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Far in the distant future, mankind would come to a realization that the little blue ball they called home wasn't the only planetary body capable of supporting sentient life once first contact was made with an advanced race of aliens from beyond the edges of the Milky Way, answering the call sent out by a space station purpose built to transmit a deep range signal through the murky depths of the void after scientists had grown tired of waiting, studying and probing for years on end, uncaring of the concern that humans just weren't ready to meet whatever advanced civilization existed out there beyond the stars.

When the mothership first docked at the station, mass panic had been the initial response from the less informed planetside, and who could blame them really when an alien ship large enough to be seen in the skies, hovering silently like a bird of prey, waiting to strike.

But superheated rays and waves of alien troops would not descend upon Earth, and within hours, the riots and mass exodus across major population centers would come to an end once the news started broadcasting live footage of the alien visitors meeting with a human delegate aboard the signal station.

Tall, covered in sleek organic armor that looked like the exoskeleton of an insect with large beady eyes set into either end of oblong skulls. They looked like grossly enlarged bugs sporting an ornate finish and a regal look that gave them the air of intelligent beings that somehow got faster than light travel down quicker than the Earthlings they now mingled with.

Despite the language barrier, a rudimentary means of communication would quickly be established once the aliens were given access to databases containing the many languages spoken by the various cultures of Earth, and within days, talks were made possible. All while the people down below waited with bated breath, dreading what their extraterrestrial neighbors wanted as they willingly began to hand out bits and pieces of their own technology without question to their human hosts without demanding anything in return.

But the aliens, colloquially named Sectoids derived from their insect-like appearance, proved tenacious fellows when they instantly made it clear that attempts to curry favor with them would prove useless after the American delegates' obvious attempt at buttering them up through sugar-coated words and flowery gifts. Making their intentions loud and clear for all to see and hear as they took the podium, speaking through a voice modulator that perfectly translates their tongue into crystal clear English.

With their offer of world peace and plans for a single unified government declared, a wave of uncertainty would begin to spread across all the nations of Earth as they each rushed to secure their borders. But some welcomed the Sectoid's vision of a united Earth, seeing them as the only possible force capable of bringing the disparate nations and their stubborn leaders together. And if their offer stood true, then a world free of hunger and poverty was a welcome prospect for the normal everyday folk having to live with irresponsible leaders and corrupt dictatorships. And against an advanced alien race? Who were they to say no...and it wasn't as if the Sectoids were asking for permission when they made their plans clear.

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They didn't even wait a full day before sending out a fleet of smaller, automated ships, swarming over the skies of Earth like flies over fresh meat as they went about their pre allocated duties; with some immediately setting up infrastructure while others immediately set to work providing aid in impoverished locales across the world. And any resistance they met was swiftly quelled, discouraging any further attempts at doing so when the world bore witness to what their armada could do to a garrison of elite military troops...

Borders fell, governments were abolished, and before the decade was over, the Earth had fallen completely under Sectoid control with the aliens appointing a single ruling body composed of specially elected human individuals selected from across the globe alongside their new Sectoid overlords.

Despite the benefits, new laws would be implemented that seemed all too harsh to the common folk, with crimes ranging from theft to assault all being punishable with a one way ticket to what many assumed to be detention centers established alongside all the resource replicating farms during the initial Sectoid mobilization. While some would emerge without problem after only a few days of being incarcerated within the holding areas, many others would go missing once they vanished even deeper inside the facilities, never to be seen again. Whatever the selection criteria was, no one knew for sure, petty or major, all criminal offenders were subjected to the iron maws of the Sectoid detention centers if they were unfortunate enough to be caught in the act. But because the people going missing were convicts, the lowest of the low society had to offer, not many people batted an eye, and although protest groups were still allowed to demonstrate, it did little to change the new government and the people's mind about spiriting inmates away.

Unbeknownst to the world at large however, the Sectoid were a people fascinated with anything and everything to do with gene molding; the art of tampering with DNA, crossing genetic structures to produce new lifeforms that shouldn't occur naturally anywhere across the galaxy, furthering their own genetics through experimentation. To them, the body was a template to improve upon, never finding satisfaction until they far surpassed any living being, and that applied to any other living organism they came across. Reserving that perceived privilege for those who could commune with them. In short; other sentient beings.

So when they first received what they had initially assumed to be a distress pulse, the Sectoids were more than eager to make contact with the people of Earth, wisely keeping their childish enthusiasm for inhumane experimentation a secret.

But after a few years into their uncontested rule over Earth, they were ready to make their move now that they had the humans all nice and cozy with their new utopian lifestyle. Enacting the next stage of their plan by utilizing viable humans taken from the seemingly endless stock of criminals around the world, a matter that left the Sectoids puzzled. Even with everything handed to them on a silver platter and placed in an even playing field, the fact that some humans still resorted to crime left the unsympathetic aliens dumbfounded.

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No matter, If they still weren't content with their lives under their watchful eye, then they would most certainly enjoy what they were about to do to those whose DNA tested positive for use in their gene labs.



And amongst these unlucky souls was a man who was formerly a part of the American military before that great nation had been dissolved. Born under the name of *Timothy Watts*, the man was a red blooded patriot and one of the few people who didn't welcome the aliens. In fact, he hated them all, coming in unannounced one day before suddenly laying claim to Earth under the guise of global peace and a united people? He saw it as a weakness to accept the Sectoid's demands for all world powers to cede control over to them. What was the point of evolution and self improvement if they were handed the solution to all their problems?

Overnight, world hunger was a thing of the past, the homeless were given proper homes and an education, climate pollution was slowly being reversed and healed. And while everyone else cheered, Timothy fumed, irate and seething with righteous rage as news of surrender after surrender poured in through the television. And when the time came for his once proud homeland to bend the knee, his mind snapped.

While the Sectoids laid new groundwork for an Earth without borders, the ex soldier would engage in acts of terror in an effort to resist the new regime. But on his own and without support, eventually the law would catch up with Timothy, deeming him a criminal for terrorism and voluntarily causing property damage and a loss of life. Earning him a cold cell deep within one of the faux detention centers they had shipped him to.

It was there where the Sectoid's scientists, working in collaboration with a secretive few humans, would begin testing one of their earliest renditions of a mutagenic chemical designed to combine Sectoid DNA with whatever it happened to bond with. After multiple failed attempts that resulted in melted blobs of recombinant flesh that couldn't figure out what it was to feral mutants lacking a sane mind, they were ready to test yet another rendition of the disastrous mixture, confident this would be the one to do the job as a hidden mechanisms triggers within the ventilation system connected to Timothy's cell, filling it with a slow and steady stream of a gas that served as an airborne version of the mixture. Unwittingly inhaling lungfuls of the undetectable chemical with every successful sit up, slamming his back against the wooden boards that made up the prison bed while cursing his imprisonment and those who had condemned him to it.

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'Damn these bugger loving fucks! Once they let their guard down....then they'll see...they'll all see how right I was...'

And as the concentration of the Sectoid chemical in the air begins to build, so too would signs of physical abnormalities begin to show on the rugged soldier as he continues to wallow in the invisible gas slithering around him like snakes coiling around their prey. Seeping in through the sweat soaked pores of his skin, barrelling down flared nostrils as he takes in breath after raggedy breath from the strenuous exercise and creeping slowly but surely down the canals of his ears.

Beginning with Timothy's face, the man's nose trembles slightly before receding inward at an unnoticeable pace as cartilage shifts and cracks on a molecular scale, shrinking a broad nose into a cute button, preserving just a smidgen of Timothy's rugged manliness while his burly frame, ripe with muscle and bulging with effort beneath the tight orange shirt and trousers that signified his status as an inmate starts to bubble and shift, fading away in some places while tightening in others as gaps in the sleeve and hem begin to appear as a result of the rapid loss of mass and fluctuating contours his body was undergoing.

Wincing a little with a choking grunt escaping gritted teeth, the weathered soldier pushes past the sudden bout of pain ravaging his navel midway through a rep as the muscle that was once there to support it fades, making it harder and harder to finish each situp as he falls down each time heavier and heavier while a noticeable slapping sound begins to fill the air; the sound of supple layers of fat smacking against the wooden bed where hardened muscle and bone once did so, wrapped in glistening skin that seemed far too glossy for a normal human to bear, male or female as trickling beads of sweat flow freely down the shapely mounds, indents and curves formed by Timothy's body as girthy arms become long, slender manipulators while firm, pillar like legs gain a wave like silhouette thanks to the emergence of fat filled thighs and sturdy calves tapering off into waifish feet.

'Shit...must've tired myself out again....could've sworn I woulda done twice as many reps before wiping out!'

With grunts of exertion turning suggestive and feminine as the bulge of the Adam's Apple in Timothy's neck begins to tremble and melt away, the man had already changed considerably as he continues to soak in the chemical haze that now filled the room *and* his body to boot. While he still looked more or less human on the surface, a bevy of biological changes was already underway just beneath the skin. Organ-like sacs containing organic fluids of alien origin, tensile fibers connected to chitin like mandibles and limbs, it was like an insect was being born within Timothy's body, drawing mass and energy from its host like an Alien out of the movies.

But Timothy, still too concerned with finishing his exercise, remained oblivious to the surging masses of nerves and fat bubbling forth from his chest, consuming the pectoral muscles that were once his pride and joy and molding them into pliable fat and hypersensitive nerves, triggering a sudden wave of arousal that

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floods through the soldier's body, arching a curved spine on instinct while a bloated, heart shaped ass presses into the wood below, forcing it to creak while Timothy finishes one last sit up before his almond shaped eyes open just in time to catch sight of the firm C cup breasts tenting his loose top, flopping around like bags of jelly, swollen areola and erect nipples tingling like bright pink targets.

Before he could do much else besides gawk in abject terror, a sudden growth spurt in his new bosom knocks Timothy back over onto the bed, screaming in a womanly voice as a sharp pain runs up from between trembling legs, signifying a drastic and severe change in the man's biology marked by the visible trashing of his pecker as it seems to spring to life, squirming like a worm in defiance against the force pulling it back up into a widening gash of moist flesh and wrinkled folds slowly taking shape to form the familiar flower every woman held close to heart.

Left immobilized by the intense pain of muscle spasms and shifting nerves, all Timothy could do was brace himself against the relentless tide of searing heat emanating from his precious number two as it loses the fight, settling into its new place between the damp pink folds of a vagina, tucked away above plump labia lips formed from now useless testicles as the semen producing sacs are whisked away and repurposed into egg factories flanking a newly formed womb nestled beneath a soft, tender core spreading out into undulating waves of baby smooth skin from head to toe.



And with a sudden twist of her neck and a guttural moan leaking free from an open mouth framed by pillowy lips, enormous DD cup breasts bordering on the E range demolishes her top in tandem to a warm, sticky release down below as reserve stores of semen and a viscous transparent fluid hits the floor beneath Timothy, shooting straight through wet pants in a strong spray of cum out of her puckered urethra, causing her mind to go blank as her eyes roll up in shock from the sudden orgasm that rocks her body hard, triggering every single nerve in her body from it all rewiring themselves to link with her brain, synapses firing from all the connections both new and existing flaring up in one go.

By the time her body collapses back down onto the bed, the incarcerated soldier had been replaced by a half naked, curvy brunette covered in sweat with a puddle of her own juices spreading out beneath the bed, gasping for air, arms and legs splayed out in different directions, twitching as if consumed by seizure.

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But the chemical's work was far from over, and even as the scientists watching through camera feeds rewarded themselves with a joyous round of applause, they knew the main event was about to begin as the monitors displaying Timothy's bio readings begin to spike once more, drawing all eyes back toward the screen as they watch the newborn woman rise shakily to her feet, threading uneasy steps like a newborn, clearly not used to her new center of gravity as she makes her way toward the full body mirror built into the wall of the cell before coming to a stop in front of it, trembling hands groping her alien body, horrified expression demanding answers as to where all her hard earned muscle had gone...where her *dick* had gone.

Taking her country hadn't been enough. Now they had the gall to alter her body? She was furious, slant eyes boiling with anger. She didn't even need to think about who was the likely culprit behind her sudden gender inversion, turning to face the security camera embedded in the ceiling, eyes burning with vengeful ire while venomous words begin to spew forth from between gnashing teeth.

"You goddamn bugger lovers! I know you did this! I'll fucking kill all of you, y'hear me?!

I'll-gurbackk!"

Cold, thick and milky. Timothy's rambling was cut short by a flood of that nauseating mix bubbling up from somewhere deep in her guts before surging up through her gullet and onto the floor in a neon blue pile of gunk that smelled...strangely aromatic despite the vomit-like appearance and texture. And the sound it made as Timothy threw up even more of it was just appalling. Fleshy seemed to be the only way to describe it; like wet chunks of rotting meat being thrown aside.

Already exhausted by the transformation, Timothy was at her wits end on what to do, not like she could stop herself from regurgitating what felt like a buffet's worth of that disgusting blue slop in the first place. The bravado and anger in her voice had been quelled, traded for true terror; screams muffled by slop, eyes so wide the whites were bulging while she clutches a rumbling tummy with shaky hands.

And as the fragrant mess gets onto her pants, it begins to eat away at the thick fibers holding the thing together alongside the scraps of orange fabric lying on the floor, the remains of her shirt. Hinting at an insidious purpose behind the admittedly mesmerizing deep blue slime pouring forth from the seemingly bottomless pits of Timothy's bowels.

In truth, the aforementioned alien organs that had formed within Timothy were beginning to act up, producing corrosive bile meant to dissolve organic material without waiting for her brain to catch up, resulting in the overflow that had the poor girl screaming and begging for it to stop, mistakenly assuming the Sectoids to be the perpetrators behind her bodily malfunction as the true cause peels forth from her skin in the form of shimmering black insectoid limbs, chitin and other alien growths prominent around her shoulders and neck. All while an inhuman blue coloration bleeds over her pale peachy hide...

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"Gahak! Pleasshh! Stashp dish! I...iarrrrghh? Gbleegh?!"

Opening her mouth again in an attempt to make her protestations heard, Timothy turns toward the camera in utter defeat, hoping to appeal for mercy from her captors. Instead, what little words she could still muster finally dies away as her tongue suddenly swells before splitting apart into a putrid proboscis of sorts that shoots out of her mouth, expelling more corrosive bile much to Timothy's dismay as her downward cast eyes take notice of the creeping limbs latching themselves over her shoulders and the pale blue skin tone that had consumed her lower half...alongside a curious wave of scab like protrusions skin to sores emerging in abundance from her extremities, hardening into cold, black chitin instead of the soft familiarity of human flesh she had known for all her life.

But the realization of what was happening to her was enough to make Timothy's heart sink in despair as her dainty hands began to produce chattering noises from wiry joints stretching beneath her new exoskeleton. All while an uncomfortable 'layered' sensation consumes her broad hips and succulent thighs after the

transformation leaves them as segmented body parts that rub together with even the slightest movement. It felt so wrong, so irritating, she wanted it all to stop.



Her sentence however, could not be reversed, nor did her judges have any interest in doing so even if it were possible. Because in their eyes, she had bit the hand that fed her, and in so doing, made herself an enemy. And enemies were deprived of the benefits their law abiding citizens had access to. Never mind that the Sectoids hadn't even heard of Earth when Timothy was still a young boy, all that mattered to them was the here and now, recording every single detail as they took in the sight of large compound eyes accompanied by dexterous antennae pushing out the back of a lengthening head of fine blue fur mimicking mammalian hair alongside a tri-fanged set of mandibles tearing themselves free of the flexible membrane adapted from the human skin used to form it, retaining the porcelain smoothness one might expect in a human woman, and not a hybrid like the one currently sitting in a pool of her own bile, legs

splayed outward while limp arms jerk every so often as her body continues to change, wincing in apparent pain as faux wings shaped after those of a butterfly's crown her skull, drawing eyes away from the true appendages currently draping themselves down a perfectly sculpted back lined with bony spines.

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With her neck sealed safely behind an encroaching wave of chitin, Timothy's soft whispering and startled cries are stifled for a moment as her vocal chords are altered, tuning her rough yet feminine voice into one that would better suit her new post in life; that of a bewitching songstress whose voice could entrance the hearts and minds of men and women alike as well as her banging body could; bearing mammaries far exceeding their previous size that predictably made the insect girl's shoulder's scream in pain before some much needed support emerges from behind, cupping the base of her milky breasts before struggling to lift them up somewhat, hefting the honey filled teats like a bra while providing decency as maroon shaded nipples vanish behind what little cover they offered.

But the effects of the prototype gene splicing chemical wasn't strictly limited to physical alterations. Depending on the victim's willpower, the mental strain it would inevitably place on them could result in anything from complete death of the ego, a regression in thought processes until nothing but feral instinct remained or, as was the case for Timothy; minor adjustments to their existing psyche. Mental blockers and safety measures to ensure the resulting creature remained completely loyal and subservient to their makers. And when she next opened her blackened eyes to gaze upon her prison cell with a sudden clarity to her vision, Timothy would suddenly feel a strange wave of soothing calm wash over her body, ridding her of the intense fear and alienation she was feeling not too long ago as her head turns on a swivel to gaze at her own reflection, tucking a stray strand of incredibly soft 'hair' behind her second maw with a gauntleted finger while sensory appendages twitch and flutter to take in the stale air around them, informing their mistress of that the danger her irrational mind had convinced her of was a false alarm despite the memories of being a human man telling her otherwise.

No matter how much she tried to recall her rage however, it seemed futile. Thinking back on the Sectoid conquest of Earth, her incarceration and the resulting experimentation at the hands of her captors that led to her current predicament brought nothing to mind, nothing but an odd pang of...warmth...when her thoughts drifted to the armored humans and Sectoids running this facility, running a hand over her left thigh while another plays with the silken mane of midnight blue long enough to tickle the back of her rump.

"Is this...really me...even my voice...it's all so-"

"-strange? It's normal to feel that way after receiving treatment Ms Bella...relax, everything's alright!"

Turning her attention towards the door with a reactionary chitter from her mandibles, Timothy eyes up the human scientist coming her way, entering the cramped cell as his boots trudge a path through the bog she had puked up earlier without missing a beat, charming visage brimming with confidence.

'Wait...why am I feeling this way when I...look at him? What ~~did these Buggers do to me~~ does Master want of me?'

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“You’re feeling uncertain aren’t you? Like you aren’t really ‘feeling’ yourself?”

She wanted to tell him off with naughty words, to crush his head in with her bear hands before dissolving him down to the bone with her corrosive bile, but the mere sight of him suppressed those violent thoughts of hers, humbling her as her posture straightens, pressing herself down into the floor even deeper as if she was ashamed for thinking of harming the scientist before her, finding herself drawn to answer in an apologetic tone that didn’t quite match the defiant wording that composed it.

“Y...Yes...I feel...wrong...*you’re* wrong! And my name...it isn’t Bella!”

“But that’s precisely my point, my dear! Timothy, the rebel he was? That’s in the past. You are *Bella* now my dear, free to do better than Timothy ever could...do you *want* to do better?”

Pondering the question for a moment, there was only one answer that seemed the most logical after taking into account every single thing that had happened to her up to this point. And so, with gritted teeth parting to a drawn out sigh, the woman raised her head, staring the scientist in the eye with determination, ready to deliver her answer;

“Screw off bugger lover! The only thing that’ll need improving here is you! Don’t think I can’t beat the hell out of you just cuz you gave me tits!”

That of course, was all an illusion. While Timothy saw herself shouting defiantly while pushing aside the drowsy haze placating her rage, Bella rises to her feet, smiling an endearing smile as she struts toward her Master, child birthing hips swaying seductively from side to side like a pendulum until she stands before him, taking the warm outstretched hand in hers before following him out the cell without another word, wearing that lovestruck look on her face all the way as she clings to his arm like a needy girlfriend, filling the cavernous halls with positive chittering from her mandibles as they clack against her cheeks in anticipation.

While Timothy envisioned herself dragging an unconscious scientist through the halls, she would never realize the truth behind how she was really



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behaving. Forever numb to external stimuli as Bella takes complete control over her vessel. Eager to please and show her makers just how far she was willing to 'improve' herself if it meant righting her past wrongs.

Bella was just the start to the Sectoid's insidious plot to slowly improve humanity just like they had done for so many others. If they could tweak the chemical further and improve it, then mental blockers and control pheromones would no longer be necessary when the resulting female hybrids would prove undyingly loyal to the Sectoid cause with the metamorphic period hopefully being accelerated to reduce the potential for biohazard contamination. They had much work to do if they wanted to make it a reality. But with so many fresh bodies coming in daily, they had all the time and patience in the world to refine the formula to their desire...

THE END

