Chapter 1- Waking Up in an Alien Place

[Warning!  Warning!  Containment breached!  Containment breached!  Warning!  Warning!  Releasing stasis!]

Noreen woke up with a fit of coughing, trying to expel the fluid that filled her lungs.  She tried to shoot upright, only to crack her head against the top of...what was she in?  She began to feel about herself with bare hands as her wet naked body started shivering in the cold darkness, slowly defining the dimensions of the narrow horizontal tube where she lay.

{pssssshhhh...} Jagged shards of pain tore through her corneas as light filled the chamber, forcing her to cover her eyes with sticky hands.  The cylinder lurched up with the whine of gears, groaning its way to a vertical position as the crack of light widened into a full-blown panorama of sterile brightness.  The tube clicked into place just as jets of hot air gusted out of nowhere to bake her dry, leaving her standing alone in this alien place.

She shivered again, more out of habit than actual chill, and looked about herself at her surroundings.  It looked...lab-like, all instruments, paper and sterility, but it was like no lab she had ever seen before.  Where she expected glass beakers and test tubes, she found oddly shaped containers of shimmering insubstantiality filled with liquid darkness, and metal things that floated in midair above stone countertops.  She shuddered at the uncanny sight, and stepped out with wary quiet that proved absolutely useless as a clamor of noise burst out behind her, the cylinder where she had dwelled struggling to withdraw beneath the floor with a great grinding of cogs.  Moving away from the tube, which had stuck halfway down, she explored, finding more of the same incomprehensible gear, only to stop in front of a mirror.  Or something like one, in any case.  Ignoring its ability to hang in the air without the support of a frame, she examined herself in the silver surface, brushing hair away from her face.  She looked...good, or at least better than she had before, the marks of malnourishment wiped away somehow, leaving her with a body of soft, if still slender, curves.  Her hair hung freely down her back in golden waves, empty of the tangles and clumps of dirt that had marred it before.  Her green eyes shone clearly in the source less white light, and the silky ivory skin of her body was flawlessly smooth, empty of the scars that she had collected over a long life; even the lumpy crater where an angry hyena had ripped a chunk out of her hip was gone.  Her breasts hung high and tight, her stomach flat and without the stretch marks of her three pregnancies, her hips slim still but still and inviting, her butt firm and perky.  In short, she looked both like and unlike herself, her faults wiped away in favor of this flawless beauty that seemed as alien as the items around her.  Unsettled, Noreen turned away from the weird artifact, and finally spotted something familiar.

She snatched the lab coat up from where it lay, and sneezed as a cloud of sparkling dust burst from the cloth all over her face.  She beat the coat against the counter in a belated response, and then put in on.  At nearly five feet from hem to collar, the bottom hit her about mid calf, letting the garment serve as a relatively modest dress once buttoned.  A quick rummage through the coats pockets produced nothing more interesting than a piece of string, and a shred of paper covered in an unidentifiable scrawl, which she both replaced.

Having both properly examined and outfitted herself, she tried out her voice for the first time since her awakening.  "So, I'm awake, I'm dressed, what's next?” she said to herself, wincing at the scratchy roughness of her voice. She looked about herself as she continued, "It's time for an exit."  Pulling up a stool (with five legs) to stand on, she towered over the various and sundry scattered artifacts, looking for a way out, which she soon spotted, along with the glint of a gratifyingly sharp looking metal object that she grabbed on the way to her newly discovered egress.

There she found a door, an absolute marvel of steel and technology, studded with locks and bolts and keypads and scanners, all rendered useless by the fact that the door had been ripped off its hinges, torn in half, and tossed to either side, probably by something with talons judging by the jaggedness of the shreds.  "Well I'd certainly hate to meet whatever did that," she said to herself, her voice still rough but smoothing out with each word.

The corridor beyond was, like everything else she had found, familiarly alien; an empty passage with gray metal sides, filled with that bright light that came from nowhere to fill the walls. In one direction the corridor seemed to go on forever to disappear into the distance; in the other lurked an empty doorway, filled with clouds of smoke and showers of sparks.  "Ah, the obvious choice.  How positively mundane," she said to herself with all the sarcasm she could muster, an act of bravado that helped quell the shivers of fear that plagued her as she made her cautious way through the smoky portal.  The ruin that filled this room was a sharp contrast to the places she had visited before; ceiling panels and support struts littered the floor, exposed wires arced lines of power through the air, and clouds of smoke made her cough whenever they drifted by her face.  It was as deserted as the rest of...whatever this place was, just empty chaos with no sign of its greater purpose.  The only point of order was the crescent of a desk that stood resolute in the center of the disorder.  It's surface was covered in monitors of various shapes, some familiar, others examples of the alien tech that filled this place.  Alongside them stood the knickknacks one might expect at a personal desk, amusing paperweights, small statues, and a set of pictures set in a silver frame.  Most of the photos were damaged beyond recognition in one way or another, but one was left relatively untouched.  It portrayed a pair of humans before a background of trees; one short, female, and round all over, and the other a giant of a man, with Herculean muscles weighed down by the presence of a hefty beer gut.  It was a typical, idyllic picture, which is why the chills she got whenever she looked at it were so puzzling.  Turning her back to the disturbing photograph, she began to rummage through the desk's drawers.  Most were empty, but one contained a pair of double a batteries that she pocketed, and another contained a bar of what was recognizably chocolate, packaged in an unfamiliar wrapper.  She hadn't realized just how hungry she was until she saw the treat, and she wasted no time in shredding the wrapping and devouring the contents in a whirlwind of hunger.

It was delicious.  Smooth and sweet, creamy, and with just a hint of nutty essence for flavor, it was the best chocolate she had ever eaten.  She felt little fireworks going off in the pleasure centers of her brain, and a line of heat that went down her throat to fill up her stomach...and kept going, filling her entire abdomen with a glut of warm energy.  Concerned, she gave her belly a rub as the warm sensation continued to grow, expanding up into her chest.  Soon the sensation was intense enough to double her over as the feeling rose into her chest...and began to concentrate, drawing in the entirety of itself to dwell within her breasts.  Soon her torso was empty of its former temperature, but her breasts felt like they were boiling.  It wasn't painful, exactly, but it was so intense as to be distinctly uncomfortable.

"What's happening to me?" she said to herself, simply to hear her own voice, as she unbuttoned her borrowed coat to examine her breasts.  They were flushed red from whatever they were enduring, and she instinctively gave them a rub to try and settle them down.  "Ah!"  The relief was intense and immediate, and she instantly began fondling herself in earnest.  At first entirely preoccupied with the physical relief the act brought her, it took her a moment to realize that touching her breasts also brought her pleasure.  A great deal more pleasure than she was used to.  Soon she began rubbing them not just to alleviate their symptoms, but to enjoy the newborn sensitivity bestowed upon them.

She might have continued her activity indefinitely, if she hadn't found twin sensations of wetness at the tips of her nipples.  "What?  Milk!” She tore her hands away from her breasts, ignoring the sense of disappointment that followed as she sank back into the desk behind her.  "How...!". She spotted a string of familiar words out of the corner of her eye, and grabbed the shred of wrapping, glaring at the fragment of labeling.  '...to increase lactation in female mammalian primates.  The appropriate dose is one square per three hundred pounds per month, fed to a subject with a full stomach.  Each bar consists of thirty-two squares to be divided as appropriate among the herd.  WARNING!!!  Exceeding the dosage can lead to extreme side affects, including a exaggeration of the products effects, mammary growth, and increased libido and sensitivity for the subject.’

" So this is...but what..." she grabbed for another piece of wrapper, only to be confronted with another block of that alien lettering.  "Oh come on, that other part had perfectly...normal...English...” Looking back at the first piece of wrapping, she discovered that the English text from before had disappeared, to be replaced by a string of unintelligible characters.  "How...!" she jerked back, only to knock over the picture behind.  Turning to grab it, she found that the couple who had graced it before had disappeared, leaving only the lonely trees.

"Shit.  Shit!"  She knocked the photo away and off the desk, then buttoned the coat closed again, feeling its increased tightness against her chest as a pair of wet spots appeared in the cloth.  "Shit!" she said again as she hefted their new weight, trying to ignore the happy signals the gesture spawned.  "They're already bigger!  How much more...?"  She cut the thought off mid-word, and instead turned to stagger to the doorway on the far side of the room.  " Gods," she thought to herself as she clambered across a pile of debris, "Where am I?". The walls held no answer but lonely silence.