

My Alien Monster Girlfriend

For Linolator3

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My girlfriend was captured and mutated into a completely inhuman monster by an alien hive mind, but she still loves me and I love her. Even if physical intimacy is a bit more dangerous than it used to be.

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My legs ached from pacing. I'd been pacing the length of my small apartment for almost a week now, worried out of my mind. Jessica had insisted on trying to come and visit me just over a week ago, I'd told her not to risk it but she had insisted; she missed me too much. It was a sweet gesture of course and considering she only lived a few blocks away it wouldn't have even been difficult a few months ago.

But it wasn't a few months ago; when the army was holding back the Nextant threat with ease. When the great alien hive mind had descended upon Earth I, along with most, were convinced it was the end but to everybody's surprise the countries of Earth seemed to put aside their differences for once. The sheer force of human will held the alien menace back despite the drones of the hivemind being able to work together in perfect synchronicity.

For a while, life in big cities was even close to normal. Then the Nextant drone started taking prisoners. The next thing we poor humans knew, former humans were joining the alien force; mutated into unique drones with their human memories suppressed but still possessing all their logical knowledge.

Soldiers informed the hive of strategies, former human leaders key locations to hit in order to weaken us and regular people the lay of the land. Now going out was discouraged entirely, food delivery was one of the riskiest, highest paying jobs there was. We all lived on army rations and waited for the threat to be repelled or fall to it.

And Jessica had insisted on sneaking down the near abandoned streets alone and never made it here.

What could I do? I couldn't very well go out and look for her myself; I knew in my heart she had to be gone. Captured or killed by the Nextants and yet my heart couldn't believe it. I would know, I was sure, if she was dead. I'd feel something surely?

Still, my initial panic had settled into a low, constant worry by now and the fear couldn't fuel my footsteps. So I sat by the window that faced the side of my building, hoping to somehow glance her down the street or in the alley. It was a moonless night though, and all I could see with the street lights off was the vague shapes of empty phone booths.

Until there was something new, a swift movement, too swift to be human. I felt the hair on the back of my neck stand on end. A Nextant drone! It had to be! I'd never seen one in person, even on the news reports it was hard to make out what they looked like, they moved so quickly.

I raced for my phone, wanting to report what I saw, even if it was just a dark blob but then I felt my blood turn to ice; I could hear someone, something, opening my window.

From the outside.

My phone still gripped in my hand; I turned slowly to see a dark shape with long, sharp claws flicking off the lock. The chiton of the claws cut through metal like butter and I swallowed; I was doomed.

The Nextant stepped into the room and I felt myself freeze in pure terror. It was at least seven feet tall, coated in black chitinous exoskeleton with a bulbous head and dripping jaws. I couldn't tell if it was snarling or not, its lips seemed to be permanently turned up with rows upon rows of white fangs on display inside its long, crocodile shaped mouth.

There were large bony ridges atop its head, hard as steel I'd head. I'd never seen footage of drones slamming head first into walls and shattering them without so much as getting a headache. One hit from that and my skull would shatter.

It moved slowly, deliberately on its long prehensile legs. Despite the interlocking exoskeleton that coated every inch of its muscular body it was totally silent as it reached out one of its long clawed hands toward me. The claws were two inches long each and I had just seen them slice through metal; my skin would be nothing compared to that.

I squeezed my eyes closed, waiting for the end yet...it didn't come. I could feel hot breath wafting over my face as it neared me, a low rumble in what must have been its chest. Slowly, I opened my eyes again and came face to face with the shiny black monster before me. There were no eyes but there were slight indents in the side of the skull; signs of mutation. Those holes were where this mutant's human eyes once sat in their skull. The true Nextant's were totally eyeless, using echolocation and their heightened senses to see instead. The creature before me used to be human.

It rumbled again and then made a sound that seemed almost...mournful? Its drooling maw moved toward me, nuzzling against my neck and I left the outline of every one of those sharp teeth running against me. My heart was racing, waiting for the moment those jaws

would open and then snap closed again, severing my spine but it didn't come. Instead the monster rubbed itself against me, still making that rumbling sound which, now that my initial panic was fading, sounded suspiciously like purring.

"Are you...okay?" I said after a moment.

The mutant's long, whip-like tail swished around, wrapping itself like a constrictive snake around my torso in some strange mock of a hug. This creature's body language was completely alien to me but if I couldn't shake the idea that it was trying to...comfort me.

I shuffled back awkwardly, knocking over the coffee table as it tried to navigate the cramped space with its huge body. It knocked over the vase Jessica had made for me last valentines when we were too poor to go out for dinner and a low, sad sound escaped the drooling maw.

I watched in utter confusion as the creature tried to pick up the pieces in its long, clawed fingers but only managed to cut them into smaller bits. The jaw was still pulled into a snarl, hungry drool leaking from it onto the ground in small pools. It looked like a hungry beast ready to strike but the longer I watched the strange alien the more I realised that was just its regular expression. The exoskeleton was so thick and tough I genuinely wondered if it was even physically possible for the mutant to make another expression at all.

It turned to face me and gave another low sound, a tiny piece of clay clutched between its claws as gently as it could possibly manage. It pressed the piece to its thin chest and moaned.

"Wait..."

I felt my eyes widen.

"Jess? Is that...is that you?"

The creature, my girlfriend, paused for a moment then nodded her head slowly. The movement seemed unnatural and stiff, like she'd forgotten how to do it for a moment. My panic came flooding back but for entirely new reasons.

"How?" I gaped, "You're still you underneath all...that!?"

She seemed to shrink back a little. It was hard to even think of her as a 'she', there was nothing feminine about her anymore, nothing *human*. Everything from the shape of her body

to the way she moved was totally alien, I'd never have believed it was Jess at all were it not for the fact she hadn't torn me limb from limb already.

Her jaw opened and an inhuman growl escaped causing my to flinch back. Only for Jess to approach me and nuzzle against me all the more. I could feel the hot, wet drool from her mouth soaking into my clothes and onto my skin. It seemed she couldn't help it, this body was made for warfare and there wasn't an inch of softness anywhere. All she could do was fight, drool and growl.

"Okay..." I took a deep breath, "I believe you."

Another growl, this one sounded slightly happier but that might have just been my imagination. She pressed her muzzle, for lack of a better term, against my chest and pressed against me and I fell backwards onto the floor where she scuttled her insect like body atop me. Her claws pinned into the floorboards either side of my head and her heavy pelvis pressed down against my own, pinning me in place.

Once again my heart was racing, one false move and she'd crush me. Her tail whipped back and forth and I tensed only for her to start purring once more.

"Are you...trying to hug me?" I asked, another awkward nod.

My fear turned to sympathy; those bastards had taken almost everything from her; she barely knew how to do anything human. Or perhaps she was worried those razor claws would shred me if she tried to hug me the traditional way; not an insignificant risk now that I thought about it.

"Okay but J-Jess, you're crushing me." I choked out as she pressed down harder, "Can't...breathe..."

She flew off me quick as the wind. There was a loud thud as she landed against the wall, claws digging into the plaster so that she could climb across it like a spider. Several smaller pounds echoed as my neighbour punched against the other side of the wall.

"Keep it down would you!" They yelled.

"Sorry!" I yelled hurriedly before whispering, "Jess, get down from there!"

She scuttled across the roof till she was hanging above me, the ceiling wasn't particularly high so we were still eye to eye. Well, eye to head plate.

“You need to be quiet.” I hissed, “If anybody else sees you they’ll report you and if anybody with a weapon sees you they’ll shoot on sight.”

Jess let out another groan and dropped down from the ceiling, I winced in anticipation but to my surprise she was as silent as a cat. No wonder so many people were taken by surprise; for all her bulk and strength Jess was now a perfect killing machine; silent and deadly.

She took one of her clawed hands and scratched it along the wooden floorboards, leaving light grooves in the floor.

“Ah! Stop!!” I hissed, “You’ll oh there’s no point now, it’s not like I’ll ever get my bond back now with those holes in the walls.”

Funny what you think about even during an alien invasion. Did I even have a landlord anymore? I hadn’t seen him in weeks, he could have been captured and mutated as well for all I knew. Jess growled, tapping her claws against the floor impatiently; at first I thought she was just scratching randomly like a cat but then I noticed the movements weren't random; she was drawing something. A tiny stick figure then an oddly shaped four legged creature with a big head, its long arms reaching for the human figure.

“That’s you?” I asked, “Getting captured trying to come here?”

She nodded, her snarl turned upwards ever so slightly at the sides and more drool leaked out and onto my arm; I did my best not to flinch. The next picture was of a human figure in some sort of round tank, then another tank with a creature inside.

“They mutated you.” I followed.

Then a picture of a creature with a thought bubble above its head; an awkward heart and two stick figures either side. Followed by several pictures of the monster in hallways, hiding from others and then fleeing outside of what looked like a flying saucer.

“But you remembered me anyway, your memories didn't get totally repressed.” I realised, thinking aloud, “So you escaped and came here.”

Jess groaned, nuzzling her teeth against me once more. Now that I was over the initial shock and the drool it actually felt quite nice; thrilling even. Like hugging a tamed wild beast, knowing that one move could mean serious injury. I trusted Jess though; mutant or not. Knowing that it was our love that saved her made warmth and affection bloom in my chest; and worry.

“What are we going to do?” I bit my lip hard, “If anybody sees you, you’re done for.”

Jess groaned, sounding sad.

“I guess we just have to take it one day at a time.” I shrugged, “What else can we do?”

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One useful part of the city being basically locked down is that I didn't need to worry about surprise visitors, so as long as I kept the blinds drawn, Jess was safe inside my little apartment. Safe, but not very comfortable. A one bedroom apartment was never going to feel very spacious but with a six foot alien with a tail almost as long as she was tall walking around things had gotten tight.

Jess was constantly knocking things over with her long limbs and tail, bashing her iron strong head into things and denting the walls, not to mention the damage her claws did. I'd lost count of how many times I'd had to sew the blinds back together after she brushed past them.

It was frustrating, but I could tell she felt bad. Whenever she broke something she'd curl into a ball on the floor like a dog and whine. I'd taken to kneeling down next to her, running my hands along her exoskeleton and feeling the ridges that bumped along her spine.

It was funny how quickly fantastical things can become mundane. Now that I knew I was in no danger I was fascinated by this mutant body. I was probably the only person in the world who got to look at one up close while one of them was still alive. I was sure the military would have dead bodies, maybe even a live specimen or two but there was no way they could get as close as I could.

It was fascinating; from a distance Jess looked like she was solid black but now I could see every individual plate of chiton and how they all interlocked together. You would expect it to make a noise as the exoskeleton moved against itself and yet, it was silent. I wondered how that was possible.

I'd soon figured out the thick armour had a downside of Jess though, each time she nuzzled or pressed against me she did so hard. Almost crushing me into the furniture on the floor. At first I thought she simply didn't know her own strength but then I realised.

"You have to press hard to feel anything through all this armour, don't you?"

She moaned. My poor girl, she was feeling touch starved. I tried to make it better by stroking her whenever possible, a bit like a dog. It felt odd at first but after the first week I got over the inherent strangeness of it all. We found a good position with her half curled on the floor where I could lean up against her huge body and she would wrap her tail protectively around us both. It was lovely and secure; just like a lover rolling over in the night and throwing an arm over me.

I sat scrolling through the news on my phone with my back up against Jess' side, feeling her slow breaths; with each exhale she shot a gust of warm air onto my leg. I reached up absentmindedly and scratched at the chiton under her skin, digging in my nails as hard as I could to give her as much sensation as possible. She rumbled deep in her chest; a sound that should be threatening but I had learned was her way of sighing in happiness.

She turned her great head and, gently as she could manage, nudged against me, sending another wave of drool down over my shoulder. It was hot and viscous as usual and instantly soaked through my clothes.

"Do you have to do that?" I asked after a while, "The drooling? Can't you stop it?"

Jess rumbled again, opening her mouth and snapping her teeth a few times. Her lips were always pulled back in a permanent snarl, leaving her teeth exposed. When they were locked together the drool stopped but it must have built up in her mouth because she seemed to reflexively part them slightly every now and then to let the thick drool leak out. I was doing my best to keep myself and the apartment dry but it was proving difficult.

It smelt different too; her whole body did. A strange slightly earthy fragrance mixed with something...alien. It was both sweet and savoury all at once in a way I couldn't describe. The drool was that time ten and pungent with the odour.

"We'll both be smelling like aliens if you keep drooling on me like this." I sighed, half teasing, half serious.

Jess made a low sound and opened her mouth, revealing even more rows of teeth and a long, curled tongue. Slowly it unfurled, like a snake and it extended out of her mouth,

revealing its full length. It was like a giant pink, cylindrical snake, at the tip of which were half a dozen sharp tooth like spikes.

As if to demonstrate she whipped the tongue quickly to the left, slicing the book on my table cleanly in two before it snaked its way back into her mouth. The display sent a shower of drool drops across the room, some of which splattered on my face.

“Got it, with a tongue that long coiled up in my mouth I'd drool a lot too.” I sighed, “Guess there isn't much you can do about it.”

We settled back into our coiled, alien cuddle and I went back to running my fingers along the exoskeleton, trying to ignore the drying drool on my shoulder. I'd change shirts but I knew there was no point; she'd only drool on me more later.

My fingers slipped beneath a small plate of armour, finding the groove of leathery skin that connected the various parts of Jess' new exoskeleton. I ran my finger back and forth along the rough surface, only half paying attention as I continued to scroll through the news. Nothing major, no big victories, no big losses on our side. With Jess this way I had no idea what to hope for. If they did manage to expel the invaders, what would our future look like? How could I convince people she wasn't a threat?

Another trail of drool dripped down as Jess adjusted her head, growling deeply. A second later a full on torrent splashed over me, sinking into my hair and making me gasp in shock. She was purring like a cat again, only louder and I realised the sound increased as I continued to stroke that softer, leather skin beneath her chin.

“Does that feel nice?” I asked, somewhat bewildered, more drool soaked me and she rumbled. “I'll take that as a yes.”

I kept stroking at that skin, marvelling at how sensitive it was. Many of the scientists and military personnel I'd seen talking about Nextant biology theorised they had a limited sense of touch, which dulled their sense of pain and allowed the drones to fight far beyond what would be their natural limits. Jess seemed to have that a little but if this was any indication there were a few spots on her body still capable of feeling pleasure.

I smiled; it felt good to be able to bring her some level of comfort after everything she'd been through. I reached up and fit another finger between the plates and kept scratching as hard as I could. Jess began to pant, sending hot breath and drool over my arms but I didn't mind.

Then I noticed something strange, her whole body seemed to be stiffening, her muscles coiling like an animal ready to pounce. I opened my mouth to ask her if she was

okay when all of a sudden her jaws opened wide and a loud, animalistic bellow escaped. Her long tongue snapping like a lizard as her whole body shuddered.

A second later the taught muscle turned to jelly and she slumped to the ground, almost crushing me as her heavy head landed on near my legs. I felt my cheeks start to go red; did I just...?

“Did you just...orgasm?” I whispered, Jess made another low noise, I couldn’t understand but I could figure the answer to my question well enough.

My cock twitched against my leg. I had been so worried about Jess in the beginning, then when she showed up in this new alien body I hadn’t even thought about sex, or any intimacy really. It seemed like the least of our problems. Now without even meaning to I’d found a way around the hurdle of how to be intimate, at least in some capacity. My cheeks burned at the thought of my girlfriend, in this body, shuddering and moaning as she came. It made me see this alien form in an entirely new light.

She was purring now, breathing even, perhaps she was even asleep. Without eyes it was hard to tell but I didn’t dare disturb her. My mind was racing along with my heart and I had a feeling it was going to take me a while to sort out my confused feelings about what I’d just done.

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Jess was sulking, hanging from the roof like a great black bat. I sat on the couch with my legs up against my chest. Over the last few days a fissure had formed between us. Ever since I figured out I could still make her cum I hadn’t been able to bring myself to do it again, or curl up with her as we’d been doing. Not because I was disgusted, quite the opposite in fact.

My dreams had been filled with nothing but her new body. I imagined myself naked, that long, dangerous tongue coiling around my length until I woke up hard as a rock and damn near falling over the edge. I didn’t know how to feel about it.

There was nothing human here, let alone feminine for me to be attracted to and yet...I was. Her mutant, alien body was now as sexy to me as her naked human body had been. I was sure I was giving her the wrong impression, avoiding her like this but I couldn’t help it. The strength of my own lust and all the new, dangerous possibilities for love making like this were...daunting to say the least.

Shockingly, the danger was turning me on as well. I’d always been a pretty vanilla guy; I liked sex and girls, I’d never even felt interested in BDSM or even light kink stuff

before. Now I was getting turned on by imagining those claws running along my skin just lightly enough that they wouldn't cut.

Jess rumbled, slinking down off the roof and crawled along the floor on all fours until she reached me. Her large head nudged against my leg, her drooling mouth growling low as if to ask for permission.

"Y-yeah we can snuggle." I said after a moment and the next second her mouth was against my neck and chest.

She purred loudly, drool sinking through the gaps in her teeth as she tried to make up for days of little touch. Guilt flooded me; I'd been so focused on myself that my poor girlfriend was suffering even more.

"Sorry, Jess." I said quietly, running my hand along the ridges on her head. "I guess I am still coming to terms with all this, I never intended to make you feel unwanted."

She rumbled, lifting his head slightly so that her under chin was bared. I could see that tiny patch of skin that had started this all and I froze.

"Y-you want me to...?"

She nodded. I swallowed, this time I felt my cock do more than twitch as it started to harden.

"Okay." I breathed, trying to get my heart rate under control.

I wanted this, but it didn't mean I wasn't daunted. Slowly I ran my finger along the sensitive leathery skin but then I began to move downwards, following the small gaps in the plates of chiton. Jess purred loudly, arching and shifting her body to make the gaps as large as she could as I ran down the length of her long neck and down across her chest.

Her great head turned, the teeth bared as she began to pant, coating me in hot breath and drool. The smell invaded my nostrils and I felt myself growing hot and hard. Without thinking I took my other hand and unzipped my fly, ready to tug myself off at the same time as stroking Jess.

She growled, loudly; and for the first time I picked up actual anger in the sound. For a second I thought I'd touched somewhere bad but then that long, dangerous tongue snaked out from between her layers of teeth.

“Oh G-God.”

That long tongue slowly wrapped itself around my cock and began to stroke in time with my own touches. It was even better than I'd imagined; it was like making out, getting a blow job and having sex all at once. It was long enough to totally wrap around my length with tongue to spare, the sharp spikes at the end only an inch away from my soft skin.

The danger pushed me further toward the edge and I started to moan as my hips bucked against her tongue. The drool coated me, perfectly lubricating everything so that we slid against each other with ease. I couldn't believe I was doing this; I was fucking my monster alien girlfriend.

It had been so long since I'd felt anything but my own hand on myself it was overwhelming. The smell of her, the shape, the feel of her tongue on me and the roughness of her body beneath my fingers was making me tremble. It was overwhelming and incredible. I brought up a second hand to stroke at more of that leathery skin and she rumbled.

Her whole body, tongue included, was trembling now. She was getting close. The fact that even now, in this form, I could read her body movement made me feel so close to her. It didn't matter what she looked like, she was still my Jess and I vowed to keep her with me and protect her for the rest of our lives.

“O-oooooh fuck Jess, I'm close-! I'm so close.”

She rumbled, more of that thick drool dripping down her ropery tongue to coat me. My jeans were soaked by this point, even if I wanted to I'd never get the smell out. My hips bucked and I felt myself getting closer.

“Jess!”

I came hard, sending cum into the air and coating that coiled tongue in white. My fingers dug into her skin as far as the armour would allow and she howled; the sound was beautiful. I didn't even care that I would have to explain it to the neighbours later; right now all I could think about was the bliss pouring out of my body.

Jess rumbled, curling around me tight for a moment, her tail brushing gently across my cheek so that the barbs at the end didn't cut my skin. I'd never felt so loved; this killing machine cared about me so much she was able to be close like this without hurting me. It must have taken incredible self control; knowing I meant that much to somebody filled my heart with warmth.

Relaxed and utterly at peace I flopped back against her hard side and shivered as Jess lapped up the seed, trying to clean us both up but really only half succeeding. She was still adding to the drool but I didn't mind. I couldn't remember the last time I felt so happy. In this moment, everything was perfect.

"Jess, you are totally amazing." I sighed, "Even now."

She purred, nuzzling those teeth against my neck and I laughed as it tickled. After a moment the mood turned somewhat sombre.

"I don't know what the future will hold, with you like this." I whispered, stroking my hand along her head. "But I promise I will take care of you. I won't let anybody hunt you down or put you in a cage, love. I swear it."

She rumbled and even though she could no longer speak I felt I could understand her meaning. She was promising the same; she would use this new, strong body to protect me as well. Nobody would ever harm us with her as our protector.

After a few minutes things had settled and I felt that barbed tail brushing against my clothes. The quiet sound of ripping fabric made me chuckle as she slowly sliced my wet clothes off me.

"Are you trying to get me naked?"

Another rumble, her head nudged against me with more insistence than before.

"You only had to ask." I cooed, "Let's make up for lost time, shall we?"