

Alien to Ambition

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I awoke staring into the two most beautiful bright green eyes I had seen in my nineteen years of life. They were absolutely stunning, with just the right amount of makeup and eyeliner to highlight and accent the natural alluring quality they possessed. They seemed more like emeralds than eyes. Her lashes were long and thick. The face those eyes were placed in was of the same exquisite quality, with a perfectly shaped nose and flawless apricot skin. While makeup was around her eyes, nowhere else on her gorgeous face was there any hint of it. Her full lips were ruby red and at this close distance I was certain she was not wearing lipstick.

Her long auburn hair draped over me as she looked down upon me. I could feel her warm breath. I saw that she was naked. Her natural skin tone almost seemed to glow in the dim light of... wait, this was not my room! Where was I? I started at the sudden realization, and she put her hand lightly on my naked chest. Her long nails had been painted a vibrant crimson.

"Calm yourself," she said in a melodious voice. The soothing quality of that sound did make me feel calmer. I looked around and saw I was in what appeared to be a windowless metal cabin like that of a ship.

"Why am I here?" I asked.

"Shhh..." was the only reply. As her ruby lips touched mine, all questions fled from my head.

I awoke again. This time from the best, and only, sex I had ever experienced. My pretty partner had been strong, experienced, and most of all tireless. She had taken the lead in every way, forcing me to my physical limit and beyond. I was

completely exhausted from our lovemaking. My new supple lover looked at me, this time from across the featureless room. She was still naked, as was I, and stood a little less than six feet in height. Her long shining auburn hair flowed in waves over her shoulders down to her perfect butt. Besides that voluminous mane and the two lines that formed her eyebrows she was hairless. Despite the physical intensity of what had just happened she did not have a bead of sweat on her serene self, while I was still enervated from the ordeal.

I could not help staring at her peerless body and round pert breasts. C cups, I guessed. They did not need a bra and seemed to defy gravity. While I was admiring her superb form she spoke in her musical voice.

"I brought you here to help us." An answer to the question I had asked hours before.

"What?" I said, more than a little bewildered.

"You are on a ship currently in what you call the Asteroid Belt of your solar system. I have brought you here to assist me and my race."

"The asteroid belt? Your race?" I went from a little bewildered to completely.

"This form," she emphasized it by having her long nailed hands outline her lithe body, "was one made for me. It is not my true form, not that my race really has a true form at this point. We switch physical bodies so often." She paused.

My blank expression must have given her a hint that more explanation was in order because she continued.

"I come from a race much more advanced.. older than yours" she looked a little embarrassed as if she did not want to say "advanced" to offend me.

Coming out of my stupor, I asked, "Then what do you need me for?" Thinking of how humans normally took animals out of their natural habitat, I dreaded the answer.

"Ah. Well, there is something my race has lost that yours still possesses. We have traveled the stars for countless rotations of your planet. We have mastered many technologies including the transfer of consciousness from one body to another, which has made us immortal. But we have lost something as well. While we have retained our wanderlust, over the eons we have lost our ambition."

"Your what?" I had been studying her more closely, and this time I seemed to notice that her eyes were indeed very much like emeralds. While they were a vibrant green that sparkled in the dim light of this room they were also cold, empty stones.

"Our ambition. We altered our own minds, and in doing so we unexplainably lost our drive to improve ourselves, to strive to be more than we are."

"So, you needed me because?" I let the question hang.

"Humans have ambition. I thought you might be able to teach it to us. Life in the universe is very rare. Nothing can travel faster than light and wormholes are... hard to make. Your planet is the first one we've come across that has living things of any level of consciousness on it. We hope to learn from it."

"How was I picked?"

She shrugged, her hair cascading off her perfect shoulders. "A male at random."

'And if I don't work out you have many more down below to choose from.' I thought to myself.

Suddenly, she stretched out her bare arms. "Come to me. I have only just tried on this form and I enjoyed our coupling. My race also forgot coupling in our travels."

While I knew it was very possible I was really just having a psychotic episode and all of this craziness was in my head, I could not refuse such an offer. I got out of bed to join her, but my legs faltered as I put my weight on them. I was

still completely fatigued from our last "coupling." As I stumbled she was at my side. Her dazzling face close to mine.

"Are you physically injured?" She asked. With her breath on my face I realized something else alien about her: She had no scent. No perfume, no smell to her breath, good or bad. Her perfect blemishless body gave off no odors at all. This only added to the surreality of the encounter.

"I'm just tired." I said straightening myself and trying not to look too pitiful in front of this perfect specimen of a female.

"Oh, I forgot your body still needs rest." She said in her melodious voice. I am sure it was only because of my imagination that I detected a hint of mockery in that sound.

"Yes," I said trying to hide my indignity and knowing I'd not be able to become erect anyway, "I don't think I can be much use to you like this. We can try more coupling after I rest, if that's alright."

Her mouth quirked at that, as if with impertinence.

"I have a better idea. Why don't I move you into a body that does not need rest instead? It will make our couplings more efficient."

"Move me into a... what?" I said. Personally, I was a little surprised at how well I was keeping my civility in this absolutely unbelievable circumstance, but keep it I would. I made a vow to myself. *'If I've gone crazy,'* I thought, *'I might as well make the most of it.'*

The gorgeous woman in front of me explained, clearly very excited to do so. "I can move your consciousness into another body we can design together. It's one of my races greatest achievements. It's really very fun."

I blinked at that. I did believe who I was *was* connected to my mind not any other part of me, but I was rather attached to my body. My hostess seemed like she wanted to do the deed right this second, but I wanted more time to think. I said

"Many of my race believe the importance of one's self is connected to the body, or that it is attached to something non-physical that can't be duplicated and is separate from the mind. While I am not one of those, this," I spread my hands around the featureless metal room that was empty except for my bed, which she had apparently taken from my college dorm room along with my person "is all very new to me. I don't even know your race's name, let alone your own. How about we get to know one another before you remove me from my body?"

She looked disappointed at that. "What an odd notion of self." She said almost to herself. Then to me, "My race stopped caring about names, but you can call me First if it's important to you. Yours is not to me."

"First?" I said, "Is that a title or a proper noun?"

She looked a little exasperated at my question. "I am First among my race," she explained coming over to sit next to me on my bed, moving her long hair to the side. She was slightly taller than me.

"Well, First, how many of your kind are there?"

"Is this important?" She asked then said, "several hundred."

I was a little shocked by how low the number was. "And you all live on this ship?"

"Yes, of course. Are we done with questions now? I want to design you a new body that does not require rest and can keep up with this one." Pointing to her own ample chest she bounced to her feet, her breasts jiggling, but very firm despite their lack of support. She took me by the hand and I, not knowing what else to do, followed her out of a door that materialized in the wall. I could not help but wonder what the ship was made of.

She led me into the hallway, where I was immediately met by the second most beautiful woman I had ever seen. Standing next to First was another comely woman. Her dark caramel skin just as flawless as First's, her light golden blonde

hair just as long and flowing. Unlike First her pussy was not hairless but well trimmed. Her eyes were like two cold sapphires. Again, her only makeup was around those cold bright blue eyes with their long lashes. Her breasts were the same size and were just as perky as First's perfect breasts. Other than color, her nose also looked exactly the same as First's. She was shorter than me, just over five and a half feet.

Seeing that I was startled by the sudden appearance of another, First said "I asked my people to assume forms that would be pleasing to you to put you at ease. If this one's appearance bothers you, let me know and I can ask her to change it."

"Maybe later," I mumbled.

"Oh, I hope not too soon," said the second girl in a voice as melodious as First's but deeper. "I was enjoying this human form. They are so different from us aren't they?"

"Yes, " replied First, "That's why we can learn from them." Then she said to me "Please don't be scared, she just wanted to see what a real human looked like. Please follow me."

I allowed myself to be lead past the second girl by First.

"Can you preserve my body when I am out of it?" I asked.

"If you'd like, yes," replied First. It sounded like she did not understand why I would want to keep it. She then led me down the doorless hall. The door we exited from disappeared into the grey metal of the ship. We walked only a short distance before another door appeared and opened in the wall. This darkly lit room was full of activity. There were huge glass tubes filled with the bodies of angelic woman of every shape and size, as well as other, wholly alien creatures. I met two other women that were operating a large luminous screen with odd symbols about it. One of the females was well over six feet in height, while the other was just under five. The shorter one had long bright red hair, while the taller one had

cropped brown hair. The shorter one had pale porcelain skin while the taller one had a deep brown tan. I could not help but notice the taller one had a muscular build to her. The dainty pale one was hairless below the neck, but the tall amazon was not. Both had eyes like ingots of obsidian. Despite their difference in height and build, I was sure their breasts were of the exact shape and size as all the others I had seen today.

"These are the Twins," introduced First. "This is where we design new bodies. As you can see we were all trying lots of different female forms of your race, knowing that the first human we wanted to bring here would be male. We studied the qualities you value as beautiful in your mates, but there were so many variations. I hope we picked pleasing ones."

I nodded; still a little overwhelmed at all the different things I was viewing. First addressed the Twins. "I wish to continue the human practice of coupling with this one," she gestured at me, "but it turns out that true human bodies wear out quickly. Let us give him a new one. It will probably be fun to design a human body with a human."

Still reeling from the suddenness of all of this I said, almost pleadingly "What about your stated goal of learning more about ambition?"

"Time enough for that later," First said. "We are what you would call immoral, and I like to put new experiences before work anyway. Come let us design a new more resilient body for you first. We spent all this time learning about your mating practices I want to try more of them out before we do anything else."

She pushed me to the screen. I was surprised by her strength. She continued, "If it will make you feel better, why don't we start with few appearance changes. How about a body that looks like your current one, but tireless?"

All I could do was nod. The Twins operated the screen. A 3D image of myself appeared on it with alien symbols dancing across it, labels pointing at

various parts of my anatomy. The Twins seemed to be operating the screen with their minds, as if they had a direct link to the computer. After a few minutes the Twins presented the image to First.

"How's that?" First asked me. Showing me what, as far as I could tell, was a perfect duplicate of myself.

"It looks just like my body," I said.

"But, its not," said First. "This one does not need to sleep or rest. It can operate at peak physical capability without needing to ever stop. Breathing is the only nutrients it needs to keep functioning."

"Really?"

"Oh yes."

"Can I make cosmetic changes to it?"

First smiled at me. "I was hoping you would," she said radiantly.

"Well," I tried to explain, "human males value the size of the parts of their body. For example, I've always wanted to be taller. And this," I pointed at my penis on the screen "should be longer and thicker."

First clapped her hands together in delight. "I knew you'd get into the spirit of this. Isn't this fun?"

Shortly, after some descriptions to the Twins, I was looking at a much more manly version of myself on the screen. I had tried not to get carried away in my first attempt. The body was six and a half feet tall, with a dick that was eight inches erect with a five point one inch circumference. Its shoulders were wider and its muscles much more pronounced than my current slender frame. I was told that all of these were only cosmetic changes, since the underlining structure of the body had not been changed from its tireless self. It looked stronger and more athletic, but was not more than before. I had to trust the judgment of the Twins on that.

As I looked at the 3d image of the body I was soon to inhabit with all of the weird symbols I could not hope to read, a thought struck me.

"Can you implant information in the body?" I asked suddenly.

The Twins looked at First quizzically. I realized they had not spoken since I entered the room, and had interpreted my requests without question until this one.

First looked at me. "What do you mean?"

"Well," I said, the three gazes of these almost divine women looking at me made me feel very foolish. "I was hoping I could learn your language. Could you implant that knowledge into this body?"

"Oh," said First. "Yes we could. We could even give you a linkup to our archive if you wanted. I hesitated doing that because I don't want to damage your personality. It's quite possible such alterations are what removed my race's ambition in the first place."

"Well, I don't think it will remove mine. Humans often become more ambitious when they know more," I said quickly. "And if you mess me up you can always get another human, right?"

"That's true," said First thinking about what I had said.

'I knew it.' I thought to myself. *'They don't mind breaking me because they have so many more humans to choose from if they do.'* I kept my face impassive as I thought this.

"Alright," said First, "you can add a linkup, Twins. Might as well implant some other basics into that body while you are at it."

The Twins turned their attention back to the screen and I saw more strange symbols flash across it going into the head of the 3D image. I was scared not knowing what would happen to me, but I had gone this deep into the rabbit hole I felt I might as well follow it through to the end.

Soon I found myself on a table with my new body on a table next to me. My eyes closed. When I opened them I was in my new body. It felt completely different. I sat up with a start and fell off the table, banging my arms on the ground as I tried to stop myself from falling in a body wholly alien to myself. As I hit the ground I was surprised by the complete lack of pain. In fact, my body felt almost totally numb.

First was next to me and quickly helped me to my feet. "Here," she said. "I will walk you back to your room. You should adjust quickly to this new body. An understanding of its own self has been implanted in it." As she helped me past the screen the Twins were working on, I realized I could now read the strange symbols on it. Bewildered and confused I let First lead me out of the room and back to the one with my bed. Once there First laid me on my back as she climbed on top of me.

We had sex for hours.

First started on top, but by the end I was fucking her doggie style. And we tried every position in between. Subconsciously I found I could access what First's race had archived about human mating. With my new tireless athletic body I was very aggressive, taking the lead, pounding away at every angle our flexible bodies could create together, which turned out to be a plethora. First loved it. She moaned and writhed under me as my sizable member surged into her.

After doing this for what seemed an eternity I suddenly stopped and abruptly dismounted her. First, who had been crying out in ecstasy as she had been the whole time, also stopped. Turning around she looked quizzically up at me. Despite the fact we had just fucked each other's brains out like two wild animals for hours on end, nether of us was breathing hard. There was no sweat, no smell. First's pussy had only been as lubricated as it had needed to be to allow my dick to

penetrate her. But, worse of all, I still felt the numbness I had when I first awoke in this body.

Seeing all this in my face First asked in her rich harmonic voice that had greatly affected me when I was in my other body, "What's wrong?" I did not realize what an effect that voice had had on me before until I heard it with my new ears. Now I felt nothing from it.

I spoke for the first time in my new body and I realized my voice had not changed at all. Despite the power of my body I still sounded like a nineteen year old skinny kid. "This is too sterile." I said.

"What?" asked First.

"Will I ever not feel numb in this body?" I asked.

First looked at me searching for my meaning. "Oh, that's the just way these bodies feel. No pain, no exhaustion."

"And hardly any feeling" I added. First looked confused. I continued "This is not how mating should feel. This is a whitewashed version of it. I've not even had a real orgasm this whole time, and I doubt you have either."

"Orgasm?" First asked, clearly confused.

"Yes, that's my point." I said. "These bodies are wrong for this. There needs to be a build up and an ending to our lovemaking. I could have just fucked you for days without end." First nodded at that, as if that was what she wanted to do.

I sighed. "I think I am beginning to understand how to get information from your archive. Can I make us two new bodies that can experience human mating more vividly?"

First looked excited at that. "Well, of course you can. I love switching bodies. I would have expected you to stay in this one longer. Most of my race likes to be in a body for much longer to experience it more fully, but we can switch again if you want. Let's go see the Twins."

She tried to take me by the hand again, but I pulled away slightly. "I know the way." I said. As we went into the hall I noted that the dark-skinned blonde was still there.

Soon we stood in front of the screen with the Twins patiently waiting for us to tell them what we wanted. I said, "Why don't we work on your body first?" Then a thought stuck me. "In fact, how about I work on our bodies with the Twins alone? When we are done we can come get you. It can be a surprise." First looked at me and then the Twins. "I can handle it." I said tapping my skull.

"I do like surprises," said First almost bubbly.

"Good" I said. "I'll call you when we are ready."

First looked at the Twins seriously, as if warning them about something. Then she smiled at me and left the room. I looked at the Twins and we set to work.

I went and got First an hour or so later. I found her waiting in my room. She seemed very impatient for a self-proclaimed immortal that had traveled the stars for uncounted eons. I had a suspicion as to why that might be. I had found many interesting things in their archive. For example, not even First's race knew how long they had been traveling with no ambition, just wanderlust.

"We are ready." I told First.

She squealed a little and then looked up at me. "I hope this was worth the wait."

"I am sure it will be."

On the way there she said, "I can't wait to see our new bodies. You will be the first not of my race to design a body for someone else, you know."

"I have an idea." I said, "Why don't you not take a look at it and just jump right in? It will make for a bigger surprise."

She looked at me for a second and then said "Ok." I was starting to wonder if her race was capable of real suspicion. Lack of ambition meant a lack of lots of other things, I was starting to realize.

When we got to the Twin's room, I did note she looked at them questioningly. They nodded their reassurance and First looked a little relieved. I escorted her to the grey metal table and set her down on it.

"We will wake up in my bed," I told her. She nodded.

I got on the table next to her and we closed our eyes.

I awoke in my new body, as did First. Her body was similar to her other one, but with many important differences.

For one, it was much weaker and without limitless stamina. I knew that First's race was not afraid of death, since they kept a backup of their consciousness between every body switch, so the Twins had not blanched at my request for such a large strength difference between mine and First's body. However, the Twins did not seem to think First would like these changes, but I assured them I would take full responsibility for her disappointment and they reluctantly followed my requests.

First's hair was still auburn in color, but now went down to her toes instead of her still perfect butt. Her eyes their same vibrant emerald. Her skin as always, flawless and a glowing apricot color, was now slightly paler. Her lips full and red. Her nails long and painted. She looked as if she was wearing much more eyeliner behind her long lashes than before. I now knew that it was not makeup, but was actually the skin pigment of her face.

In addition to being weaker, First's new body had much larger breasts and was much thinner. Her mammary glands were so swollen she could barely stand upright. Over 7000 cc, they were both like a two gallon jug of milk, each. They were still just as perky and gravity defying and looked freakish on her emaciated

frame. Now her waist was only 16 inches in circumference, the Twins had made sure she could still walk, but, at my request, only barely.

Despite these drastic differences, the largest changes were not in her appearance. I had found her old body only had a rudimentary hormonal system. Her new body was completely overcharged with endorphins as well as many others. The nervous system was super sensitive, and wired such that almost everything it felt was pleasure. Her pussy was capable of producing more lubricant than was necessary and the merest touch could cause a positive feedback loop, which would result in orgasm, something her old female body could not even achieve.

In my searching of their archives I had found that First's race did not have a good understanding of how hormonal chemicals could affect the mind. Their race was devoid of hormones. Additionally their philosophy on life seemed to be more focused on how the mind affected the body, not the other way around. They DID have a very good understanding about how implanted knowledge could affect one's personality, but their race seemed to have almost no hormonal or mind-altering drug understanding. They had knowledge about it from their quick study of Earth, but no experience or true understanding of it.

I had used that knowledge and my own understanding when creating our bodies. I am sure the Twins and First were worried that I would implant some kind of information into First's new body, so I had not even bothered to ask. I also suspected that the reason First was so keen on coupling with me originally was because of that rudimentary hormonal system that was in her facsimile of a human body. That was why she had probably been acting differently than how she normally did. She had not predicted how those simple hormones affected her actions. Now, she was completely unprepared for the new experiences of this

hyperhormonal body. Her nipples and clitoris were engorged with blood like ripe fruit. She had kept her eyes closed until now, and then opened them.

When she saw me she let out a gasp of surprise. This time I had gotten carried away with my own body. I was now drastically superior to every man that had ever lived on Earth in terms of size, strength, and stamina. I was seven and a half feet in height and only a couple hundred pounds shy of half a ton. That weight was primarily thick, solid, defined muscle. My shoulder width was about a foot shorter than First was tall. My veined legs and arms were obscenely large, but still very dexterous. I was an over-exaggerated example of a male.

As you might have guessed, the most impressive part of my body was my dick and balls. They were true works of art. The balls were larger than grapefruits and were full of special semen. They hung majestically under my magnificent manhood. My cock was just under two feet in length, 22 inches and harder than a rock. I could literally destroy walls with it. The shaft was thicker than a coke can. Its head was bigger than a large apple.

Despite its physical prowess, the masterstroke of my body was its interplay with First's hormones. My new body had an internal hormonal system much closer to a normal human than First's. However, my body was geared to outputting pheromones at a much higher level than any human's body possibly could. This small room was already filling with my musk. I could only imagine what that was doing to First in her hypersensitive body as I looked down on her moist, squirming pussy.

First looked up at me first with surprise mixed with apprehension then with abject want and desire. She tried to stand, reaching for my throbbing cock that, on my gargantuan frame, was well above her. Gently, I reached down to her, knowing she would have trouble rising to meet me with her 16-inch waist and about 4 gallons of milky breasts on her slight chest. I let her breathe deeply of my

enhanced pheromones and then stuck one thick finger into her gushing cunt and let my thumb rub her twitching clit. She let out an incredibly loud guttural sound that was something between a moan of ecstasy and primal cry of intense emotion.

At that sound, which was very different from any sound First had made before, the dark-skinned woman came into the room, her light golden hair flowing behind her. Seeing my hulking form over First's weak one she shouted, "Get away from her, you savage."

I had suspected that this woman was a kind of enforcer, and that was why she had been right outside of First's door ever since I first arrived. I also guessed that while my new huge body was supremely strong, it was possible her slight frame was stronger. I saw no reason to find out. I backed away from First as non-threateningly as I could.

First looked bewildered lying on the bed. She sat up a little way; her colossal, yet firm, breasts resting next to her. She was looking at me, clearly begging me to continue touching her. When I did not she looked as if she was going to get up and come to me. The dark-skinned enforcer came to her to side to help, clearly thinking something was wrong. First, still looking at me, cried, "Why did you stop?"

I said in a deep, resonating, commanding voice, a voice I knew would also affect those that heard it, "That one told me to," pointing at the dark-skinned woman. At this point the room was heavy with my pheromones, and I knew they were wafting into the hallway. I assumed that the dark-skinned enforcer's female body also had a rudimentary hormonal system. She would be affected, but only slightly, and her loyalty to First would no doubt take precedence. I needn't have worried, however.

When First heard me, she looked at the dark-skinned enforcer, who was about to help her rise, First staring at the dark-skinned enforcer, as if she had just

noticed someone else was in the room. First jerked away from the dark-skinned woman saying, "Get out!" First's voice was full of loathing. "Don't interrupt us again." The gorgeous dark-skinned woman looked hurt, but turned to leave. As the attractive dark-skinned blonde did I noticed that her shaved pussy was wet and her nipples were hard. I also saw her checking out my enormous package, despite herself. I watched her perfect caramel butt leave the room before turning my attention back to First.

First's arms were outstretched trying to reach me, her perfect face done up as if she was saying "please."

I walked back to her and lightly sat down next her and again inserted one figure into her cunt, expertly stimulating the body I had created for her. She cried out again and again. Her gushing gash allowed me to start with great intensity and speed that I gradually lessened. At the right time in her descent I stopped to let her catch her breath. Her heavy chest heaved and quivered with her heavy breathing.

I easily picked her up and repositioned her so that her thick ruby lips were at the tip of my titanic unyielding cock. "Now you will suck me," I said in my commanding voice. First looked a little disappointed that I had stopped stimulating her, but in her eyes I saw she was experiencing a new kind of joy as she wrapped her wonderful lips around my vast member. I had made her esophagus with this task in mind and it reformed to fit my full width and length. Her body was actually designed to suck 22 inches of cock, and enjoy doing so.

I smiled as she set to work. In our previous sessions she had not given me any blowjobs, but I knew information about it was in their archive and her throat was built to stimulate my cock. She took to the task quickly, soon both her deft delicate hands were cupping my huge balls as her mouth lubricated the entirety of my lengthy shaft as her throat and mouth muscles stroked it. I supported her weight with my powerful arms as in and out of her mouth my monstrous dick went. My

body had superb stamina, but I saw no reason to try to hold back, yet. My balls tightened up next to my shaft as both I and First felt copious amounts of my spunk travelling its length. My body could produce inhuman amounts of the stuff.

The first blast went deep into First's petite belly, my cock buried in her throat. The force was astonishing and I held First in place, forcing two more blasts down her throat before removing my spasming member. Another volley went into her gaping mouth. My sperm had not only been designed to be delicious and addictive, it was a powerful aphrodisiac. I realized at this point making it such a potent aphrodisiac was probably overkill, but it was too late to change it now. First was lapping up everything my dick could produce. I knew it had been eons since she had ingested food, and this was clearly an incredible experience for her. I had also made her emaciated body born hungry.

The experience was no less intense for me, and I closed my eyes feeling the bliss of orgasm as I covered First with my cum. When I finally finished and opened my eyes I saw First's thin belly was stretched with the sheer volume of my seed. I had been standing above her for most of this. I realized that she had been trying to reach me to impale any orifice she could on my rod. The force of my fluid must have repeatedly prevented her from standing to reach me. The effect of the overpowering drug that was my semen was clear on her face. She was mad with passion. Her body was shaking with pleasure.

I came down to her; my dick was still rock hard. With my rich voice I recited. "My dick is 22 inches long and 11.8 inches in circumference. I designed your vagina and cervix to be able to handle a maximum of 19 inches by 10 inches." I saw her eyes widen at that. "The Twins thought it was an oversight; it was not." With that I entered her sopping virgin pussy, cleaving her cherry.

Words cannot describe the sound First made as her head whipped back. I am sure if she had not given the dark-skinned woman outside such harsh instructions

to stay out she would have brought the whole ship. I started out slowly, enjoying the sensation of my massive merciless member in this overstuffed spasming pussy. First's body was wired to feel both pleasure and pain, and to experience pleasure from pain. By design, the body's very purpose was to be the perfect dick massager. Despite the fact it was comply overtaxed, it was trying to do what it was created to do.

Her vagina muscles rippled over my shaft as her cervix opened to emit me. Back and forth I went in and out of that gash. Every part of First's insides was being stimulated by my tremendous manhood. She was bucking in a perfect mix of pleasure and pain; her face streaming tears of joy. I picked up one of her now lactating tits and inserted it into her mouth. Her emerald green eyes squinted up at me through her long lashes and tears as she started to suck. Her breasts were each more than four times as large as her head. As she drank her face went from a mix of pain and pleasure to one of complete and utter bliss. I drank from the other tit, having to stoop my huge form down to reach it.

This whole time I had been building momentum with my thrusting. I drank deep of her leaking tits; the creamy liquid flowing down my throat. Then, with a bestial roar, I stood, First's body firmly impaled on my oversized throbbing cock. Her weight supported only by my spasming shaft; her whole shaking body pressed up against my massive six pack as all but 2 inches of my cock were buried too deep in her. I smiled knowing I would force all of me into her by the end. I pounded away. Soon all of me was inside of her as I crashed down onto the bed, which had long since collapsed, but I made sure not to hurt her at all as I did. My strength was awesome, and I had to be careful not to break anything unexpectedly.

Both of our bodies possessed superhuman stamina, but neither was tireless. As the fucking continued, sweat beaded over our bodies and our breath became labored. First's body gave out first as wave after wave of intense orgasms buffeted

her body and mind. My body lasted much longer. Finally, after what seemed like ages, I felt the beginnings of my orgasm, much more powerful than before. The sensation built and built as my enormous cock destroyed First's raw wet pussy that had long since stretched to accommodate all of me.

My gigantic balls tightened up to my mammoth shaft and I came. It felt like it took minutes for my cum to travel down my lengthy shaft. Had I not been so tightly wedged in First the force of that blast would have no doubt blown her across the room. It felt like pints of the serum were gushing into her. Her tiny belly already swollen, her womb was now filled past capacity. I pulled free from her, hot white liquid flowing out of her gaping pussy onto the remnants of my bed. I collapsed next to her, my chest expanding and contracting as I sucked in air, completely exhausted.

"That" I said in a breathless voice "was more like it."

I rested. Knowing my true work lay ahead, I allowed myself to get some light sleep next to First's unconscious form. I awoke before First. When she did awake she only had eyes for me and was clearly still recovering from our fucking. She looked up at me with warmth in her bright green eyes. The first warmth I had seen in those gemlike eyes. I knew my pheromones and semen would keep her from experiencing anything other than intense love and admiration for me. I also knew that the pain and pleasure of last night was the most she had experienced in her existence. Knowing her pussy could not have fully recovered from last night, I told her about the human custom of cuddling. She agreed to give it a try, if and only if I allowed her to give me another blowjob while we did.

Without waiting for a response, and despite her obvious fatigue, she climbed onto my hulking form, propped her massive breasts around my shaft for support, and started sucking away. This time she kneaded her full breasts about my shaft while she swallowed my manhood's head. The huge angry red top of my cock

disappeared and reappeared from inside her straining mouth past her stretched lips. I had wanted her undivided attention for this part, but I guessed this would have to do. Having her swallow more of the addictive drug that was my semen couldn't hurt anyway.

So, while she slaved away, I told her many things. I had designed my voice to have a certain natural hypnotic quality to it, so she did look at me faithfully with her bright eyes while she serviced me. I explained to her that human males were somewhat territorial, and that it would upset me greatly if she brought any other men on the ship besides me. I asked with my hypnotic commanding voice if she wanted to hurt my feelings by doing that. Her eyes widened at the thought of upsetting me. She shook her head violently in the negative, still while sucking on me vigorously.

I also told her I wished that all members of her race could experience what she had just experienced and stressed the importance of the hormonal system her body had. I told her in my deep commanding voice that future bodies should all have the same kind of system, so that she could continue to experience these wonderful feelings. I also explained that I was a breast man, which meant the larger a female's breasts were the more pleasing they were to my eyes. I went on to explain, in my resonating hypnotic voice, that I felt most comfortable being significantly larger and stronger than those around me, and of the importance of my pheromone system. I told her it was also called "fucking" not "coupling."

Many things I told First as she desperately tried to get me to cum in her mouth, her body craving the taste of my seed. All the while she listened to what I had to say attentively, green eyes wide on her overstuffed face. I told her I would cum if and only if she understood my wishes and tried to abide by them. Looking at her face, I knew this was unnecessary, but I wanted her to agree, which she, of course, did. With that I orgasmed. My balls had been busy filling themselves

while I slept, and her mouth was already full to overflowing. She desperately swallowed down as much of my spunk as she could. Trying to catch what fell with her hands. The amount I produced was completely overwhelming as I fired volley after volley of high-pressured serum at her, but she tried her best. I knew this would start to make her uncomfortably horny again, but it was clear her body was still all used up from our last session. I sighed. It was time to test the worth of my plan.

I rose from her and looked down on at her. "I guess I should have made that body more resilient. It was my first time." I said. She looked at me with lust as I spoke. I saw in her eyes she wanted to protest, and to say I did a wonderful job and that she was ready for more fucking even though she clearly was not.

I spoke again, "Why don't I carry you to the Twins and you can design a new body? I would like that. You can surprise me this time." I saw in her eyes her desire to please me. That I would like her to do something was all the reason she needed to do it. She nodded approval, and I picked her up, carrying her out of the room. As I entered the hallway the gorgeous dark-skinned blonde came to my side trying to help First, but First waved her away. I could not help but notice how frustrated and horny the dark-skinned woman looked. Hearing us fuck all night and smelling my pheromones must have done a number on her. First spoke to her. "Everything is fine, wait here for us to return," she said. The dark-skinned enforcer reluctantly backed away, not without checking out my hulking form and manhood appreciatively with her blue eyes.

I carried First to the Twins room. There was apprehension in their cold black eyes, worried that they were right and First was upset with her new body. First assuaged their fears, and I deposited her on one of the many tables and left the room.

I went back to my room. This was the real test. From the archives, I knew that the ship had a very sophisticated air flow system that filtered out harmful particles. Would it consider my pheromones harmful? If so, they would be scrubbed out; if not, they were slowly filling the whole ship and everyone on board with an endocrine system remotely human would start to be affected by them. I had tried to make my pheromones so they would not be deemed harmful, but I had no way of knowing if it worked.

Also, I had to see how much of First's new wants and desires and way of thinking would be passed on to her new body. When she moved from her sperm filled one to a fresh one would she still feel loyalty and love towards me, or be filled with resentment? There was no way of knowing, but it was something I knew I would rather test sooner than later. I also knew that when she switched again the old back up of her psyche would be permanently overwritten.

I came to my room and waited on my demolished bed with these thoughts swirling in my head. Hours passed, and I had no way of knowing what was transpiring on the ship as I waited there. I almost felt like calling the dark-skinned woman to see if she was up for some mindless fucking, but decided against it.

Finally, the door opened and First bounded in. Before I could react she immediately wrapped her lips around my cock, giving it a sloppy loving kiss. I looked at her new body, which was again similar to her other two. Her bright green eyes now had a deep warmth to them that had not been there before. This inner glow contrasted with her eyeliner and long thick lashes even more. Her skin was still a shiny apricot color, and her voluminous hair, which now was so much longer it dragged behind her on the floor, was still an auburn color, but somehow seemed even more radiant. Her butt was the same as it had always been and her

waist was back to the size it was the first time I had seen her. She was still almost six feet tall, which was now short compared to my seven and half foot frame. Her breasts were spectacular. Her boobs were at least twice the size they had been on the body I had made for her. Still perky and firm, their bulk forced them to hang low on her body. They leaked milk. The fact she was still standing upright with those heavy mammary glands meant she was probably back to her old strength again. She looked at me with want and need in her eyes.

"You were right about the hormones!" She exclaimed. "I told the Twins that every body they make from now on needs to include a robust system of them. They make you feel soooo good." She closed her eyes and breathed in my musk that was heavy in the air of the room.

Opening her eye she looked slightly abashed. She went on, "I had to make this body stronger than the one you made for me so that it could support all of this extra weight." She hefted her jiggling breasts. "I needed to look my best for you. I know you said that you liked to be much physically stronger than those around you, so I went over your current body. You used human muscles as a template. I know ways of making it at least 254 times stronger than it is now. So don't worry, we can make you about 302 times as strong as all of the other bodies we will be outfitting my race with. We will have to increase your stamina anyway. I really want every single one of my people to experience what I have! You'll have to fuck all several hundred of us!" She was very excited as she explained all of this to me. "I would bring more males, or make some of us male, but you told me that would upset you." She put her small hand on my chest. "The last thing I want to do is upset you," she said sincerely. "Come. We need to fuck while the Twins prepare your new body, and work on the new bodies of everyone on board." She continued, clearly very proud of herself, "I made this body's pussy too small again, that was really a brilliant idea of yours. I thought I could go even smaller than before, just to

see. Maybe we should make your tool larger as well when you switch to your new body." She laid me on the bed and got ready to mount me. Her tight virgin pussy oozing; her long flowing hair cascading all over the room. I was posed to take her cherry again.

"Oh," she paused and said almost as an after thought. "You mentioned the importance of those chemicals your body is outputting. I think I found a way to increase them, if you want. They seem to be circulating about the whole ship. I love the way they smell." She again breathed deep of the musk in the room as she prepared to impale herself on my unyielding towering cock.

Dumb stuck at how well everything had worked, I could only nod.

"Good," she smiled with satisfaction. "After all this you have to start teaching us about ambition."

I smiled up at her at that. "I am pretty sure I already have," I said to my new sex slave. "I am pretty sure I already have."