to your new home. There we will explore as much as we can. You will love you, Frannie, I just know you will,” Jent said with a wide grin. Francesca just shook her head, feeling her long hair brush across her neck and shoulders; she realized she was completely overwhelmed.

As promised, after the evening meal was over, Jent escorted Frannie, as she now wanted to be called, on a short tour of the Kong. When they were done, Jent took her to her cabin and helped her settle in for the rest period. After Jent left, Frannie lay down. She was wide awake as she thought to herself that she had slept enough over the past week. She realized she was still a bit weak and on the tired side. But every time she closed her eyes, the memories of her former life came into clear view. It didn't take much effort before she just gave up trying to sleep. Instead, she decided to explore herself in private.

Everything Jent had told her gave her cause to wonder just how things now worked. Off came the dress, then the bra and panties. Now completely naked, she looked at herself with a critical eye. She really liked what she saw, especially her new breasts and behind. These were the two areas that Francisco had been drawn to. She then returned to the bed, lay down, and began a Get To Know Herself Tour. No part of her body was left untouched; some she paid special attention to.

After the first few orgasms had subsided, Frannie began to understand just how different men and women were when it came to these areas. She now knew that women were much better suited for pleasure.

Frannie decided to hold herself in check, at least for the time being, and dressed just in time for Jent to come calling. As soon as Jent looked into Frannie's face, saw the rosiness of her cheeks and heard the raspy breaths, she knew exactly what Frannie had been up to and what Frannie was feeling. Jent showed her more of the ship and Frannie stayed very close during the extended tour.

They talked about many subjects as they walked, mostly mundane things like weather and diet. As Francisco, Frannie would never had chosen a vegetarian diet. It was always steak, the best money could buy. She guessed that was why he had so many medical problems.

When they reached the entertainment pod, Frannie saw Kar, the captain, Work, her first officer, and Jung, the chief engineer all sitting around a wide, squat table. After the pair had sat with the others, Frannie was very quiet, with bright red cheeks and a heart that seemed to be racing at all times, all due to her embarrassment at being a girl now, even though that everyone was very complimentary on her new looks. Things were much better now than the first time they all had met.

After having a snack with the crew, Jent continued with a more in-depth explanation of the ship. Frannie held Jent's hand as they traveled from one department to the next. Frannie showed a lot of interest and became very animated when they visited the ship's bridge. She could look down on her home planet and suddenly felt very homesick. Jent could fully understand what she was feeling as she often felt that way as well. She missed her home on Miro and her family and friends.

Over the next few months, Frannie learned much about the workings of her new body. But imagine her shock when she woke up one morning in a bloody mess in her bed, along with cramps and the discomfort that followed. Jent was very gentle with her during the explanation but snickered inside at how much a woman Frannie had become.

Because of the brain boost from the Miroian DNA, Frannie was able to pick up things much faster now and learning new tasks seemed much easier. She had very quickly learned how to do her own makeup and hair, dress in a modern, very feminine, way, as well as master all of the mannerisms of those like her.

More and more, Frannie was accepting her new role in life but memories of her old life continued to pop in, sometimes at the most inopportune times, when Frannie would feel depressed and withdrawn. It was at these times that Frannie realized just what a monster Francisco was, especially with regards to women. Jent and Frannie talked at length for several days before Jent was able to see what the problem was. She tried to help Frannie on the road to setting things right. Some would never be forgiven, but those that could be changed, would be changed.

The body that Frannie had acquired was that of a twenty something. Therefore, her interest in fashion was

increased. Everyone aboard the ship wore clothing they were comfortable in, usually from the home world. Frannie fell into that category. But as she began to learn about Earth fashion and the choices that Earth women made, Frannie wanted to try those on as well. Much like Tammy before her, Frannie nearly wore out the manufacturing equipment with all of her wants. Finally, at Jent's suggestion, Frannie returned to skirts and dresses of Miroian design. It really didn't matter what she wore, she was a total knockout.

But even that became a double-edged sword as many of the single crew members were constantly hitting on Frannie, wanting her to be theirs. But Frannie had her eye on someone else, Jent. It was only natural for that to happen, seeing as how they spent so much intimate time together as Frannie started to look more closely at herself. Just the thought of spending time with a man at this point was well outside of her comfort level but she was intrigued. But Frannie could much more appreciate the female form. With one as nice as Jent's in front of her constantly, who could fault her?

Jent began to notice Frannie in a similar manner. But Jent had to keep her professional face on. But with the many hours of togetherness, their mutual attraction was bound to catch up with them.

Then one day while Frannie was helping Jent with some data input, they accidentally turned into each other. Silently, without hesitation, they grabbed hold of each other and locked lips in a very passionate kiss. As each explored the other with their mouths, their bodies began to rub together, and their hands started to roam.

After several minutes of the initial embrace, they stepped apart, and both blushed brightly. "I am so sorry Frannie," Jent apologized. "I should not have done that."

Frannie looked up and into Jent's eyes, and said, "Why, did I do something wrong?"

Jent shook her head. "No, it's not you. I am your health provider, it was unprofessional of me to lower my guard. It has been very difficult over the last few weeks, as I am so attracted to you."

Frannie blushed even brighter. "I feel the same way about you, Jent. I never thought I could tell someone that I love them as the process has been so foreign to me. But I do love you with all of my heart," Frannie sobbed.

"And I love as well. I just need to explain my Miroian culture to you so you will understand," Jent replied. She then started to tell Frannie how things began on Miro, the way family dynamics worked in modern society, and just how different they were from those on Earth.

It took some time but Frannie began to understand Jent's dilemma. "I just need some time to work things out," Jent explained, as she left medical. Frannie said nothing as Jent shut the door behind her.

Jent went directly to Kar as she sat on the bridge, and asked to speak to her in private. As soon as the doors to the captain's ready room closed, Jent let loose with an avalanche of feelings and emotions. Kar listened carefully as Jent unburdened herself. Kar had sat down behind her desk as Jent spoke and when her Med Officer was done, Kar pondered all that Jent had shared.

"I was wondering if something like this was going to happen to a senior officer. I am sure we both remember that Vet fell in love with Tammy, but both were too young for it to last. Things between you and Frannie are a much different situation," Kar declared. Jent plopped down, dejected and depressed.

Kar continued, "I had hoped that more time would have gone by but I knew that the longer we were in such

close contact with the Earth women, the greater the chance that this would occur. Some time ago, I contacted the home world council, and asked for their advice. I finally received a reply to my inquiry."

Through reddened eyes and cheeks, Jent waited for the bad news. But it wouldn't come. "The council wanted a stable relationship between Miro and Earth, so it looks like you and Frannie have the council's blessing on this matter. They want to study the relationship to see if it would work out as well as it does on Miro. You are the perfect candidate for this project so you also have my blessing as well. I have seen you two interact and it is very clear to many that you are made for each other," Kar exclaimed.

"I would only ask that it not be made into some type of spectacle aboard the ship, as many hearts will be broken. Just tone it down. Please keep a journal of the relationship as it progresses." Jent agreed, then left the ready room and headed for her own. She needed to think this whole thing through before she would commit to take things further.

Once she was safely behind closed doors, Jent lay down on her bed and began to weigh all the pluses and minuses. It didn't take long for her to reach a decision. She washed her face, put on a little makeup and styled her hair before she slipped a very sexy dress over her head, then left her room in the direction of Frannie's.

Once she entered the room, Jent hushed Frannie, then grabbed her hand, and asked Frannie to trust her. Frannie offered no resistance. They arrived at the observation pod and sealed the door behind them. Jent then sat Frannie down in the perfect viewing spot to see Earth. She then pulled up a chair so she was facing Frannie. "After I left your room, I went to the captain for advice. She is a very wise woman and I trust her judgment. This isn't about

you or how I feel about you. I just don't want to make a mistake," Jent said.

"On our planet, the rules of society are very different from yours on Earth. I have a partner back on Miro that I have had children with. Her name is Voil; we have two girls, named Colandra and Saran," Jent began. She then showed Frannie a pictocube of her family back home.

"All three are very lovely, Jent. You must be very proud," Frannie replied.

"Oh, I am. They all are just wonderful beings. I wanted you to know everything about me so if our relationship blossoms, there will be no secrets. The main reason I am sharing this with you is that in our culture, having more than one partner is nothing unusual, especially for those of us in the space academy. I know Voil has another lover who is also a very nice person, and I like her a lot. Voil has often asked me if I have found another partner to share things with when we are apart. I never have, until now. I have sent a message to Voil explaining my feelings for you and my plan to bring you home to Miro and have you be a part of our family. Does that sound like something that you might be interested in?" Jent asked.

Frannie had a stunned look on her face. Jent quickly thought that she had made a terrible error in judgment in sharing her idea. "I never even considered leaving Earth, like most everyone else. I didn't know there were others like us on different worlds," Frannie stumbled. "But I have no real family here, and I have really fallen in love with you. So yes, I would love to go with you, wherever that may be."

Jent jumped up and began to hug Frannie close. "I was hoping you would agree. I just know that you'll fit into our family unit, and I know that they will love just as

much as I do," Jent sobbed. The two hugged and kissed on the observation pod for a very long time, each exploring the other's body with searching hands. By the time they made it back to Frannie's quarters, both were well beyond any hope of stopping what had been started.

After consummating their love, several times over, Jent was laying behind Frannie, both sans clothing, snuggled up together. "That was wonderful, Jent. I have never felt so fulfilled, ever. As a man, I slept with many women but there was no love involved, just the physical contact that I craved. It was never as good as this," Frannie whispered. Jent just smiled to herself, knowing exactly what Frannie was feeling. Jent was content to stroke Frannie from top to her sensitive and warm bottom.

"There is just one question in my mind, as there are really no men to speak of on Miro. I would like to experience being with a male, just once," Frannie mewed. The statement caught Jent off guard, as she had never thought about being with a male. The idea wasn't completely unappealing. "Maybe we can find a trustworthy male here on Earth," Frannie then added.

Jent considered Frannie's thought for a moment. About the only male that she had ever had any confidence in was Jay Stevens. But he really didn't look the part any longer. "I'll look into that," Jent stated, wanting to talk with Susan about the situation. Earth people had a problem with sharing lovers, Jent had found during her many years of research.

The very next day, Jent went down to the Comm node and asked Susan if there was someplace where they could talk privately. Susan nodded yes, and took Jent to the din-

ing area. She poured some drinks, then sat down across from her friend, Jent. Susan could see that Jent had something uncomfortable to say just by her body language.

After a brief spell of small talk, Jent took a deep breath and brought up the subject of Frannie's request. "I have observed your customs for a long time now, and I know how people of your race feel about sharing lovers. On Miro, that has never been a problem," Jent began. Susan just nodded her agreement.

"You know that Francisco is now Francesca. Well, we have become partners. She has agreed to join me when I return to Miro. But she still has many memories of her old self, and she wants to experience intimacies with a male of your race, just once. After a lot of thought, I think Jay is the only person I would trust. But before I said anything to anyone, I wanted to get your input."

Susan took a long sip of coffee before leaning back in her chair. She was thinking the whole time Jent was explaining the situation. She looked into Jent's deep blue and green eyes. "Well, I must say this sure did come out of nowhere," Susan said. "I think I can understand Francesca's desires as I know most earth women have the same curiosity. And I am flattered that you have enough trust in us to share this with me." Jent adjusted in her chair, as she was feeling a bit of anxiety.

"I don't see a problem, Jent," Susan continued. "You have done so much for me and my family, it wouldn't be right to deny you anything." Jent seemed to relax, but she wasn't quite done yet.

"I was also wondering if you and Jay would be willing to share with me as well. I have often considered it during my observations, but I never felt the time was right. Maybe if I could spend some time with Jay, I would get a deeper understanding of your culture," Jent then added.

Susan smiled and thought to herself, "Women are women, no matter where they are from, Earth or Miro, it's always the same."

Susan leaned forward and took Jent's smooth, soft hands into hers. "If anyone else would have asked for this time with Jay, I probably would have been very hurt and angry. But coming from you, I don't feel that way. Like I said before, I don't see any issues with the situation. I will speak to Jay tonight, then get back to you and Frannie tomorrow. Is that okay?"

Jent agreed and thanked Susan for her patience and help before returning to the Kong. After a long, warm hug between the two, Jent was off. A few hours later, Jay, dressed in a flowing, off-the-shoulder sundress and platform wedges, sat down for what seemed the first time today. He had had a series of lectures at the local college, then stayed late to answer a myriad of questions. Susan poured him a glass of wine, and sat down next to him on the couch. Jay kicked off his shoes and tried to rub the soreness away.

Once the couple had time to catch up on the day's activities, Susan told Jay that she had something very important to discuss with him. Jay saw that she had a serious look on her face. He turned to meet her gaze and give her all of his attention, but not before fluffing out his skirt so it wouldn't wrinkle.

"I had a visitor today, Jent. She had a request of us and I said that I would talk to you about it," Susan shared. She took a deep breath, then plunged right in and told Jay about Frannie and Jent's requests to experience certain intimacies with him.

Jay was speechless as he listened to his wife of many years explaining the idea of him sleeping with two different women and being quite happy to share him with

them. "I don't quite know what to say," Jay stuttered. "I have always been faithful to you. Isn't this like cheating?" he asked.

"If it was behind my back, done for selfish reasons, then yes, it would be. But this is a very unique situation. Before you answer, remember it was Jent and her knowledge that saved all of us, especially Tammy. I think we owe it to her," Susan advocated.

"Can I think about it overnight and let you know in the morning?" Jay inquired.

"Of course," Susan smoothly answered. "I hope you will give this all the attention that it deserves, and not just accept it," Susan said. Jay agreed. The rest of the evening anticlimactic, as Susan and Jay had a lot to think about.

At bedtime, Jay slipped into his favorite nightie and snuggled up with Susan, who was also in her favorite. They hugged and kissed before turning over to sleep, as was their usual routine. Soon Jay could hear that Susan was breathing slowly and deeply, and knew she was quite asleep. Unfortunately, it would be some time before Jay could join her in slumber.

The next morning, Jay was up first. After a quick shower, he slipped on a robe, then headed for the kitchen. He started a pot of coffee and once it was brewed, he sat down at the kitchen table to finish his thoughts from the night before. About thirty minutes later, a sleepy-eyed Susan joined Jay. She needed a whole cup of coffee before she was awake enough to chat.

Jay cleared his throat, which got Susan's attention. "You were quite right in saying we owe Jent a great deal, mostly the lives of our children. So if you are still alright with this whole thing, I would be honored to fulfill their requests," Jay said, still not one hundred percent convinced but willing to go along.

"I wouldn't have said anything to you if I felt it would have a negative effect on our relationship. I am very sure Jent and Frannie will be grateful for your decision," Susan smiled at her very feminine husband. Susan, knowing that neither of them had anything scheduled, suggested they invite Jent and Frannie down for dinner, so they and Jay could meet Frannie and get to know her better.

Susan hung around the house, straightening up, while Jay dressed in a figure-hugging maxi-dress to go to the market. Jent was a vegetarian; a fine fruit and veggie salad would do quite well, along with something sweet for dessert. The only thing Jay hated about doing the grocery shopping was all the men who made passes at him and asked for dates. Jay thought he had heard every possible line but was occasionally surprised when a new one would pop out.

It didn't seem to matter that Jay would proudly show off his wedding ring; in fact, some guys took it as a challenge. Inside, Jay was happy to look like a very lovely woman. He loved every minute of it, even with men following him around like shadows. After he got home, Jay and Susan both pitched in and began to make their dinner choices.

While Jay was gone, Susan had called Jent and invited the pair for an afternoon meal that very day. When Jent tried to get Susan to tell her what Jay's response was to the inquiry, Susan became cryptic, telling Jent she would have to wait until they all got together to get her answer. Jent could tell the news would be positive by the inflections in Susan's voice. Jent didn't share her discovery with Frannie, as she worried it might make for a tense evening.

Jent and Frannie arrived right on time and accepted kisses and hugs as Jent introduced her new love to Susan and Jay. After a short drink on the patio and a bit of mindless chit chat, both the Stevens served the meal.

Frannie and Jent went wild over the choices their hosts had made. They both enjoyed every bite. The conversation was light and animated. Jay and Susan both thought that the former male pig was now a simply delightful companion. Being beautiful and curvaceous didn't seem to dampen those feelings either. With the meal over and everything put away, the four women sat around a small fire pit Jay had just had installed, with each couple sitting together, holding hands.

Susan began the all-important conversation. After explaining the request, Susan looked to Jay to add his okay. He agreed in principle but wanted more conversation between him and his wife before committing without guilt. Jent and Frannie liked the idea that Jay wanted more time with Susan, as it showed how much he respected her, and them for that matter. Any other man would have jumped in with both feet, not caring about the consequences.

By the end of the evening, all agreed they had a wonderful time and that they should do it again. Then Jent and Frannie hugged and kissed their hosts before returning to the ship. Once they left, the Stevens finished cleaning up before heading to bed. After they both changed into night wear, they crawled into bed together.

"How do you really feel about this?" Jay asked quietly. "I know we are both indebted to Jent for all that she has done, but this is something really quite different."

Susan smiled as she stroked Jay over his hardening nipples. "You know how I feel, darling. I don't look at this in a negative light in the least." Jay was having a difficult time thinking about the request before them with Susan playing with his breasts, then letting her hand wander south.

"You know you are not helping," Jay said playfully, responding to Susan's ministrations.

"I know. The thought of you being with Jent or Frannie is kind of a turn on," Susan purred back.

"Well if you feel so strongly about it, who am I to reject it?" Jay replied as he began to caress Susan back, in just the way she liked.

"I will call them tomorrow but right now, I want you for myself," Susan whispered as she helped Jay remove his nightgown, before getting into more intimate areas.

In the morning, after Jay had left for his weekly salon appointment, Susan went to the Comm node and shared the decision with Jent and Frannie. All three women were quite giddy with excitement as they made plans for the following weekend to put things into motion. Jent would stay with Jay, starting Saturday afternoon until Sunday morning. Frannie would then spend the rest of the day, into the evening on Sunday.

Susan knew she would not have to prompt Jent, as she had been female her entire life. But Frannie was in need of some coaching. Like what to wear and how to approach the day. Frannie liked the ideas that Susan had suggested and felt less anxiety. Frannie left the conversation and headed for the manufacturing area, spending hours there, putting together perfect outfits for her night with Jay. Between the two, Susan and Jent had all of the plans finalized. The weekend was not too quick in coming for anyone, except for Jay, who still had some reservations.

On Saturday afternoon, Jent would leave the ship and Susan would return to the Kong so she could spend some time with Frannie. On Sunday, Jent would return and Frannie would spend her time with Jay. When Jay heard what had been planned, he hoped he would be up to the challenge. Jay did still have some anxiety, but Susan was able to help her husband relax just a bit.

The next morning, after a great breakfast, Jay started to get himself ready for his night with Jent. He took a long, hot, scented bath. Making sure that his legs were hair-free, he lotioned and powdered his body, keeping his skin soft and smooth. He had chosen to wear one of his nearly transparent lingerie sets, in a pastel pale peach with a matching bikini panty. He had been working hard to keep his svelte figure and it was obvious that he was very successful, as the outline of his body could be seen through the thin material. Before dressing, he had slipped on a fluffy robe and sat at his vanity to do his hair and makeup. After this was completed, Susan made a quick once-over, knowing full well that Jay was completely capable. She kissed him, squeezed his rounded bottom, and told him just how much she loved him, to relax and have a good time. It is not every day that one gets to make love to an alien. Jay was still somewhat apprehensive, but told Susan not to worry.

Not long after Susan left, Jent was at the front door, knocking, wearing only a trench coat as far as Jay could see. Jay invited her in and asked if he could take her coat. When she removed it, Jay could see that she was wearing a figure-hugging outfit, just opaque enough to hide the most personal parts. It was shaped like a short dress, and Jay saw that she was wearing a pair of skimpy Miroian panties.

“Thank you, Jay, for your help. I have studied nearly every aspect of your culture but a human’s intimate life has been a dark mystery. One can be told all about it, but nothing compares to really experiencing it,” Jent said with a slight blush to her cheeks. Even wearing heels, Jay was much smaller than Jent. Jay moved towards her, embraced her, and began to passionately kiss her. As he did that, he began to explore Jent’s lovely body and she was returning the favor.



Jay took Jent's hand and led her into the spare room. It had been decorated very smartly for company and would be just fine with the king-size bed in the middle of the

room. Jent's more primal nature took over, being an alpha female, she began to take control of the situation. Jay had never been in this position before so he let himself go and allowed Jent to do as she wanted.

After some brief foreplay, Jent was on top of Jay as she eased Jay into her waiting love nest. Jay was not small by any means so the fit was very comfortable for both partners. Jent dictated the speed and depth of Jay and soon both were nearing the point of no return. Jay's eyes rolled back as his seed began to fill Jent. The warmth and pulsation triggered Jent to her own orgasm.

Afterwards, Jay lay in Jent's arms until they were ready to part. "Oh Jay, that was wonderful," Jent purred. "It was such a different feeling than intimacies on Miro. Thank you for sharing." Jay smiled, as he was completed exhausted by his time with Jent. He only wondered if Frannie would be the same and he hoped, if she was, he could keep up.

On Sunday morning, as planned, Jent left Earth and headed back to the Kong. At the same time, Frannie was on her way to see Jay. He would soon find out that Frannie had very little experience in the ways of lovemaking. Sure, Jent and she had been together many times since Frannie was awakened but she was always in the submissive role with Jent. She had the anxiety of remembering her time as Francisco and how he treated women.

Jay had showered and gotten a bite to eat when Frannie came calling. He had changed into something more modest for his time with Frannie. She too had worn something less revealing than Jent. As soon as Jay answered the door, Frannie began to blush fiercely, knowing what was ahead of her.

Jay invited her in and brought her something cool to drink, hoping she would be able to flush the blush from

her face. Frannie sat at one end of the couch, Jay at the other. They talked for some time, with Frannie becoming more comfortable being alone with Jay. That is until Jay rose, grabbed her hand, and led her into the bedroom. He talked softly to her, in reassuring tones, that everything would be fine. He slowly undressed Frannie down to her bra and panties, before undressing himself.

He then crawled onto the bed and invited her to join him. Tentatively, Frannie followed Jay and was soon lying beside him. Jay took things very slowly, touching and kissing her very gently until Frannie began to respond in kind. Soon the two were locked in some very deep kissing and both began to explore the others more sensitive areas. The blush never left Frannie's cheeks.

Soon enough Jay was on top of Frannie, easing himself into her. He could see that she was very turned-on and that her head was back, her eyes closed. Her breathing was crisp and raspy and he could feel her heart beat racing. He began to move in and out of Frannie, who soon matched his rhythm.

Frannie could feel herself losing control, as she neared that wonderful point where nothing else seemed to matter. She wrapped her legs around Jay's hips and pulled him close to herself as tears began to stream down her face. Her reaction was not only from the passion she was sharing, but from remembering all the women she had had during her time as a male. She felt shame for the way they were treated, and started to pray that they would all forgive his rank behavior.

Now both were well past the point of stopping. Jay could feel Frannie tighten down on him and Frannie could feel Jay growing larger by the second. At the same time they both tumbled down the trail with their entire bodies tingling.

When things began to wind down, Frannie curled up in Jay's arms and promptly fell into a deep sleep. Jay accepted that as a sign that Frannie was satisfied and gently stroked her hair. She slept but for a few minutes; when she awoke, Jay was there with a reassuring smile. The lovers then kissed, not with passion but with love and respect. Jay invited Frannie to join him in the shower where they cleaned and played with each other. Frannie loved the way she felt and knew that being with Jent for the future was the right choice to make.

By the evening Susan had returned to her home and Frannie to the Kong, both to the waiting arms of their respective spouses. Both were curious as to what had gone on but both would have to wait to hear, as Jay and Frannie had promised not to kiss and tell. What they had shared was a one-time thing but neither would forget the experience.

That night when Jent and Frannie went to bed, it was very different from before when she had spent time with Jay. She had a sense of confidence that was quite new and a newly-found sense of accomplishment. As for the Stevens couple, Susan was all over Jay. He guessed that she just wanted her husband to know who wore the pants in the family and that the grass isn't always greener on the other side. Jay had a difficult time trying to keep up with Susan. Soon enough both were exhausted, sleeping in each other's arms. The two couples both agreed that it was a memorable weekend, and that they were better for all that was shared.

News of the weekend was quickly reported to the leadership of the D.A.S. This was the strongest evidence to date that the Earth was indeed, being visited by those not of this world. Pictures and videos followed the initial report, all landing on the director's desk within minutes. In private, she watched every frame and viewed each

photo with a critical eye. She knew the truth but still didn't have enough information to move to the next stage, contacting the aliens herself.

The Kong and her crew were to be replaced by another ship in less than a week. As the time grew near, Kar, Jent, Jung and Work spent as much time with the Stevens family as they could. The time they had spent together, from the accident to now, had brought them all very close. The separation would be like sending a family member off to an unknown future, and would be hard to deal with for some time.

Unbeknownst to the crew of the Kong and those aliens who resided here on Earth, there was another humanoid race on the far side of the galaxy. It too was similar to earth in that it was covered with water and had air-breathing dwellers. The planet was called Mallin; much like our own planet, it was a male-dominated society.

They had discovered space travel and had spread their influence to several neighboring systems. It was only recently that the Mallinites had accidentally stumbled upon interstellar propulsion and were in the process of building a fleet to explore other areas, looking to solidify their dominance over other races. It was a very aggressive male culture, which had little to no care or compassion for lesser creatures. To the Mallinites the females of any race, especially those on the home world, were nothing more than chattel to the males, who used them like money to trade and bargain for goods and services. There were a few females that tried to rebel against the system, but they were quickly, publicly, eliminated, at their owners' expense. After the rebellion, there were heavy fines levied for owning out-of-control or resistant females.

Now with the fleet nearly ready and all of the equipment and supplies placed on board, teams of males began

to search for other humanoid races among the stars. They had very sensitive listening devices that were in a continuous scan mode. It didn't take long to pick up a faint signal from the other side of their galaxy. The command ship, under the watchful eye of its captain, Goff, along with a squadron of much smaller attack crafts, were dispatched from Mallin, on orders from Noon, the leader of the war council. After conferring with Brog The Great, the high chairman of the entire planet, Noon issued the go-ahead to seek out the source of the signal, to see if it was worth the effort to obtain.

Just a little background on the males of Mallin: In the beginning, there were many tribes on Mallin, some were from the mountain region, some from the wetter areas, but most came from the lush flatlands near the equator of the planet, where the climate was quite temperate. A stronger tribe would attack and swallow up a smaller, weaker one, and incorporate the stronger of the males into the main tribe, using the weaker members as slaves. Soon there were just a few tribes remaining, with a great deal of bad blood built up among them.

In the following years, great battles would take place between the leaders of competing tribes, with the winner gaining the ability to garner more forces, land, and wealth. It became the tradition that when the leader of the winning tribe slew the other leader, the war would be over; the two armies would merge into a greater one. Finally, after many years, only two great tribes remained; the flat landers and the mountain dwellers. A great battle raged for more than an entire year cycle. (Being a much larger planet, a Mallin day would equal two earth days.)

It was decided that a one-on-one battle would be fought, and it carried on for hours. Brog's grandfather, Calt, decidedly destroyed the leader of the mountain dwellers, thereby becoming the first grand chairman of

the Mallin home world. Calt's reign lasted for more than ten years, until Brog became of age and killed his own father, to become the new chairman in his father's place. Brog ruled with an iron fist. You either agreed with him or you died. It was that simple. Most of the laws that governed the planet were issued by Brog himself, keeping a tight rein on the ever-growing population.

In relationship to an Earth male, Mallinites were nearly a foot shorter, covered in thick facial and body hair. What they lacked in size was well made up in ferocity. Nothing was more satisfying to a Mallin male than to draw and quarter an opponent, especially if he was still alive.

As the civilization progressed, they began to feel cooped-up on their own planet and searched for ways to explore the stars. Scientists made many developments including space travel. The clothing they designed was very light but strong, almost to the point of being impenetrable by blade. Not too colorful, but highly serviceable.

Their weaponry also continued to be refined, but even their most advanced weapons looked like those from our Middle Age. Axes, spears, and crossbows were used for the close work, but powerful sun ray devices were created to do battle from a distance. But most Mallinites warriors did not want to use them, as they felt it lowered their viciousness. But as they began to visit other worlds, the use of sun rays was required to make any kind of foothold as some of these other planets had more spectacular devices. Only the Mallin proclivity for rage and violence made them nearly invincible.

The fleet now left their own solar system, led by the flag ship, the Hostiss, and headed in the general direction of the intercepted signal. A positive and strong signal was detected. With the use of the translation monitor the scientists had made, they were now close enough to decode

the transmission. It was from a survey ship to their home planet that had been sending a steady stream of data from a much younger, probably smaller, world than their own. What was really exciting to the Mallinites was that the voices they heard were definitely female, which meant that any conflict that might arise between the cultures would naturally conclude with a victory for them.

More and more of the data decoded; the world the females were in orbit around was also dominated by males. But those males by all accounts didn't want to make war with anyone outside of their own little corner of their planet.

"All the better," Goff, the captain of the flag ship, thought to himself. "It is so much more fun to surprise the prey," he chuckled. It seemed to him that the three cultures were on a collision course; he was quite sure who would eventually come out on top. This was the first time anyone of his race had gone outside of their own area, and Goff wanted to be the first to capture another world in another galaxy. His place in Mallin history would be set in stone.

As was tradition, the Kong crew and the Stevens family shared meals on the day of departure. Jay and Susan hosted the party at the new Comm node. Tammy and Daniel, along with their daughter Bree, as well as Beth and Frank with their son, Charlie were in attendance. All had been to the Kong on numerous times, so there were few surprises. Beth and Frank had even been allowed to ride a supply ship back to Miro for a several-week stay, exploring a new world for the very first time. Frannie stayed close to Jent the entire time. Even though it had been several months since Frannie was changed, she was still somewhat shy around new people, especially those that knew her past.

With the final hugs and kisses shared, the crew made their way back to the Kong. The replacement ship had just arrived and the Kong was now ready for the trip back home. The feeling of excitement spread quickly among the crew members as the engines were started and were in their warm-up phase.

Even with the recent discovery of Galaxy Drive, the trip would take more than seven Miroian days to reach home. Frannie sat in the Ob's node and watched as the Earth became smaller and smaller. Her heart started to race as the Galaxy Drive kicked in. Sadness set in as she realized she was leaving her home planet and starting a new life on an unfamiliar world.

As part of her routine checklist, Jung was monitoring the data stream from the ship back to Miro, when she noticed an unfamiliar anomaly. A weak signature had attached itself to the data stream, giving the anomaly the position of the ship, and of Miro. Jung had never seen or even heard of anything like this which worried her to the point of calling Captain Kar to share her discovery. After Kar examined Jung's discovery, she began to share Jung's concerns. She called a meeting of all the senior staff officers to discuss the options available to her.

The Kong's every move was being tracked by the Hostiss. The closer the two ships became, the stronger the signal. Goff ordered the battle stations to be manned around the clock as he was very sure time would be short before the broadcasting ship would come into visual range. He wanted no surprises. He hoped it wouldn't be a protracted battle. He would soon have his first prisoners from this foreign vessel.

The Kong was about halfway home when alarms began to sound, alerting the crew that another object was closing in on them. The Kong was a survey ship, and had but a few defensive weapons. If this was a war ship, the

Kong and her crew had but a few choices. Surrender or self-destruct. Neither option was very palatable. Suddenly, a heavily armed ship began to materialize next to the Kong. A warning shot fired by the vessel had come dangerously close and exploded not far away. A male voice echoed through the bridge, demanding an immediate stop.

Kar ordered that the Kong be brought to a halt. The warship now moved in front of the Kong and displayed a vast array of weapons, all trained on the Kong's position. Kar realized that this was more than just a statement. A face began to come into focus on the vid screen. Once it cleared up, the scowling face of a male, with a scruffy beard, looked directly at Kar.

"I am Goff, fleet commander for this armada. We are from the planet Mallin. I suggest in the strongest terms that you shut your engines off and prepare to be boarded. You and your crew are now my property. If there is any resistance, I promise you only dust will remain where you currently are." Kar told Zint, the navigator, to disengage the engines, loud enough for Goff and the crew, to hear. "Very wise decision of your part. I am guessing by your position on the bridge that you are the captain. Your name?" Goff demanded.

"My name is Kar and, yes, I am in command of this ship. Why did you fire on us? We are only a survey vessel," she asked.

"I wanted you to know that I was serious, and that it was not some idle threat. If you behave, your crew will be treated fairly but you must know that you are under our control," Goff replied forcefully.

As Goff finished his tirade, his troops began to take control of the ship, deck by deck. The entire crew was rounded up and put under guard in the dining area. Ev-

everyone that is, except for Work. As soon as it was clear that there would be trouble, she hid herself away in the engineering section of the ship, hoping to contact Miro with a call for help. She watched the soldiers search the section, then leave, locking the door behind them.

Work waited nearly thirty minutes before exiting her hiding spot. Slowly, she made her way to the alternate Comm panel, switched it on, and began to transmit for assistance. What Work didn't see was the hidden recording device that had been left by the troops. As soon as the first words were transmitted, searchers were sent to retrieve her.

Suddenly, the door slid open with Work still at the Comm panel in plain sight. As she turned towards the door, a bright light flashed across the room, hitting Work in the middle of her chest. Work was gone before her lifeless body hit the floor. She was picked up and brought to the dining area for the rest of the crew to see. No one heard the door close as they were all in a state of shock, looking down on the still smoldering body. No one saw that Goff had remained in the dining area with his side-arm drawn, ready to defend himself, should it become necessary.

Kar said, "This wasn't at all necessary," with tears streaming down her face. "She would have given up if given the chance. It is in our training."

Goff just smirked and said, "This was just a statement. Do as you are told, and this will not be repeated. If you resist, you may join your crew mate in the hereafter. I have given orders to my troops to shoot anyone that is not a Mallinite, no questions asked. Now do you better understand your position?" Silently, the captives all nodded their heads in the affirmative. "Very good. I hope there will be no further need for the use of force," Goff said as

he stepped through the door which was closed quickly and locked from the outside.

Everyone was able to maintain their composure, except for Frannie. She was shaking and sobbing. At that point she now knew exactly how some of Francisco's victims had felt, and she didn't like it at all.

"We all have to stay calm in these dark hours," Kar said to the group. "Somehow we will find a way out of this mess, or we will be dead trying. I for one will not spend the rest of my life as a slave or worse to a bunch of violent men. I would rather join Work on her journey."

The crew all agreed with Kar. Whispers began, as they tried to come up with a plan to retake the Kong. Frannie had not let go of Jent's hand since they had been rounded up. Jent felt like Frannie was trying to squeeze the life right out of it. But she resisted the urge to remove her hand, knowing Frannie needed the support.

A short time later, the door to the dining area burst open and one of the invaders stepped in. He asked for Kar, telling her that Commander Goff wanted to see her about the future of everyone's life. Kar stood and walked proudly out the door, followed closely by the invader, at which time the door was slammed shut and locked. She was escorted to her own quarters where she found that Goff had made himself quite at home. An empty chair had been placed in the middle of the room; without prompting she sat down and glared at her captor.

Kar saw that the man in front of her was no more than five and a half feet tall, and kind of fat and squat. His skin was dark and leathery, and had many scars from a very violent life. At that point, Kar knew it would take an equal amount of aggression to win back her ship. At the same time, Goff was checking Kar out, sizing up his newest captive. Kar thought that he would be in for a big sur-

prise if he thought that the Miroians would just roll over for them.

“So, Captain Kar, here is your dilemma. I own you, your crew, and your ship. But I still need someone who can run this ship so the armada can be taken to your home world. I am quite sure that you will resist giving me that help. So here is my proposal. You and your pilot will cooperate and I won’t have to eliminate your crew one at a time in full view of the rest. Do we have a deal?” he gruffly asked.

Kar realized that she had been backed into an uncomfortable corner. “As long as I have your word that none of my crew will be harmed, I will do as you asked,” she replied, sarcastically. She was already making plans to spoil his trip to Miro.

“I see that you’re an intelligent woman. If you were on my world, I would make you the head of my house. But we are not there, not just yet anyway. Those ideas will have to wait,” he grinned. Kar could only set her jaw in the face of such an insult. She would never allow herself to be put into such a position.

“Before you leave though, I need at least two of your crew to be put aboard my ship, just in case you are thinking of trying anything,” Goff said. “We both will return to the dining area and I will select who I want to be sent. Do you have a problem with that?”

What could Kar say? She could only hope that whoever was chosen would be wise enough to do as they were told.

Goff and Kar returned to the holding area where Goff checked out every crew member individually. His first choice was Frannie, who he was especially attracted to. As soon as he pointed at her, she began to sob as she gripped Jent’s hand even tighter. Jent thought that Frannie may

not survive alone, so she volunteered to go with Frannie. Goff was fine with that as Jent was also a fine specimen of a woman, very well built.

Goff smiled wickedly as the two women were taken from the dining area, under heavy guard, to be sent over to the Hostiss. Kar knew that if the opportunity presented itself, Jent would be able to handle herself just fine. While Goff was barking orders to his men, Kar and the rest of the crew had time to evaluate their enemy. All were much smaller than the Miroians but had a slight advantage in muscle mass. That, along with their aggressiveness, would make them a formidable opponent, difficult to overcome. Kar was nearing the final stages of her plan to retake the Kong, and send a warning to Miro about the new threat.

It had been a little more than a day since the attack; Goff was trying to get the armada ready for the invasion of Miro. He and his men were confident; maybe even overconfident that any action that would take place would go their way. After all, it was a female-led planet; females made piss poor fighters in their opinion.

Meanwhile on Miro, those in the space authority were beginning to worry. The Kong was now days late in arriving and wasn't responding to communications. Word was sent to the replacement ship asking if the Kong had left on time. When they received word that the Kong did leave on time, gears began to whirl on Miro as a search was initiated. Back on Earth, when it was discovered that there was a problem with the Kong and her crew, the Stevens family joined Miroians in their concern. But even that took a back seat to what was happening on their own world.

There was a noticeable spike in the crime rate and Tammy was having difficulty keeping up. There was unrest in many corners of the world and democracies were

falling like dominoes to ruthless and powerful warlords. The streets of her own country were getting out of hand, as the fear of "Miss T" was waning. The family did all they could to help Tammy, but there was only so much they could do. But help would come soon, and from a very unlikely source.

Bree, Tammy and Daniel's daughter, was growing like a weed in summer. She was off every chart that doctors had. At five years old, she was more than five feet tall and her agility could not be measured. Many specialists couldn't believe how intelligent she was. Unknown to her parents, Bree began to practice her own special abilities. Her speed, strength, and ability to jump great distances were things she was working on in secret. After just a few weeks, her talents were on a par with her mother, including her initial attempt at flying.

Bree was in the Comm node with her grandparents. Tammy was on the East Coast, battling gangs trying to get a foothold in several large urban areas. Bree heard a distress call come from a stranded boat several miles off the California coast. When Jay and Susan weren't looking, Bree raced to the roof of the node and took off to rescue the stranded crew. Within minutes, Bree was at the site of the distress call, but didn't see anyone or anything in danger. There wasn't any debris in the water either, so the boat had not sunk. Her sixth sense told her this was a trap, and to be very careful.

Then, about a mile away, Bree saw a boat speeding towards her. Within seconds, the air was full of rockets and a hail of bullets, most just missing their target. Bree made a quick dive and splashed below the surface of the frigid waters, where she waited for the attacking craft to pass. Once it was clear that it was gone, Bree made a mad dash for the coast, flying low, just above the small waves. When she landed back at the node, both grandparents

were waiting for her. They both rushed to her and hugged her warmly.

“What were you thinking, young lady?” Susan asked, feigning anger. “We intercepted a transmission from a West Coast gang saying they had ‘Miss T’ in their sights. With your mother on the other side of the country, we knew it could only be you out there.”

Bree stared down at the tops of her shoes and said, “I just wanted to help. Mommy has been so busy. I thought it would be something simple. But, boy, was I wrong. I’m sorry, it won’t happen again.”

Jay then piped in. “We all know you have special gifts from your mom, but there’s still a lot for you to learn before you try something like that alone. Okay?” Bree was blushing, as she nodded her head in agreement.

Both Susan and Jay looked Bree over carefully, hoping she wasn’t injured in any way. “Okay, let’s get you inside and warmed up,” Susan said.

While Susan was with Bree, Jay was making contact with the Miroian ship, hoping to get Bree an outfit similar to Tammy’s so future outings would be less dangerous. It was then that Jay learned the Kong and her crew were now listed as missing. When Susan returned, Jay shared the news about the Kong with her, then called Tammy to let her know as well. She was done, at least for now, with the East Coast, and was heading back to the Comm center. Tammy’s senses were more acute than Bree’s and they began to warn her that something was very wrong. She couldn’t put a finger on what, but the feeling was there. As soon as Tammy landed on the roof, the defense shield was activated. Good thing too, as a series of disrupter beams hit the shield, rocking the node, but not making it to the structure itself.

Aboard a Mallin scout ship, Tammy and Bree's DNA signatures, similar to the captives aboard the Hostiss, were now in the same place. The order to fire on the building was given, hoping to destroy both individuals at one time. But the defense shield had not been detected and the beams just bounced off harmlessly. After seeing that their attempts were less than useless, the crew of the scout ship decided to land on the surface and deal with the situation in a more personal way. The Miroian survey ship saw the scout craft enter the atmosphere and calculated that it was heading for the Comm node. They could only watch now, as the attack was coming from the ground.

Tammy was now ready for anything that might come her way. Jay and Susan had taken Bree and Charlie into a safe room before returning to help Tammy in whatever capacity they could offer. As soon as the scout ship touched down four Mallinites rushed out the hatch, towards the Comm node. Along with disruptor guns, they had swords and knives of various lengths and sizes; basically they were armed to the teeth. Tammy was now the only thing standing in their way.

The lead attacker fired his disruptor gun and Tammy was easily able to step out of the way without any effort. The others began to lace the air with fire, giving Tammy no place to go. One beam hit her in the mid-section, knocking her off of her feet, but did no damage. By the time she had regained her feet, the first attacker was right on top of her. He then swung a large blade, striking Tammy in the upper arm. The blade just glanced off, temporarily stunning the Mallinites into inaction. One swift blow from a right hand to his jaw sent him flying, landing

in a heap, quite dead. This stopped the onslaught, but for just a moment.

Next to Tammy, two Miroian crew members materialized to join the fray. In just moments, two of the remaining males were eliminated and the third was lying unconscious. Tammy and her friends brought the final male into the node and restrained him. The scout ship was then brought on board the Miroian vessel for further inspection.

After the Miroian crew members had returned to their ship, Tammy turned her attention to the remaining male captive, who was now quite awake, screaming, and trying in vain to escape his bonds. "Who are you and why did you attack us?" she asked.

"I will only speak to a male. Females do not have the intelligence to understand," he responded angrily.

This statement had a deep effect on Tammy; she grabbed one of the attacker's thumbs and began to pull it back, causing her captive great pain. "You will speak to me or lose all of your fingers, one by one," Tammy then threatened. "You can start by telling me your name." Tammy released some of the pressure, but not the digit.

"I am Tunk from the planet Mallin. I am part of a battle group sent this way to expand our empire. My commander followed a transmission and found a ship filled with females. Not one male on board. We were able to match a DNA sample from them, that is how we found you," he spat.

"Now I have a question. Why didn't our weapons destroy you or your structure? Our disruptors are the strongest ever made." Tammy set an evil smile, as she released some of the pressure. "Because we are a race of superior females that are smarter and more powerful than a bunch

of damaged males. What was the name of the ship that was captured?" she then asked.

"I think he said he thought it was something like the Kong," he reluctantly answered.

Jay and Susan were standing next to the two. Once they heard the name of the ship, Susan ran to the Comm to relay a message to the replacement ship, then onto Miro itself. Tammy released Tunk's thumb, then headed to see if the children were okay. Everyone was very glad to see the others were safe and unhurt.

On Miro, the home guard was put on alert. Shielded ships were deployed to every sector that surrounded the planet. All eyes and ears were watching and waiting for anything out of the ordinary as soon as word got out about the Mallinites and their plans to invade and enslave. Several of the newest ships with the latest equipment were dispatched to search for the Kong and the missing crew. Just as the last ship left orbit, the Mallinite flagship was spotted, heading for Miro. Plans were now put into action to repel the invasion.

Back on the Hostiss, Goff was sitting in his stateroom watching a closed circuit feed of Jent and Frannie, as they sat in a locked cabin. Goff smiled; he felt himself growing harder as he imagined being with either of these exotic beauties, especially Frannie, as he wanted to bed her without delay. She seemed so much more inexperienced than the others aboard their ship. Finally, when he could no longer hold himself in check, he pushed the intercom and gave the order to bring Frannie to his room. He also said if the other tried to intervene, she would be killed on the spot, no questions asked.

He continued to watch the two women as his men entered the holding cabin and took Frannie, obviously against her will. With a disruptor gun pointed at her

chest, Jent could only offer support to her friend. Goff switched off the monitor and waited for his prey to be delivered.



Frannie was shaking right down to her bones. She had never felt this scared before, even in her male past. Her escorts continued to push her on by hitting her in the back with their weapons. Once they had arrived at the commander's door, the hatch opened slowly and deliberately. Frannie was pushed into the room and the door shut with a hiss and a loud clank.

Goff pointed with a blunted finger where Frannie was to sit, and Frannie complied. Speaking through his interpreter device, Goff said, "You are a very beautiful female. I have wanted you since I first saw you. I can tell by your demeanor that you have never been with a man before. Am I correct?"

Frannie could only shake her head no; she was so afraid of Goff, she had a difficult time talking. "Very good. I love being the first. I know you will enjoy me," he said, grinning widely. "Now, remove your clothes so I can see what you look like," he ordered.

Frannie stood and began to disrobe. First her top was off, followed by her pants. She then stood before Goff in only her bra and panties. "Very nice. You are even better looking than I had imagined," Goff cracked. He then stood and let his own pants fall to the floor, as he slowly moved in her direction. She could see that he was stoking his maleness, just as Francisco had done so many times. He now sported a large reddening rod, much larger than Jay's was. When she looked up, he had an evil smile plastered across his face as he began to reach for her. Before Frannie could react, Goff was on top of her, trying to slide his enlarged member into Frannie.

Frannie tried to scream but Goff placed a fat hand over her mouth, blunting any sounds. "I like a woman with spark. Very good, the more you fight, the better I prefer it," he said.

Frannie continued to try and wiggle her way out from under her attacker, but he was just too strong. Before long, Frannie felt the hot wetness of Goff's seed as it pooled under her bottom. He relaxed as he was now spent. With a final shove, Goff rolled off, freeing Frannie, at least for now. He had a wide grin as Frannie stood and tried to get dressed. "That won't be necessary. As soon as I recover, I'll have your little protector in here and we can do this all over again," Goff stated breathlessly.

But before he could go any further, the ship turned wildly, sending all of its occupants to the floor, then the walls. Goff was knocked unconscious and Frannie had many cuts and bruises. When the ship was finally able to right itself, Goff's intercom began screaming that they were now under attack from some unseen force.

Frannie was able to pick herself up and, completely forgetting her clothes, she grabbed Goff's sidearm. She headed for the hatch, in the direction from which she was taken, hoping that Jent was all right. One of the escorts came around a corner and saw a half-naked female in the hallway. Before he could react, Frannie had burned a hole right through his abdomen. His weapon fell to the floor, unfired. Frannie could smell the ozone and burnt flesh as she sped past her victim. When she arrived at the cabin, she opened the door, stepped in, then shut the door behind her.

When Frannie turned, she saw Jent's naked body and that of a male, lying in a heap on the floor. Frannie ran to Jent's body, hoping she was still alive. She checked pulses, then saw that Jent was breathing slowly, but regularly. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw the crew member begin to move.

Frannie pointed the weapon and pulled the trigger, more out of anger than out of fear. The headless body was now quite still on the floor. Jent was starting to come

around and saw Frannie's smiling face close to hers. Her senses were assaulted by the smells in the cabin, then she saw the body not far away. Jent grabbed Frannie, pulled her close, and kissed her hard on the lips. There was no passion in the kiss, just deep relief.

Frannie helped Jent get to her feet, then get dressed. It was only then that she realized what she was wearing and giggled a nervous laugh. She then gave Jent a weapon. Together, they left the cabin.

Outside the hostile vessel, three Miroian warships were unshielded and had surrounded the alien craft. Several scorched areas could be seen on the outside of the ship and there was a gaping hole where the engines used to sit. The Nelt, the lead Miroian ship radioed the now stricken ship to stand down and prepare to be boarded. The Nelt's gunports were wide open, pointing directly at the bridge of the Hostiss. Inside, many heavily armed Miroian warriors began the task of rounding up the crew. Jent and Frannie were found and sent back to the Nelt for first aid and care. A short distance away, the Kong was also found; what was left of the invaders were captured and sent to the Nelt. Kar and her crew were now back in control of the Kong.

All of the ships, including the Hostiss, returned to Miro, where Work's body was removed, and a great celebration of her life was started. Goff and his men were put on trial for the death of a Miroian officer, the abduction of the Kong, as well as the sexual assault of several of the Kong's crew, which included Frannie and Jent aboard the Hostiss. All were serious charges, carrying the death penalty.

The trial lasted but a few days with all of the aliens being found guilty of all charges. Goff, being the commander, was held personally responsible for the actions of his men. They all were sentenced to death but before the

sentence could be carried out, a message from Earth was received. It seems Charlie had been experimenting on the Miroian DNA and had found a way of removing all of the super powers, leaving the base DNA intact. This gave the ruling council another option. Instead of executing the Mallinites, they would be turned into females but without the powers or intelligence boost that Tammy and her family had experienced.

The Mallinites were put into care chambers and given the new DNA Charlie had designed. The entire trial and transformation was vid recorded and sent back to Mallin. It carried a warning to the Mallinite government not to darken the skies of Miro or they, too, would suffer the fate of the Mallinites in Miroian custody.

Only a few days had past when the new Miroian citizens were introduced to the planet and Mallin. A vid message, delivered by the high counselor of Miro, a middle-aged woman by the name of Thoom, was attached to the vid of the trial and transformation.

It read as follows, "To the leadership of Mallin. I am Thoom, high counselor of the peaceful planet of Miro. A group of your citizens were sent in our direction to pillage and plunder, then to conquer. The first contact was with a small survey craft which was fired upon and boarded. One of our finest young officers was murdered. The remainder of the crew were held hostage. Another of your vessels was sent to a small planet we have been observing for many years. Several individuals on that planet are Miroian citizens. They too were attacked but fortunately they were defended as well."

"As you have seen, all of your vile and warlike citizens were tried in a just court. They were found guilty of horrific crimes, the least of which was murder. Violence is very distasteful to our culture, so instead of lowering ourselves to your level, we transformed the convicted into

productive Miroian citizens. After conversation with the armada commander, a male named Goff I believe, it was discovered that your male dominated world holds little respect for females. This too has soured our mission to explore other world peacefully.

“This is the only warning your planet will receive. A ship, well-shielded and well-armed is now in orbit around your planet. It has the capacity of spreading our DNA into your atmosphere and changing your planet into one very closely resembling ours. This is not an idle threat. If you make war on any other planet, the DNA will be released. This is a promise. We will be watching.”

No reply was expected and the vessel orbiting Mallin reported no unusual activity in the direction of Miro or Earth. Thoom’s message was very clear and precise. The leadership on Mallin, Brog, Noon, and Master Leen, all watched in horror at the transformation of some of their finest warriors. All had become lovely, caring people, sweet to a fault, especially the woman who used to be Goff. She was now a nurse at a home for aging Miroian women. Brog was incensed. He wanted swift, powerful revenge and to destroy Miro. But wiser and cooler heads prevailed. Mallin would have to be content with their current holdings, at least for now. Brog swore that when newer, more powerful, weapons were developed, Miro would be back at the center of his target.

The entire attack on the Comm node had been recorded and was in the hands of Director Jane. She immediately made arrangements to travel to the West Coast and see these people for herself. Within hours, she was standing just out of sight, trying to decide just how to approach the Stevens, especially Tammy, who she now knew to be Miss T.

The director marched right up to the front door and knocked with confidence. Inside, a camera had a bead on

the woman at the door. Susan moved to the door and opened it to greet the visitor. "Can I help you?" Susan asked.

"Yes, you can. I am known as Director Jane. I head an agency in Washington. Your family has been under surveillance for some time. I also know that the woman behind the character known as Miss T is your daughter, Tammy," Jane replied. "May I come in? There is a lot to discuss with you."

Susan, with an odd look on her face, stepped back and allowed the director to step inside. She showed the visitor to the dining area before calling the rest of the family to join them. Once Jay, Tammy, and Bree were in attendance, they all set down to hear what the woman had to say.

"Before I begin, I must tell you just how much I have wanted to meet each and every one of you, but especially you, Tammy. I know about the great work you have done as Miss T," Jane started. Tammy remained quiet, but blushed fiercely at the compliment. Jane continued, "We know that all of you have something special about you. We just don't know what those things are or how you came to have them. I think that there is an alien influence here and hope that you can share what it is."

Each of the Stevens looked to the others, wondering if they should share their experiences with the Miroians. "If we are to speak of things, we must know that whatever we share will go no further than this room," Jay said, breaking the uncomfortable silence.

"I can't make those kinds of promises but I will share this conversation with only a few that you can trust," the director replied. There was an uncomfortable silence before Susan began the story of the plane flight, the accident, and the repair to the family. Jane sat quietly but her

heart raced as she tried to picture the incident in her mind.

"That is a fantastic story," the director said.

"Everything that my mother told you is the truth," Tammy then added. "I used to be Tommy, a healthy growing male before the occurrence but in order to save my life, they infused my body with their DNA. Only days later, I woke up as what you see now."

Jay had gotten up from the table and left the dining area. When he returned just a minute or two later, everyone at the table looked up as there was a shimmering of the air and a Miroian crew member materialized just a few feet from the table. "I would like you to meet Captain Soode. She is the in charge of the observation ship orbiting Earth as we speak," Jay stated.

Jane was in awe of all the developments happening around her. She stood and extended a hand towards the visitor. The captain knew of Earth customs and took Jane's hand into hers. "I have waited a very long time to meet someone not of this planet," the director said shakily.

Jane and the captain sat for hours, asking and answering questions of each other. They declined food or drink. Once they had finished, the visitor shook the director's hand before leaving the same way she had arrived.

"The captain and I agreed to hold more talks in the future in hopes of forging an alliance between our two worlds," Jane said excitedly. "I understand your reluctance to share your contacts, but as I said, I can tell you that this will never become general knowledge. This is a very exciting time for all of us and I want to thank you for your help."

The director shook hands with each member of the Stevens family but when it came to Tammy, she reached

up and gave her a long, warm kiss on the cheek. "I am quite similar to you, my dear. I was also a male but decided to live my life as a woman," Jane whispered as she turned and left the node. She had a lot to think about how to make her report to the powers that be. "This is a lot more promising than anything we learned at Roswell," she thought to herself.

Now that the Mallin threat had been dealt with, things on both planets could get back to some sort of normal. Jay and Susan now had the chance to share with Tammy news of Bree's abilities and her first attempt at following in her mother's footsteps.

The first thing Tammy did was scold Bree for being impatient and for being overconfident. She then took Bree to the same small island where she first learned about her own powers. She tested and coached her daughter in every area and found that Bree was even more gifted than Tammy, although it would be some time before Bree would have the maturity and experience to go out alone. She would certainly be a great help to her mom in any future endeavors.

When Tammy and Bree got home, a new Miroian-designed suit was ready for Bree to try on. The material was the same as in Tammy's clothes but the cut was something much different, much younger looking. Later that night, Tammy sat down with Daniel and explained what had discovered and what she had done. Jay and Susan were really happy for Bree but like her father, they were worried about her safety. It took some time to convince all three but they finally caved and agreed to let Bree help and about trusting Tammy's judgment.

Beth, Frank, and Charlie had just returned from a trip to Miro. Frank was in heaven with all that he had learned about outer space. Beth, on the other hand, had more problems than she could deal with alone. Her son was

now convinced he wanted to be a girl and nothing could sway him. It wasn't him wanting to be a girl that bothered Beth. She felt he was still too young to make such a life-changing decision.

Beth called her mom and asked for help. Susan, Beth, and Tammy sat down and tried to come up with a reasonable plan for Charlie. It was difficult but they all agreed that maybe allowing Charlie to dress the part would persuade him that this wasn't the right choice for him. After all, he was a boy and liked to do boy things. Frank didn't care much for the idea but trusted the Stevens family women.

The very next day, Beth called Charlie into the house and said, "Today, we are going shopping. Just maybe, we can make some of your wishes come true."

His eyes lit up and a broad smile crossed his face. "Am I really going to become a girl?" he asked excitedly.

"Yes honey. We will get you all the things that you will need."

After that, Beth had a hard time keeping Charlie in check. She had never seen him so animated and talkative. Mom and son headed downtown to their favorite department store where Charlie made a beeline for the girls section. His eyes were wide; it was as if his head was on a swivel, as he looked back and forth from rack to rack.

"We have to start with the basics. Let's go to the lingerie section first," Beth exclaimed. She literally had to grab his hand to keep him close to her. "I am sure you've thought all about this so what kind of panty do you want to start with?" Beth asked.

"Oh mommy, they have to be the softest and silkiest, and pink. I love the pink ones the most," Charlie replied.

The selection wasn't great as most girls Charlie's age were quite content with cotton panties. But they did find several pairs that Charlie was okay with. Beth then picked out some adorable cami tops and two frilly half-slips. As they were leaving that section, they also found a nice selection of tights, some with frilly, lacy bottoms. Charlie about swooned when he saw them.

Next, he needed some outerwear for those cold days. Beth started to search through the racks of tops and pants but Charlie made a sour face. "I want to wear only dresses and skirts. Boys wear pants and I want to always look like a girl," he said sourly.

"Remember, even here in California it can get very cold, so you'll need at least a few pair of pants to keep you warm," Beth explained.

"Okay, but only a couple. And they have to be very feminine," Charlie gave in. Between the two of them, they had chosen several dresses for each season as well as skirts in different lengths and fabrics. Once their purchases were safely put away in the car's trunk, Beth suggested they go to the food court and have a bite to eat. She wanted to get him started early on what he would need to know about living and acting like a girl his age would.

Beth began to tutor Charlie on how to sit, walk, eat, and gesture like a girl. He was a fast learner. His mom only had to explain something once and he picked it up almost immediately. Beth had to do very little correction. In just a few hours, Charlie looked and acted more like a girl than a boy.

Before the pair went home, they made a couple of final stops. First was a shoe store to gather a few pair of dress and casual, as well as sneakers. Then Beth had Charlie close his eyes, as she had one last surprise in store. She walked a few feet and had Charlie sit in a comfy chair.

When she told him he could open his eyes, he nearly started to cry. Beth was going to have his ears pierced and she let him pick out his own studs.

Click on the first ear, click on the second ear. He never budged or made a sound. When the tech gave him a mirror to see the results, he started to tear up. "Mommy, I have wanted this for so long. Are you sure this isn't some sort of dream where I wake up and I'm still a boy?" he sobbed.

"No, it's no dream. You are going to be my daughter, just like you asked," Beth soothed.

As they drove home, Charlie urged his mother to drive faster, as he was having a difficult time waiting to get changed into his new clothes. Beth scolded Charlie and explained that as a girl, he would have to learn to be more patient; his actions were becoming very un-ladylike. Charlie settled down, and blushed at his mother's admonishments.

When they got home, Beth had Frank and Charlie unload the car and place the bounty in Charlie's room. Charlie was chomping at the bit but was sitting quietly on the couch with his hands folded in his lap and his knees tightly together. Beth could only smile, knowing the torture Charlie was feeling. She extended the pain just a bit by moving into the kitchen and starting a pot of coffee for Frank and herself. She really took her time doing that simple chore.

Beth looked over at Charlie, smiled, winked, then reached out her hand. He was at her side in a flash with his hand in hers. Mother and son walked to his room where all of the new clothes had been deposited.

"Before we get you dressed in all of these pretties, you need a bath, a nice hot, scented bath to get you ready," Beth said with a wide grin.

She went into the bathroom and started the water running, sprinkling lavender bath salts into the tepid liquid. Even before she could ask, Charlie had stripped down to nothing, then stepped into the fragrant water.

“Now you can relax and soak for a while,” Beth said. “It will help to soften your skin. No girl wants dry, cracked skin.” Once he was completely immersed, Charlie knew what his mom was talking about. He soaked for more than twenty minutes, which was the longest he had ever stayed in the tub. In the meantime, Beth had gone to his room and picked out a few things he was to wear.

When she returned to the bath, she startled Charlie, who was nearly asleep in the warm water. She had brought a giant pink fluffy towel with her. When he stepped from the tub, she wrapped him up, arranging the towel just like a girl would. She even went as far as wrapping a smaller towel, turban style, around his head.

Unexpectedly, Charlie threw his arms around his mother’s neck, kissed her cheek and said, “Thank you Mommy, I love you so much,” as he hugged her tightly.

She was nearly in tears herself as she hugged him back, returning his love. “And I love just as much.”

It was getting late and the entire house was tired from such a long day. Beth had selected the frilliest, silkiest pair of panties and a short nightie that matched for Charlie to wear on his first night of being a girl. As she slid the panties up his legs, she could see his whole body begin to relax. It was at that point that Beth knew she had made the right decision, that her little boy would soon be her little girl.

Next she had Charlie raise his arms and let the filmy material of the night gown flow down over his body. His eyes glazed as he knew he was now at home, in the right world. For some time now, Charlie had refused to get his

hair cut, so it was quite long and curly. Using a comb, brush, and a pair of scissors, Beth was able to style his hair into a much more feminine configuration. After a touch of lip gloss and a squirt of perfume, she held Charlie at arm's length.

"Now you really look like a girl. Here, look into the mirror," she offered. Staring back at Charlie was a very cute little girl, dressed exactly as he was.

Charlie was in heaven, as tears ran down his blushing cheeks. "Oh thank you, mommy. I have wanted to be her for so long. I can't believe that's really me," he sobbed.

Hand in hand, they went into the living room, where Frank was sitting at his computer. "Hi Daddy, do you like the new me?" Charlie asked. Frank looked up but was too shocked to speak. All he was able to do was stare at the lovely little girl in front of him. Beth, standing behind Charlie, gave Frank a very stern glare, as Charlie was beginning to tear up.

"Ah, you look like a little princess," Frank finally stutered.

Charlie gave him a perfect curtsy and said, "Thank you, Daddy. I hope you will still love me this way, just as much as you did the old me. After all, I am still the same person. Just the outside is different."

What could Frank say? He smiled, picked up his new little princess, and sat Charlie on his lap, where he hugged and kissed her. "I will always love you, my baby doll."

From that night on, Charlie never wore a single article of boys clothing. Frank, like Daniel, was now in the minority, being the only male in the house. The future looked brighter to Charlie. As soon as she reached her tenth birthday, Beth and Tammy took her to the Miroian ship and had her infused with the full strength super

DNA. It was a gift from the Miroian people for all that Charlie had done for them. Soon, he would mature into a very beautiful girl, just like his idol, Bree.

Back on Miro, Frannie was introduced to Voil, Jent's partner, and their two children. Frannie was accepted and loved from the very start. Not long after their arrival, Jent took Frannie to the medical center where she was impregnated with twin girls. This was all still new to Frannie. Francisco was now a very distant memory but he was still there, in spirit.

The experience of being pregnant made Frannie feel that much more feminine. Although she was given the option of having the babies grown in the stasis chamber, Frannie had decided to carry them herself. Being from Earth, the idea of growing your children in some sort of pod-looking device didn't sit well with her. She carried that noticeable glow that grew, as did her belly. The only real fear she had was of giving birth. No amount of education or training could prepare even a woman born that way.

When the time finally arrived for Frannie to meet her children, she was a nervous wreck. Could she do it? Would they be okay? All sorts of questions popped into her mind. But with the love and support she received from Jent and Voil, it all turned out very well, and Frannie had a set of perfect little bundles.

According to Miroian tradition, it was up to the dom female of the family to name the children. Jent named the first one Work, after her fallen longtime crew mate. The second was named Bant, after Jent's dom parent.

Colandra and Saran were much help, nearly too much. Frannie almost had to fight them to have any alone time with her own kids. The first day after the delivery was something else. When Jent helped Frannie put Work to her breast for the first time, Frannie nearly fainted from the extreme pleasure she experienced. Looking down at her children as they ate hungrily, and them looking up into their mother's eyes was indescribable. Frannie loved every minute of being a mother. Quite the opposite of how her life on Earth was.

The journey of the Steven family and the story of the Miroians have just begun. Although it has been several years since that fateful afternoon, over the chilly waters of the California coast, many things, and people, have changed, and the changes will continue well into the future.

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