

## MOTHER SHIPPED

By Jessie Star

Art by BeingObscene

Another frisbee just barely missed Jessie's head as she layed in the grass, and that was it, she had had it. As the dude bro chuckled out a "sorry lady" all the spice witch could think was these "pro-ultimate frisbee" nerds (pro-ultimate frisbee ... right..) best be happy she was a good witch, for the most part at least. If she wasn't they might have found themselves chasing frisbees furry and on all fours. Amusing as the idea was, it would be best to move on and not cause trouble. So she packed up her little blanket and made for the exit of the city park when BONG! A frisbee bounced off her forehead. The red head was sent staggering, her large breasts bouncing here and there in her scoop neck sweater. "What the hell!?!?" she looked around, fire in her eyes as she looked for the dummy that was gonna spend the evening as a beagle.

"Scanning commencing" a metallic voice chimed from the still airborne frisbee. As the witch took a closer look at the odd disc she realized it wasn't a frisbee at all, but some sort of bowl shaped drone, made to look like a tiny flying saucer with a satellite dish on top. "Match detected! Congratulations, you have been selected as the new queen of planet Vorgosia. After systematically searching over a 45,000 lightyears circumference we..."

"Gonna stop you there buddy, whoever is trying to pull a fast one... Jessie ain't fallin for it. Now cut the drone shit out and show yourself" Her eyes radiated with a glare that could melt ice, but rather than back down-

"Congratulations! You have been sele-"

"I heard you"

"Do you accept?" it chirped metallicly.

"You want to know if I accept being the new queen of some alien planet?" she scoffed and began walking down the city sidewalk away from the disk.

"Do you accept?"

"On April first even. Wow how convenient" she rolled her eyes. The disk cut in front of her sending her stumbling backwards.

"Do you accept?" The little drone was persistent, Jess let out a deep sigh

"Listen man, I really don't want to be the pawn in your elaborate april fools joke, but I also don't need my time wasted so... let's get this over with so we can be done. I accept."

"Wonderful news, prepare for DNA resequencing"

"Right Right... hurry up your queen doesn't have all daaaAAAY!" Like a snake leaping unseen from the bushes, green tendrils of energy burst from the little saucer and surrounded Jessie's body. Tingles in her flesh and the buzz of static electricity surged around and through her, every cell feeling flush and warm until it stopped suddenly, the dying whirl from the little ship slowing like a fan who had it's power cut. "Okay.." Jessie said, mildly freaked out. "What the shit was that?! Hey... Hey your queen is talking to ooo.. Oh," she put a hand to her abs as a tingling heat began to surge inside. It ran up and down her spine, concentrating like water pressure in her tailbone, toes and skull. The tip of her nose began to itch and glow green, the witch going cross eyed to see it. With a crunch she felt her nose compress and then... it was gone. Flat on

her steadily greening face. The sensation was so odd she had to close her eyes in discomfort, and when she opened them things were even stranger. The Spice Witch's view was confused by the addition of a third eye that had emerged from her forehead, syncing it with her normal two took a few tries. "Woah little dude...how are you doing so much without magic?" She pulled her hands away from her face just in time to see her hand turn green, five fingers merging into three. "Gah!"

"Your DNA is both malleable and resilient. The perfect template to bring an entire race back from extinction! Vorgosian technology makes the process painless and easy."

Jessie grunted as her feet cracked and shifted, stumbling out of her shoes they looked more like bizarre green bird feet with toe nails than human. Her body continued to bulge and shift, capris tearing a bit from her swelling thighs. She made her way over to a parked car and stared in awe at her green three eyed face. Her once rounded ears lengthening into points and little antennas were poking through her red hair. At least she still had that. On her ribs she could feel a jiggle, two small but perky breasts topped with hard dark green nipples slid into view from under her sweater. "I'm pretty sure this is a big misunderstanding... and also, If your species' tech is so good, why did they go extinct, hmmm? OOOH!" She braced against the car as a prehensile tail with wiggling digits on the end erupted from her lower back, throbbing as it lengthened and swelled in an erotic fashion to her overwhelmed yet aroused chargin

"...It's complicated. But we perceive no misunderstanding. We asked and you accepted!" the little floating chrome disk cheered.

"..Of all the days to invade, and ask me if I want to be your new alien brood queen, you pick April Fools?!" she took the end of her long tail, noting her nerves ran all the way down to the tip. The little machine asked her what April Fools was but she only replied in a snarky tone "It's complicated" after all... aliens might not get the concept of "jokes". "Listen, what matters issss.." her finger traced over a bizarre hole at the tip of her new tail which sent her shuddering, her knees buckled like someone had just grazed her clit. "Gaaah" That was dangerously pleasurable... best to keep everything away from that little trigger of her new anatomy till she got this fixed. As she steddied her belly gave out an anxious gurgling as something formed in her core, then punched her three fingered hand gently as it cupped her belly. It bloated out as if she had swallowed a softball. Then bop! Another, "Eek!" and another!

"Indeed 'what matters'! We can't have you laying the new colony right here on the street corner. We must get you to your new royal chambers!"

"Now wait one second you shiny frisbee looking son-of-a-bitch..." but her words became garbled and then silent as they teleported away in a cloud of particles. Jess would have to set things straight... wherever she's nesting at the moment.. Hopefully.



Of All the Days to INVADE...

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