

The Transformation Convention (Multi TF, TG, RC, Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

It is the Christmas season, and a number of transformees from across the globe have organised for a gathering of changed individuals. Jessica the cowgirl and an altered woman named Sanda Marks are the chief organisers, and they are desperately hoping that this 'Transformation Convention' will allow people who have changed race, gender, body, or even species to meet and greet and form communities. What follows is a series of vignettes featuring characters from numerous stories within this shared world . . .

Transformation Convention

Prologue: Security Detail

Featuring the TG'd spy couple Vivian Fox & Harry Whitt from 'Shaken, Not Curved'

Vivian Fox raised her binoculars as she scanned the large convention centre opposite the rented second story flat they were in.

"No threats in sight yet," she said in her classy British accent. "But who can tell on this particular job? I still can't believe MI6 sent us to run security detail on a Transformation Convention. I swear higher-ups have a bad sense of humour, don't you think? Harry?"

"Sorry, I was rather distracted by the figure of this mission."

She continued to scan through the binoculars. A centaur - a real life centaur - was entering the convention. A large furry woman with four breasts, an udder, and a cowtail and horns was welcoming them in and handing out leaflets. She must be the 'Jessica' woman who was half the brains behind this strange gathering. Boy, she'd been through a strange change. It almost made Vivian less . . . embarrassed by her own.

"Wait, by the figure of the mission? How do you mean?"

"Oh, I just think it's got legs. Very fine legs."

"It's only two days," she remarked. "A straight line job."

"Hardly. It may just be two days, but there are plenty of curves to this mission, Agent Fox. Lots of fine, supple curves."

Vivian twigged on to the fact that her partner was likely not actually referring to the mission. She lowered her binoculars, realising that she had positioned herself with one leg up on a stool, her figure arched forward so that her chest was thrust out and her rear rather

deliciously displayed in her fine agent catsuit. She looked over to see Harry relaxed in a chair, drinking in the sight of her gorgeous spygirl body.

“Oh, you have got to be kidding me. Harry, can’t you try not to be an absolute dog just for one mission?”

“Hard not to be, when there’s such a delicious piece of mail right in front of me.”

Harry raised a glass of what she sincerely hoped was a non-alcoholic cocktail. He was looking utterly dashing in his professional black tuxedo and his hair styled to one side. It annoyed her how damn attractive he was. She always fell for it.

“Hardly ‘male’ anymore, am I?” she quipped.

“Hardly. But then I’m hardly female. I think we both ended up nicely in the roles that MI6 determined we would be best for.

“Oh, that’s easy for you to say. You get to be the dashing heroic rogue. I get to seduce the bad guys for information and wear dresses that show off my breasts.”

“Well, it would be a waste to hide them, would it not?”

She chuckled darkly. He wasn’t wrong on that score.

Vivian stood, stretching her shoulders. She knew she was giving him a show as she flipped her fiery red hair over her shoulder, causing her large breasts to wobble in the low cut of the catsuit, but she’d long since gotten used to that. Besides, thanks to the programming the MI6 had given her when they’d changed her from Jacob Farnes to Vivian Fox, she couldn’t help but show her sexy form off a bit, particularly for her partner. God knows, it had led to ‘closer domestic relations’ more than once. Still, looking at the small rabbit man entering the Transformation Convention, and a freakishly pregnant insect woman who was literally birthing eggs even as she entered, things could have been worse.

“You do look very striking in that red dress,” Harry remarked.

“If this place gets attacked by some freak terrorist nutjob and you’re too distracted to act . . .”

“I think we both know I’m never too distracted to serve King and country. For now though, we have a little time before anything might happen. We’ll need to get down to the convention.”

“How can we get in?”

He raised an eyebrow, and Vivian blushed. “Oh, right. We are literally transformees.”

“And MI6 doesn’t mind us spreading that around here, at least with our fake identities. So why don’t you come over here, partner, and share a little beverage so you can cut the edge.”

She sauntered towards him, hips swaying from side to side in a sensual manner. Again, she couldn’t help it, but her attraction to her partner was clear, despite finding him so damn frustrating sometimes. She crawled up so that her thighs were on either side of his

legs, her chest right before his face. She delicately took the bottle and poured herself a drink, clinking against his.

“Fine,” she said in her attractive tone. “One little drink. Then we get down to work.”

“Or perhaps,” he countered, placing a hand around her waist, “we could do a little *refilling*.”

She groaned at his awful pun, but it didn't stop her from straddling him even closer. She may have once been a man, but thanks to MI6, she was now very empty between the thighs. And something a lot better than martini would soon be filling her up. Such was the life of a gorgeous spy girl. At least it was better than seducing villains.

Though the payoff was often just as explosive.

Vignette One: Convention Opening

Featuring Alex the cowgirl and pregnant Sandra Marks from 'Bessica', the family from 'Wholesome Family', and Caitlin the cowtaur from 'Morgan's Year', & various other cameos from stories.

It was the first ever Transformation Convention, a gathering of the several hundred known victims of transformation from various kinds of causes. Some were cursed by ancient objects, some had their forms twisted by a poorly-thought out wish to a genie, others were altered as a result of a spell from a vindictive ex who happened to be a witch or warlock, and some others simply found their body changing due to some scientific cause such as ingesting a formula, being injected with foreign DNA, or simply being abducted and experimented on by aliens. Well, if one believed in aliens. The jury was still out. The majority of these 'transformees,' as they were becoming known, were female, or males that had been transformed into females, but there was no shortage of men either. Nor was there a shortage of strange forms that these once-ordinary human beings had been changed into.

There were centaurs, monkey-men, insect ladies, cowgirls, busty women of all sorts of races that were once men - some of them pregnant - and not a few men that were once their female partners. There were deer-people, tree people, people with extra pairs of breasts and others with far too many limbs. There were tentacled alien-looking folk, modern-day mermaids, women that laid eggs, and others who were now articles of clothing that could communicate only by thought. Some had advanced in age, many more regressed to their youth, and some had switched places amongst their own family. Others still had merged from two people into one, or grown an extra head that had become their closest

friend. A number of unfortunates had simply been turned into animals and pets, retaining their minds but now half-driven by instinct.

Family and friends of the transformees were of course welcome as well, and given the number of pregnancies it was only a matter of sense that children were allowed too, though some areas were off limits.

The organisers of the event were themselves transformees. Alex Mathers was among the most well known and earliest discovered examples. Once an ordinary university student, she had tried to change her bully into a cow woman as revenge, using a potion purchased from the Wandering Witch. Unfortunately her friend Jessica Fitzherbert had drunk it accidentally instead along with the bully, and ended up becoming a furry, horned, ropey-tailed anthro-cowgirl with four breasts and a large udder, all continually filled with milk. Naturally, Alex had felt guilty, and in the end had drunk a replica potion as atonement. It was awkward at first, particularly since both women fell into estrus and became pregnant - poor Alex with *octuplets* - but in the end the pair found purpose in their new cowgirl lives. Together they founded the site 'FreakMeet.com' which had formed the original basis of the transformee community. Jessica's username was BovineBessica, Alex was DairyGirl, and the pair of them collaborated with others to make this event possible. But while Jessica had a human boyfriend named Derek, Alex was still a single mother to her eight children.

Which is why she volunteered to stay back on the farm and watch over all my little ones while I go 'boy hunting,' Alex thought to herself as she welcomed people into the convention. *She's not wrong, but it's just so embarrassing. Am I really that desperate?*

Her udder gurgled audibly, reminding her that she would need to take a break to pump soon. Without her eight little ones to latch on to her four nipples and four teats, she was filling up quickly.

Well, it wouldn't be half bad to find a man who could help relieve me. Gah, I must be getting in season again. Just focus on the job, Alex. Make Jessica proud. This is as much her project as yours. And Sandra's.

"Someone's deep in thought," came a pleasant voice.

Alex turned, causing her four large breasts to wobble heavily in their cups. She was wearing a custom-made blue dress for her anthro-cowgirl form. It showed, rather daringly, a large tract of cleavage from her upper pair, and had a slit at the back for her tail to go through. Her udder was supported with a custom girdle that helped shift its weight, though it was pressing uncomfortably against it, given the amount of milk within it. The other woman speaking to her was not nearly as changed, but still had quite a noticeable form: she was a short, black pixie-haired woman with an enormous pregnant belly that was easily carrying multiples, not that it looked 'easy' from her expression.

“Sorry Sandra,” Alex said, “just distracted by a few things.” She passed a pamphlet of events and a map to a passing satyr woman. “*Welcome to the Transformation Convention. I’m Alex. If you have any questions, don’t hesitate to ask or come see me. Enjoy your time here, and I hope you embrace your change!*”

Sandra smirked. “Do you need to go pump? I can take over solo for a moment?”

Alex winced from the pressure in her breasts. “I always n-need to pump. Can’t wait till the little ones are w-weaned, maybe then it’ll let down. But it’s fine, I can make it another twenty minutes or so. I want to be here as much for the entrance rush as possible. *Welcome to the Transformation Convention . . .*”

“Are you sure? If you need to make a quick video call for your kids. That’s what I was just doing. I get it, Alex!”

She certainly did. While Sandra Marks had never had the misfortune of going into labor with *eight whole babies* as Alex had, she had carried more than her fair share of multiples, and was currently seven months along with triplets which were the cause of her petite body having such a large belly and her bust being so oversized on her form. She had been the third major collaborator who had started FreakMeet.com and helped kickstart the Transformation Convention, having come into contact with Alex and Jessica online. Her changed hadn’t been as radical as them - she was still entirely human - but she *had* been spiked a potion by her husband who wanted a big family when she was focused on her career. Each droplet meant a future pregnancy was a total compulsion for her, but the man had overdone it. By her calculations, she was going to be getting herself pregnant for another ten years at least, and each successive pregnancy increased the chance of multiples. She already have five kids, and would probably end up with over twenty by the time she was done: her baby-making fever hit literally days after giving birth, and her body healed in preparation for the act. Thankfully, she’d divorced her dirtbag hubbie and found a much better man to be father to the children she was now forced to have.

Alex smiled in thanks, the lips on her cute little snout twisting in imitation of human expression. “Thanks Sandra, really. But trust me, I’m used to it. I don’t want to be anywhere but here. I still can’t believe the attention we’re getting!”

“I know! Isn’t it fantastic! I wish Jessica could be here, but this is more successful than anything in our wildest dreams. Almost makes me glad I’m stuck as a pregnant woman forever. *Almost.*” She pointedly grabbed a chair for herself at the welcome table and slumped back into it. Her babies were shifting about in her overstuffed womb quite visibly. The poor woman looked overwhelmed by the size of her stomach.

“God, I remember that feeling,” Alex laughed.

“Just n-need a second to catch my breath. *Hello there, welcome to the Transformation Convention . . .*”

They were afraid it would not have the attendance it did, but the numbers had blown them out of the water - especially the attending mermaids. And given that it was December, and Christmas was creeping closer, the decision to have a bit of holiday season theming in the proceedings was a bit of a hit. Alex was wearing a silly little Santa hat and a sleigh bell around her neck, while Sandra's dress was flavoured to be somewhat like that of an elf. Others had joined in: a young man and his belly dancer Arabian girlfriend had just entered, the latter wearing more festive outfits than she probably did.

"Carter and Samira," the man said, his arm around his gorgeous and quite pregnant partner. "She's the transformee, I'm her plus one."

Alex wracked her brain. "That's right! She, um, was your former bully until a magical item changed her to be like this, right?"

"Right, my gender and my race and my *life*," the woman replied in a rather sexy Middle Eastern accent. She gestured to her heavily pregnant belly, totally exposed in her half-harem, half-sexy Christmas theme outfit. "And now I am stuck not only being his sexy belly dancing *harem girl*, but also being his concubine and bearing his *wonderful babies*."

Alex winced a little. Quite a few transformees had mental compulsions, many of them becoming perfect partners to former victims. She didn't exactly have huge sympathy for the woman, but it wasn't a nice fate either. "Well, um, congratulations to the two of you, and I hope you have a Merry Christmas!"

"Oh, I have no doubt *my master* will make it very merry for me," she said, rolling her eyes even as she smirked. Clearly, even if she didn't love her new life, she wasn't exactly complaining about the fruits of pleasure her new body bore her. Though the fruit *in* her belly still seemed to bring some frustration, as she was back to complaining as they walked off.

"For God's sake Master, do I really have to dance? I can't believe you signed me up for dancing for this crowd!"

"It will be fun! And sexy. And besides, it's pretty hot knowing my former bully will be showing off her pregnant body like that, now that you're a sexy woman."

"Do you reckon she'll visit the Seminar of Transformed Breeders?" Sandra asked. "I think she could benefit from it."

"Probably not," Alex said. "I think the name is turning some away. At least we got that mantis girl with all the eggs. She's pretty famous, so hopefully it draws some crowds."

"Well, we do have crowds. Just look at the success!"

They had a momentary break between those entering to take it in. The convention had some issues initially with the organising due to many transformees being concerned about safety and about their own changed forms being out in the open. Thankfully the convention scored three major victories that boosted their attendance dramatically. Jackie Gene, once a respected physicist named Jack Gene, had decided to attend. She was now a

'human broodmother' due to a science experiment gone wrong leaving her body with the supernatural ability and constant need to produce large litters of babies each week. She publicly announced that she would be attending the event, aided by several attendees to help manage her condition should she go into labour while there. Ivy Hartridge also announced on social media that she would be attending; the former student whose DNA was spliced against her will with that of an insectoid broodmother was among the most radically changed, with additional breasts, arms, a set of antennae and wings, and a large egg sac trailing from her behind, which holds the many eggs she constantly gives birth to. Lastly, due to several important VIPs from other nations, they'd received word that the British MI6 had actually managed security, though publicly it was just a well-regarded security firm.

She smiled as another crowd of strange and fascinating people approached.

Can't flash a smile due to this darn snout. I really hope they get that I'm smiling.

A whole family approached who looked utterly ordinary: a pregnant mother, her handsome husband, as well as her teenage son and a daughter who couldn't be older than five or so, dressed in pink and looking adorable as she held her father's hand.

"Mommy, that woman is a cow!"

"I know dear," the mother said. "Don't be rude about it."

"I won't! She looks really beautiful! I love your tail, miss!"

Alex could have blushed. "Why thank you! I'm rather fond of it too. Welcome to the Transformation Convention . . . ?"

"Maybel Johnson," the pretty woman replied. "This is my husband Patrick, my son Harvey, and my daughter Dorothy."

Alex couldn't quite remember the group, so she made her guess. "I'm assuming a gender change scenario? Or was it age change? Sorry, there's so many on our list I can't remember."

"Ooh, wait, I know this one!" Sandra said. "Let me guess. They all used to be friends, and opposite genders to boot. There was a haunted house, right?"

"Got it one," Patrick said with a laugh. "We all became a family. My little Dorothy here used to be my big brother, and Harvey used to date Maybel - odd to think about! But now she and I are the parents and they're our children - this next one is the first unchanged."

"Woah, I feel like I need charts to work that out," Alex said.

"It's really weird," Harvey snarked. "But we're used to it."

"Well, come on in. There's talks and conventions on age progression and regression, as well as inter-family swaps. And there's just a lot of people to chat and network with. Come on in and enjoy!"

They did so, and little Dorothy, who had once been a grown man, even jumped and giggled after patting Alex's udder, calling it 'delightful'. Again, Alex was chuffed. Other visitors

came by, including an attractive vampire family consisting of a bosomy pale-skinned matriarch in all-black and her two twin vampire daughters, one with short hair, the other with long. They kept to the shadows, but it was clear that they were also on the prowl.

“Just remember no harming any convention attendees!” Sandra called out.

“I know *ve//* that, my dear,” the vampire woman said. “I am the Lady Abigail, after all. And my daughters Delia and Delilah would never drink blood from the unwilling. What is *ze* fun is *zat*, after all?”

They giggled a bit creepily as one before moving off with an unnatural elegance. Alex got the distinct impression that they were not here to share their stories and experiences so much as to find willing thralls to have some fun with. The one called Delilah even winked in her direction.

“Oh no, she is not trying my cow blood,” she muttered to herself. “I may want a relationship, but I am strictly interested in people who are not undead.”

“A shame,” the woman replied, somehow able to hear her from a distance. “I could have shown you such *vonders!*”

Alex gave an ‘eep!’ and turned on the spot, while Sandra just cackled.

Reminder to self, beware of sexy vampirella types. They are not only creepy, but have super hearing too.

More continued to arrive. Alex got to work helping attendees locate their name badges and made sure to pass a pamphlet to each. A pair of absolute bimbos named Janet and Melody appeared, both so lacking in intelligence that they apparently practically *required* their current boyfriends to help them around. It wasn’t even proven that they were transformed, but something about their curse made it impossible to express themselves, so Alex had given them the benefit of the doubt. They were already gossiping about having sex with one of the local centaurs out of their boyfriends’ hearing. Alex smiled politely as she helped them, but she couldn’t help but imagine what it would be like to be a human woman again, without the milk-filled udder and swollen sets of F-cup breasts. Her tail whipped behind her in frustration.

A completely naked male centaur stepped forward, parting the crowd slightly with his presence. He was powerfully built, even on his torso, which was itself quite hairy as if he were very Greek, though his skin was more sun-scorched brown than naturally olive. A pretty woman rode on his back, her arms cradled around his rippled abs, smiling softly.

“Uh, I’m sorry sir,” Alex said, trying to put on her most confident snout-smile as he looked down on her, “but you may need to put something on, you know, to cover up.” She couldn’t help but sneak a look. Holy shit, how is this woman not ripped in half already? The centaur. “Ma’am, I won’t speak rude to ya, on account I can see ya gone gotten changed yer own self, but this is the way I be now.”

Alex stood her ground, trying to rear up and look as commanding as possible, her bosoms jutting out against her overalls and her hooves firmly planted on the ground.

“Sir, it took us a lot of effort to even get this convention off the ground, and the owners of this space were very clear that to the best of their ability, the transformees should dress appropriately.”

The centaur rotated his torso enough to look at his woman, who was climbing up slightly to catch his eye. They both laughed rudely at this, which made Alex deflate somewhat. Her upper left nipples squirted a stream into her padded bra, and she bit her lip with her flat molars to try to avoid showing her annoyance.

I've fucked up here, haven't I?

“I'm sorry ma'am,” the centaur continued, “I should'na be making fun of a fellow farm-folk like yerself, 'specially one so fulla milk. I can assure you I am meeting that particular clause by dressin' to the best of my ability.”

He indicated his form dramatically while the woman dismounted from him and approached.

“Howdy, I'm Cynthia Banks. I should be on yer list too. Used to be a man till the Wandering Witch turned me the way I was always supposed to. This is my boyfriend Stan, Stanley Walton.”

The name triggered a memory from the list in Alex's head of various attendees: Stanley Walton, former horse breeder turned into a centaur himself by a curse from the Wandering Witch Tila. As part of the curse, his body was irrepressibly compelled to impregnate his various fillies as their stallion, and to reinforce his new role as a breeder stallion, he was magically incapable of wearing clothes.

Alex slapped her forehead with her hand-hoof. “Shit, I just remembered. I'm so sorry. Would you like help finding your name badges?”

“All good, I'll get 'em for 'im,” Cynthia said with a slightly hostile smile, and the two moved on, the centaur giving her a passing smirk as he 'hoofed it' away.

Great, just great, Alex thought. Her phone buzzed, and she checked the message. It was from Jessica.

'How ya goin hun? Found a nice man with an eye for udders yet?'

Alex rolled her eyes and quickly typed a response. *Was going great until I pissed off a centaur. Wishing u were here. How r the kids?'*

'They're fine. All eight are playing with the farmhands. Owen is teaching them how to play football.'

Alex chuckled. *'That'll be a disaster.'*

'They're in good hands. Now go find a nice man to be your next baby daddy. I'm getting sick of being so preggo without my friend around to make me look good.'

Alex just laughed. Jess would stop at nothing to find her a man, but the truth was, as much as she might want it, Alex knew that being an a heavily uddered cowgirl constantly making milk already reduced her dating pool some, but having eight kids as a result of a one night stand when she first started transforming would make it impossible for her to find love. Sandra seemed to sense her dismay a little, because she placed a comforting hand on her shoulder.

“Hey, you’re doing great, okay?” she said. “Take it from one mother to another.”

Alex gave her a smile - well, the closest approximation of one her snout could provide. “Thanks Sandra. Jessica is just pushing me to find a man, and I really want to. I just don’t know if I’ll be able to. I mean, look at me. What kind of guy wants *this*, especially when I’m already a mom to a heap of kids?”

Before Sandra could answer, Alex turned to the next person. To her shock, it was another cow woman.

Only this one was a full *cowtaur*. Her upper half was dark-skinned and bereft of fur or snout, though she did have horns. Her breasts were colossal though, and barely restrained by her farm shirt. Her lower half was all cow though, complete with an udder that put Alex’s to shame. It was dripping visibly on the floor. The woman, who looked like she would have once been a pretty cheerleader or model type, adjusted her glasses.

“Caitlin,” she said in a frustrated monotone. “Caitlin the Cowtaur. I was changed by Morgan the Witch. Morgan the Bitch, more like.”

“Oh. Um, yes. I think I remember you from the list.”

The woman crossed her arms under her colossal milky breasts. Like her udder, these were bigger than Alex’s equivalents. Alex also noticed that her cow belly looked rather full . . . and jostling.”

“I need my name badge,” she said brusquely. “Pass it to me already. I need to know where the Morgan convention is too.”

Alex dutifully passed the note up. She wanted to feel a kinship to this other cow woman, but she clearly wasn’t having it. “The Morgan Meet-Up, as we’re calling it, is two doors up on the right. Big auditorium.”

The bovine woman snorted. “Good thing Sasha’s not attending. No room is big enough for that alien bug queen now.”

She began to walk away, her heavy hooves making loud steps upon the ground. But then she paused, sighed heavily, and shifted slightly.

“You say you can’t find a man just because you’re a big cow woman and constantly making endless milk and you’ve had a few calves? Pull your tits in. If I managed it with *my* body, you can do it with yours. Hell, I bet you won’t even need to seduce a farmer’s son. That gets complicated.”

"Th-thanks," Alex said, genuinely meaning it.

"Whatever. I just hope at least some other transformees have it worse. Like that bug lady over there."

She moved away again, but Alex found a small trace of hope returning to her. As she stood there, handing out pamphlets and name tags and feeling her breasts and udder slowly but surely fill with milk, all she could do was sigh softly.

"Maybe I can find a man . . ."

Vignette Two: Aliens Are Out There

Featuring Amber from 'Team Player' and Serellis from 'Alien Space Babe.'

"Bullshit they are," a snarky woman said, walking past. "Aliens are, like, sooo not real."

"Amber, you literally used to be a guy. You were the football coach!"

"Yeah, but, like, I have Lumin's Syndrome. That's all science and stuff. Aliens is all science fiction. There's no way that's real."

The woman speaking was Amber Becker, the incredibly attractive and very voluptuous trophy wife of Brandon Becker, one of *the* star football players in the nation. She was wearing a cheerleading outfit for old times' sake, even if she had given up that career to be wife to her attractive dark-skinned husband and mother to their children. But everyone knew that she had once been Richard Starre, the original football captain with a great future ahead of him until his genetic condition had made him a submissive bimbo hottie who craved her alpha-boyfriend's cock. Not that Brandon minded: he hated her when they'd been male rivals, but now he adored her, particularly how she pleased him each morning. Coming here was the least he could do for her, though she seemed dismissive of parts of it.

"Sure Amber, but we literally passed a bug lady here. And a pig woman. And a magic bra that could talk and claimed it was once a man."

"Yeah, but magic is totes different. It's got rules! Aliens are just wayyyyy too out there. Take that from a gal that used to be, like, a dude and stuff, and has given birth and everything. There's no such thing as aliens."

"That's interesting to hear," came a third voice, also feminine and sweet. The trophy wife and football husband looked over to see a dark-haired woman in her early twenties smirking in their direction, her arms folded over one another. "Hi, I'm Serellis. So you really don't believe in aliens? Why would they have a whole convention room for aliens and alien transformees if they didn't exist?"

Amber just scoffed. "I'm Amber. And look, I'm not, like, the sharpest bulb in the drawer, but I'm pretty sure that cow in the room is just a cow."

She gestured into the large convention room, which was currently occupied by a few UFO freaks and what appeared to be a large cow chewing cud in the corner.

"You don't believe that this cow used to be Monica Parsons, the girl who was supposedly abducted by a UFO and changed? That guy Brad Sears eventually wrote a book about it and tracked her down in the field and everything. She can spell with her hooves in the dirt."

Brandon shrugged, putting an arm around his bride. He actually wasn't too invested in the argument. As far as he was concerned, he was here for his wife, and also to appease her own feminine vanity about still being utterly sexy even compared to other Lumin's Syndrome sufferers. The change had certainly given her a pride in her body after a time.

"One cow is not proof. That's, like, claiming I'm proof enough of Lumin's, where there's also that rogue biker chick, and that weird cult lady who's always making babies with her apartment neighbour, or that blonde lawyer whose boobs aren't as big as mine."

The black-haired woman with the glasses frowned slightly. She had a man beside her, probably her boyfriend, who also had black hair. He was wearing a 'The Truth is Out There' shirt like a true UFO freak.

"I mean, you would have seen Jasmine the Bug Queen on your way in though, right? She was literally *infused* with alien broodmother DNA. It's why she's part of the breeder's convention and can't make it to this alien one: she keeps pushing out alien eggs to build her hive."

"Ew, that's, like, totally gross! But also not proven or whatever. I mean, she's not a *real* alien, is she?"

Amber grinned, clearly having achieved her victory. If there was no alien, how could there be any proof? Far better that the convention be reserved for actual transformee situations, such as football captains who ended up becoming hot wives of football captains instead. Not that she was unhappy about how she'd ended up.

But the other woman made her feelings of debate victory fade. She looked to her partner, the UFO nerd, and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Well Derek, honey, should I show them an alien?"

The one called 'Derek' sighed. "Up to you dear. If you want to risk the wrath of the Agency giving us another not-so-subtle reminder about Earth security, I leave it to your hands."

"I'll owe you a heap of diaper changes for the little one."

"Fine. Do your thing, Serellis."

"Please, you know you love it. You love it way more than my human form."

Amber was about to ask what on Earth they were talking about, when she was suddenly confronted by something very much not of this Earth. In mere moments, the woman named Serellis changed, her skin turning a lush forest green, her nose slimming, her breasts changing so that a third one developed between her current pair. A long, thick, prehensile tail with its own soft two-digit hand slid out from her backside, while a third eye grew in the centre of her forehead. She even had a set of antennae on her head, tipped with little balls that looked rather adorable. No longer was a human standing there, but instead what could only be a green-skinned alien space babe. She gestured outwards with three-fingered hands.

“You were saying, Amber?”

Amber choked on her words, not knowing what to say. “You - you’re an actual - you’re an alien . . .”

The alien woman grinned. “Yep! Green skin and tail and ability to run up walls and go invisible and everything. There’s more of us than you might think. And for what it’s worth, Amber, I recognise you from the television. I was a big fan of your old plays. In fact, we actually went head to head in one game.”

Amber’s eyes bulged. “You - what?”

Serellis extended a hand and shook the shocked woman’s. “I used to be Chad Penwick, before alien tech changed me into this. It seems we both ended up as women - I just ended up an intergalactic sorta gal. Still, pretty darn interesting, wouldn’t you say?”

“Very interesting,” Brandon marvelled, putting a hand on Amber’s shoulder to keep the surprised beauty steady on her feet. “That’s a crazy coincidence.”

“C-crazy,” Amber stuttered. “You were Chad Penwick? You!?”

Serellis giggled, and gestured to her three-breasted form. “And here I am, in the green flesh. But I have to be going. I’ve got an Alien Convention to be part of. I’ll even be speaking, though I won’t give as much away to them as I have to you. Consider it a bit of old football respect between team rivals! Ya’ll have a good day now!”

And with that, she waltzed into the Alien Convention room, her alien form on full display. Derek passed them a little more awkwardly, shrugging.

“I guess the truth is really *in* here, all along!” he joked.

But then Serellis yanked him closer to her with her tail, and the doors closed.

“Are you alright Amber?” Brandon asked.

She took a heavy breath and fixed up her hair. “I’m, like, totes fine. Whatever! Let’s just get to the Lumin’s Meetup. And then you can find me a private space to fuck me up against the wall so I don’t feel so totally embarrassed.”

Brandon chuckled. “Or we could do that in the reverse order?”

“Mhmm, that’s a better idea. Ohhhh, I love being your hot woman.”

“My hot *human* woman.”

“And thank Gawd for that! C’mon, let me get you your Christmas wish. One that doesn’t involve weird aliens!”