

## Alien Mothers Part 2

By TheSpiralledEye

“If you can change genders, why don’t you just do it to your own people!” Alec cried, “I didn’t sign up to be gender bent and turned into an alien!”

“Haavaraan’s need both our reproductive organs in order to be fertile.” Tendo explained, “Even if our wombs are no longer fully functional, we need them to generate genetic material with which to impregnate. You do not, if we change your bodies to that of the female species and splice in a bit of our own DNA, we should be able to create viable offspring.”

Alex balled his hands into fists; he had already been humiliated enough. To suggest robbing him of his masculinity and in such a flippant way, he wouldn’t stand for it.

“Just send another message to Earth. I am sure some women will volunteer.” He seethed through clenched teeth.

“According to our calculations, by the time the message is received and a new ship sent almost ninety-four years will have passed here.” Tendo’s copper eyes shone with tears, “We have so few Haraavan’s left, if we risk another century of decline, we are doomed, there simply won’t be enough genetic diversity and any offspring we produce are bound to have genetic complications which will only continue to worsen as we keep interbreeding in the future.”

“We’re your last hope.” Charlie said, eyes full of sympathy, Tendo nodded.

Alec wanted to spit back that it was Tendo’s mistranslations that put them in this mess in the first place. He should reap what he sowed...but even he wasn’t that cruel. There was a whole planet of innocent people here who didn’t deserve to go extinct. Still, the asking price was high and he couldn’t ignore that.

“I understand we are asking a lot.” Tendo sighed, clearly reading the room, “I shall leave you both to discuss it. Should you require...your ship is still in the courtyard.”

He walked out, antennae dropping lower on his head and for the first time Alex felt a stab of pity. Charlie placed a calming hand on his shoulder.

“I know it’s weird.” He winced “But...we can’t just let the Havaaran’s die out because of our pride. And besides, it’s not like we can go home.”

Alec bit the inside of his cheek to keep from swearing. Charlie was right, he just hated admitting it. At least he could take solace in knowing he’d never have to face another human again; at least he wouldn’t have to see them after reports of the new solution were no doubt sent their way. Maybe the change could even be reversed after he’d...given birth. Even the idea was anathema to his entire identity. He’d gotten off so many times in the lead up to the trip, imagining all those alien women with round bellies, carrying his child. Not the other way around.

“Alright. Let’s tell Tendo.”

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To say Tendo and his team were grateful for their decision was an understatement. They were practically falling over themselves in an effort to please them; Alex was fairly certain he could have asked for a moon and they’d have started organising to pull one from the sky. They were shown to an extensive four storey building, the top two floors of which belonged to them. The bottom two floors contained medical facilities which were being hastily renovated with the machinery needed to genetically alter them, something Alec was trying very hard not to think about. When he finally stepped into his penthouse he felt his eyes widen; the decorations and plants were unrecognisable but the furniture was plush and there were more rooms than he would ever need.

“We have done our best to accommodate your human needs as much as possible. We based many of the rooms on floor plans and schematics sent to use a few decades ago. Though, it is possible we have made further mistakes.” Tendo said those last words quite pensively.

There was a bath big enough to be a swimming pool, floor to ceiling windows that gave him a view of the white stone city surrounds and plenty of bits of tech which resembled entertainment units. The bed was almost as big as a room itself; It was paradise.

“This looks great, Tendo. Thanks.”

The Havaaran beamed.

“It will take us a few days to prepare the genetic material.” He added, “In the meantime both you and your compatriot are welcome to travel the city, I am sure the people would be eager to catch a glimpse of our visitors.”

Alec snorted, from here he could see the small crowd they’d driven through still gathered on the footpath; all waiting to try and catch another glimpse. At least he had the fame he’d always dreamed of.

He passed the days doing exactly as Tendo had suggested, going out and meeting the people. He basked in the attention, signing autographs and posing for holographic pictures. He studied the aliens as closely as possible, noting how they used their thick antennae like another set of limbs. He’d even seen a Haraavan child playing ball with them. The locals seemed equally as fascinated with his hair, some even going to far as to touch it. He was a celebrity and saviour, if only he didn’t have to get transformed this life would be perfect.

Charlie on the other hand, barely left his penthouse, instead holing himself up with a pile of data pads reading about Haavaan culture and the history of their genetic condition.

“I really think you should read these.” He’d urged, “The last thing you want is to make some massive social faux pas.”

“I’ve been walking around for days no issue.” Alec shrugged, “Besides, even if I do manage to fuck up, what are they going to do? I’m their saviour.”

“At least look at these notes Tendo sent up.” He tried, “it explains how they’ll change us.”

Alec had seen them. A data pad with all the details had been delivered to his room just that morning and he’d resolutely ignored it. He didn’t even want to think about the procedure, let alone read about what it entailed. He just wanted to enjoy his last few days as a human man. How Charlie was so accepting of all this was beyond him.

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Alec woke with a stone in his gut. Today was the day, their first round of genetic manipulation. He showered, running his hands over every inch of his skin, memorising the look and feel of his male human body for what could be the last time. He had no idea what the procedure would be like, it was his own fault but still. That data pad still lay on the kitchen table where he’d left it, turned off. With a final sigh he dressed in the hospital style gown that had been delivered and took the elevator down to the main lab, meeting Charlie on the way.

The man had the audacity to be humming. Goddamn humming as if this was some routine doctor's visit. He even had a little bounce in his step.

"How can you be so calm?"

"I guess I am just thinking about all the Havaaran's we're going to help." Charlie shrugged, though Alex noted he wouldn't meet his eyes.

There was no time to question him further though as the elevator doors slid open, revealing Tendo and his team eagerly awaiting their arrival. Several of them came forward, antennae and hands extended to shake in gratitude. For the first time the adoration rang hollow.

"Please take a seat." One of the scientists offered, helping them both up onto medical beds.

There were a number of large needles laid out on a tray before him. Alec swallowed. He'd never liked needles, they made him squeamish, not that he would ever admit it. He let his training kick into gear, staring straight ahead, stoic and focused. Tendo carefully undid the ties at the back of his gown, leaving him sitting naked before them. Normally, this wouldn't bother him, Alec had nothing to hide. Hell, he was pretty well endowed and not above showing off his perfectly cultivated body. But now, with all these aliens watching he felt like an ant under a microscope, small and vulnerable. Two things he distinctly hated.

He jumped as Tendo began rubbing a cool cloth across his ass before regaining his composure. He really should have read that damn data pad. A moment later the Havaaran grabbed the largest needle and stuck it right in his ass cheek. There was a prick of pain and then, to his surprise, a warm relaxing feeling began to spread down his legs and crotch. It was the most pleasant shot he'd ever received. The process was continued as Tendo cleaned another patch of skin, this time on his pec. Those copper eyes were wide and shiny, Alec wondered if it was worry or some other emotion that was shining there just as the second needle poked through his skin. He almost flopped backwards as that warm, relaxing sensation spilled through him. Only Tendo's strong hands kept him upright.

The scientist came to sit behind him, helping him to stay erect as another scientist readied the final needle. Gently, almost reverently, Tendo pushed a small patch of his hair aside. This time he barely felt the pain as all, only a final wave of pleasant tingling that spread from his skull down to his neck. He felt his jaw drop, his whole body felt floppy and warm, like waking up slowly on a summer's morning.

"This round of shots is the strongest." Tendo assured him, carefully laying him down. "The next round won't have quite such a strong effect."

Alec giggled, he felt drunk. The whole world was swimming before his eyes; idly he wondered if Charlie was feeling the same. He tried to call out, knowing the man was only a few feet away on his own bed but only a tired moan escaped. His mouth felt like it was full of cotton wool. Tendo laid a hand on his shoulder in an affirming manner.

“The side effects should be minimal, sleep. You’ll feel more yourself when you wake up.”

Alec smiled lazily, sleeping sounded like a great idea and he let his eyes flutter closed. He fell into a hazy dream filled with bliss and copper eyes.

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He woke surprisingly fast. Blinking awake and immediately being blinded by the fluorescent lights overhead. The beeps and buzzes of various machines began to stab at his ears and Alec found a number of diodes attached to his body; monitoring everything from blood pressure to heartrate. A silver-eyed scientist was bending over him with a smile.

“You’ve been asleep about three hours.” He said, anticipating the obvious question, “The hormones and genetic mutagens we injected as acting as planned. We should start seeing results in the next few hours.”

Results. Otherwise known as his transformation into a woman. Alec swallowed nervously and nodded. He could have an existential breakdown later, when he was alone, right now he had to defend what little pride he had left. He sat up gently, only half listening to the scientist attaching some sort of flat bandage to his stomach that would somehow remotely monitor his vitals. Charlie was sitting up with a positively beaming smile, talking amicably with Tendo. His ease grated on Alec and he balled his fists in frustration. Somehow the fact that he was taking this so well made him angry.

He excused himself swiftly, grabbing the medical gown and tossing it on before escaping to the elevator. As the doors closed Tendo looked up and locked eyes with him for a fraction of a second before they were cut off. There was some emotion there, something in the way the alien made was looking at him that made him feel queasy. Or maybe that was just one of the treatments side effects.

Back in the safety of his own room he settled down in the bathroom, naked, sitting before one of the many mirrors. He wanted to be ready when whatever changes occurred started, he was a soldier deep down, he was capable of staying vigilant for hours if need be; it was a good thing too, because at first it seemed nothing was happening. Boredom was beginning to gnaw at his brain after several hours but he didn’t want to tempt fate by taking a shower or going to sleep, no matter how dog tired he felt. He may not be a scientist but even he knew his system must have been flooded with a tonne of hormones that were currently wreaking havoc on his system. It was only when a knock at the bathroom door startled him that Alec realised he’d almost fallen asleep sitting up.

“Hey, Alec. Are you alright in there?”

Charlie.

“I’m fine. How are you feeling.”

“Oh, you know, probably the same as you. Nervous.” He didn’t sound nervous at all. “Has anything...happened yet?”

“No, you?”

Silence.

“Can I come in?”

Wrapping a towel around his waist Alec unlocked the door and Charlie walked in, he’d redressed but even through the shirt Alec could see the tell-tale mounds on his chest. Charlie looked like he was holding back so much emotion he was in danger of exploding. His eyes had flown to Alec’s own chest, still smooth.

“Isn’t it great?” Charlie smiled before hastily adding, “For the cause I mean.”

Alec just grimaced, unconsciously rubbing his hands across his chest, feeling how tender the skin was.

“They should be fully formed and after that maybe even start filling with milk!” Charlie said, “Isn’t this just so...isn’t it something?”

He couldn’t take it anymore.

“How the hell are you so happy? Having your masculinity taken away?” Alec cried, “I’ve been sitting here, looking at my own reflection paranoid about what I might see in the mirror tomorrow. And you’re walking on air!”

Charlie flinched back, demurring and making Alec's blood boil.

"Look at you! Cowering in a corner, you were a soldier man, an astronaut for goodness sake! If I didn't know any better, I'd say you were happy this mix up happened!"

"I think maybe you should go lie down." Charlie said quietly, "Tendo said that the hormones might make us a bit emotional-"

"I am not emotional!" Alec yelled, louder this time.

"It's okay to be upset, perhaps we should talk to-"

"If you say Tendo, I will kick your ass right here." He snarled, "It's all his fault this is happening but if you love Tendo so much, good news, you can go fuck him and carry all his little alien babies soon enough!"

"Why are you so angry. We agreed this was the best course of action to save the Haaravan's. Stop acting like a jackass."

"You're the jackass. You're acting like I'm the unreasonable one for not wanting this. Even if it is to save a whole species. I'm allowed to be pissed!"

Charlie opened his mouth to continue their argument but stopped, eyes widening for a moment before he shivered. His skin blushed red and an arm wrapped around his midsection self-consciously.

"I...I think I'd better go." He said hurriedly, walking out of the bathroom.

Alec was still on an emotional high, he wasn't going to let this go. He followed, ready to rip into his former friend again when he felt it as well. His stomach seemed to twist and a strange bolt of energy seemed to pass through him making him stop where he stood. There was a strange movement, a vibration within his lower stomach, he could feel something inside him shifting.

"Oh Gods." Charlie moaned on his knees, one hand right on his crotch. "It's happening."

Alec could feel it, that familiar weight between his legs was lessening, he could feel his cock shrinking, almost like it was being absorbed back up into his body. The sensation wasn't painful, more like the burn of a tightly wound muscle being massaged. It was almost good, or it would be were the implications not quite so terrifying. Alec wished it were painful, he wished it felt truly, horrifically awful so that he could hate every second. But it didn't, instead that warm tingling inside grew as his cock began to disappear, turning to pleasure he had to fight to ignore. Charlie, judging from the soft moans he was making, had no such inhibition.

"Why does it feel so good?" Alec groaned, leaning heavily against the door trying not to think about the wonderful sensation spreading between his legs.

"T-Tendo didn't want us to feel pain or b-be knocked out for a week s-so he added endorphins and-oh fuck." Charlie couldn't continue his explanation; he was down on his hands and knees breathing heavily and groaning.

"He may have gone a little overboard." Alec squeezed his eyes closed, but that only bought his sense of touch to the forefront of his mind.

He could feel his balls disappearing, melting back up into his skin, his lengthy cock following suit and leaving behind an aching emptiness. Morbid curiosity got the better of him, he opened his eyes, fully intending to unwrap the towel and watch the process but instead found himself frozen with the scene in front of him. Charlie had removed his pants and was sitting, legs spread in front of him. His eyes were glazed and lowered, Alec was sure his friend had no idea how on display he was, he was far too horny and distracted watching what was happening between his legs. As was Alec.

Pink skin was forming, smooth and beautiful into the familiar shape of a pussy. The skin glistened for a few seconds as moisture slowly formed there, only to turn to full on wetness within seconds. Alec could see the hole Charlie's cock had left behind, puckered and wet, dribbling juices down onto the floor. Fuck, he could feel it now too, a dampness encompassing that empty aching feeling between his legs. Just below the towel his own pussy was forming and it felt so wonderful he had to bite his lip to hold back a moan.

He refused to get off on this. He couldn't let himself cum watching this change, *feeling* this change. A sudden bolt of ecstasy burst through him, making his legs shudder and almost pushing him over the edge; it was only his ironclad resolve that kept him from falling. The cause was apparent a moment later when Charlie writhed, a pretty pink clit pushing forwards between his folds. Unlike Alec though, Charlie did not hold back and came hard, a small stream of pussy juice squirting out of his hole as he came.

Even though they were several metres away from each other Alec swore he could smell it. That sweet, heady, female smell that filled his mind with images of sex. Fuck, it was too much; he was cumming, sending rivulets of wetness down his thigh where, thankfully, the towel began to



absorb them. He bit down on his knuckles, desperate to keep the moan in. He would not debase himself like Charlie had, *he* was in control. He was.

A few awkward seconds passed as the two of them tried to catch their breath, Charlie was blushing profusely.

“Sorry about...I just got caught up in it. You understand.” He looked up at Alec imploringly.

His anger from before had melted away with the pleasure along with most of his energy. Alec was too exhausted and embarrassed to be angry with Charlie right now. Maybe later, when he could muster the energy, they could continue their argument. For now, he just nodded, Charlie’s shoulders relaxed in relief as he got to his feet and awkwardly began to redress himself.

“I’m going to take a nap.” Alec mumbled, stumbling toward the bedroom. “See yourself out.”

He felt exhausted, bone tired, that mixed with the post orgasm haze meant he barely made it to the bed before collapsing and passing out.

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When he woke, the sun was rising on the next day. Almost twenty-four hours had passed since his first injections and he’d been asleep almost the entire time. Memories of yesterday came flooding back; the bathroom, the change, the orgasm. Grogginess instantly disappearing, he shot up in bed only to sway slightly not due to dizziness but rather his head felt heavier than it should have. He reached a hand up to his skull and found it smooth. He turned to look down at his pillow and found little hair he’d had on his head was coating it, having fallen out in the night. Again, he ran his hands over his skull, finding two bumps, their texture was smooth but not in the same way skin was, rather it felt as though they were made of fine scales, like a snake. Antenna, just like the Haraavan’s possessed. They were small but no doubt would soon be just as long as Tendo and the other aliens, a side effect he supposed.

He’d never been a particularly vain man; he was handsome enough but he was also a military man. This meant short, cropped hair and yet, he found himself mourning the loss. He moved his hands down, feeling the lack of stubble on his cheeks and then the slight slope his shoulders had developed and finally, he reached his chest. It took him a minute to build up the courage to look but when he finally did he was met with a set of small, but perky breasts. Pretty nipples surrounded by a circle of pink skin, they were yet to take on much weight, if he were to guess he’d only be an A cup so far but that was likely not going to last long.

His eyes slid over to the bathroom door, in there was a mirror. Never in his life had he been so nervous to look at his own reflection, he squeezed his eyes closed as he pushed open the door, taking a deep breath and steeling himself before finally stepping inside and opening them. A person looked back at him; the breasts and pussy were certainly female, but his body on the whole was still

a bit too sharp and angular, giving it an all-over androgenous appearance. His face was slightly softer, his jaw line not quite as square and of course, atop his head were the beginnings of the antenna that could replace his hair. There was also a slight tinge to his skin, it wasn't yet the rich green of their alien hosts but it was clearly changing. This body was obviously unfinished, many of the features lacked polish but to his surprise, he didn't find himself hating it. His own brown eyes remained unchanged, looking back at him, the slight rise on one side of his lips was still visible, this was still him. A strange, half human, half alien version but he was still Alec, under it all.

Getting dressed while not yet difficult proved an enlightening experience. His clothing still fit though not quite as cleanly. There was pressure at his hips and rump where they had started to widen and his shirt was now uncomfortably tight. When they had first set off, they'd packed very little; only a handful of outfits and mementos; still, it felt somewhat saddening to know soon his only human clothes wouldn't fit at all. He'd assumed he would get to wear them for at least the next few years alongside new Haraaven garments.

"Don't get upset over some fabric." He chastised himself, "Maybe on the outside you're a woman but not inside!"

According to the clock on the wall, Alec was still adjusting to the planet's thirty-hour day, but he could tell it was early. He likely wasn't expected down in the laboratory for his second round of injections for another hour but he decided to go anyway, perhaps he would luck out and there would only be one or two scientists there. At least then he wouldn't have an entire crowd watch him get injected.

When the doors open Alec realised his wish had been made on a monkey's paw. Indeed, there was only one scientist present, but it was Tendo. He looked up with a start before leaping to his feet and brushing imaginary dust off his lab coat and clearing his throat.

"I wasn't expecting you for another hour, how was your night? You're vitals jumped quite high for a few minutes at one point."

Alec had to hold back a laugh; Tendo's eyes were staring rigidly ahead; he could almost see the physical strain the poor man was going through trying to resist looking over his changed body.

"It was eventful." Alec said eventually, praying Tendo didn't ask for details as he so clearly wanted to. "How long will it take for everything to be...done."

"A few days at least." Tendo picked up his notes and immediately began rattling off a bunch of scientific jargon that went in one ear and out the other. He tried to be polite but after several minutes of uninterrupted geek speak his brain felt like it was about to melt out his ears.

“Tendo, did you maybe want to take a breath?”

“Oh.” He flushed a deeper shade of green, “Sorry, I tend to babble when I am nervous. They really didn’t want me being the head of your greeting committee but I insisted. It was my research that helped find the solution to our problem. Well, what we thought was the solution, if I hadn’t mistranslated-“

“Tendo.”

“Oh, I did it again. Sorry.”

The Haraavan’s whole face was now a dark shade of emerald that made his copper eyes stand out all the more. Now that he was finally over the shock that Tendo and his people were, at least functionally, male, Alec could appreciate how handsome he was. A thought he quickly cut short; he wasn’t gay, he was just doing this for the sake of another sentient species. Though that did beg the question, how would they get pregnant?

“When the change is complete, how long until we...?”

“We know this must be hard for you, so we will let you come to us when you are ready to be inseminated.”

“So, we won’t have to have sex?”

It turns out Haraavan’s could blush much more than humans.

“No of course not, unless you want to.” Tendo tugged at his antenna uncomfortably, “I thought the best course of action would be to have several of us donate and then mix the samples to ensure no favouritism.”

Maybe it was the good night’s rest but Alec found himself smiling coyly.

“I didn’t think a scientist specialising in reproduction would find sex such an embarrassing topic of conversation.”

Tendo actually chuckled and relaxed slightly.

“Normally it wouldn’t be. I suppose I still feel bad about putting you in this predicament. I meant what I said the other day, I really have dreamed of meeting humans all my life and when I get to be the one to greet the very first visitors, I screwed up colossally. The only reason I wasn’t fired was Charlie putting in a good word for me with the others.”

Another strange stab of irritation went through Alec at the mention of Charlie, he wasn’t sure why. Something about Tendo owing him so much made him feel, uncomfortable. All of a sudden, he wished he’d not come down here so early.

“Well, since I am here, perhaps you can give me the next round of treatments? I want to get them over with.”

“Of course.”

Tendo helped him onto one of the bio beds and hastily began noting down his changes on a data pad. He measured all his vitals, even took a sample of blood and then, when everything looked clear with no adverse effects, he readied another round of needles. All the while he regarded Alec’s naked body with a clinical eye, a professional through and through. And yet, there was something else shining in those metallic eyes, some emotion Alec couldn’t put his finger on. He didn’t have long to ponder it as there was a short sharp pain in his ass cheek and that warm, sleepy feeling began to fill him once more. By the time Tendo had given him the final shot, his body felt as though it was made from a limp noodle. He fell back into the bed and for just a moment, before he fell asleep, he could have sworn the mattress felt like a warm set of arms.