

How to Win Friends and Alienate People

By Abe E Seedy (from 10 years ago, don't judge me)

They came without warning, like tax collectors or a particularly poor lover. The world just woke up one day to find 53 alien spaceships hovering over seemingly random areas. They were all next to - but not directly over - populated regions, in parks or forested spaces just outside of towns. Unsurprisingly, this caused quite a bit of excitement.

After the initial storm of media activity, militaries the world over cordoned the ships off and attempted contact. It was resoundingly unsuccessful. The ships were disc-shaped, their entire surface a completely smooth dark grey metal, and seemingly nothing could induce them to react in any way. Radio transmissions, light patterns, heat emissions, even the funkier of beats met with absolutely no response. Inevitably someone somewhere tried shooting them, and that too achieved not so much as a scratch.

The only thing the ships ever seemed to do was cause anything touching them to heat up within about a minute to uncomfortable levels, preventing anyone from trying to climb all over them, but not really doing much else aside from causing the rain to lightly sizzle. No one was able to find a way to get inside, or even take samples of their surface to analyze, so eventually after about a year of effort the cordons were closed and they were pretty much left to themselves. Ten years went past, and the ships became little more than a slight tourist drawcard. There were kids in school who hadn't known a world without massive inert spaceships floating over it. They were monitored of course, albeit with perhaps less than complete attention after such a long period of inactivity, and conspiracy theories still raged, but overall life went on.

Then about a month ago something happened. Dana went missing. Dana is, well, it's complicated. Let's just say we're friends and move on. Anyway, before she went missing she came to my flat and told me about the really intense dreams she'd been having recently. She couldn't remember anything about them clearly, just that she'd woken up sweating and oddly worked up, and that they were to do with the ships. She'd been having them pretty much every night for a month, she told me, and always it was the ships; some weirdly intense assertion that left the thought of them lingering in her head long after she woke up.

She'd never actually seen one in person - she was 13 when they first arrived, and smart enough to stay well away from the initial excitement, and after they were revealed to just be floating lumps there didn't seem to be any point in taking a road trip across state lines to see the closest one. But now with all the dreams she'd decided it must have been her subconsciousness telling her she really had to see one in person, and so she'd come to tell me she was going to head off the next day. I offered to go with her but she'd said no, saying that it was something she wanted to do alone. "Besides", she'd added, "I need you to stay so you can report it in case something happens". It was a joke, because nothing ever happened with the ships. And then she didn't come back.

Well, I tried reporting it, and nobody gave a shit. Apparently people have been using the ships as cover for convenient disappearances ever since they arrived, and 10 years down the line the cops don't play along anymore. They had the footage checked from the cameras around the ship she was going to, found nothing, and ruled it off as a regular missing persons case with no leads. Frustrated by the lack of progress, I decided to go out to the same ship after her. Other friends warned me that another girl by herself could go missing just as easily as Dana had, but I couldn't very well do nothing, and I didn't have anything else to go on. So I packed up some essentials, took leave from work on compassionate grounds, and went.

There's a small hotel near that ship now, a legacy of their days as a significant drawcard. I booked a room there for a week and, after my first day of walking around the perimeter fence trying unsuccessfully to find something of significance, reluctantly turned in. And then, without warning or explanation, I woke up somewhere else.

I could tell I was somewhere else as soon as I woke up, because of all the words I could use to describe cheap hotel beds, "viscous" wasn't normally one of them. I opened my eyes slowly, in the way you do when you're not sure you actually want to see anything after all, already aware that I could feel seemingly every part of my body sticking to the slick slimy surface I was lying on. The room itself was dark, so I couldn't make out anything at all - which to be honest was almost a relief given the oddness of the surface I was beginning to slowly lever myself off of. It wasn't so sticky that I had trouble pushing myself away, but it had soaked my night clothes enough to leave them clinging wetly to my skin. It was all through my long hair too, which somehow managed to bother me more at the time than it should have.

When I had raised myself into a sitting position a light suddenly came on, blinding me for a moment at first, but after a few seconds of startled blinking my eyes adjusted and I could see the rest of the room. It was perhaps 15 feet across, and the light was focused on the middle of the wall directly opposite from where I was sitting. With the newfound illumination it was clear that the room was nothing like what I ever imagined the inside of the ships would be. For starters all the surfaces were green; a sort of dark, living green that gleamed wetly in the light.

A quick glance downwards confirmed that the walls, floor, ceiling, everything seemed to be the same as what I had been lying on, which I now saw was a simple slab extending out from the wall behind me. Other than that there was nothing else in the room - I couldn't even tell where exactly the light was coming from. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't scared and confused at this point. I went to put my head in my hands but, seeing as my hands were covered in the omnipresent slimy goop that seemed to be exuded from everything in the room, I quickly decided against it. Torn between yelling to be let out and staying quiet and trying to hide I did pretty much nothing but panic and hyperventilate for the better part of two minutes. Suddenly and without warning a section of the opposite wall slid upwards to form an open doorway, making a noise like "gloooip" as it did so. This was not a comforting noise.

Through the doorway stepped an alien. I knew he was an alien because he looked as much like a stereotypical alien as possible. He was short, grey, smooth-skinned, with a large head and oversized black eyes. Picture the most generic alien you can think of, and that would describe him precisely. Somehow that was almost comforting; I mean, yes he was an alien, but at least he was an alien that made sense, unlike the rest of all this.

He was holding some sort of tablet, which he was looking at as he came in. He had nothing else besides that, not even clothes, although frankly it didn't look like he had anything to conceal in that department. He padded quickly across the floor until he was standing directly in front of me, then looked up and said "do you know your name?"

I blinked. He spoke with a sort of upper-class American accent, which even on top of everything else I hadn't been expecting. "Uh, yes?" I answered eventually.

This seemed to satisfy him, and he made a quick jab at the tablet with his free hand. "Do you know where you are?"

"I'm, I'm on one of the ships?" I remember this making me feel oddly calm. It was all just so startlingly mundane. If something bad was going to happen, you don't normally get politely quizzed first.

He nodded. It was an exaggerated and unnatural movement for him, I could tell because it was done slowly and deliberately, but the gesture was reassuring regardless. "Okay", he said, lowering his tablet to look at me directly, "I think that is enough to establish awareness. Yes, you are on one of 'the ships', as you call them. You were brought inside on request. There is someone here who very much wants to see you."

He gestured back to the doorway, and as he did so it slid upwards again, this time revealing Dana. Or at least, I thought it was Dana, but if it was then she certainly looked different from the last time I saw her. For a start she was naked; a fact that was still new enough to give me a thrill, but she seemed different beyond that too. She'd always been tall and, well, lithe, but somehow she seemed even more perfectly toned than before. The light was behind her so I couldn't make out her features very well, but her skin looked like it had an odd sort of sheen to it. It was only when she got closer that I realised she was completely coated in the same translucent green slime that covered the surface of the room. Somehow she made it look VERY good. She didn't seem put out by it at all in any case, she was grinning practically ear to ear as she swept across the room and threw me into a hug. "You made it!" she cried, pressing my face down into her chest. She always liked being tall enough to do that to me.

"Upfh?" I spluttered, my open-mouthed surprise resulting in me accidentally tonguing her boob. The slime slicked my lips - the taste and sensation was nothing like what I would have expected. It was... nice. Pleasant. Naughtily exciting. Embarrassed at myself for doing so I lingered, pulling my mouth slowly away from her wet skin until finally I could look her in the eyes. She was smiling still, but a different kind of smile now - much more of a lascivious grin.

She spoke again before I had regained the composure to do so. "Nice, isn't it? Well, there's more where that came from..." She started to lean down towards me, but was stopped as the grey alien tapped politely on her back. "Oh, damn, yes." She straightened back up before continuing. "Okay, I want to do things with you. Things to you. Interesting, exciting, sexy things..." she drifted away for a moment or so, before another quick tap brought her back "anyway, basically I want to sex you up something crazy, but it turns out that there are rules and laws in space too, and given that there are consequences from us doing it like wild, rutting animals right here on this floor-"

I must admit that I lost focus at this point. She kept talking, but I wasn't really responding to language for the moment. My heart was beating; it's not like the sound itself was deafening, but everything else just sort of faded out into irrelevant noise. There was just her in front of me, politely requesting that we fuck with wild abandon. The specifics weren't something I really cared about.

I snapped out of it only when I found the alien's tablet had been thrust in front of me. It was distressingly similar to an iPad, I noticed absently, before realizing that I was being asked for my signature as consent. I took the stylus that was being offered (where the alien had stored that before now I had no idea), and hastily signed my name.

The alien looked it over briefly, nodded once, then turned without a word and left the room. The door slid shut behind him, and then I was alone with Dana. She grinned. I don't think she had ever stopped grinning, but she certainly grinned all the more now. For all I know, I may have done the same. She gave me a look - possibly the hottest look I've ever received - and said just one word: "down".

I complied, lying back down on the slab I'd only just got myself off of. She followed me, moving to kneel astride me as I lay down on my back, shifting so that her groin was just a foot or so above my face. She stayed like that for a few seconds and the delay was quickly more than I could bear, so I leaned up and ran my tongue slowly along the length of her pussy lips. The taste was amazing, easily ten times as powerful as before, and the little moan she gave out above me made it all the more erotic.

She had plans, clearly, but once I'd started and gotten a taste of her there wasn't a power on earth that could have induced me to stop. I went to work eagerly, darting my tongue about her rapidly moistening slit. She moaned again, louder this time, and the sudden presence of her hand behind my head pushing me deeper into her signaled that she approved this change of plans. Quickly I found her clit and began working it hard with my tongue; normally that would feel like moving too fast, but she was certainly wet enough already, and given that she was all but pressing my whole face inside herself it felt like fair game.

As I worked her button it slowly seemed like there became more of it to work with - before long I was wrapping my tongue around it entirely the better to service its sudden girth. It kept growing too, and that was finally enough to make me pull back in surprise, allowing me a good view of exactly what was going on with her down there. The answer was not at all something that I had expected. Her clit had pushed out from her body and was now unmistakably a fully-fledged cock, and a sizable one at that. It was oddly shaped however, it was long and somewhat tapered towards the end - looking more like a tendril of some sort than a penis. The tip was certainly producing something though, some thick green liquid; a brighter green than that which appeared to be everywhere else on her body, but still noticeably of the same type. It was at this point that I finally saw between her legs the tail swaying gently behind her - a thick but seemingly dexterous lizard-like tail, that until now had somehow gone unnoticed.

I looked up, my mouth wide. She looked down and then, with a not-un-tender smile, pushed my mouth forcibly onto her cock and claimed me.

I submitted, instantly and utterly, my fear and doubt melting away. She wanted this - I wanted this - it was one and the same. Her wonderful cock seemed to writhe independently as it pushed down my throat. I tried to work it with my tongue at first but there was too much and she was too forceful. I quickly realised that my participation was not required; I was being taken, wholly, nothing I could do had any impact on the matter.

I relaxed, let the cock surge down my throat, let the sensations of it pushing and thrusting overwhelm me as I knelt helplessly, heeding only the fact that I was being fucked and that that was as it should be. Then she came, she threw her head back and emphatically came, great spurts of warm seed coating my insides as she pumped into me again and again. Suddenly the dynamic shifted, I felt her hand grasp the back of my head tightly and hold me close, seemingly desperate to ensure I took everything she had to give. She kept cumming, great waves pouring down my throat, more than she should have been able to produce, more than I should have been able to hold, and yet somehow still on it came. I felt everything, my entire being surging with her cum; it felt as though every part of me was being filled up and washed away by her glorious gift.

Suddenly my back arched in release as I felt something in my breasts give, I felt a distinct moment as my very body surrendered and submitted to her will, allowing itself to be changed to suit her desires. The release came as my breasts began leaking copiously from my nipples, but not only from there; their entire surface seemed to drip with the same sticky sweetness I'd experienced on her chest only a few minutes ago. She gave me one last unexpected thrust, sending a streaming pulse running through my frame that was so intense my tits squirted dramatically, painting the slab beneath me with the excess liquid. Finally she withdrew, my lips slack and leaking with her precious gift, and stood before me again with another proud and lascivious grin.

"Good", she said. "An excellent start. Now, turn over. I am going to take you in every way before I finally grant you release."

I turned over. What else could I do?

She moved me roughly, all pretense of delicacy and care forgotten. My clothes were torn aside in an instant, and I barely had time to ever realize their loss. She was here to fuck me wildly, dramatically, and as she pressed me face-first down against the slab she didn't entirely care how I felt about it. I felt a sensation at my ass, the first touch of her cock as it made its way there, maneuvering itself dexterously the better to reach its destination. As soon as she had found the spot she thrust hard, harder than I would have thought could possibly feel good, but somehow still did regardless.

In truth it felt thrilling; the sensation was overpowering, but it was the situation that made me moan through gritted teeth. I was being filled, taken, claimed, fucked, and if I could have formed words at that moment all I would have done would be to beg her to do it more. She didn't thrust repeatedly this time, she simply stayed within me, somehow moving and pulsing her cock around inside me, stretching and exploring my limits.

Suddenly, in amongst all this, I felt something brush against my clit. I would have looked down to see what it was, but the only movement I was capable of at this point was writhing insensibly on the slab, and besides which I was soon steadied by a firm hand from Dana holding me down. So all I could do was lie still as I felt something else move up inside my slit, as all the while her cock remained firmly inside my ass, and yet this new pressure moved slowly deeper into me too. The sensation was electrifying - not only was I being taken in two places, but each aspect was far more pleasurable than I had any right to expect, each tendril of her inside me was coated with something that made everything they touched shudder with pleasure.

Finally she hilted herself deep within me, and then and only then did she give one final emphatic thrust and cum. I nearly blacked out, the pleasure increased tenfold as she began pumping me full of her rich fluid, each of her organs cumming again and again to leave me utterly filled. I came, god how I came, I clenched the slab and pressed myself against her as our cum mingled and great spurts swept through and out of me. She held me down tightly still, determined that I should do nothing but accept this, and in that I was eager to oblige. Again she came with one last shuddering gasp, coating my rear as she withdrew from my ass, although she still did not release me, nor did she remove herself from my slit.

"Now", she said simply, "comes the fun part."

I felt something move at the base of the cock she still had me impaled upon. There was a bulge, a surge that swept upwards, pressing into me and moving within until it reached the tip of her organ. The sensation was as thrilling as her entry, but rougher, more powerful, she was doing something unknown to me and I had no say in the matter of what was to come of it. She tensed and I felt it push free, some small sphere slipping from her and into me - it was an egg, I realised in that instant, she was filling me full of her eggs somehow - and with that realization came the sensation of the next following along immediately, and another after that, and another

after that. They came in an unstoppable wave, leaving me utterly delirious in pleasure. I moaned wildly, I clutched at the slab and writhed as much as I could under her firm hand. I came too, somehow there was still more in me to cum, and even my breasts squirted again in sympathy as my whole body trembled with orgasm. But that it seemed was not to be all.

There was a moment, one moment of absolute fullness as I felt her release her final egg into me with a shudder. I was stuffed full, she owned me both inside and outside, seemingly every inch of space I had within myself was taken up by something of hers. Then, suddenly, I felt one of the eggs collapse and dissolve, then another, and another. Soon the pressure from them was withdrawing, but in its place was a great surge of energy rushing through me. I stiffened instantly on the slab as I felt my body again shift to her desires, but far more dramatically this time.

My cum-slicked ass was the first to change, and from there the changes swept out across my body, reshaping into a smooth new form. I first felt my skin become more pliable, taking on the same greenish tinge as hers, producing as it did the same slick slime that coated her body. Suddenly I felt my legs pulling together, joining as though a zip were being pulled from top to bottom, and at this I felt my first flash of real panic. I flinched on the slab, gasping out "my legs!", to which Dana responded immediately by pressing me down harder against the slab.

She leaned in close as I struggled to break free, moving her mouth right beside my ear as she whispered "you want this." It wasn't even a question, simply a statement of fact. "You want to be my fuck toy, your very body designed solely so I can fuck you as eagerly and regularly as possible. How could you want legs, when I want you to have a big, sexy tail?"

And, god help me, I didn't. I didn't give any more of a response than simply shuddering with another orgasm, my legs finishing flowing together into the perfect, sexy, snake-like tail she wanted.

She began lifting so that I was sitting upright as the changes moved over my breasts, already thoroughly coated in slime due to my earlier efforts. She took my chin in her hand and looked me in the eyes as I felt my very face reshape, leaving it mostly the same apart from the skin taking on the same texture as elsewhere and my mouth pushing out into a very slight muzzle. "Hot", she said simply, then leaned in and took me in a passionate kiss. It might sound corny to say, but I couldn't remember ever being happier than when I'd gained her approval just then.

When she released me I could think of nothing except to try and find a way to repay her, and catching sight of her still dripping wet cock as she stood back up I quickly decided on a course of action. Leaning forwards myself I began cleaning her cock with my tongue, eagerly licking across its whole length in order to capture as much of her wonderful cum as possible. As I did I was rewarded not only by a smile and satisfied moan from Dana, but also by the sensation of my tongue lengthening and becoming dramatically more dexterous, until finally I could wrap it entirely around her member and wring as much from her as she had left.

"Mmmm, good girl!" she said, as she eventually pushed me away, "but you're not quite finished yet. After all, you can't expect me to always do all the work, can you?"

I was confused, but only for a second, and then I felt a sudden sensation building in my groin. I looked down to see my clit surging, pushing out of its own accord, swelling dramatically until it was undeniable that it was forming into a cock of my own. I came and it pulsed with the orgasm, pushing out and gaining mass as though it was feeding on the pleasure. It was writhing dexterously as hers had too, although soon it became too thick and heavy to lift itself entirely of its own accord, flopping back against my chest as its growth began pushing it up further up my body. It became easily a foot long, and with girth enough to keep pace, all pressed erotically up between my breasts.

Before I'd realised it, Dana was leaning down next to me and whispering in my ear again. "God, you really are just an utter fuck toy, aren't you? Look at it. Your. Cock." I did as she said, biting my lip against the buildup of insatiable lust. "You have a massive, cum-soaked, monster cock. Doesn't that feel right? Don't you just want to fuck with it, masturbate with it, cum from it, just never stop fucking and touching and cumming for as long as you possibly can?"

"Yes!" I cried, "fuck, YES!", as I came, my new cock practically exploding with orgasm, shooting my own thick cum up through my breasts to coat as much of my face as I could manage. It came in pulses; strong shuddering spurts that soon had me lying back on the slab and aiming as much towards my open mouth as possible, all the better to savor all the utterly debauched pleasure as I became her eager cum-soaked fuck toy. I came, again and again endlessly, as time ceased to have any meaning beyond the breaths between each orgasm. How long exactly that went on for I have no way of knowing, but I do know that when it finally ended even despite my frantic tongue trying to catch it all I still had to wipe away at least a handful of cum from my face before I could so much as see again afterwards.

Dana was standing above me at that point, openly amused. "So, you had a good time then?" she said, laughing.

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We just lay together for some time after that, two exhausted to do anything else. Eventually, Dana spoke up. "I've always had a fetish for all this." She said this without any lead in and without moving to look at me, simply lying on her back and saying all this to the air above us. "That's why I started getting the dreams. I didn't tell you this when we talked before I left, but even though I couldn't remember the details I still knew those dreams were the most erotic experiences I'd ever had. That's why I wanted to go alone. Apparently the aliens here had sent these dreams out somehow to people they knew would be receptive to them." Now she did sit up, and turned to give me a genuinely apologetic look. "I'm sorry I didn't get in touch. I lost my cellphone when they first brought me here, and I kind of got so caught up that I lost track of how long it had been. I really am sorry for putting you through that."

"That's okay. I think I understand."

"Thank you." She paused, her face lighting up as something occurred to her. "Wait, did you start getting the dreams too? Is that why you're here?"

I shook my head, and her face fell. "Then... I mean, if you didn't like all this, why did you let me..."

I interrupted her by propping myself up on my elbows and giving her a lingering kiss on the lips. "Honey, I have a fetish for you. I don't care whether you're a space alien or a stockbroker, just that you're you." I broke away, and added with an easy smile, "that said, the way you are now - and the way I am too I guess - certainly does seem to result in fantastic sex, so I'm definitely all for it. Seeing you standing there, so lustful and sexual; honestly it was the sexiest thing I'd ever seen."

"Awwwww!" She looked away, blushing. It turned her cheeks the most interesting color. "I bet you say that to all the lizard sex monsters."

"Only you girl, only you."

We hugged and kissed, and simply were together for a few moments, before I was distracted by a thought suddenly occurring to me. "So, why exactly are the aliens doing all this?"

"Oh!" Dana looked away again, this time with a somewhat uneasy grin. "They, uh, well, they kind of get off on it. In a little while one of them will come in here to take detailed notes from you to write this all up from your point of view. For, uh..." she coughed discreetly, then quietly added "...circulation."

"Huh. So, they're really not invaders or anything?"

"Nope. Intergalactic perverts." She shrugged. "Whatcha gonna do?"

I considered this. "Have loads of incredibly hot sex?"

She grinned. "I thought you'd never ask."