

ALIEN TO AMBITION: THE FORGONE CONCLUSION

Author's disclaimer: *I will not be writing more in this universe, but if other's feel the need I invite them to write more in this place. Please, just put my name somewhere near your own if you do.*

*Sincerely,
Mr. GreyMan*

There was no longer any reason to pretend to be what I was not. The mask of civility had dropped away; I had put on the Ring of Gyges and was never taking it off. Closing the eyes of my perfect body I sent my mind to the nanites I had left on Jupiter. The advanced nanites of this race could create almost anything out of anything. They could break mass down into it's base elements and rebuild it. I had instructed them to build more ships out of Jupiter's mass, growing exponentially since the ships were made of nanites that were building more nanites. I sent some of those ships out to the other masses in the outer Solar System. Earth would be mine; it might as well already be mine. It was a forgone conclusion. Everything else would just be for my amusement. And, it would be amusing.

You see. I had taken over a race of advanced shape shifting aliens. They were all mine, body and soul, if you believe in such a thing. I had been able to this because they had no experience with the effects of hormones on the mind, and had no concept of ambition. They had taken me in to study me, and now did everything and anything I asked, which including building me a perfect body. 9 feet tall and weighing more than several tons it was a perfect pheromone factory, which is how I controlled my alien subjects. It was, by any Earth standards, impervious to harm with a 4 foot dick hard enough to derail a train and balls that made nanite sperm. I could have simply use it to take over Earth by force, but what was the fun of that? Physical subjection was so... incomplete and barbaric. It was below me.

I had subjugated this alien race with the pheromones from this body, and I could easily do the same with Earth. No human could resist. I contemplated just having my alien slaves drop me off in my old college dorm. There I would just walk around campus and all would be forced to feel nothing but love, admiration, and awe at my divine presence. I could make all of the women that did not see my greatness when I

was with them have no feelings other than the deep need to please me. The men, no, boys that had mocked me behind my back would pay the ultimate price, but not before they felt the humiliation a hundred times worse than I had. But, that was too personal. I was above being personal now. Not that I really ever was personal, never having a family

I ordered my slaves into new bodies. The Twins, who made bodies that then an uploaded conciseness could be inserted, would make statuesque female bodies that were six to six and a half feet tall. Supermodels that were more dazzling than any supermodel could be, super-supermodels. Everything about them screaming sex. They were of every color and hue. Perfect gravity defeating EE Beasts the size of watermelons, silky soft skin, perfect lips, hips and hair. Their bodies would be tight, toned, and majestic. Flawless Faces that would make angels jealous. Their legs long and regal. Before I had made bodies for my girls with no other thought than to please the one I was in, now they would be made to dominate others as well as to please this one. They too would be outfitted with pheromone producers, nowhere near as powerful as my own, of course. They were the definition of men killers. No one could resist their perfect looks, and no one would. I had to teach my girls the use of clothing. They were all happy to try something new, but did not see the point. I find that clothed women can often be more provocative than naked women, but that is only when you can imagine something greater than it is. This was not the case with my girls, so the cloths themselves had to be made in such a way to add to the impossible sexiness of my girls.

After the Twins had made such bodies for a dozen of my girls I ordered the ship to break off a smaller part of itself, which was easy for it since it was made entirely of nanites that could reform themselves in any way I imagined. I instructed the dozen girls into the shuttle. My favorite girl, Second, was among them. I wanted to give her the honor of being with me for this moment. To be honest, they all said they did not really see the point of this excursion, and of what I had instructed them to do. Second reminded me I had said that I did not like other males, and did not understand why I would go to a planet full of them. I explained that I wanted to assert and prove my dominance over those males. Second told me that there was really no need to prove my dominance, since

it was so clearly obvious. I assured them that it would please me to do it this way, so they shrugged and agreed to go alone.

We all flew down to Earth. I made the ship absorb radar so that we would not be seen by the military. Any person seeing it in the early morning would just be considered crazy. When we touched down in a run down part of the city the ship turned itself into a moving van, as to not attract attention. I instructed the van to drive to a Victoria's Secret fashion show. All of my girls were very excited. While the van drove itself I had them message and fondle me. Despite their pleading, I did not enter them with my girthy rod since doing so would no doubt ruin their new perfect virgin pussies. Time enough for that later. I did, however, allow them to expertly give my 48-inch member a 24 hand-job, and as a reward I got them off with my mastery of pheromones.

We got there very early we got there I drove to the back and had the ship/van unfold itself. The bouncers in the back were instantly stunned at the sight and smell of my girls. I had instructed them to overpower any man they saw, and that is what happened. The bouncers fell to the floor as we got out. As we got out I stopped a moment to feel the sun on my back. I had designed this body to absorb sunlight and this was my first time in the sun with it. After pausing I entered the building and went to the changing room.

The supermodels were all getting ready for their big day as I ducked my head and strolled in. My pheromones almost instantly filled the room, and all of 20 of the supermodels stopped what they were doing and looked at me with awe in their glossy eyes. I knew even without my pheromones I was a sight to behold. A more than perfect specimen of what a man should be. Tall, insanely muscular, and with a cock that instantly demanded respect from all that saw it, and respect is what I saw in the eyes of those Victoria's Secret supermodels.

Sadly, to my kaleidoscope eyes that could see everything all I saw was their blemishes and flaws. These earthly supermodels were ugly compared to my unearthly supermodels. I saw my girls looking on them with contempt as well. They had studied beauty extensively, and while these women before them might have been examples of it, my girls were far far superior, and they know it. I had showed them the way.

"Ladies," I said to my girls, "get ready for your big debut. I will stay back here and

have these models keep me company.” The supermodels were, of course, completely spellbound by me at this point.

“Are you sure,” said Second, “they look so homely, and I know none of them will be any use in pleasuring you. I doubt their pussies could even handle 10 inches without breaking.”

“Yes,” I said lowering my hulking self into a sofa, which slowly gave way under my might. “but they will have to do.”

“I could stay with you,” Second almost begged, looking at my rock hard throbbing cock.

“No,” I said. Despite her want, Second did immediately as I commanded, and they all got ready to go out on stage.

The audience was not prepared for the sight that awaited them. As super-supermodels walked out on long stately legs. Their watermelon gravity defying breasts jiggling just enough. Their faces perfect, hips swaying in the most hypnotizing way imaginable. Their pheromones sweeter than any perfume.

Each one of my girls was wearing lingerie designed on the ship, since I had known full well no clothing here would fit them. It moved with the girls in ways not understandable. Each movement of their perfect body accentuated by it, causing the mind to become inflamed with thoughts of lust. The heterosexual girls in the audience fainted from shame, the men almost could not contain themselves. And soon, as each of my girls walked out, they could not. Unable to control their primal response in the presence of both the girls sexiness and the pheromones I had commanded them to output, the men in the audience threw themselves on the my girls. The young handsome faction designer laid hands on Second.

My girls thought it was very funny. They just laid down on stage as the men tried to ravage them, laughing. Their bodies had been created to withstand my 48-inch long 16.8 circumference cock, normal men could do nothing for them. As the men pulled out their peckers all they received from these impossibly pretty girls was scorn. Feeling hurt they tried to assert their manhood, but it was useless. Like throwing a hotdog down a hallway. Additionally, the enhanced female were too much for most of them and many

came almost immediately, the small quantity of their sperm only made my girls giggle.

While this was happening, as I could see with my perfect all EM spectrum eyes from backstage, I ordered the Victoria's Secret models to start to pleasure me, but it was equally useless. Their weak hands could not create enough pressure. Their bodies could not take any part of my imposing size. They did try, all the while telling me what I was. How I was perfect in every way, a dominating superior male that could do whatever I wanted with any women I wanted. They kissed and massaged every part of me. Sucking on my soccer ball sized sperm factories. I sat there, uninterested.

Meanwhile, my girls were mocking the men trying to pleasure them, telling them how useless they were and laughing at their feeble attempts to rape them. The men were becoming more and more frantic. Then I saw the fashion designer punch Second in the face. At that, I stood, knocking over the girls that were trying as hard as they could with every part of their body to get me off. But, Second just laughed and punched the fashion designer back. His head spun around as his neck snapped.

I decided to come out at that point. Walking on stage, everyone looked at me. My girls looked at me with admiration and love, the audience saw me and was afraid. Behind me the half dressed Victoria's Secret supermodels trailed out, trying to touch me. My pheromones filled the room. I was in complete control.

"Stop," I said in my resonating commanding voice, and everyone did. Awe was the only emotion in their eyes.

I looked at Second. "To me," I said and she rose to me, pushing the useless body of the fashion director off her. I guided her to my cock, and aimed it at the Victoria's Secret supermodels behind me. I instructed Second to pleasure me, and she did. Messaging my massive member was quit a task, and I almost called over more of my girls to help, but I saw such commitment in Second bright green eyes I did not. Expertly she climbed up on my throbbing cock, her weight easily supported by it. Her long legs on either side of it like it was a horse. Her clit rubbing my cock as her watermelon breasts feel on either side of it. Milk came from her perfect nipples and she used that as lubricant as she inched her way to my red bulbous head. Her full crimson lips skillfully stretched around it as she used her whole body to pleasure me. Her voluminous breasts,

her gushing gash, her mouth and her hands, even her legs and toned thighs, her hip long auburn hair cascading down everything was used. The audience saw her use every part of herself to jack me, writhing on my colossal cock. One perfect woman giving it her all to message a weapon made to subjugate hundreds. I closed my eyes as my balls moved up to my immense shaft, which expanded as the sheer volume of that first blast traveled its length.

I came.

Second tried to swallow that first volley, but it was too much even for her enchanted mouth, and my sperm flew into the air. The Victoria's Secret supermodels squealed in delight as I covered them. Gallon after gallon of nanite sperm flowed from my head. It was more instance than a fire hose and they were knocked down by the force. I panted all of their bodies with the stuff. I used my pheromones to make sure this was the most fulfilled they had ever felt in their lives. As the sperm worked its way into their bodies, I was complete master of their bodies. I closed my eyes and could feel their bodies. They gave out a little cry of alarm, but it quickly gave way to moans of ecstasy. I fixed every flaw of their body. Their breast filled with milk as the nanites altered their body chemistry. Their bust growing steadily larger until their mammaries were more massive than bean bag chairs. They resting on them, unable to rise from the weight. Second looked a little upset at this since she know I liked bigger breasted girls. She had always insisted on being the biggest one. I put my hand on her shoulder to comfort her as helped her dismount from my cock. At my command the nanites continued their work on the supermodels, fixing blemishes, reinforcing pussies, smoothing skin. The supermodels moaned with abject want and pleasure as their bodies contorted themselves to my will, and soon I knew they were ready.

There, on the stage in front of the spellbound audience, I had my girls come to me. Second had already done a good job lubing me up, and I positioned my cock head in front of the snatch of one of the waiting Victoria's Secret supermodels. She was a tanned blonde with silky straight hair. Her cunt was in spasm and gushing.

"I don't care if it kills me," the supermodel was screaming, "Please! Violate me! Split me in half with your tool! If I can't take the only real man let me die trying!"

I let her continue as she listed her inadequacy and my domination. My cock posed, her cunt squirming and dripping. I was used to virgin holes, but I surged into her anyway.

She cried a savage scream of complete fulfillment. Her pussy, even with the help of the nanites, barley able to contain my girth, and woefully ineffectual for my length. Her hips bend apart as her stomach deformed. She let out scream after scream of pleasure mixed with pain of her overstuffed pussy. Her mind buffed with orgasms and pheromones. She pledged to be mine, now and forever and into the next world. She cried that her only purpose was to pleasure me. She screamed that her body and soul was mine to use up to that end. Her pussy tried to massage my too huge tool as in and out I went, battering her cervix. All the females in the room, the models and mine, looked on with envy at that spasming girl. All of the men looked on with shame, knowing they could never be what I was.

Even this was not enough for me. I allowed my girls to fondle every part of my expose rod and balls. They sucked with their full ruby lips and deftly moved their hands up and down my nearly 3 feet of exposed shaft. The gushed cunt of the supermodel providing the lubrication needed at one end of my great piston. With their help I could feel my soccer balls once again moving into place. The first high pressure shot spurted me out of the supermodels overtaxed pussy. I covered her with sperm. This time, I had the nanites turn into a sliver dress for her, complete with a delicate collar and chain which attached to my wrist. I thought about having it attach to her clit, but decided that the neck was sufficient, it was wired into her nerve center anyway.

Each supermodel got this treatment. As I cut a swath threw the waiting women I had to draw in mass from the room to fill my massive balls again and again. The models told me how unworthy they were, each pussy was ravished in such that no man but me could ever pleasure it again. It was fitting, since no man but me could give a women such a heightened experience anyway.

Soon I had two bracelets full of chains attached to the delicate necks of all of the women in the fashion show. All of them lay on the ground, unable to rise because of their huge over-inflated breast, and because of the overwhelming ordeal I had give them. I could feel each one through the silver chain attached to my wrist.

I looked out at our audience and then called Second to me. I looked deeply into her bright warm green eyes as she walked over. "I want you to have this." I said, and attached each of the bracelets to her perfect wrists. I had wired them slightly different this time. She looked expectantly up at me, and I looked down at her.

She seemed to be able to see my thoughts in her mind and no doubt could feel the way I had wired the bracelets. "Is it my turn now?" She asked, impertinently.

I laughed in the affirmative and she giggling in delight.

The supermodels laid moaning in bliss on the floor while I turned Second around positioning myself to enter her. Her pussy was shacking and squirting in anticipation, but she did not beg for it like the other girls had.

I penetrated; her taking her cherry for at least the 8th time. All of the decimated supermodels she was attached to cried out in surprise and rapture. The ecstasy I was giving Second was being transmitted to them by way of the collars and, in turn, their sensations traveled back to Second. It did not take many thrusts until they were each orgasming, which fuelled Second's own monumental orgasm, which fed back to each of the supermodels who again orgasmed. The feedback loop was undeniable and grew in intensity with each iteration. 20 fed 1 who fed the 20 again. Second's face was twisted with delight and delirium. The sensation must have been mind-blowing. I was sure nothing in the history of the galaxy had ever felt anything like it before.

On and on it went, Second seemed well past the point of sanity and I pounded in her again and again. Finally, even I could take no more and my balls again dutifully took their position as I felt an stupendous orgasm start in my massive member. The sensation was overpowering and my own sinewy legs nearly giving way under the awesome feeling.

I came. The blast fired deep within Second's writhing body. Over and over again I shot gallons of my cum into Second. Her distorted body unable to take the sheer volume being forced into her and copious amounts of it spilled out on the floor. It felt like I came for hours.

Finally, I was finished and though a haze of bliss I could feel myself sliding out of Second and on to the floor, but in moments I was fully recovered and stood tall and

proud, my 4 foot member fully erect in front of me. The supermodels were completely wiped out. By my command Milk had started leaking out of their over filled breasts and they were back to DD cups, but still large than before. I looked down at Second, who did not look up at me, a glazed look in her beautiful green eyes.

I turned stood before the audience and they look up at me with awe and fear. I looked out of them, demanding their respect and knowing they could feel nothing but.

Then I looked at my girls. "Come along," I said "and bring Second's girls. We will not rest until each one of your has experienced what Second just did." My girls squealed in delight as they each took one or two supermodels in their strong arms. I took Second myself, the chains still attaching her wrists to the supermodels' necks. As much as she was mine, they were hers.

Walking out I did not look at the broken men behind me and then passed back stage. Going outside we walked past the yet to be recovered bouncers. I stopped a moment to feel the sun on my back. My body sucking in the energy. Finally, we loaded everyone into the van/ship. I then instructed the van/ship to the next fashion show.

It took a long time before Second was again with us again. The fucking I had given Second amplified by her models had put her in a comatose-like state. When Second finally came too, and was feeling well enough to speak she looked at me and asked, "Why did you give me these pets."

"Because," I said, "you're dominance over them makes my dominance over you mean more to me."

"You humans are so strange." Was all she replied and I shrugged.

We crashed 11 more faction shows one for each of my girls. We flew all over the world in record time with the van/ship, Paris, Russia, London, New York. Some were upscale some were not. The police were called twice, but could do nothing against the biological weapons that were our pheromones. Finally, each of my 12 girls had their own entourage of supermodels. I could go into greater detail of how I subjugated women all over the world and humiliated men. How I made beautiful women pledge their lives and souls to me. How I drove all thoughts of others out of their heads and then gave them to my concubines as pets. But, you see, my takeover of the Earth had nothing to do

with any of this. That was just for my amusement.

I had ordered nanites from the ship to every part of the outer solar system. There they had been exponentially making more nanites to make more nanites using the matter found there. While I flew around the world all of the outer solar system, from Neptune to the asteroid belt was being converted. I even sent some to the Kuiper belt and Oort cloud. All of the outer Solar System was being turned into tiny robots to obey my will. Now, when I had finished playing around, they were coming to Earth. When my 12th girl had her on slaves I closed my eyes and expected my consciousness out to those nanites.

I had to be careful moving that much mass. I had tried to make sure that the planets kept their shape as to not disrupt things, but I was sure most Astronomers thought that their equipment must be malfunctioning as this was taking place.

Now it was time to dispute things. From every part of the outer Solar System the swam came. Mars was instantly obliterated, its mass feeding the every growing body of nanites.

I did not need to bloat out the sun or anything that dramatic. The nanites hit Earth from behind like a massive wave instantly converting the moon. I peeled the Earth like an orange, being careful not to comply destroy everything on the face of the Earth as I did. The crust folded out until every part was facing the sun. The inside of the Earth was converted into nanites and they worked their way from the night side to the dayside. At that distance from the sun, 1AU, the nanites started to form a ring around Sol; Earth's folded crust stayed where it was as part of that ring. At that point instead of extending my consciousness I simply wired everything to my perfect body, and the rest of my girls from the ship joined me. There, I built a new massive throne room, impossibly large and created from all of the gold in the Solar system. My body was deified in the center. Second was by my side as I was wired into all of existence.

The nanites extending around the sun were creating super thin solar panels. That collected energy was being sent back and channeled through my divine body. I glowed with its power, the light from my eyes changing color. The feeling was indescribable to mere mortals. I looked out at my alien subjects that had made this all possible.

“Earth is ours.” I said in a voice that shook the heavens. “The women are mine.”

Everything that was mine to command. I could see all and hear all. The upheaved ground of the Earth was mine to control. People were running chaotically on it, not knowing what had happened, not knowing what the earthquakes had meant, not knowing why it was high noon everywhere. They had heard my voice, but could not fathom what it meant.

The nanite infused ground rocked everywhere and rose, grabbing everyone in long tentacles. Instantly, all non-human female organic matter was converted into a proxy of my perfect penis.

Using my mastery of matter I positioned each proxy to face an orifice of all women on Earth. Every woman had a different expression on their face, but soon with the help of my pheromones, which now oozed out of every pore of everything, they had but one simple expression: Want.

I heard every human woman in my cry out to me, to beg for me to violate them in every hole, forever. Each one telling me in her own way that their only want was to be used up in service to me by servicing me. A world praying to their god.

I could not say no. In one moment every human woman on Earth was impaled on my rods. Writhing in pain mixed with joy and fulfillment they screamed in unison. I could feel it all. Every hole of every girl overtaxed and raw. Everyone trying under such extreme circumstances to please me. I would try to explain it to you, but what's the point? You would never understand.

Quickly, normal women were not enough for me. I started changing them, making the perfect, angelic or demonic. Some become filled with bliss as their breasts expanded and their imperfections were wiped away. Their hair and legs lengthened as they were filled with the joy of my gifts.

Others were not as lucky as I experimented on them for my wildest and darkest fantasies. My tastes ever changing.

Some I had their breast swell well past building size, the nanites making them produce milk to feed armies. Some I turned into giants 50 feet high, and then thrust into them with even bigger facsimiles of my piston. Their squirming impaled bodies rising

into the sky, held aloft for all to see. Even their monstrous pussies being overworked by my tool.

I did literal experiments as well. The Twins and I working on making stronger and resilient organic tissue, or simply ones with more nerve endings to experience more and more. Everything changed faster and faster, the surface of Earth become a writhing sexual heavenhellscape.

I had the nanites construct huge solar panels well above everything, which did bloat out the sun for everyone but me since I was wired directly into the power those panels collected. My body literally glowed with energy, as well as the expanses of continually fucking every women. My eyes brighter than the sun. I could see all, feel all. Every women on Earth was my play thing, and I violated each and everyone in ways unimagined and impossible. They writhed in pleasure mix with just the right amount of pain. Each one mine in everyway. I had started to program each with the knowledge that I was their god, for what other term could describe me at this point?

With the nanites encircled the sun, and I was getting a full solid angle of the energy outputted. But, soon that did not seem to be enough. The more I had the more I wanted. I instructed the nanites to draw that ring in closer, and as they did to expanded the surface area of the solar panels. The panels spread father and father. Soon, we were at Venus' orbit and its mass was absorbed by the nanites. "Fitting," I thought, "The planet named after the goddess of love. I conquered War first, and now Love."

Closer and closer to Sol the ring came. If the panels were not there to protect the inhabitants of my world they surly would have burned up. Second and her race all had a new bodies that could withstand the energy of the Sun. My throne room was the only place where the sun was allowed to shine. Only we could feel the heat of that orb. We stopped at Mercury's orbit and the messenger was also absorbed.

Sol was now mine. Using all of the matter in the inter solar system, except the sun, I formed a circle around Sol, a Dyson sphere. Even with all of the matter I had to stretch parts of the circle pretty thin, but I did it. I caged the sun.

Its light no longer wasted by being beamed into the void. It was given a purpose, not to shine into the dark, but to shine into me. All 3.846×10^{26} watt of energy flowed through my perfect body. Minds cannot even fathom power like that. All of the energy ever produced on Earth, all of it, was nothing compared to what I now had. It was the power of 1,838,095,238 fifty-megaton bombs going off every second in my veins. I was the star.

The light from my eyes would burn anything I looked at. Second had to shrink back from my awesome divine form. I radiated power. I exposed my body to the sun, staring at it with my kaleidoscope eyes. I could see it as no one every could. I could see the magnetic field dance across its surface. I could anticipate a solar flare and watch the arching plasma. My eye were not burned by it; I burned it with my eyes.

We were so close I felt like I could touch its surface. That I could walk proudly out into that luminescent world. But, why settle for a stroll? Sol was mine; my prisoner feeding me and that I could do with as I pleased.

Slowly I had my nanites collecting the mass of the sun itself, even the 6.7 billion tons per hour it outputs in plasma. That mass was channeled into me. My indestructible veined cock grew and grew, becoming a monolith that represented my might. Soon it was larger then the Earth, more massive than Jupiter. I had it rise every closer to the surface of the Sun, until, finally, it penetrated. Flares went off all around it, but could not burn my perfect skin. I was raping Sol. No words in any language could ever come close to describing the sensation. Deep into the heart of the Sun my tool moved, collecting energy and mass as it did. The power flowed in and out of my throbbing member. I took what I wanted from this star and added it to my own divinity.

The Solar System now had one purpose, to be mine, to please me and grovel before me, to move as I willed. Body, mind, soul, all of it was my dominion.

I remembered back to when I had first met Second, then First. She had told me it was hard to build a wormhole, and now with the alien knowledge I understood how hard.

You needed the energy of a star to do it, and the gravitational force only found in the center of one.

I said into Second's mind. "Why are there so few of you? Where did you come from? Are there others like you? I found in your database none of the answers to those questions, but I did find where you are from. I will build a wormhole there. Your race will go home."

"And," said Second in a surprisingly proud clear voice, "when we get there, and if you find more of my kind what will you do? Will you wield your ambition as an ever consuming weapon? Will you subjugate them as you have us?"

Even ascended as I was, the question surprised me, but I responded with the blunt truth. "Yes."

"Ah, good," said Second. "Then the plan worked."

-Fin