

Feminizing Beams

The world had been abuzz with the news of the confirmed sight. A spaceship in orbit much larger than anything we as humanity have ever created or seen, the very first appearance of something concretely extraterrestrial. We all lost our minds for a bit, hypothesizing why it was here, what it was doing. How should we react? Its thrusters moved and the ship was obviously manned by something rather interested in us.

Yet, nothing ever came. No invasion, no words, no signs, nothing. Just a floating, operated vessel in our orbit, merely watching. At least, that's what we thought. A few believed it wasn't here at all, and it was something we weren't supposed to see. As if they had just parked their car in the most convenient place, not realizing they were causing a combined panic of 8 billion souls.

Days turned to weeks, and the ship never left. Our lives returned mostly to normal, and we had to reason with the possibility that until we understood their intentions, we could never truly decide on a course of action to take other than prepare for the worst. Militaries gearing up, defenses placed around, the usual one might expect us to do in such a scenario.

I just never knew that their plans for me were much bigger than whatever else they wanted for our planet. They could've come for water, for our land, for our labor. Well... labor wasn't the worst way to describe it.

I walked as I did everyday. T-shirt, pants, my human body. What did you really want me to say? None of it would matter soon.

Coffee was in my hand, a desk job called my name. It was work. It was the morning, and I never saw it coming.

A small light could be seen from the ship. If you trained your eye you could just barely see the black craft floating like the moon. I often looked at it on my walks, and well, I noticed this light before many others did. It was beaming like a sun ray, hard to stare at until one turned their head away, but the intensity was terribly bright. It shined, and shone, the pink turning hot with hue until it slammed directly into my chest.

I was given a single second to comprehend what was happening, as was everyone else. In the next, my life would change forever.

My clothes were immediately destroyed, by what I would only understand in the next few moments - my weight. Hundreds and hundreds of pounds packed on in milliseconds, the people closest to me swamped and covered by elastic fatty flesh that pinned them to the walls of the buildings and the ground. Unable to move or wonder why the lights all suddenly went out. Cars honked as people from inside skyscrapers ran for the elevators, my legs made useless instantly. A fat crash and boom creating a

crater on Main Street from the heft of my ass slamming into the asphalt. The metro system underneath us all tested as the lights of the subway flickered from what millions were beginning to endure, which was the girth of my rear, and the endless flabs of my thighs.

My body was soft, and it tried to keep things from being too destroyed but there's only so much one can do as you puff up like dough in the oven. Multiple beams hit me as I was taller than the highest building in the world. Six ginormous mountain-sized breasts pushing out as I felt my throat bulge. Male genitalia shifting as the penis split down the middle, becoming the vulva of the greatest vagina humankind had ever witnessed. The clitoris as heavy as several naval shipping boats overstocked with hundreds of metal containers. The sensitivity of the giant bead outrageous as my panic and screams turned into bubbly, gurgling giggles. My face cheeks heavier than the largest of hills. A new muzzle stretching out as an ocean of drool seeped from me.

I just couldn't care. The sensation was too much for one human to comprehend, and so while one could say I went insane from what I was feeling, I'd rather classify it as me becoming attuned to a body like this.

A body where I no longer had to care about anything. A body where I would just exist and... enjoy the ride.

My ass was covering the land of several states, ones comparable to small countries. Entire industries, cultures, and historic communities resting underneath a soft derriere. Nothing else mattered. I laughed like a idiotic buffoon, bringing a city-sized paw to my top breasts, squeezing them as they all leaked more milk than the continent's population could drink in a whole year. My smile was wide, and my brain even wider.

Although, there wasn't *really* a need to keep much of my former intellect around. While I shifted my legs together to grind on my clitoris, entire ocean currents were being disrupted. And those receptors in my head that once could do math were adjusted to become pure sexuality. Where a professor could point out the esteemed functions of the human brain, whatever the aliens did to me made each region desperately want nothing but sex and pleasure and gluttony and much, much more.

I breached the upper atmosphere. Curiously the alien beings I wanted to thank profusely had turned my form into something resembling an ursine, and being newly female was no issue to me. In fact, I welcomed my new fate. Instead of my pleasures just being solely from my crotch, I could feel every fur strand and each micro-cell of fat experiencing their own orgasms, as if the explosive potential of world-cracking lasers were booming over each millimeter of my form.

A man from the southern hemisphere could only watch in horror as the entrance to my cunt was rapidly approaching his position, doing nothing else to save himself as

the lips would swallow him up in the next minute. His desires were like many men, and so with a zip of his pants and his back in the dirt, he gave one last crazed smile as he jerked his cock up and down, the shadow of my form over him, and soon he too was trampled over while climaxing.

Enough shaggy brown fur was covering my body that I could've provided each human being from the dawn of man to the 30th century with a warm coat. Ears that could hear the screams of those who witnessed me, each emotion from fear, to confusion, to the euphoria of my blimpy eye-candy creating a symphony of the human race. Even animals in the wild were not spared by my opulence, the male bears around the world rushing in the direction of me as their brains were overloaded from all of the pheromones I pumped out.

My breasts could destroy the moon. Hell I could fit the moon up my ass after all of this. My weight was nearly unquantifiable. The kind of number that needed exponents and a mathematical carrot with a multiplicative equation. I was so large, the satellites of the world began to harmlessly crash into me from my gravity, and the Earth's alignment and position was dangerously shifting several degrees. Winter was here for that which I engulfed and those snug under my fur were not only able to experience the cold but also be saved from it thanks to my cozy hide.

More warm and fuzzy pink beams kept attacking me, a glowing, flowery sheen outlined across my body as I laughed like some kind of space slug, my gullet jostling as I chortled. I was more space bear than human, and I didn't mind. My eyelids were half-way down, and some part of me still believed this was some kind of dream. The claws on my feet and hands could be used to alter the ground and dirt on the planet for mega projects in need of such drastic land rearrangements.

Even though the other landmasses could see me on the horizon, and their beaches beginning to disappear under milk-contaminated waters, the aliens were not so malevolent. Nobody would ever understand their intentions other than me as several ships appeared from the outer rim. A disk-like vessel similar to something out of an alien invasion movie approaching with armed escorts as I found myself casually trying to grasp the shuttles like they were toys I wanted to play with. To think that these things once terrified our world and now here I was able to hold one easily in the palm of my hand.

The disk ship would connect some kind of laser-operated harness, as if I was an animal being transported by helicopter into a reserve. I was lifted up from the world, my milk, if it had fallen into your mouth or your body, bloating you into a creature of my form, yet roughly the size of a car. Good luck moving though with the immobile sphere you'd be now, but at least you'd experience a microcosm from my memetic dairy loads that could never compare to *ALL* of the elation I was feeling. My urethra was pumping

constant cum right into outer space, even after freezing and warming up as it passed by suns, some alien race still in their stone age would be pummeled by my girly discharge, forming the basis of a new world-wide religion.

For how I was able to exist in the vacuum of space was unknown. Perhaps my lungs had breathed in enough of Earth's oxygen that I'd be sated for my lifespan? My internal body heat enough to power several suns, and my fur more than enough to battle the toxic chill of outer space. Who's to say I couldn't form some kind of atmosphere, or even in a million years have life be created and evolve from all the asteroids that would hit me and explode.

The journey was long, and the beams never truly stopped. It was like my food, whatever kind of energy this pink laser carried. But eventually, I saw what my purpose was made for. In the distance, something that could be forgivably mistaken for a humongous brown dwarf star smiled. Another bear, this one male and just like me but much bigger. I knew what I had been created for. I was not made in the aliens' likeness, or for any big or important cause. I was made for breeding. This bear, this cosmic, mind-shatteringly large ursine, was simply a creature of the void, and it needed a mate if its species were to survive. Something I'd be more than enough to help with.

The ship's restraints let me go, and I finally found myself able to move for the first time in so long. The lack of gravity meant that I didn't exactly need legs to traverse anymore.

The beast threw himself at me, hand-paws pounding against my flesh and fur harder than the meteor that wiped out the dinosaurs, our bodies flinging from celestial object to celestial object as my layers of back fat sizzled like hot tub water against a nearby sun. Our tongues stretched and pulled, twisting around each other as my legs were forcibly widened, a cock unfathomably thick testing my entrance, pre-cum landing on the bright green ball behind me, causing solar flares to flash out at the sudden cosmic seed hitting it. Cooling the star for a brief moment as heated sperm steam wafted into my black nose, my estrus intensifying as this bear became my life. My mate, my everything.

With enough estrogen to turn several worlds into busty females, hormones that could make human beings combust from even a fraction of a percent in receiving the endocrines, my witless mind understood everything. Upon seeing this space bear I understood that my only attraction to life was his body, his entire existence. I was made, born, crafted, formed, whatever, into just being simply for him, and him simply for me.

He pierced me, and our screams were majestic. Roars that the radar systems of other galaxies could detect. I was sitting directly on top of the sun, my cheeks wide as

my asshole leaked sweat right onto the flaring surface of hydrogen and helium. The other bear's penis rubbed against it on its way into me, the thrusts repeated again and again. I held him close to me, grasping at his back flabs as his pace excitedly went faster. Tears seeped from my eyes as any concept of humanity was well and truly over.

From near the edge of the solar system, the alien species that had changed me recorded our copulation, soon to be edited and distributed all over the Galactic Porn channels to be sold by corporations and pirated by those too poor or too busy with a hand, tendril, or ethereal limb touching their pleasure zones to bother about entering their credit account details.

But I didn't care about any of that. I was a new class of creature. A voidborne entity to exist and live in space like an animal on Earth did in the wild. To think bears would exist elsewhere was a surprise to me, but a surprise I grew to love, and grew I did.

Our orgasms were shared, my anatomy specifically altered in some kind of evolutionary sense not to reach my own ejaculation until my body detected my mate was having one at the exact same time. It'd be hard work for the janitorial ships of the galaxy to clean up our mess, but we were animals. We had no such shame nor concern in our markings on the universe.

We sat there, hugging each other while our furs were warmed by the emerald sun. Our stomachs gurgled together, but mine much louder. My source of food had been a strange pink beam, but it was only by what my new instincts told me that I knew what to do, how to satisfy my cravings. My mate lifted himself up, moving distances that the human I used to be would marvel at. The idea of going from Earth to Mars in a single jump.

I stared deeply at the cum-covered star, my own milk having traversed to hiss against it too. The male space bear was large, but at this moment, I felt as big as him too. I opened my muzzle as wide as I could, almost like a snake as my tongue lolled out and under the glowing orb, slowly bringing it into my maw, and soon right down my throat. The hot buzzing center of this solar system now deep in my esophagus, and then my gut, where it would dissolve in the acids of my stomach.

Contentment reigned, in more ways than one. Growling in cute mews at my mate, we looked out to the horizon where trillions of stars awaited us. We'd never know our minds were being subtly adjusted to head to systems that wouldn't thrive with civilized life. For if we desired suns that basked against Imperial capitals, well, our endangered species could soon become extinct. We were still animals, even if our wills were never truly our own.

No part of me could ever concoct that a simple journey to work, coffee in my hand, would have me become one of the largest entities to exist in the whole universe. And I must say, even if my thoughts about the issue were long gone. Had I known what was to happen to me that day.

I still wouldn't change a thing.