

Alien Woes (Friends to Alien Breeding Couple TFTG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

Felix and Bryce were in the wrong place at the wrong time when they were abducted by an alien species badly in need of new specimens to help sustain their population. Unfortunately for Felix, he was chosen to be genetically transformed into a hyperfertile female member of his new species, while Bryce had the better luck of being a more independent male. Months on, the pair continue to argue about their new roles, even as their breeding nature takes over.

Alien Woes

“It’s not f-fucking f-fair!” Felix whined as the overwhelming urge to begin her next breeding session came over her. “Why did I have to b-be the one to end up a g-goddamn breeder!?”

Her voice turned to a high, trilling whimper as her best friend and now mate entered her, his huge member sliding into her tunnel. He was so huge, and her antenna could literally smell how virile was: clearly he was going to ‘bless’ her with an even bigger litter this time around.

“Dude, I can’t help - ahh - how this turned out! It was just bad luck, remember? You can’t - ughh - blame me for f-fucking you!”

Bryce gripped his friend’s hips, which were now wonderfully wide just for breeding, and began to thrust faster. The enormous birthing sac that bulged out from above Felix’s rear was raised up and off to the side, laying on an alien table just for this purpose so that Bryce could fuck her. He did feel bad about what he was doing, but the truth was that when he was aroused, he truly did need to fuck a female. His entire duty was to impregnate her over and over again, and while she was no longer human, something about her blue skin, her large all-black eyes, her overdeveloped cranium, and her fertile scent just did things to him. It was the same for Felix, of course: Bryce had dark purple skin and noticeable antenna jutting from his bald head. His eyes were large and black, his nose nonexistent but for two slits on his face, and neither had ears, just holes on the sides of their head. And yet, with all those muscles, with that overdeveloped appendage between his legs, with his extra pair of arms that massages her so well, he was intoxicating to her, at least in the moment of mating. Still, even as she cried out in joy as he thrust into her, she held onto some of her bitterness.

“Of course I can - oohhh! - blame you! You keep g-getting me f-fucking knocked up! Nghhh! You have no idea what it’s like to be p-permanently p-pergnant! What it’s like to have this huge fucking birthing sac! What it’s like to give birth! Ahhhhh!!”

Bryce came, his alien seed flooding into her. Thanks to Felix's antenna, she could literally *sense* her next batch of eggs being fertilised, an entire half dozen or even more beginning their development within her. She sighed, unable to stop her own series of orgasms, more intense than any she'd had once as a human man.

"Well," Bryce said, retracting from her and patting her massive birthing sac followed by her belly, both already full with children about to be born. "At least you seem to enjoy it?"

Felix managed to stop smiling and frowned. She turned her head back to stare at her friend, the best she could do given her limited mobility.

"I have no choice but to enjoy it! It's this stupid fat preggo alien body! It just wants to breed! God, I hate how much it turns me on to be so fucking pregnant."

She managed to stand up a little, her legs more muscular to account for her immense weight. Her belly was vast, rippling with the movements of children.

"Are these ones mine?" Bryce asked.

She shrugged. "God, who knows anymore? I'm pretty sure. You get me knocked up way more than any of the other males."

Bryce would have blushed if his alien form was capable of it. "Well, you are my best friend."

"Please, you just like pounding my alien pussy and knocking me up."

"That's instinct for me too. And hey, at least you totally orgasm when you give birth, right?"

Felix sighed. "Don't remind me. It still feels weird as hell. God, this is going to be a big batch. S-so much movement. Oof!"

Bryce held her, and she didn't fight this feeling. It was something they did more often now, and it too was instinct. Not that she wanted to always fight it, as embarrassing as it was.

"I'm seriously only accepting this hug because our weird Ataxian bodies exchange protein strands doing this, or something. Ughhh!"

"Another baby coming?"

She gritted her teeth, which were much more smooth now, like that of a herbivore. "Just from my d-damn belly to my - nghhh! - birthing s-sac! Ahh! Done.":

There was a brief widening of her hips as another alien spawn pushed through the tunnel that led to her sac, where her children could then grow to the size of toddlers before being properly birthed.

"Why the hell did we have to go cow tipping?" she grunted, as she pushed an alien spawn from her belly down to her birthing sac, which was easily the size of a full refrigerator and squirming with children. "Nghh! Ahh. There's another one. Ohhh. Why couldn't we have just stayed home?"

Bryce and Felix hadn't always been like this. They had both been friends in their mid-twenties, and both had most certainly been human males, often chatting about hot chicks, fast cars, and a desire to get out of their lame country town in the middle of nowhere. But when they both got the chance to go to college and escape the drudgery of rural life, they decided to go do something drunk and stupid to farewell their home: go cow tipping in the field of a cantankerous farm who'd never liked them. Now, it turns out that actually tipping over a cow is practically impossible, but they still laughed and ran from the bovine creatures when they tried to run them down. They had almost gotten to safety when a bright beam of light descended upon them. The pair screamed, looking up to see an enormous flying saucer materialising into being above them.

But it was too late: the pair were sucked up into the ship and abducted away. They woke naked in a featureless room, a group of aliens standing before them. Their hues ran from green to blue to purple, and while they were humanoid they were certainly not *human*. They were bulkier, for one, and had four arms instead of two. Each had a set of antennae, and their eyes were twice as big as a human's, and void black. Their mouths were smaller, their noses just little snake-like slits, and they had three fingers on each hand and foot, ending in little bulbs like frog toes. In their panic, the pair were restrained and fitted with a strange device that let them understand their captors.

'We are Ataxians,' the central purple-skinned figure said. *'We are of a race from another galaxy. We are going there now, and you will reside with us on our world. The journey will take several years.'*

"What!?" Felix screamed. "Please, take us back!"

"Why do you want us?" Bryce asked.

'Because we need you. Our race won a great war against a mighty adversary that attacked us, but in their defeat they poisoned our genetic pool. Our race is dying from infertility and sterility, and our broodmothers cannot sustain our population. We need more virile males and fertile females to rejuvenate our numbers. And this is where you will take part: one of you will become a male to breed our females, and one of you will become a female to birth our young.'

The two gaped at one another.

"No way! I don't want to become an alien!" cried Felix.

But Bryce was already thinking ahead. He knew that advanced technology and their situation left them with no bargaining chips. "I'll become the male!" he yelled.

The aliens gave a motion somewhat like a nod, and moved forward to inject him with a serum. Felix gasped, shocked by this seeming betrayal.

"Dude! What the fuck!?! You can't leave me to-"

But it was too late again, because at that point he too was injected with something.

The changes lasted a number of days. They were given new quarters, and for Felix they were especially spacious. He would find out why as his body began to change. The transforming man was ravenous as his body transformed into a fertile female. To his horror, he didn't just lose his manhood and grow a vagina, but discovered that females of the Ataxian species developed enormous birthing sacs to hold a huge number of their children. Worse, they would become practically immobile as a result, often for long periods. And worse yet again, unlike humans they could be continually re-impregnated even while already pregnant, or even while giving birth!

Felix swore to not succumb to her new fate, especially since she would rather be male like Bryce evidently was. But by the time he had become a *she*, the need to become pregnant was unbelievably overriding. She tried to watch their version of television, or enjoy Ataxian entertainments, but nothing worked; her body was simply too horny, and it gave rise to pheromones to attract any male possible.

A male that was Bryce.

Felix was understandably furious the first time she saw how muscular and handsome Bryce had become, and disgusted with herself for finding an alien stud like him attractive at all. But her body had needs, and so to her immense embarrassment she begged him to fuck her.

"S-sorry about this!" he had said, sliding into her. "But I need this too! And one of us had to be the guy, right?"

"F-fuck you! Just mate me already, you asshole! I need - ohhhh God - I need to make s-so many fucking babies, you have no idea!"

He did get her pregnant, of course, and Felix found out another humiliating detail: her gestation periods were only two months long, which meant she began blowing up with her first litter very quickly. And it was a litter: six entire Ataxian children squirming away in her belly, causing her breasts to grow larger and seep milk. The fact that she had *six* breasts for said litter only made her body more unwieldy. She also had to go through the humiliating experience of pushing her first babies into her birthing sac, her body immediately becoming horny for yet another impregnation. This time it wasn't Bryce but another male, a native Ataxian. She didn't know if it was better or worse to be fucked by someone other than her friend, but she couldn't avoid it: her alien body needed to make babies, babies, and more alien babies.

That had been their life ever since. Bryce was a virile stud, able to move throughout the ship and slowly become one of the crew, even considered Ataxian by the others. He mated a number of females, to hear him tell it, it was over ten or more on the regular, and it was clearly a good experience. Meanwhile, Felix was stuck constantly bloating up with babies, and needing aid to move her throughout the ship if she wanted to talk to other

broodmothers. The only good thing was making friends with other poor humans who had become broodmothers, but she was the only former male, another embarrassing anecdote.

It was all of this that she reminisced on once again as Bryce withdrew from her.

“Where are you going?” she snapped, rubbing her belly to calm her babies, even as a pressure grew in her rear.

“Sorry, Felix, I have to go breed another female. I can smell her pheromones.”

“Oh, lucky you! You get to have sex with all the baby-making sluts on the ship, while I get stuck making the babies!”

“I told you, it’s not my fault!”

“You volunteered to be the guy! You could have at least left it to chance and - UGH!!”

Liquid splashed out from the tip of her birthing sac onto the floor. Immediately, some signs lit up.

“Oh shit, are you in labour again?”

Felix moaned, both from arousal at the thought of birthing and the discomfort leading up to it. “What do you - ahhh - think, dude? Of course I’m g-giving birth! I do this like three t-times a w-week now thanks to y-you!”

“It’s not just me! Look, I’ve got to go and-”

But Felix glared. “No way, Jose! You’re s-staying this time! Your next breeding slut can w-wait! If I have to b-birth all your alien babies for something like the n-next two hundred years, then you owe it to m-me to see what I go through! That’s right, m-mister! You’re holding my hand and telling me to p-push like a good man should! You owe me that m-much!”

She gripped his hand and wouldn’t let go. Even Bryce had to admit she had a point. Besides, it was a weird turn on for his alien body to see. Her birthing sac distended, its muscles stretching, and its end began to open as the first squirming child began to enter the world. Attendants rushed into the room to aid her, but she held fast onto Bryce’s lower left hand.

“Time to g-get a good look at my alien w-woes, dude!” she exclaimed, before giving into a long, almost orgasmic moan. “Because this could have b-been you! OHHHH!!!”

She pushed and pushed and pushed, and Bryce watched, captivated, as the first baby entered the world, then the second, then the third, and with more yet to come.

“Okay, yeah,” he admitted. “I can see what you’re complaining about.”

“You think!?”

“But maybe you’ll come to like it in a few decades or so?”

“DUDE!? UGHH!!”

The End