

It was the dream of a lifetime

I'd procured the nanite program through some well-earned funds I'd been saving the better part of a year for. The market version didn't come cheap, after all. There was some risk, of course. I had to trust that the preprogramming was to my specifications. There were protocols in the design of the nanites themselves that prohibited the users from losing mental control to the form they were transformed. Safeguards so that people couldn't be remote-controlled, that sort of thing. So far, no one had broken it yet. But the prospect was still frightening.

After a few hours of hiking, I found myself in the remote area of the woods that I had scooped out weeks in advance. I'd selected this area for a reason; I'd be far away from anyone else, so there would be minimal risk of my discovery. Not that it was dangerous for them or me, mind you. I just wanted the privacy. That, and I would scare the hell out of anyone who found me, realization that it was a nanite program or no.

The program I'd purchased was set to run for three days, an extended vacation for me from work. I would live out here in the woods in the form I'd chosen, experiencing a childhood fantasy to the best of the nanite's ability to provide it for me.

I was surprised that the form of my dreams was available. It didn't exist in nature, anywhere on this planet, or anywhere in the known universe. I hoped, at least. It existed in the mind of a deranged genius, and on movie screens the world over for many years.

I couldn't tell you why it was this form I'd spent thousands on to acquire for only a few days. I'd loved the movies and the lore, but to turn myself into one? But, as I pressed the button on the small device to begin my change, a rise in my cock from the prospect was a clear indication that I'd made the right choice after all.

First, I experienced a strange sensation flowing over my body. It was the first time I'd done this and I had no idea how the nanites worked. Could I really feel the sensations of change? Would it hurt? I sincerely hoped not! Especially with how *alien* the process would make me. Pun intended.

The first noticeable effect was that the skin along my hands, fingers, and arms had begun to expand and blacken before my eyes. I touched the skin with human tactile sensations while I could. It was hard and slick in some places, though my arm developed strange bumps and ridges in others.

My pinky and middle fingers began to shrink and dissolve away, while my remaining digits grew longer and thicker. The nails grew that same hard black chitinous material as they stretch into deadly claws. I still retained opposable thumbs that could still grasp as well as my human hands, though their thick claws were as deadly as any predator on earth.

I felt my arms grow thinner as the chitinous skin spread up them. They weren't terribly strong, yet the firm exoskeleton they sported added to their overall power. Bizarre ridges formed along them as their overall length reduced. Their human hairs simply fell away wherever the nanite-induced skin touched, leaving my arms bare and alien in all the right ways.

The blackening skin spread towards my back and chest, and I groaned as I felt my spine crack and bulge. The flesh was forming a carapace along my flesh, an exoskeleton of sorts. Though I knew it wasn't completely insectoid. I'd still maintain an internal skeleton as well. I was pleased they'd kept that particular detail in the change.

I'd researched the specifics that my soon-to-be body would possess to the last letter, I recalled my flesh was made up of a strong chitinous material, a protein-polysaccharide complex that would leave my flesh nearly impenetrable to all but the greatest of forces. My skin could reform quickly if needed, something akin to silicon that was excreted to repair my cells. The designers of this particular program were as true to the source material as they could be!

I felt my spine ache as several strange bumps began to protrude along the ridges of my back, thickening with my chitinous exoskeleton as they burst forth. Thankfully there was no pain; the nanites took care of that. Some of the blunt-ended spines burst through my shoulder blades, soon covered by a similar exoskeleton. Yet, I felt how mobile they were, how they could collapse and expand, making my body virtually invisible in any environment, ready to hide and strike at a moments' notice. I would be a master of stealth in this form.

A shiver ran through me as my body temperature began to lower and I lost the ability to create my own heat. I didn't need a high internal body temperature to function, however. It was another of many defense mechanisms to keep me hidden from detection. I could survive in cooler temperatures; though extremes might kill me I was quite resistant.

My spine felt numb as a nub at the end soon extended into what I excitedly knew was my tail. Growing too fast for me to prepare, I was shocked to feel the end of it brush against a tree. I shivered from the strange sensations as my snake-like tail stretched and grew, the ridges down my back filling out down towards the tip. I moaned my excitement as the tip grew thin and sharp, a deadly blade at the end of the amazingly flexible appendage.

I moved it back and forth experimentally, trying to figure out how to control it as my brain acquired the necessary neural connections to do so. It was far too ungainly for me to use it to run for balance, but with how I supported myself, that was unnecessary. I could feel a little tingle at the end, one I knew to be a gland that could secrete a potent poison should my body require it. I really was becoming the perfect killing machine!

Next came a gurgling sensation as the chemicals in my body began to alter into something with a pH far lower than anything the human body was designed to manage. My blood was literally becoming acid, the most corrosive substance known to exist. Or at least to the degree that the nanites could provide with them existing in my system without being destroyed themselves. They were extremely resilient, though it was likely that my blood wasn't quite as acidic as the creature I was based off. The pH was far below 0, exponentially more acidic than human stomach acid. I knew that my blood would no longer be used for oxygen, that exposure would cause the acid to oxidize in a matter of minutes. It was a purely defensive mechanism, or a method to rapidly digest food sources and transport those nutrients through my body. I didn't need to transport oxygen; my body could even survive in the vacuum of space if needed.

A tingling in my feet brought my attention down in time to see my toes undergoing a similar transformation to my hands. Soon, they began stretching into three-clawed feet while my remaining digits evaporated. My legs weakened a bit as well, becoming thin but powerful, the exoskeleton covering them making up for the lack of muscle mass. I could run powerfully fast on all fours, but I preferred to stand on my legs as I would a human. I felt my legs stretching a little, at least a foot in height, bringing me closer to 7 ft., though part of that was in my chest as well as my legs. The height advantage was better for dispatching prey with my deadly tail, after all

There was one other specification the nanites provided. I would have requested it anyway, but it came in the predetermined package regardless. Evidently, I wasn't the only one who wanted some sort of genitalia in the alien body, when none should exist. There were male and female options available, but I figured male would be preferable since I had no desire to change my sex.

I hissed as I felt my cock start to come to an erection, the tip getting pointy, leaking slick, sticky fluids. It wasn't seminal fluid, not exactly. I couldn't reproduce in this form. But touching it with my clawed fingers felt amazing nonetheless.

My lips continued to elicit a hiss that was more foreign to my ears. It only served to excite me as I reached down and rubbed the blackening member I now sported. The skin was tough; a similar material to the rest of my carapace, but layered, so it could engorge with fluid and expand. The sensations of doing so sent waves of ecstasy through my steadily changing body. I held off touching it further, desperate to feel the remaining changes that rocked my form fully before

experiencing orgasmic bliss. At that, my balls retreated into the flesh behind my growing cock, though I wouldn't need them in this body

The thick, black carapace was spreading up my neck now, causing my blond human hair to dissolve away. A dull sensation encroached over the space as my bald head began to expand as the smooth hard skin spread over my forehead and skull. Even my thinner neck was more than sufficient to support the full weight of it, which was a relief.

I felt my ears melt away into my head, and for a moment, I could no longer hear. But that was ok. I felt something opening up inside of my head, an awareness of the world, of where things were. My brain was scarcely able to process it all, not quite yet.

My skull grew massive, heavy, and elongated, and filled with muscles I figured necessary to operate certain other aspects of my physiology. The surface was hard, slick, and clear. The alien flesh began crawling slowly down my forehead, how the sides collapsed and filled with a variety of veins and ridges.

At last, my face began to tingle, and I awaited the drastic changes to my human visage. I longed for a mirror to view them but I was forced to settle for feeling my tongue begin to harden. It rapidly grew longer and thicker as something bizarre erupted from the tip. Something began opening and tasting on its own within my former human tongue. I hissed as the muscle tightened inside, thinned and layered to contain what had been my tongue. It was strange; it was as though I had a second jaw within my first. The prickling sensation of teeth growing seemed to confirm my suspicions.

My jaw itself began to extend, my teeth sharpening as I hissed in delight at playing with my new appendage. It was a pharyngeal jaw, one I would use to eat, but more importantly, impale my prey with deadly speed. I flicked it in and out a few times, amazed at the speed it possessed. It was so odd to have a second set of jaws to open and close, my digestive functions rerouted through this bizarre appendage.

I began to drool profusely, thick, silvery saliva that fell to the forest floor. I wasn't sure why I was salivating. I felt no hunger, not exactly. I did feel desires for flesh, but my body was strong and could go for days without eating. My new physiology did not need to eat much; I could practically shut down my body for extended periods, only reviving if I sensed prey or a suitable host, I assumed.

The forest around me began to fade, and I realized that my eyes were shrinking, moving lower in my head, almost at level with my jaw. As the dome moved lower, I realized that my eyes were

still present, though the hard carapace was actually covering them. It was strange; I had thought my body would lack eyes entirely. I could still see, but not in the way that I had just moments ago. The glassy dome of my carapace covered my eyes, protecting them, though limiting my ability to see as a human would. But I could see in so much more detail that evaded the human eye. Various ends of the spectrum were now open to me, both the UV and infrared and perhaps others I simply wasn't aware of. My still-human brain had difficulty interpreting them.

I was almost done. I could feel the nanite's effects dwindling, the changes starting to slow as I neared completion. It wouldn't be long now. I felt a quivering in my cock that was only amplified by my new sensory inputs. I knew exactly where it was, how it connected in my new form. I was aware of every ridge, every vessel, and vein. I knew exactly where I would best feel my new body being stimulated.

I hissed in excitement, drooling as I touched my cock. Powerful shudders cascaded through my body, like layers of chiton vibrating on one another, and, in turn, causing me great enjoyment. I played over my alien penis, the forest around me silent as its inhabitants detected the presence of an apex being and ran in fright. But that was OK. I could hide if I wanted to, become perfectly invisible to hide and hunt. But I didn't need that right now.

I hissed and drooled, the knowledge that I was only one of my kind in existence to even possess a phallus powerfully arousing. I was getting so close, I needed release, to fully explore all my alien body had to offer...

With a great hiss of release, my cum sprayed all over the forest floor, the consistent vibrations from my main jaws indicative of my pleasure. It wasn't sperm exactly; I had no need to procreate in this body. Still, the trembles of pleasure that rocked from my powerful body felt amazing, better than anything I'd experienced in my human form. And the rate of recharge was phenomenal; already I could feel my cock tip stir in arousal of myself from just the feeling that it offered my body.

The change was done. I knew exactly what I was. I was a facsimile of a xenomorph, a beast that had terrified audiences the world over for more than 40 years. I wouldn't be forced to lay eggs down people's throats or anything, the nanites didn't work that way. But I got to experience the awesome power, speed, and form that had haunted my nightmares as a child and fascinated me as an adult. For three days, all that would be mine.

I found my body had little in the way of instincts or urges as I sat alone in the cave I'd found for myself. My instincts were content with me staying still for many hours at a time, and my mind was content to drift off. Occasionally my cock would stir to life, and those moments of ecstasy were blissful as I spilled my odorless seed all over the cavern floor. It was just as hard and sticky as the resin I could produce from glands in my mouth, a hardening agent that combined with my ample drool.

I made myself a cocoon of sorts, holding myself effortlessly in my lair as I waited for something to encroach over my territory. I had none of the urges to kill all life forms or prepare them for infection for a nameless queen; that had all been left out of the program thankfully. As, too, had the idea of a genetic memory; I was given a simple set of instincts and an awareness of how my body worked but that was it. There was no ancient hive mind to learn from, after all.

I could see far better with other senses than with my eyes, using something akin to echolocation through my hissing to great advantage. I hissed constantly, at frequencies that most animals couldn't detect. Those sensory organs housed in my skull transmitted visual information into my brain and gave me a clear picture of the world. The world in shades of red offered far more pertinent information for the predator I was now.

I had acquired so many unique senses. A world of experiences opened up to me, a tantalizing cocktail of sensory input from all over the animal kingdom that made up the influence for this alien creature that I had become. I could scent the tiniest molecules in the air, knew all sorts of information about what animals, insects, and even plant life had been here in the past few days. That, in tandem with my heat sense, provided almost a visual trail that I could use to track other life forms. I could even detect electrical signals; I instinctively knew magnetic north and the faint electrical signals that emanated from every living thing. It wasn't as much as say, a shark would feel, I figured. Yet, it was still interesting to have so many sensory capabilities in one body.

One particular evening, I got lucky, detecting the heat of a deer some miles away. Crawling up a tree, I lay there, silent as death, black carapace invisible in the night as the deer etched ever closer. I was sure it couldn't smell me, couldn't hear me. I left no trace of myself for even an intelligent animal. And this prey was stupid. It drew closer while I waited for it, all my bodily functions still. I knew I didn't have to move till the last second. I felt no excitement or joy in the act. I simply needed to stay perfectly still until the right moment...

I dropped suddenly from the tree, hissing as I landed on top of the stunned animal. It had no time to react as my pharyngeal jaw sprang out and pierced the helpless animal through the brain, rendering it dead in an instant. It fell to the ground in a heap, and I leaped off it, standing over my prey triumphant.

There was nothing else in the woods to interrupt my meal, and I feasted gleefully. My pharyngeal jaw, though unable to consume great quantities of food, was able to move amazingly fast and I soon found myself full, having eaten away at the brain, the head, and some muscle, areas that were dangerous for most mammals but safe for my alien physiology. It had been a good night and I was excited to try and repeat the performance.

Every so often I felt the stirring of arousal from my pointed cock, and I'd reach down to stroke it, feeling my able fingers over the slightly smooth skin of my pseudo xenomorph phallus. It was much different than my human penis; it emitted no scent, just sent waves of pleasure as all the interlocking bits of chitin and bone underneath were stimulated in a way that seemed to please my body as much as the act of feeding. I knew it did not serve a purpose. I did it simply for pleasure, and that was enough to shoot spurts of sticky resin all over the forest floor.

Sometimes when making a new nest I simply ejaculated over the area, the sensations better than having the resin ooze from my mouth. I was pleased with the result of living in the artificial cocoon I'd crafted for myself, waiting for my body to hunger again, or far more likely, to revert to my much weaker human form.

On the third day, I could feel the warmth of the sun and the tingling that indicated the nanites were converting me back to my human form. In many ways, I was thankful, even as my enhanced senses slipped away and I was reduced to mere human sight and hearing. I couldn't stay this alien in an alien world. There was no place for my kind here. But to have experienced it firsthand like that, a childhood dream...

Even as I began to revert, I knew I had time for one more thing. I used my remaining claws to stroke out one last shot of alien resin, before the nanites dissolved it and every trace of my xenomorph body and fluids as I became human once more. The hiss of my release echoed all over the forest, reminded all that resided here of my presence, scarring the land with the possibility that I might one day return...