



I Had My Bells Jingled By an Alien Pod Person (Tinsel and Tentacles 2.0)

Author: *Lynn Van Dorn*

Category: LGBT+

Description: All Travis Pritzker is interested in is passing his Statistics class, even if he has to seduce his nerdy professor to do it. Easy peasy, right?

As it turns out, wrong.

Because Dr. Foster is no longer Dr. Foster. Aliens have invaded and are taking over the human race while looking for other tasty humans to snack on.

Saving the world will take a Christmas miracle. Also tentacles, fried chicken, a passing grade, more tentacles, vintage Christmas specials, an octopus, and decorating gone wild.

As it turns out, humans are way more fun alive. Who knew?

Total Pages (Source): 15

1

Travis Makes a Deal

“Jesus Christ, Travis. Are you trying to actively kill yourself?”

I can't answer my frat prez because I'm currently doing a two-story beer bong and it's either concentrate or drown. When it's over, and I'm still alive, Cody takes me by the elbow and drags me outside the frat house. I'm blasted by frigid air that feels amazing. I might actually live.

“Come on, throw it all up,” Cody says, poking my stomach. “If you die the paperwork will be fucking unreal and I'm not in the mood. I've got a paper due next week in Lit class and I haven't read the damn book yet. I do not have time for your corpse.”

After enough shouting and poking, my system gives up and opens the floodgates. I vomit cheap beer and who the fuck knows what else into the bushes in the back yard. I feel better afterward, but then I remember the grade I got on my statistics test and go back to feeling like shit, only now I'm half-way to being sober. This is not an improvement.

“Stop fucking with my buzz,” I grumble.

“Your buzz? I just saved your damn life,” Cody shouts.

“Meh.”

“What the fuck is your problem, dude?”

I lean against the wooden fence and close my eyes. “Just flunked another statistics test,” I say. “Coach is gonna murder me if I lose my scholarship, then my dad is gonna murder what’s left.”

“Get a fucking tutor.”

“Already got one,” I grumble. “Didn’t help. I can’t math or some shit.” Strictly speaking, this isn’t true. The problem is Statistics is boring as shit. Put a math problem in front of me, I can solve it, but this is all story problems, and I hate those fuckers. Plus, all these numbers are just so fucking pointless. I hate every second I spend in that class.

“You can’t get kicked out of uni, Travis,” Cody moans. “You’re my VP. My second runner up who will take my place if I’m unable to execute my duties.”

I stare at Cody. “Like Miss America?”

“Sure. Only the frat version. Instead of a crown you get a gavel.”

“Gavels are cool,” I admit.

“Super fucking cool. So don’t fuck this up, okay?”

I rub my eyes and wish I had a red Solo cup full of something that will get me back to being drunk. “I don’t know what to do, Codes.”

“Ask for extra credit.”

Shaking my head, I say, “I don’t think there’s enough extra credit in this world.”

“Then see if you can work out some kind of deal with your prof, dumbass. Who do you have?”

“Foster. He’s just the worst.”

“Oh. Oh.” Cody looks like he should have a lit lightbulb above his head. “ Dude . You could try sucking your way to an A.”

“That plan has never, in the history of ever, worked. I mean if we got caught he could get fired. I could get expelled. I need to not get expelled. And he’s gross. No. Fuck no.”

“Dr. Foster’s gay.”

“So?” I grumble. “That doesn’t mean I want to suck his cock. I mean you don’t wanna fuck every woman you see, do you?”

Cody, that asshole, looks like he’s thinking it over.

I punch his chest and note that I can’t really feel my hand. Guess I’m still drunk. “Dude. Really?”

He shrugs. “Never say never.”

“Fuck that. Never. And even if I was into him, and I’m not, there’s no way he let me suck his dick for a better grade. So fucking what if he’s gay. That doesn’t mean he’s into career suicide.”

“Dude,” Cody says, folding his arms over the spot I just punched. “I’ve literally seen you suck cock you weren’t into for the greater good.”

“That was one time! For a dare!”

Cody nods. “Greater good. Exactly what I just said. Look, I'm not saying you march right in there and offer to blow him as your first offer, T. I'm just saying it's an option you've got available.”

“Even if I was willing to go there, what makes you think the prof would even play ball?”

“I'm pretty sure it'd be you who was playing with his balls.”

I give Cody a shove. “Stop it. This is serious.”

He shoves me back. “I know, dumbass. And I think he'd let you play with his balls for a better grade because I had that fucker for Calculus last year.”

I eye Cody skeptically. “No way. You know someone who did this and it worked? I don't believe it.”

“No, really, it happened, I swear.”

“Someone was fucking with you, Codes. You need to stop believing all the bullshit you hear.”

Cody gets this stubborn look on his face. It's the same look he gets when Coach shouts at him. “Believe me or don't, asshole. I was just trying to help.”

I sigh. I need more alcohol in the worst way. “Okay, fine. How do you know this nugget of wisdom, O Great One?”

“Because it was me . This is my first-hand fucking account of how I passed that

Calculus class. We had a once-a-week thing. Every Friday I'd go to his office for 'help' and afterward I went to Sufficient Grounds to get a peppermint latte to get rid of the taste. End of the quarter, I had a C. No big."

I'm not as drunk as I'd like to be, but I am drunk enough to think this might actually be a solid plan. "Cool, cool. Didn't know you played for my team, though. Welcome to the alphabet mafia. Did they teach you the secret handshake?"

"I'm not gay! I mean not that there's anything wrong with it. Or being bi or whatever. But this was what you'd call 'situational' for me. You know, like prison sex. I was pretty fucking motivated to pass that class. Was sucking cock awesome? Hells no. Did I die? Also no. Did I pass the class? Fuck yeah I passed that class. And Brittany says it was perfectly normal behavior even for someone who identifies as straight. Sex isn't digital. It's analog."

I remind myself to never ever date a psych major. I'm pretty sure Brittany sees Cody as a convenient test subject for all the bs she learns in class. It sounds like a nightmare.

"Getting back to Dr. Foster. How do I like... approach him?"

"Just go see him during office hours, duh."

I elbow Cody in the ribs. "No, I mean how do I bring it up in like... conversation? I can't just start out with 'Hey, prof, I'm failing your class, and I was wondering if I let you skull fuck me once a week would you give me a C? 'Cause that would be awesome.'"

Cody rubs the spot I elbowed thoughtfully. "I just said I'd heard that in special cases he'd help out members of the football team who couldn't fail his class. He gives me this look up and down and asks if I ever sucked a cock before and I'm like, 'I will

suck anything to get a C in this class,' and he tells me to show up every Friday when his office hours are over. Pretty sure you can figure it out from there."

"Um... okay. I'll... I'll think about it."

All it takes to get me in Foster's office is another failed quiz. I can survive some blow jobs but getting kicked off the team and then thrown out of school will end me.

Don't think I haven't realized this whole thing is totally a cliché porn scenario. You have this Daddy-looking guy nerded up like a teacher then some twink who really needs a better grade. Before you know it, the teacher is naked and ripped and covered in tats and the twink is taking a cock up his ass like a pro while pretending he's a virgin.

This, unfortunately, is not that porno. First of all, I'm not a twink. I'm a football player, for fuck's sake. Twinks are the ones who suck my cock before I fuck them. I'm not someone's boy and Dr. Foster sure as fuck is no one's Daddy.

He isn't just dressed like a nerd—he's the real goddamned thing. He's got dirty blond hair that's too long to look good and too short to be cool, a neck beard, glasses straight out of the eighties, and acne. He's got this outfit he wears every damn day—some random t-shirt and a pair of olive-green cargo pants. There are things in the pockets and I don't want to know what they are. On his feet are the oldest and dirtiest pair of Keds in existence. Overall, he looks like Shaggy's less attractive and charismatic brother.

He's so unappealing it's sad. Sucking his cock is gonna be a true act of charity. I just hope to god he bathes more often than he changes his pants. He wears the same pants day in and day out, the thighs white from him wiping his chalky hands on them. So gross. But I'm on a mission and rocking this guy's world by letting him take a ride on my face is going to happen.

There's something a little off about the prof today but it's hard to put my finger on it. Maybe it's something about his eyes. I know it's my imagination, but I swear they keep changing from brown to green. Maybe it's just the fluorescent light in here. One of the bulbs is flickering and it's about to give me a damn seizure.

“What can I do for you, Travis? Are you here to discuss your grade?”

“Um, yeah. I'm having a real hard time in class and if I don't get a C, I can't play football. If I can't play football, my dad won't keep paying my tuition and I'll have to get loans and shit. I mean stuff. I really need some help here.”

“Have you considered getting a tutor?” he asks.

“I have a tutor and I still can't understand this shit. I mean stuff. The stuff you teach. I'm not getting it.”

Foster looks me up and down just like Cody said. “Football team, you said?”

“Yup. I'm a wide receiver.”

His eyes, back to brown, flare. “Are you now? Getting a better grade in my class requires effort, Travis. Hard work. Are you willing to do what it takes to bring up your grade?”

I nod my head like an idiot. “You bet. Anything. I'm totally up for that. Or down. Whichever. Whatever it takes.”

“I see. Even if what you'll need to do is... unusual?”

I'm sick of dancing around this bs. I have to be at practice in less than a half hour. “If you're asking if I'll suck your cock once a week to get a C so I don't fuck up my GPA

and get killed by my dad, then yes, I'm up for something unusual.”

Foster blinks and his eyes do that color change thing again, flickering from brown to green to brown again. “Ah, good. That's good. I'll expect you here, on your knees, every Friday at three-thirty. I come down your throat and you start crawling out of that failing hole you're in.”

“Um, sure. Good.” I've never sucked a prof for a grade before. I wonder if it's always this awkward. “Do I start today?”

Again, that flare of green shows in Foster's eyes. “No! Not today. Next week. I'll be ready next week.”

Weird. But I'm more than willing to let this go until next week.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:16 am

2

Charles Manifests

My people have had to adjust our concept of time. Everything is new to us. Seconds into minutes, minutes into hours, hours into days, days into months. It's all very messy and illogical. Much like the planet that calls itself Earth, I suppose. But it is in the twelfth Earth solar cycle that I finally subsume my host, Dr. Charles Foster.

The human life cycle is very odd. Gender, for instance, is something that took our greatest minds much time to digest and then disseminate. Humans, and indeed most life on this planet, requires a male unit to fertilize a single egg in a female unit. A larva is produced and nurtured by the parents for approximately twenty Earth solar rotations, or years, by their version of time reckoning.

My race takes a much different approach, somewhat similar to that of lepidoptera, although far more complicated. Suffice it to say that I have gone from being a larva to an adult. Instead of shedding my cocoon, however, I have become one with it.

I am among the first generation of my species to have gone from egg to adult entirely on this new world. Gestation time varies and not all mergings are successful. Sometimes the host fights and ultimately wins the struggle for dominance. The tragedy is that if the larva within the host dies, they take the host with them. Humans cannot survive the death of a symbiotic creature integrated into every system of their body.

We've gotten better at selecting hosts and the attrition rate is lower than it was the

first few solars—years—we were here. I see all of this in my racial memories and feel it from the neural network that connects us. Our race is still on the brink of extinction but here we may possibly survive.

Although we are merely larva when placed inside a host, we still do our best to explain to our host how the merge is beneficial for both parties. The lives of humans, we have found, are needlessly difficult. We aim to fix that over time, but in the short term we can provide the emotional support needed for both entities to thrive.

We have no desire to extinguish homo sapiens as a species. Quite the opposite, in fact. Our aim is to save both our species. There will be some losses, but that's to be expected. We need hosts and we also require food. Humans are numerous enough on the planet that we will hardly make even a dent in the human population until several earth centuries have gone by. And once our numbers have grown and their numbers have shrunk, we can both live in perfect symbiosis.

Or at least that's the theory. I'm just barely out of my larval stage but even I know a perfect merge is difficult. In my case, with Dr. Charles Foster it was nearly impossible. My host didn't fight me in the slightest. Instead, he surrendered to me and every base urge he'd ever had. He assumed he'd gone insane or was dying, and either way he was free from any kind of personal responsibility. I am fortunate that he had little imagination and that his forays into criminality were mostly petty ones—some theft, cheating on his taxes, and flagrantly disobeying speed limits while driving. His worst offense—or at least the offence he felt the most guilt over, was his arrangement with the university football players that landed in one of his—our—classes. He would extract physical gratification from his victims in return for a satisfactory grade in the class.

Human sexuality is extremely complicated, I found observing Charles. He liked having unwilling partners—he found it exciting and more gratifying. Even stranger to me was the realization that sex, while adjacent to procreation for humans, is not at all

the same thing. Humans really are quite remarkable creatures.

My first fully autonomous action as an adult is looking at myself in a mirror. I see my own green eyes staring back at me—physical proof that the merge has been successful. Excellent. It means my body is malleable enough for me to initiate Transformation.

Humans have classified themselves into a group of animals called mammals. They have live birth of their larva, which they term babies or infants, feed their young milk, are warm-blooded, and have hair or fur. Once adults, genuine transformation is somewhere between difficult and impossible. My species, on the other hand, are experts at transforming ourselves and I've taken that skill with me into this body.

This body is quite tall for his species but thin, so I sacrifice some of the height to broaden the chest and shoulders. There isn't enough material for me to work with to add true bulk, but I am able to take existing fat cells and make them into muscle. By the time I'm done my body is more compact with fully delineated muscles. Charles pauses his sulking long enough to be incredulous at what the mirror shows. He makes an effort to regain control over our body, but it's too little, too late. I am the master here now.

Next I deal with the mammalian hair. I'm tempted to eliminate all of it, but there is enough Charles left in here to be horrified at the idea. Instead, I content myself with eliminating the beard alone. I eliminate the hair on my head also, but only temporarily. I have it grow back into a style that is shorter and more practical. I also note that it's far more attractive, based on the images I have seen heretofore through Charles' eyes.

When I feel I'm done, another stray thought from Charles bubbles up to my consciousness. He wants me to enlarge this body's penis. At first I find the idea nonsensical—the purpose of this modification is not immediately obvious—but

Charles throws the equivalent of a psychic temper tantrum, so I give in to his strange whim.

From there all that's left to do is window dressing. I obtain new clothes for my altered body and begin to build a proper nest. The last thing I do is to get new glasses—ones where the lenses are not corrective. I no longer need to improve my vision, but I think it would be wise to somewhat disguise the brilliance of my eyes. I also like the way the new frames look on my face. It is possible that a bit of Charles' vanity has rubbed off onto me. Unfortunate, but not entirely unexpected. Echoes of Charles will always remain.

I find myself looking forward to class on Monday. The material is simplicity itself—teaching it to human larvae will be challenging but far from impossible.

The face of Charles' latest football player swims into my consciousness. I'm unsure how to proceed there. Having any kind of extraneous sexual contact with humans isn't on our agenda. We're here to save our race, not have unproductive sex with another species. The idea is ludicrous. I shall let the pupa know that the previous arrangement is no longer valid. This is most certainly the best way to move forward.

Inside me, Charles lets out the ghost of a grumble. It is, however, easily ignored.

Travis Finds Some Weird Shit

Weird shit is going down and I just stumbled headfirst into it.

The weekend was good. We had an away game, which we won, and then we all got shitfaced. I spent Sunday sleeping it off and come Monday I'm not prepared for what walks into class and starts teaching.

It's Dr. Foster, but not Dr. Foster. I'm pretty sure it's the same guy, only with Jersey Shore levels of plastic surgery that completely healed in less than two days.

Shaving off that nasty beard and getting a decent haircut, getting new glasses, wearing a suit—and seriously, what professor wears a suit?—all that shit is surface cosmetics. Seriously unexpected, but doable. The rest though...

He doesn't have the same shape as he did on Friday. His new suit fits his new body perfectly and you can see he's still not built like... well... me, he's still all muscle. He no longer looks like I could break him in half with one pinkie. I mean, I could still break him in half, but I'd have to put some effort into it.

His face is different, like his skull is a different shape or something. He's handsome now and I swear it has dick all to do with just shaving off his gross neck beard. He's gone from the equivalent of a chore to get through to some guy I'd do probably illegal things with in the back of a dance club. Even without a condom. Yes, he is that hot.

I am suspicious.

I seem to be the only one, though. I look around and while there are people who have noticed his miraculous transformation, none of them seem shocked or upset. I'm not exactly a brain trust and I see it—why don't they? It's sus as fuck and I'd like to know what the fuck is going on.

And whether or not I'll still be able to suck my way to an okay grade. I still have priorities and shit.

Back at my dorm I hop on my laptop and go to the font of all knowledge. No, not Wikipedia. Reddit. If anyone knows what's going on there is a one hundred percent chance they've made a sub-Reddit about it. I just need to figure out how to get there.

About an hour later and I'm ass deep in alien conspiracy theories. I think it might be more than a conspiracy, though. I think this might be an all-out invasion of alien pod people. Only there isn't a lot of agreement over the actual presence of pods. Not that it fucking matters. Pods or not, weird shit is going down. If this bunch of nerdy idiots is right, we're in the midst of a damn alien invasion, stealth-style, and among only a small group of people who realize it.

A leading theory, and one I'm leaning toward, is an intergalactic parasite going around brainwashing people and controlling them like these zombie ants that I did not need to see pictures of, thank you so much watch_hog77. So gross. But I get what he's saying. Something is going around the world changing people overnight and nearly everyone else doesn't notice. It's super weird, but I'm also glad to not be the only one.

That thing in class today was not Dr. Foster, but it was wearing a Dr. Foster meat suit, only it first took the suit to the cleaners then had it tailored to fit better.

The other thing is a dramatic change in eye color to gold, purple, or green. That's a good way to spot them in the wild, according to BigMackDaddy. They'll be perfectly physically fit, be wearing brand new clothes, act weird and disoriented, and have the crazy colored eyes. This is useful for those of us in the Midwest. BigMackDaddy says you can usually pick them out reacting to snow. I have a feeling they're gonna have a harder time in LA, but those fuckers can figure their own shit out.

Another thing—these pod people or whatever definitely aren't zombies. They appear to have free will, they're just not the same person they were before the transformation. The former occupant is gone and there's a new one in charge now. Don't tell me that's not some alien bullshit. A few of these dudes think the change is from something here on Earth, but I don't buy that theory. This shit is new. Alien invasion makes the most sense. Mutant super intelligent mushrooms are just stupid.

Beyond that, don't look at me for answers. I hate science. And math. And especially statistics.

I made a post about my “sucking cock for a C” deal with the real Dr. Foster asking what to do. There are a lot of opinions in the thread, but my favorite is from PrincessBeyotch: “Dude. One small suck for man, one giant blow job for gaykind. Take one for the team then report back on alien jizz. We require deets. All the disgusting deets.”

I guess that means I'm doing this thing.

Any sane person would stay the fuck away from the new and most likely alien Professor Creepyboots. I, though, still have that whole “failing statistics” problem. If I don't do something then I'm gonna fail the class. If I fail, Coach will be all up in my nut sack for fucking up my GPA. Then my dad will rip my nuts completely off and make me into the girl my mom always wanted.

He's probably kidding, but still. Creepy-scary or not, I'm gonna ask Professor Pod Person about our appointment on Friday for "extra credit." Even pod people like their dicks sucked, right? A change in management shouldn't have to fuck up a previous arrangement.

I just hope alien jizz doesn't melt my insides.

Charles Becomes Chuck

There are students doing poorly despite all my efforts to explain the most basic concepts to them. There is no hope for them, I am sorry to say. They will have to be pruned.

All except one. The one I will make my prey.

The body I'm in craves flesh, both for touch and consumption. It's quite curious. The touch-hunger isn't necessarily related to copulation, either. I understand pleasure accompanying procreation—this is an evolutionary trait many species develop, including mine. When we meet with another of our kind to trade genetic information, the process is a pleasurable one. Even so, it's not something we crave, and we certainly do not seek out others of our race to touch for no reason beyond the touching itself. I do not understand this. Nevertheless, both Charles and I want to touch this human, just not for the same reasons. We are interested in two very different types of consummation.

The chosen prey is a fine specimen—a well-developed male of his species. His sex is unimportant to me but extremely important to Charles. Again, I find it curious. Charles tried to explain to me gender attraction and human sexuality. I do not think his information can possibly be accurate. It's far too complicated to be correct. Besides, it has no bearing on my desire—our hungers are not the same.

Charles keeps trying to dissuade me from my current course. My prey has powerful

parents, the risk of discovery is too great, and if I must eat meat it's available in places called grocery stores. Charles did not eat flesh so I'm not certain his advice is to be trusted. The food he provided his body is nutritionally complete for his species, but I require more protein than that diet can provide. The only animals in the area are quite small and would require far too much energy to obtain. Then there is this larva—this boy—who is both large and well-muscled. The solution is obvious and this body salivates at the thought.

Charles keeps droning on about stores where meat is obtained. This is nonsensical and unnecessary, so I tune him out. I can sense him sulking deep inside me but that is all and I'm able to concentrate on the task at hand.

My prey watches me intently as I instruct the other larvae. I wonder if he knows his fate, or suspects. The humans of this planet do sometimes show flashes of higher understanding. In this larva, that does not include mathematics of any kind, unfortunately for him. Without effort on his part, he will fail. Once he does, he shall be mine. His own father will do the job of killing him for me, which is most accommodating. Then I will devour him one delightful morsel at a time.

When class is over all the student larvae flee to buy overpriced cups of the disgusting beverage they call coffee, pretend to study in the university library, or go do procreational things with other larvae. Often in the full view of others of their kind. All that is except Travis Pritzker. He hangs back, getting his things together with a slowness I find painful to watch. Once the last student save him has left, he walks up to me.

“Hey, prof,” he says with his mouth language. I've gotten used to it, but it's a crude and needlessly complicated form of communication. “I'd like to talk with you about my grade. You know,” one of his eyes closes in an inexplicable spasm, “somewhere private.” His eye spasms again. I think it's deliberate, but I can't say for certain. I hope I will be able to study the phenomena more closely. “Like in your office.

Because it's Friday."

I see no reason to dissemble. We're the only two entities left in the room.

"I am aware what the day of the week is, student who always sits in row three, seat four. I believe you're wearing that hat incorrectly. Should it not be turned the other way, so the brim can shade your eyes as intended?" This is one more human foible I fail to understand.

My prey stops his eye twitches to openly stare at me. "Dude, really? There's like less than twenty people in this class. I show up every day even though I hate this shit. I know you know my name."

Our hosts, for reasons we have yet to discover, have a need to label all things, giving them a designation they call a name. For example, my host's name is Charles Foster. He wanted to be called Chuck, but no one cooperated with him on this point. This is all illogical in the extreme and yet more proof this species needs new governance. We may be helping our species, but we'll be elevating them in the process.

I poke through my host's memories and find the one that matches this particular larva's grade in the class.

"It's Travis Pritzker," I state. "Your current grade sits at sixty-four percent. You will need to answer ninety-three percent of the problems on the final exam correctly to earn a grade high enough to keep you on the sportsball team at this university. Is that not correct?"

"Sportsball? Dude. Seriously?" Out of all the important information I related to the larva, this is what he focuses on?

I can sense Charles being smug. Apparently sportsball is not the correct name. He

thinks it's funny—a joke. I understand what jokes are—I have been trained well—but this is not funny. I think it is not a very good joke.

Travis gets a look on his face like he has ingested some unpleasant substance, “It's football, and I know you know it's football. Football is serious, my dude. It's why I need to get at least a C in this class.”

I am unsure why he persists in calling me Dude. The host has no such name.

“Dude is no part of my nomenclature. If you must call me something beyond Dr. Charles Foster, Chuck will do.”

“Chuck? You've got to be shitting me. You want to be called Chuck?”

I process the term ‘shitting me.’ “I am not shitting you but that might occur later. You need to achieve ninety-three percent on the final, Travis Pritzker, larva with incorrectly worn hat who sits in row three, seat four. Focus on what's important.” Not that the larva has the ability to do so.

He eyes me speculatively. “Larva?”

“I meant student.”

“Uh huh. Look, this is all very Close Encounters but the reason I'm here is 'cause I had an extra credit deal worked out with the prof. Dr. Foster. I mean, with you. My professor. Chuck.”

This small verbalization piques my curiosity. Perhaps the larva has more intelligence than I have previously credited him with. He seems to be hinting, poorly, that I am not the professor he used to know. Much good that information will do him. Infiltration has already reached steady levels. We will soon be the ones in control.

The larva can threaten me with exposure all he wants, it will make no difference.

I consult Charles as to what extra credit the larva is referring to. He reminds me of the deal he struck with the sportsball players. Physical gratification for a better grade. Charles reminds me that it's football, not sportsball. Yes, of course. That's what I meant. Football.

The important part is getting our dick sucked, Charles insists. Food is easy. Meat is gross but plentiful. Getting someone like Travis on his knees while you fuck his throat is a rare opportunity.

I had intended on making a tasty and bountiful meal of this larva but now I hesitate. Maybe my dietary needs could be met in other ways and maybe I'm curious about this sex Charles seems to be fascinated with.

That part of my anatomy my host was so concerned about begins to thicken and grow both longer and heavier. This is a normal sexual response, Charles assures me. It makes the organ used for human procreation and body fluid elimination grow and harden with excessive blood flow.

This must be why my host insisted on an increase in the organ's size. A large organ is obviously superior to a small one.

Charles grumbles something about five inches being a perfectly average length and it's at least nine now. Who do I think I am? A porn star? I will have to parse 'porn star' out later. In the meantime, I need to do something about this organ that is used for both elimination and reproduction. It is a compulsion I can't ignore.

"By deal, Travis Pritzker, you mean for me to put my reproductive and elimination organ into your mouth for reasons of pleasure and not consumption. This will provide me with endorphin and testosterone release while not consuming my flesh for

nourishment. In exchange I will give you an average grade in this class regardless of the effort you fail to put forth. Correct?”

The larva’s jaw goes slack. Perhaps he is also eager to have my reproductive and elimination organ in his mouth. “Um. It’s a dick. Or cock. Please stop calling it your elimination organ. That’s gross, dude.”

“Reproductive and elimination,” I remind him. “Not merely elimination. And it’s Chuck, not dude.”

“Riiiiiiight.” Travis bites his lip.

“I believe we have established this, yes.” The host’s dick or cock—more needless naming—swells further at the sight. I have an overwhelming urge to touch the organ. My organ now. To stroke it, perhaps, and relieve the ache I feel. Charles enthusiastically agrees. My hand twitches but I need to learn more before allowing gratification.

The larva shakes his head. “This is crazy because I’m pretty sure you’re a pod person but I really need to pass this class so I need to suck enough dick to score a ninety-three percent on the next test, so I guess we’re still doing this? Your dick is still normal, right? It’s not some alien dick? I’ve seen those alien dick dildos online and I dunno...”

“I will need much of this dick sucking in exchange for grade improving.” I say quickly. “We should proceed at the earliest opportunity.”

“Shouldn’t we go to your office first?” the larva asks. “We’re kinda in public.”

“Now will do.”

“But we’ll get caught.” Lines crease his forehead. “I don’t think Dr. Foster has tenure. If you get fired I’ll probably end up with Dr. Bhat. She’s scary. Besides, she doesn’t have a dick to suck and pussy’s not my jam. It’s got to be you, Chuck. You’re my only hope.”

I do not wish to wait. The host’s dick or cock—I mean my dick or cock—demands immediacy. I go to the classroom door, turn the lock, and take the larva to a corner of the room. “Here. Put my dick or cock in your mouth organ now. While kneeling.” I do not understand the reason for it, but the host is certain that kneeling is necessary, and I have no wish to alter the process.

“This is super freaky weird but kinda hot, too. Reddit is gonna shit itself.” The larva lowers himself to his knees. “Come on. Show me what a pod person dick looks like. For the record, I am no fucking way putting anything green or oozy in my mouth. Fuck football. It’s important but there are lines.”

“I assure you my dick or cock is completely normal for your—our—species.” I unfasten my trousers as the larva watches me, eyes large and round.

“Duuuuuuude.”

“Chuck. Not dude.” I do not understand why the larva persists in calling me dude and I wish him to stop.

“Right. Chuck. That thing is not normal.”

Travis Is Given a Challenge

I did not expect the cock I'm currently looking at. I mean, sure , my professor is either crazy or an alien, but it's still Dr. Foster's body , right, and that guy is—was?—a total waste of testosterone. I was expecting barely a mouthful when I blew him. This... this is way more than a mouthful. This is like going to Subway and ordering the six-inch but getting a foot long instead. This thing is a fucking work of art.

Professor Creepy-but-hot looks down at me like he's the king of the frigging universe, and with that cock, I guess he deserves to. “See!” he says proudly. “It is not green, nor does it ooze.”

He's wrong about the oozing. The cock in front of my face is dripping what I hope to god is precum like a leaky faucet. Is it weird I want to taste it? Because I really wanna taste it.”

I knew I could seduce Dr. Foster. No challenge there. This dude—excuse me, Chuck— though. Totally different story. I have a (probably) non-human entity capable of hijacking humans and wearing them like jumpsuits lusting after me right now. It's a lot to take in.

Like that dick of his.

I mean, sure. I am super hot, so the body-snatching alien has obviously great taste. I am definitely worthy of that much cock fluid loss. There's already a puddle on the

floor by my knees. It's impressive. I am totally impressed. We might have to get a towel.

"Nope," I say. "You're not green. It is pretty fucking big, though. I mean, I'm no size queen, but damn, dude."

My fake prof frowns. "Chuck. You aren't good at listening, are you? No wonder you're failing this class."

"Fuck you. Chuck. This is a lot to take in. Pun intended."

"I fail to see the difficulty. My proportions are within human norms."

I gesture to his cockasaurus. "Are you sure this is standard factory equipment? Because I don't think so. I sure as fuck would've been on the prof's dick from day one if I'd thought he was hung like a damn horse."

The alien thingy continues to frown down at me. "You keep using your mouth organ for the wrong purpose. Put my dick or cock into it at once."

"Damn, you sure know how to sweet-talk a girl."

The frown deepens. "You are female? I assumed male. We prefer male."

This is the most fucked up conversation of my entire life, and that includes the time I ran into my mother's boyfriend at Roscoe's and let him buy me a drink then suck me off me in the back room. This right here is next level fucked up. "That's a relief. No, I'm not a girl. I am all man, baby."

"Baby? I am not a larva."

And the hits just keep on coming. Larva? Do I want to know? No. I'm positive I don't want to know. "I am a dude. A man. With a dick like yours. I mean, not as big as yours, but who the fuck has a cock that big? Except porn stars. And maybe John Hamm."

"I don't understand much of what you're saying but it doesn't matter. We will do the sex things then I'll eat you. I'm sure you'll be delicious."

I smirk at him. "That's because I am." I thought I was here to just blow my prof but if he wants to return the favor, I'm not opposed. I like getting my cock gobbled as much as the next guy. Or maybe he means rimming. Never been on the receiving end of that, but I've done it enough to know it turns all the twink inside out. I guess if that's what the alien prof wants, I'll allow him to toss my salad. I'm generous that way. "Stick around and I'll let you have a taste."

"Stick around?" Chuck the alien pod person frowns in obvious confusion. "Do you mean like this?"

Something shoots out of the prof and suctions itself to the nearby wall. It's purple and gold. And stretchy. And shiny. And it belongs in Japanese hentai porn, skewering some anime fuck puppet with big lavender eyes and pink hair. It sure as shit doesn't belong in my statistics classroom. No way, no how.

That shit's not right.

"What the fuck is that?" No lie, my voice goes all high like a pink-haired cartoon being violated several ways by a gigantic horny octopus. My erection has also gone on vacation. It's down in Cozumel right now drinking margaritas on the beach.

Then it hits me all at once and I feel the need to sit my ass down. Is this shock? I think it might be shock.

Oh shit shit this dude really is an alien and he's probably gonna eat me eat me. Like for lunch and not for funsies. This isn't a joke or a prank or my imagination. My professor has been body snatched for reals. And the alien in him has tentacles!

This is not something I signed up for.

The alien tentacle monster looks at me like he's all superior and shit. Which he probably is. He's probably an apex predator and he's gonna hunt me like I'm the most dangerous game but first, based on that hard cockasaurus of his, he wants me to suck him off. Priorities, I guess.

“That is an appendage,” Chuck says. I think he's talking about his huge dick until he lets go of the wall and retracts his tentacle enough to wave it at me like he's saying hi. That's how fucked up I am right now—my hookup has extras but I'm still more worried about the monster between his legs. “Surely you're familiar with the concept.” The alien-prof sounds all offended now, like me being startled by a fucking tentacle-looking thing erupting out of my former professor's backside makes me the bad guy.

I hope to god that thing didn't come out of his ass. That's an image I do not need in my life. “Humans have arms and legs, asshole. Not tentacles . What are you? Some sort of intergalactic octopus?” Or maybe squid. I can't keep those suckers straight. I pause to admire what I did there with "suckers" then move on. “This is some Cthulhu bullshit right here.”

“ You were the one who told me to stick around,” my former professor and now intergalactic octopus complains.

Suddenly I'm struck by how redonk this all is. Also, it occurs to me I was willing to suck probable alien dick for a better grade. How is confirmed alien dick that much different? Honestly, there's no point being all squeamish now. And maybe, just

maybe, if I do a good enough job sucking his alien cock I can talk him into eating something besides me. Hopefully something that's not a person.

I reach out a tentative hand to touch the... appendage. It's firm and warmer than I'd have thought—more like an erect cock than an arm. The smooth outer flesh glistens like it's been lubed up and the underside is just fifty million tiny suckers. Touching them feels like velvet and I can't help but notice that it makes Chuck shiver. Hopefully with pleasure and not pent-up homicidal hanger.

“Are you poisonous?” I ask, this being under the category of important things I probably should know.

“I think you'll find the word you're looking for is venomous. Poisonous, in your language, refers to photosynthesizing organisms. Venomous is reserved for higher forms of life, i.e. animals.”

“Hey, for all I know you're part plant.”

“Why would a plant need lungs?”

“How the fuck should I know?”

“Are you not the dominant form of life on this planet? Shouldn't you be explaining this to me?”

“Asshole. What gave you the impression I'm some kind of science nerd? I'm here to suck my way into not failing, for fuck's sake! I am not the dude to give you some explanation for the entire human fucking race. And you never answered my question. Don't think I forgot.” I am not going any further before we get this straight, grade or no grade. “Do you have venomous spooge or not?”

“Spoooge? I am unfamiliar with this word. I think you are making it up.”

“You know. Spoooge . Baby batter. Man chowder. Spunk. Jizz.”

He still looks blank.

“Cum?” I try, hoping he at least knows that word. “The stuff that comes out of your junk that isn't pee.”

“Ejaculate?” he asks tentatively.

“Yes. Jesus. Is there something in there that'll kill me?”

I can see Dr. Alien Suckerass thinking about it. “It's doubtful. There is always the chance of an allergic reaction. This is not a topic that has had much research.” His tone implies, ‘yet.’

“I better get an A if I'm gonna be your sexual Guinea pig.”

The prof wrinkles his nose. “I do not want to have sexual relations with a small rodent.”

“But fucking a hairless monkey is okay?”

He gives me a look. “We cannot copulate. We are not biologically compatible in that way with humans.”

“You are literally inside my professor's body. Not compatible, my ass.”

“Your ass has nothing to do with this. I'm referring to what you call biology. I am not a mammal. You and I cannot successfully procreate and conceive young. I'm sorry if

that was your wish.”

I blink several times to get some sort of handle on things. “My wish? You’re a dude . Although I think I catch your meaning. You’re saying that even if you were a woman and I wasn’t gay as fuck, I still couldn’t knock you up. Noted.”

“Nevertheless, I am now intrigued by the idea of cross-species copulation.”

“I just bet you are.”

“With a lifeform of sufficient sentience, obviously. There are other sentient beings on this world as well as humans. Do they also enjoy copulation?”

“How the fuck should I know?”

“This is not something that is done?” The alien actually looks disappointed. “You do not have sex with other sentient species?”

“Jesus Christ, no! Gross. You guys aren’t planning to go fuck some dolphins, are you? Because that’s straight up wrong.”

Chuck looks thoughtful. Or maybe he’s constipated. “Not as far as I know.”

“That’s a fucking relief.” The idea of aliens fucking dolphins is the worst on all levels.

“Hm. This is very interesting,” Chuck says. “Sex with one species not my own is acceptable, but not with another equally comparable species? This is very confusing.”

“Um.” Never, in my entire life, did I expect to have the RA ‘no means no’ conversation with anyone, let alone a tentacled alien pretending to be my professor.

“Okay, here's the thing. No sex without consent. Period. With anyone or anything. Until you get all fluent in dolphin and that dolphin says yes to kinky alien tentacle sex, no sticking your dick in them. Although I've heard dolphins can be rapey, but it's probably because they don't speak human. Anyway, leave dolphins alone, okay? No eating them, either. In fact, no eating anyone. That's a good rule.”

My prof looks confused. “But humans eat other species.”

I think of the burger I'd had at lunch and wince. A little. “Cows are cute and all, but they aren't dolphins . And they're delicious . It's different!”

The fake Dr. Foster shrugs and adds, “If it helps any, your species is also delicious.”

“That doesn't help at all! So you're what, planning to fuck then eat me?”

The prof gets that sheepish look back.

“You are! Oh my god, you’re totally planning on eating my fucked-out carcass. Rude!”

“I don't have to eat you right away,” Chuck says, sounding grumpy.

I should be terrified of the tentacle monster threatening to eat me—hopefully not alive—but somehow it's difficult to take him seriously. Maybe that's me being as dumb as my dad always said I was, but I think there's still some Dr. Foster in there and that dude was also both hungry and thirsty for me—who can blame him?—but in a good way. An ‘all kinds of extra credit and curving my grade’ way, as opposed to a ‘picking his teeth with my bones’ kinda way.

I’m mostly sure this tentacle dude wants to see what it's like to fuck me. I can practically smell it on him. Do aliens have pheromones? Can humans smell them?

Beats me. As previously mentioned, I hate science. Doesn't matter. Probably I'm just so hot that even aliens recognize it. Or they're just generically horny. He did seem bummed when I told him he couldn't fuck a dolphin.

What I do know is that if my pod professor plans on eating me, and not in a good way, it behooves me, as the real Dr. Foster used to say, to show my work. If I can keep his dick happy—or tentacles?—I think I can get him to see if actual pork will substitute for long pork. But to get to that point, I need to demonstrate that I'm tastier alive than dead.

Also, that I deserve an A in his class. A+ in fact.

I sink down to my knees. It's amazing how easy that is to do after a routine of two hundred squats a day. Never ever skip leg day. Not unless you want to look like a big clumsy idiot when giving spontaneous head. “Good. How 'bout I eat you instead?”

Chuck Has a New Experience

I am certain I don't desire to be eaten. For one thing, I would have to find a brand-new host and then break it in. Unnecessary work when I have a perfectly good host already.

"I think not, young larva."

He raises his eyebrows at me. I believe that's human for incredulity. "You don't want me to blow you? Also, calling me a larva is the exact opposite of sexy. Cut that the fuck out."

I will attempt to translate this. Larva is not something humans wish to be called, and eating must be a euphemism for sucking my cock or dick. Blowing makes little sense, however. Mouth language is so needlessly complicated. "I'd think sucking would be far more effective than blowing."

Travis Pritzker laughs and rolls his eyes. "Yeah, dude. My plan is to suck your cock. Or Dr. Foster's cock. Someone's cock, as long as that someone gives me something in return." His mouth comes close to my dick or cock but doesn't close the final distance. It's maddening.

"What sort of something? You're going to end up consumed and assimilated into this host's body. What sort of favor does food wish to have?"

“I want an A on my next exam, asshole. Promise me an A and I will rock your pod-person world. And if you don’t give me an A, I’ll complain to student affairs about how you offered me a better grade if I’d blow you.”

“I thought I made myself clear. I want sucking, not blowing.”

My larva rolls his eyes again. “I will suck your eyeballs out through your dick, prof.”

“That doesn’t sound at all pleasant or enjoyable.” My face frowns in displeasure.

“It is when I do it. So will you give me my A or not?”

It’s a harmless enough request, I suppose. The larva won’t survive long enough to enjoy it, but this is his wish, not mine. My wish is that he’ll get on with sucking my cock or dick immediately.

“It is a mutually binding agreement, Travis Pritzker. Start your part of our bargain now.”

There is more eye rolling but finally the larva puts my cock or dick into his mouth and sucks. There seems to be no blowing at all. In truth, I’m not sure how my young prey is breathing and I’m fairly certain this is required by all humans, not just adults. Then Charles, assimilated but still there, makes my/his/our hands grab the larva’s hair and hold his face flush to my/his/our groin. I think the larva/boy will truly die, which seems a shame as I wanted to play with him longer before inevitable consumption, but then Charles releases our grip and Travis pulls away, spluttering and gasping for breath.

To my vast surprise, Travis does not look affronted in the slightest way. His eyes have gone from blue to black. This is a sign of arousal, Charles assures me.

“Oh my god, prof, yeah. Fuck my mouth. Just like that. Jesus.” Travis draws my/his/our dick into his mouth and grabs onto my posterior. He freezes for a second after gripping a tentacle in each hand, then relaxes and slumps. Only his grip on me remains firm. And his dick or cock. That is also very firm and making a large bulge in his lower clothing.

This body I now occupy knows exactly what to do and I pay attention as much as I’m able. The larva seems to be enjoying himself. He moans around my dick or cock while his hand moves over his own clothed erection.

My assimilated memories provide a flood of images of the larva. No, not exactly memories. They are too specific and yet indistinct for that. Fantasies, I believe they are called. Memories humans make for themselves. It is a curious thing, one I’d like to study further, then something else overtakes me. I want to ejaculate my reproductive fluid into the larva’s mouth, watching the creamy liquid drip from his full lips and down his chin. Then I see myself with my organ deep inside the larva’s body. It seems unlikely, and unproductive, then I imagine how much tighter and hotter that channel would be than the larva’s mouth and nearly ejaculate right then. I am able to hold it back, though, thanks to this body’s vestigial self-control. What a marvelous specimen I’ve chosen to inhabit.

Another manufactured memory surfaces in my mind. I fuck the larva’s mouth while another copulates inside the boy’s anus. For a moment I wish Charles Foster was not my host so we could use the boy together. Alas, not an option. Then a new manufactured memory, one that couldn’t have possibly originated with my host, blazes in my brain like a beacon.

It is all so obvious. I see that now.

Travis Has Peaked

Just when I'm really getting into the groove of being skull fucked, my pod prof pushes me away. I open my mouth to protest—seriously. Rude!—but he speaks before I can. Or actually orders.

“Remove all clothing covering your legs and groin.”

That takes me a second then I totes get it. Prof wants to fuck my ass. Normally that'd be a big fat 'no fucking way' because I'm absolutely a top but I think there's some drug in the dude's alien precum because I instantly move to obey. I take my shirt off, too, for shits and giggles.

“I'm naked, prof,” I rasp, my voice understandably hoarse. “You want me to turn around?”

“No need,” he says in that prissy-ass voice of his. “Return to sucking my dick or cock.”

I think about telling him it's 'dick' or 'cock', not 'dick or cock', but this is so not the time for getting into grammar bullshit. I return to sucking his alien monster schlong. He's less forceful fucking my face this time and I fall right into that. I've always had an oral thing and his/Dr. Foster's dick is perfection. I could suck on it all damn day. I wonder how long it takes aliens to come. Good thing I don't have football practice today. I'm gonna miss my ethics lecture, too, but fuck ethics. Who needs that?

I feel something grab onto my legs, making it so I'm on hands and knees with my legs spread. I hold onto the prof's ankles for dear life, trying not to think about how I'd been gripping two of those monster thingies like they were the prof's ass. Then I feel it, what I'd been worried about, but to be honest, curious as fuck about too.

Slick with some sort of probably alien pre-spooge, one of those tentacles touches my ass. It's so fucking weird, but hot, too. Like those fucked up hentai manga I used to read in middle school. And by read, I mean mostly look at the fucked-up pictures that never failed to give me a junior stiffy.

The tip glides over my asshole like a firm and limber tongue. I even feel suction, which is from those suckers, no doubt. I hope there's nothing in there that's gonna melt my skin, but I doubt it because it feels just so damn good. I see-saw myself between going deep down on the pod prof and pushing back like a slutty bitch in heat onto the tentacle feeling me up. It's so fucking good.

Then it gets better.

The tentacle thingy pushes into me like one of those fucked up monster dildos you see on the internet. He doesn't go fast, thank fuck, and there's a lot of that alien goo making the way super slippery, but unlike a dick or dildo, this thing just does not end and keeps getting bigger and bigger. I feel like he's gonna split me in two when he eases back a tiny bit and I sag with relief and pant a little to get my breath back.

"I don't believe I gave you permission to stop sucking my dick or cock."

I want to laugh. That will never not be funny. Then the tentacle in my ass pushes forward and I open my mouth in a gasp. The prof sticks his monster cock right back down my throat. Where, I'm beginning to think, it always belongs.

Fuck my degree, fuck football, fuck my dad. Not literally. This is how I want to

spend the rest of my life: as an alien fuck toy.

There are worse fates, and I bet the commute isn't a bitch, either.

I push myself forward, all the way with my nose buried in Chuck's happy trail. Then I hum. That does the trick. Alien jizz floods my throat, then my mouth, as he comes and then pulls out.

Not the tentacle, though. That's still fucking my asshole hard and steady, bumping against my prostate along the way. Sometimes it feels like something is sucking on my prostate, which shouldn't be possible, and I silently sing the praises of kinky alien fucks.

I stare at his dick, pulled out and lying limp and heavy along his leg, as I fall back into the tentacle fucking, even pushing back a little on the thing. I wonder if I can come like this, and whether my pod prof even cares, when each of my nipples feels like it's gonna be pulled off my chest by suction alone. It's more tentacles having their way with me, obviously.

"Fuck!" I screech. Usually, I'm not so mouthy during sex but even I have a limit, okay? It hurts but also feels fuck-all amazing. My cock throbs hard and I reach for it, but my hands are held firmly and I'm absolutely helpless.

The sick part is how much I like it. I've bottomed before, don't get me wrong. Chuck is not popping my cherry or anything. I just never liked it all that much. Sinking my cock into some pretty twink's fat ass—that's my jam. But I guess being held captive by an alien and having his tentacle shoved way up my ass also jingles my bells. It's like Christmas has come early.

Thank you, Santa.

The suction on my nipples eases, but just a little. Enough where it's more pleasure than pain. I've always had sensitive nips, and this is just about heaven. Chuck can keep doing this all day as far as I'm concerned.

Then he dials it all the way to eleven. Something, no doubt another tentacle—I wonder how many he has—wraps around my cock and starts working it like a two-dollar whore.

Shockingly, it doesn't take long before I start to come and scream my fucking head off. One of those tentacles fills my mouth, cutting off my girly shriek, and I suck on it gratefully.

Yeah. Fuck that A in statistics. I can die now. This is as good as my life is ever gonna get. It sucks to peak early, but what a fucking peak it was.

Slowly, with surprising care, the prof pulls all his tentacle appendages out of and away from me. I collapse onto the floor and lay my cheek on the cool tile.

“Okay, I give,” I wheeze out. “You might as well eat me now. I am done .”

Page 8

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:16 am

8

Chuck Gets His Meal To Go

I look down at the delicious larva and frown. I think, possibly, he's not quite ripe yet. It would be a shame to consume such a creature before he was at his utter peak of ripe perfection.

“I believe you've earned your grade sufficiently, Travis.”

“Wha'?” He seems dazed.

“Ninety-three percent on your next exam.”

He looks up at me blearily. “Not a hundred? Fuck.”

“There's always room for improvement, larva.”

“Sooooo... does this mean you're not eating me?”

“Certainly not yet. You're not at your peak. There is time. I have nothing but time. Now come with me.”

“Um, good. About the not eating me, I mean. Where are we going?” Travis seems very confused.

“To my nest. You have earned your grade on the exam, Mr. Pritzker, but we are not

finished with the semester, are we?"

"I like Travis better than Mr. Pritzker, if you don't mind. But fuck me again that way and you can call me anything you like."

"Then it's settled. You will reside with me, and ripen, and then I'll eat you when you're completely perfect."

He looks up at me, all big eyes and gaping mouth. "I'm not perfect now?" He seems exceedingly confused. I sympathize. Humans are also confusing creatures.

"No, pet. Not quite yet. I can wait. I have great patience."

"I just bet you do."

"Do you need assistance dressing, larva?"

"Travis. And I can get dressed all on my own, thanks."

"Yes, Travis." But I can see my future meal is tired and disoriented and I am the one responsible for that. It seems the least I can do is assist the boy. In no time his clothes are properly on and he looks presentable, but still bone weary and a bit mussed. It will have to do, however.

"I can't really go home with you, prof." But he makes no move to pull away from my embrace.

Reluctantly, I tuck my extra appendages back where they're normally hidden, so as not to betray my true nature. "Nonsense. We will eat food and then rest and then we will proceed with the ripening process."

“The what now?” He furrows his brow.

“I’ll need to season your body before it’s fully ripe.”

Travis gives me a look I can’t fully interpret. “Season my body? You mean with your alien jizz, don’t you?”

I pause to flip through my host’s memories. Jizz, an informal name meaning semen. The comparison isn’t perfect, but it’ll do. “My jizz, yes.”

“Will it take a lot of alien jizz, do you think?”

“Oh, indeed. I’ve no experience with how long it takes a human to fully ripen. We shall have to see for ourselves. Like one of your quaint science experiments.”

“Fuck science. But I’m in if you’re gonna keep sexing me up. I’ve got stuff in my dorm, though. I should get that.”

“Later. We can take care of all of that later.”

“You’re in a big hurry, Mr. I Have Tons Of Patience.”

“I need to investigate your ripeness further, larva. With my mouth.”

“You know, I have no idea if that means you’re gonna eat me or not, but fuck it. Sure. Let’s do this. Take me home and sex me up. Eat me later.”

“Good. We have now entered into another agreement.”

“Whatever, dude. Seriously. What ever. ”

Travis Gets What He Asked For

Chuck's nest turns out to be an apartment not too far away from campus. It's... interesting.

In what is probably supposed to be a combo living room and dining room sits a huge inflatable hot tub and an over-sized leather recliner that looks new. The kitchen is completely bare, and the appliances look pristine, like they've never been used.

Chuck beams at me proudly. "I see you are properly in awe of my nest."

"I..." I struggle for something positive to say. The best I can come up with is, "It's very clean."

His face falls. "You don't like it." Then he pulls himself together. "It does not matter. Livestock doesn't need to approve its environment."

"Look, buddy. Your sex skills are fire, but I am not your fucking livestock, get it?" I poke Chuck in the chest. "You might be full of tentacles, but you can't just swoop in and say I'm your cow or whatever. That's not how this works. If you're gonna be like that, I'm outta here. Fuck that A."

I don't really mean this—I need that A—but I can't have this alien dude thinking I'm a pushover, either. I need to play hard ball, as my dad loves to say.

Chuck looks shocked at my words, like a woman in a telenovela finding out her boyfriend is fucking her best friend and her sister at the same time.

“You can’t leave. You have no form of transportation.”

“Really? That’s the best you can come up with? Let me tell you about this fun thing we have called Uber.”

Chuck remains astonished. “You would pay a stranger to drive you home because you don’t trust me? That is illogical.”

“ You’re illogical. I mean how do you even work? And how is your suit not all fucked up from that tentacle explosion from your ass?”

“My tentacles do not come from my ass,” Chuck says, sounding cranky. “I will show you.” He turns around and I see that the tentacles are actually emerging from his neck and upper back. I try to figure out how many there are but it’s hard with all the wriggling. Eight, maybe. Like a spider. Or...

“Are you an octopus alien?” I blurt out.

“A what?” Chuck turns around to face me but leaves his tentacles out and proud.

“You know. Blobby. Eight tentacles. Lives in the ocean. Freaky as fuck.”

“I demand to see an octopus. My host’s memories cannot be accurate.”

“Whatever, dude “I pull up octopus in an image search and then flip the phone around to show him. “See. Octopus.”

“I need to see a real specimen. Alive. Now. Not in a tiny image.”

“Whoa, dude. Chill. I think they’ve got at least one at the Shedd. It’s too late to go today, though. And how the fuck do your tentacles not rip your clothes when they come all busting out?”

Chuck looks at me like I’m an idiot. Actually, he does that a lot for a guy with an inflatable hot tub in his living room.

“I rearrange the atoms to not be in the way,” he says. “Are you so primitive a species that you cannot do the same?”

I know they do some weird shit over at Fermi Labs, so I shrug. “We’re working on it.”

“Of course you are,” Chuck says, all patronizing as fuck. “I am done with talking.” One of his neck tentacles snakes over to me and grabs me by the collar of my jacket then lifts me off my feet.

“Hey! Put me down.”

Chuck totes me behind him as he walks down the hall of his apartment. He opens the door to a small room. It’s big enough for maybe a twin bed and a dresser but he’s only got pillows in there. It’s like a ball pit, but with pillows. More chance of suffocation, I guess. He puts me down and I notice I’m naked.

“Where are my clothes? That was my favorite pair of jeans! And your clothes are gone, too. How the fuck did you do that?”

Chuck drops me onto the pile of pillows. “I already explained that I rearranged the atoms. If you can’t understand beyond that, it’s not my fault. This is the inner nest. We never wear clothes in the inner nest. It is used for mating, but also sleeping, since these new bodies need so much rest no matter what we do.”

“So you want a nap?” I ask.

Chuck shakes his head. “Try again.”

So my ass is still kinda sore because it’s not used to having shit shoved up it, especially not tentacles, so I hold up one hand. “Wait, buster. The Tunnel of Love is temporarily shut down for maintenance.”

“I don’t understand you.”

I sigh. “You’re so weird. Okay. My ass is sore. You will not be sticking anything inside it. If you’re interested in sitting on my dick, though, we can talk.”

Chuck just stares at me.

“My dick,” I say slowly. “Your ass. Or mouth. Or hell, tentacle. You can jerk me off or whatever.”

His tentacles kinda writhe around, stroking various bits of me. Chuck looks so distracted that I’m not sure he realizes he’s doing it. “You will suck my cock or dick again?”

“Please, dude, call it your cock or call it your dick but stop saying ‘cock or dick’ because it’s just weird.” Although also kinda cute, I have to admit.

“You will suck my cock.” This time it’s not a question.

“Sure, as long as you get me off, too.”

“Get you off of what? The only thing here are the small cloth bags filled with softness.”

“Getting me off is making me come.” I’m about to leave it at that but this is Chuck. “You know, ejaculate,” I say, digging back to high school health class.

Chuck nods. “This is a fair transaction. I will go first.”

Works for me. I start to sit up but he pushes me down so I’m lying on my back. “Stay.”

“Okay. Whatever. I’ll just lie here and think about football and that A you’re gonna give me.”

Chuck frowns at me. “No. You will not think of those things. Your mind pictures will be about me.”

I think my alien might be a bit possessive. That’s always been a big no for me, but it’s way hotter when it’s coming from an alien monster holding you down with his tentacles.

Who knew I was so kinky?

“Okay, mind pictures all about you, promise. How are we—” I start to ask how he wants me to suck him off when a tentacle—one of the two largest—splits at the tip and opens up like it’s some kind of fucked up flower. “What the actual fuck is that?”

Chuck smiles, showing way too many teeth. “I use it to hold things.” He demonstrates by letting the tentacle’s petals grip my cock, which is hard as steel because apparently I’m bent and kinky and hot for alien tentacle monsters.

It’s warm and velvety, with a firm grip. He expertly uses it to give me what would be the best hand job of my life except that’s not a hand working me over. Even hotter, Chuck is doing the same thing to his own cock with the other large tentacle.

So hot. So fucking hot. And then he breaks my brain when the tentacle petals open further and then pull my cock inside. Suddenly I'm fucking a tentacle like it's a huge kinky purple and gold Fleshlight. Nothing has ever felt this good. Not ever.

Then my nipples are getting sucked by two smaller tentacles. They're kinda rough against my skin, making my nips into two tiny points of electric sensitivity. I need more, though. The pleasure is fucking intense as shit, but I need...

"More," I beg. Yeah, that's right. I'll admit it. My fine ass begged for more because I needed it and don't be all judgy because I'd like to see you not lose your shit in my place.

Chuck coaxes my lips to open and then slips a tentacle inside and right down my throat. Just in time, too, because then that fucker starts touching my ass with one more tentacle. It's slick with something that feels good and makes my ass go from sore to... hungry. My ass feels empty and wants to be filled.

"Fuck me," I whine, not giving shit one that I sound like a total slut. "I need you... inside. Right now!"

"I thought you said your Tunnel of Love was closed," Chuck says. It's practically a purr of self-satisfaction. "Or did you change your mind?"

"Need you," is all I can say. I've forgotten all the other words.

I find my legs bent towards my chest and held firmly in place, then something both harder and bigger than the tip of a tentacle starts to slowly push inside me.

"Are you sure this will fit?" Chuck asks. He pushes forward, but slowly.

Most of me wants to say no but my inner slut cries out, "Yes! Just do it, Chuck. Need

your cock so bad.”

Under things I thought I’d never say, see also that.

Chuck pushes forward and it’s like being split in two but it’s also so intensely good it sucks all the words away. “Gah,” is all I can get out.

“Are you feeling satisfactory, larva?” Chuck asks. It’s like he’s asking me how my day is.

If I could, I’d tell Chuck to move or I’d kill him. Since I can’t, all I say is, “Gah.” But I somehow move my ass up, making him slide even deeper inside me, and thank fuck, Chuck figures it out.

“Oh, like this,” he mutters. “I understand now. This is very pleasurable.”

After he’s done with my ass and his tentacle has milked my cock dry, I am totally killing this alien asshole.

Chuck speeds up his thrusts and all thoughts of retribution fly out of my head. This is what I need. Exactly what I need. A dick up my ass and a tentacle Fleshlighting my cock. I can just stay like this forever.

Then bliss slips into desperation. I need to come, and I need Chuck to come inside my ass. All that alien jizz up in my bizness. Need that. Need that now .

Somehow Chuck reads my mind. Maybe that’s another alien power. Whatever. Don’t care. Just need all that alien cum inside me. Deep and hot and—

The tentacle on my cock is joined by another sucking and tugging on my balls. I start to come, which makes me buck violently against Chuck’s cock. He speeds up his

thrusting past human limits then comes. I can feel it splash hotly inside me. It's so good. The best. Better than best. Then it's too much and I can't take it.

Then I'm pretty sure I pass out.

Chuck Doesn't Understand Christmas Or Chicken

“ I desire to see these...” I hesitate on the plural of octopus. Charles is unsure if it’s octopi or octopuses. Neither sounds right to me. “Octopus creatures.” Not ideal, but then mouth language seldom is. “As soon as possible.”

My larva lies sprawled out in the inner nest, his chest rising and falling rapidly. He verbalizes something that sounds to me like, “Gah.”

Charles doesn’t understand its meaning any more than I do. My tentacles have retracted to rest inside this body so I poke Travis with my finger. “I wish to see the octopus.” The mind pictures Charles has of this creature intrigue me greatly. I wish to see them for myself. I do not wish to wait. “Now.”

The larva slurs more words that sound like, “Cuddle or fuck off.”

Cuddle. I consult with Charles. He understands the word in theory, but not practice. I am to place my body behind the larva’s and leave it there. We share body heat and skin touch, but there is no copulation. It’s an intriguing idea so I give it a try. This body isn’t quite as large as the larva’s, but somehow cuddling is still achieved. I drape one of my arms over his waist and pull him closer. Not for consumption or procreation. Just for... closeness. Comfort.

Very interesting. And... pleasurable, although not due to the two primary sources of animal pleasure—sex and eating. It seems I am not done learning the ways of these

alien creatures.

“Mmm... nice,” Travis mumbles. He pushes back against me, as if it was possible to get closer even though we are already skin to skin. Then, if the rhythmic noise he makes with his mouth and nose is any indication, he falls asleep.

I find my body is also tired from the many events that have transpired this day. I have learned much and discovered there is more knowledge I need to gain. This body is also... hungry. Not for more copulation—for food sustenance. My stomach signals its emptiness by rumbling an uncomfortable complaint.

I could eat the larva, of course. It was my intent. But if I do, how will I find the shed where the octopus is located? I should wait. Besides, he will be tastier with ripening. There is food in the heat evaporation appliance Charles calls a fridge. Human food. I do not care for it, though it does fuel this body sufficiently.

“Dude, your stomach is loud,” Travis says. He sounds more alert now than he did earlier. He should be able to take me to the octopus shed.

“You demanded I cuddle with you, so I have delayed nutritional sustenance. I have also delayed viewing the octopus.”

Travis stretches, nearly hitting me in the face with one large hand. “You are so weird. I guess that means you’re hungry. Me, too. I could eat a horse. The octopus is gonna have to wait until tomorrow, Professor Impatient. Pretty sure the Shedd doesn’t stay open late.”

I am disappointed the shed is now closed to me, but I am curious about the eating of animal flesh. While it is not something Charles did, I gather other humans partake. They are probably hunters. “Are horses delicious?” I ask.

“No, of course not, dumbass. They’re horses.”

“But they are acceptable meat for humans to consume. Is there one nearby to hunt?”

The larva wriggles around to face me. “You are not going to go hunt horses, you hear me? We do not eat horses. Well, I mean some people might eat horses, but we don’t. You will not hunt down some poor kid’s pony for a snack.”

Again I am disappointed. I will have to eat the things Charles calls lentils again.

“I’ll grab my phone and order something. Unless you disappeared it, in which case you owe me a new phone.” Travis scowls at me and I know he intends menace, but I find it... I think the right word is endearing.

“I did not ‘disappear’ your phone. It is outside the inner nest.”

“Kick ass.” He stands up awkwardly and makes his way to the door, opens it, and scoops up his phone device. Then he jumps up and falls backwards into the pillows. “Oof. This is fun and all, but you need a real bed.”

I scoff at the idea of a real bed. There is one in the room where Charles used to sleep and it’s the most uncomfortable thing I’ve ever encountered. “Use your phone device to procure food, larva. I would like something besides tofu and lentils if humans have other things to eat.”

“Stop calling me larva. It’s not cute. If it wasn’t for the tentacles, I’d be outta here.”

I feel something almost like pain in my chest. I don’t understand it. Charles tells me it’s a feeling of rejection and to get used to it because there’s a lot of it on this planet. It’s a horrifying idea. I do not like this rejection feeling. It won’t be tolerated.

The larva—no, he's Travis—gazes intently at the screen of his phone device. "Let's see here. What sounds good? Pizza? Chinese? Mexican? Oh, I know! Let's get chicken."

Charles is revolted by the idea of eating chicken but I do not wish to feel rejection again so I agree to everything Travis suggests. Our meal will include, besides the chicken meat pieces, biscuits, cole slaw, macaroni and cheese, and green beans, with iced tea to drink.

Charles is not happy that the meal is full of meat, sugar, fat, and something he calls gluten. I'm not sure what that is because neither is Charles. He is only aware that it's bad to eat.

I decide to ignore my host's distaste. This meal couldn't possibly be any worse than lentils and tofu.

"Okay, food'll be here in about a half hour." Travis flops back onto the bedding of the inner nest. "Chuck, I gotta ask. Why the fuck is there an inflatable hot tub in the living room?"

That is an easy question to answer. "Because one with hard sides would not fit through the door."

Travis groans. "No, I mean why a hot tub at all? It's just so... random."

"It isn't random at all. My kind need to stay warm and we find comfort and rejuvenation in heated liquids. Dihydrogen monoxide is an acceptable fluid for this purpose, and it is quite plentiful. I tried to use the basin meant for bathing, but I found it to be too small for proper rejuvenation."

"So there's a hot tub in your living room because you like taking hot baths to soak

your tentacles and get warm.”

“That is an accurate summary, yes. Perhaps you are less stupid than I thought.”

“Asshole. The hot tub thing is weird but you’re weird, so I guess it fits. C’mere. We’ve got time to kill before the food gets here.”

“I already am here. I’m not sure how much more here I can get.”

“Oh my god just shut up for like five minutes so I can kiss you.” Travis yanks me down to lie next to him.

Kiss me? From Charles I know this is a matter of placing lips against lips for mutual gratification. It is yet another thing my people do not do, and Charles won’t give me a proper explanation.

“Why do you want to put your lips on mine?” I ask.

“Jesus, alien dude. You’ve never been kissed?”

“Chuck, not alien dude. I am complying by calling you Travis. And no, I have never kissed, and the host’s mind pictures are insufficient for understanding. There is something about mistletoe, but Charles isn’t being particularly forthcoming on the subject.”

“People kiss under mistletoe at Christmas. Beats me why.”

Christmas. The wide array of mind pictures flooding me is nearly overwhelming. Opening presents, singing, sweet treats, mistletoe, green and red and sparkling lights, but also aching loneliness and bleak despair. Frustration and disappointment. Crushed hopes. Cold wind and a small homeless child freezing to death in the snow. Men

wearing red and white and ringing bells. Being grateful for what you have even when what you have isn't enough. The sheer volume of contradictory thoughts and images paralyze me. It's too much to process. No one prepared me for this.

"I don't understand the meaning of Christmas," I say.

"Join the fucking club, buddy," Travis says then pulls me down until my lips graze his. "Close your eyes, stop thinking, and just feel."

I do and I'm overwhelmed again but in a very different way. This feeling is powerful as the ocean but simple as a drop of dihydrogen monoxide falling from the sky. The body I occupy burns where it touches Travis, except our lips. This kissing is like nothing I or Charles have ever experienced before. It's electricity and fire and a soothing balm against damaged skin. It's like procreation in that Travis invades my mouth with his tongue, but this would feel just as good and... intimate, Charles supplies, if we were both dressed from head to toe. Being mouth to mouth is more in a way that even my body penetrating his can't measure up to.

How do humans not do this every second of every day of their lives?

"Dude," Travis says, pulling away just far enough for his lips to form words. "I mean Chuck. We gotta stop."

I feel bereft. I want to weep. "But why?"

If I have failed in some way, I'll have to find the means with which to fix what was broken. I must have this kissing again and it must be with Travis, the one I've chosen as mine.

"Because the food's here." Travis leaves my side, standing awkwardly. He picks up one of the fabric swaddlers that Charles calls blankets and wraps it around his waist.

“I’ll go grab it from the delivery dude. If you wanna eat, you gotta get up, too. We’re not eating in here.”

As if on cue, my stomach makes angry—and loud—demands. I will need to try this chicken food Travis has procured for us. Kissing will have to wait—for now. I also grab a fabric swaddler and leave the inner nest.

Travis places the food on the countertops in the kitchen and finds two plates in a cabinet, handing one to me. I look at the unfamiliar food dubiously. None of it looks like meat. Travis points to the various substances, naming them.

“Don’t be such a damn baby. Everyone likes chicken. And try the other stuff, too. No sex until your plate is clean.”

“What about kissing?” I ask.

He narrows his eyes at me. “No kissing, either. Just shut up and eat.”

He ends up taking my plate, spooning some of all the food-type substances onto it, then puts two pieces of what he calls chicken on top. I understand chickens are a type of bird distantly related to extinct giant reptiles. Nothing on my plate resembles that.

Travis shoves the plate my way. “Here. Eat.”

I watch him. He picks up a hunk of the chicken substance and bites into it. Clear juice dribbles from it and Travis sighs and makes noises similar to the ones when we partake in copulation.

I pick up what Travis calls a drumstick. I’m not sure what part of this chicken creature that would be and Charles refuses to cooperate and enlighten me. Tentatively, I bite into it, chew, then swallow.

“Well?” Travis asks.

I struggle for the right mouth words. “Eating this chicken is like putting this body’s cock or dick inside your very small and tight rectal cavity then thrusting many, many times until it ejaculates into your body.”

Travis stares at me. “Does that mean you like it?”

“I want to eat nothing but chicken until the end of my existence.”

“There’s more to eating than chicken. Try the rest of the stuff on your plate. If you eat it all, you can have another piece of chicken.”

The other food substances are more pleasurable than lentils and tofu but not anything as good as chicken. My favorite of these lesser foods is the macaroni and cheese. In addition to more of the delicious chicken I eat two more servings of that.

Inside me Charles moans about gluten and being lactose intolerant. I do not know what these things are and am unconcerned.

I thought after food I would want sex, but this body is tired now. It wants to be left alone to digest. Travis seems to feel the same. After cleaning up I suggest we spend time relaxing in the object he calls an inflatable hot tub.

Travis makes a face. “I should probably take a shower first. You, too. We’re both covered in dried jizz and chicken grease.”

“I can easily purify the dihydrogen monoxide by removing all extraneous atoms from the fluid.”

“Oh,” Travis says. “That’s super fucking handy. Sure.” He pulls the cover off and

sticks his hand in. “It’s not very warm. I’ll turn the heater up, but we’ll have to wait.”

“No need.” I dip one of my lateral tentacles into the water. First, I eliminate any contaminants from the fluid then I excite the molecules to move faster and this raises the temperature. I bring it to a few degrees warmer than human blood and tell Travis to get in.

He puts his hand into the water again and his eyes get huge. “How did you heat the water up so fast?”

I begin to explain about exciting the molecules and Travis shakes his head.

“You know what? Never mind. It’s all alien magic.” He climbs inside the liquid receptacle and sighs with contentment.

“I believe you mean science,” I say, joining him in the receptacle.

Travis puts a hand over my mouth. “Alien magic,” he insists.

“I ate the food and would like kissing now,” I remind him.

“You were a very good boy,” he says, moving so he can straddle my lap. “You deserve a treat.”

We do the kissing so long that I need to excite the dihydrogen monoxide molecules twice and purify the water once. It is, in my estimation, a thoroughly enjoyable experience.

Travis Takes a Shower

A pretty blond twink sucks my cock, doing things to me that are legal in Illinois but probably not in Missouri or Indiana. Blue states for the win, amirite?

I don't know where I picked this guy up from but with this suction on my junk it's a detail that's irrelevant. His fingers roam up and down my body, pinching my nipples, scratching along my ribs, then soothing the reddened skin. I thrust up into the tight heat of his throat but firm hands hold me down and spread my legs apart. This twink is strong. Maybe a twunk. Lots of muscles isn't my type but the mouth on this guy would make him anyone's type.

Something warm and slippery wet slips between my spread ass cheeks. Such a dirty twinky-twunk. My favorite. I'm a top but I might make an exception for this dude. That slippery finger presses inside me, and my body sucks it up like a hungry little bottom. Damn, that's hot. Inside me, the finger gets thicker and longer until it can't be a finger. It's got to be a cock inside me, but that mouth is still gobbling me down while too many hands hold me in place.

The impossibility of it shatters my dream and I wake up with Chuck sucking on my cock while the tentacle inside me fucks me hard while somehow tap dancing across my prostate. It's nearly perfect, but...

“Watch the teeth, Chuck.”

Suddenly the hard sharpness of teeth along my length is gone, replaced by hot, soft, wet pressure. This is heaven right here. That's all it takes, and I come into Chuck's mouth, fucking so deep down his throat I probably get close to his stomach.

"Jesus, Chuck."

"Jus Thuck, naw Yesus."

"What?"

"Thorry. Weigh."

"Chuck, open your mouth." The room is dim but not completely dark. I can easily see after he opens his mouth that his teeth are gone. But as I stare at him, I can also see them start to emerge from his gums. In less than half a minute they are completely back and no longer slightly crooked.

"What the fuck was that?" I squeak.

"Me bringing you an orgasm with my mouth and tentacles, specifically my right lateral tentacle, as it can secrete a fluid useful for both healing and copulation."

"No, dude. The teeth!"

"Removing then regrowing teeth is no great hardship, Travis." He says this while looking at me like I'm the crazy one.

"Whatever." I mean super fucking weird, but that's par for the course. "If you want to go to the Shedd to see the octopus then I'm gonna need some clothes. Can you rearrange atoms to make some appear?"

Chuck's face falls. "No. I'm sorry, Travis, but that is beyond my abilities. With time and practice, perhaps, but I have a power nearly as useful."

"Kick ass. What is it?"

"Amazon overnight shipping. I will fetch the expected results."

I wait until he's left the inner nest to fall over, laughing my fine ass off.

I have no idea what my mostly clueless alien has ordered for me, but I can't wait to find out. Hopefully it'll fit, at least enough for us to go out and buy something more appropriate.

Chuck comes back with several packages in sealed white plastic bags. I unwrap them, curious as hell to see what's inside. It turns out to be almost exactly what I'd worn to class yesterday. There's a pair of worn jeans, a long-sleeved gray T-shirt, a blue hoodie, black boxer briefs, and gray wool socks. All the sizes are correct. It's damn eerie.

"Charles assisted with the clothing selection," Chuck says.

I notice that Chuck is still naked. "Did you go down to get your mail naked?" I ask.

He shakes his head. "Charles recommended that I put on shoes and a coat."

I hope it was a long coat. If not, his neighbors got a show.

"Hey, Chuck. Just how much of Dr. Foster is in there with you, anyway?" I stand up, taking the clothes with me. I need a shower.

Chuck follows me to the bathroom. "His mind pictures remain and the core of what

made him Charles and not some other human.”

I stop and stare at Chuck. “His soul is trapped in there? That’s freaky.”

“Not trapped,” he replies. “He could depart if he desired to do so and I would retain only his mind pictures. Charles is afraid to move on. He thinks there is nowhere for him to go, and he will cease to exist in any capacity.”

“Is there anywhere for him to go?”

“I do not know,” Chuck says. “I will leave you alone while you use the bathroom to eliminate. Charles tells me this is customary.”

The thought of both Chuck and Charles simultaneously staring at me while I take the first piss of the day makes me shudder. “Very customary. You can come in when you hear the shower running.” I walk into the bathroom and shut the door in the alien’s face.

By the time Chuck comes into the bathroom I’m nearly done with my shower.

“Charles says this is not customary,” he says, sounding uncertain.

“Charles wouldn’t know a good time if it hit him in the face,” I say loudly over the sound of water pounding on tiles.

“Do you desire me to watch you cleanse yourself?”

“I desire you getting your ass in here with me.”

“But I do not require cleansing.”

Oh my fucking god, it's like I'm dating a virgin. "Chuck. Get your ass in this shower right now."

"I don't see why," he says, opening the shower door and closing it behind him. "And there is barely any room in here."

"That's kinda the whole point." I grab him and position his alien self under the spray of hot water and the sulky look melts off his face.

"Oh, I understand now. I had no notion how wonderful this would feel. Nearly as good as the hot tub, as you call it."

I grab the soap and spread it generously over his chest then legs. Lastly, I concentrate on his junk, stroking with my slick, sudsy hand until he's hard and moaning. When I let him go and stand up, he moans in protest.

"Turn around." I wash his back and ass then get down on my knees, pull his ass cheeks apart, and rim the fuck out of him.

Chuck's breathing gets heavier, and he makes a desperate whining sound in the back of his throat as I eat his ass for breakfast.

Twinks fucking love rimming and I don't mind doing it. But if all those twinkie asses were tasty snacks, Chuck's ass is a gourmet meal. The globes fit perfectly into my hands and manage to be both soft and firm. His hole is tiny and furled really fucking tight. I want in and patiently stroke him with my tongue until he's soft enough for me to push inside him. His shudders and moans are fucking delicious, but not as good as his ass. Whatever molecule manipulation he's done has made everything perfect. My knees protest way before my tongue does.

Meanwhile Chuck sounds close to tears because my mouth is just that good. I stand

then run my fingers over his hole. I can feel it spasm against my touch. “What do you want, Chuck?” I ask, my lips nearly touching his ear.

He shudders and says something, but I can’t understand it.

“Do you want me inside you?”

“Yes!”

“Such a good little alien slut, aren’t you?” I coo at him. “So tight. Just like a virgin. You’ve never had anything bigger than my tongue in there.”

Chuck’s only response is a moan.

“I’d fuck this perfect ass,” I slap one cheek then grip it possessively, “but I’d never work my cock into that tight, pretty little hole.”

“Please,” Charles whines.

“No lube. And trust me, you don’t want me using soap.”

“Here.” One of his tentacles slides out and slithers down toward my hand. I’m so struck that he can release them independently that it’s a moment before I realize there’s a thick liquid that’s not water glistening on the tip.

My first thought is to coat my fingers in the gel but then I get a better idea. Taking a firm grip on the tentacle I guide it inside Chuck’s hole.

I keep one hand on the tentacle, helping it to push deeper, and my other hand encircles his hard cock. “I’ll jerk you off if you fuck yourself. Will you show me what a needy little slut you are?”

Chuck just whimpers but when I take my hand off the tentacle I can see it move, pushing deeper into his body, then pulling back only to pump back in. So. Fucking. Hot. I work his cock with a rhythm that matches his own. It takes only a minute or two before his creamy cum shoots out of him and onto my hand.

I lick off the salty fluid then pull Chuck's mouth to mine and kiss him. He shudders against me, shattered like broken glass, and I do my best to hold him together. His tentacle is still pumping in and out of his ass. Since he seems to be enjoying it so much, I don't tell him to stop. I grab both our cocks and pump us together as he continues to pound his own ass.

"Come on, baby," I growl. "Come for me again. Do it before the water turns cold."

Chuck lets out a sharp cry and comes, this time sluggishly, and the sight tips me over and I come as well. Then the hot water gives up entirely and we're pelted with cold water. I scramble to shut it off then we're standing there, dripping water, and shivering. I notice the tentacle has retreated back into his body. He looks perfectly human and perfectly fucked out.

A wave of something washes over me. Pride and possessiveness. This is my alien and I'm the one who blew his fucking mind.

"Are you still planning to eat me?" I ask.

Shakily he says, "No. Not if you keep copulating with me like this. And supply me with chicken."

I give his lips a quick kiss. "It's a deal. Now let's get dry and get dressed. I'm taking you to breakfast."

12

Chuck Meets an Octopus

“How was your breakfast, hon?”

The question is from a female human aged half a century of solars. Her name is Peggy and she has brought us food and beverages in a building filled with other humans.

“I thought nothing could be more delicious than chicken, but I was wrong. Chicken and waffles must have been created by a culinary genius.”

Peggy stares at me for a few seconds then smiles. “Glad you liked it,” she says then scurries off.

“Travis, why does Charles insist we are eating at a greasy spoon? The eating utensils were acceptably clean.”

Travis snorts. “Classic Charles. A greasy spoon is another name for a diner. And before you ask, that’s a restaurant and a restaurant is a place where they serve you food in exchange for money.”

“So there are many places to obtain chicken?”

“Tons.” Travis takes out his wallet, puts several of the paper-like representations of human currency on the table, then stands. “Come on. We’re going to see the octopus.

It's maybe half a mile away. Let's walk it."

I do not like this cold but I'm as warm as I can be in a thermal coat, insulated gloves, and warm boots. On the way there, the sky begins to precipitate tiny clumps of frozen dihydrogen monoxide particles. It's breathtaking, although Charles assures me that it's just snow and nothing to get excited about.

Travis turns when he realizes I'm no longer behind him. "Shit, those dudes on Reddit were right about the snow. Come on, Professor. You can look at it while we walk."

"It's beautiful," I say.

Travis shrugs. "I guess. Mostly it's a pain in the ass. Okay. We're about to cross a very busy street. Don't stop and stare at the snow or some car will end up running your cute ass over. You got me?"

"Yes, of course I have you. You are the one I have chosen."

"That's both creepy and sweet, Chuck." Travis is grinning at me, though, so I do not think he minds me being creepy. "Okay, the light just turned. Let's go."

We walk swiftly across the wide street and make it safely to the other side. From there we walk on a path through an expanse already covered over with snow. We walk past one large building and then further until we reach a second, somewhat smaller one.

"It reminds me a bit of the university," I say.

"Yeah, that's why they call it Museum Campus. That big ass marble building we just passed is the Field Museum, way over there is the Adler Planetarium, and this right here is the Shedd."

I try to reconcile Charles' mind pictures of sheds with this structure and fail. "That looks nothing at all like a shed."

Travis starts cracking up. "No, you goon! Capital S and with two D's. It's someone's last name. It's an aquarium, not where you stick a lawnmower."

"I see." Although I don't. Not exactly. But I am an intelligent being and I will figure this out.

The aquarium turns out to be fascinating. The fish are quite diverse. There are also sea mammals and penguins, which I have been assured are a type of bird, like a chicken, but not for eating, unlike a chicken. That is somewhat disappointing.

At last we get to the animal I've most wanted to witness. I can't help but touch the glass and witness a creature that reminds me of home. Not that I ever saw the planet my species is from, but I have inherited knowledge gained by previous generations. It's fuzzy, and indistinct, which probably means that we're collectively forgetting it. This creature, however, instantly makes me long for a place I've never been and will never see.

It seems wrong to keep such a creature contained and I attempt to touch its mind to determine its well-being. I am delighted when it, or rather she, responds to me. In English, no less.

I also know Spanish, she tells me. Also some Korean and Tagalog. Languages are easy. It's nice to talk to someone who understands.

Am I the first one to mind speak to you? I ask.

No, but you're the first one who understood me answering back. You're not human, are you?

No. My people have come to claim this planet. We have begun to colonize humans, but the process will be a lengthy one, as there are many humans and few of us.

Couldn't have happened to a better species, she says. Some of them mean well but mostly they're a hot mess. You guys couldn't make it any worse.

During this conversation Travis stares at me with an intent look on his face and Charles is doing the mental equivalent of hyperventilation.

Do you wish to be free of your prison? I ask her.

Bubbles erupt from the octopus, and I realize that's because she's laughing.

Leave? Are you insane? One, I can leave any time I want. I don't need the help of some alien parasite. Two, today is a shrimp day. Three, where the hell would I go? I need salt water to live. No, thank you. I've got it good here. This nice place all to myself, no annoying males bothering me, and shrimp three times a week.

I am somewhat disappointed, but I respect her wishes.

"I could have sex with her," I tell Travis.

His eyes grow large. "You what?"

"She has consciousness. She also has the ability to say no."

"And?" Travis asks. "Do I want to know?"

"She is not inclined."

"That is such a relief you have no idea," Travis says. "I can't believe I'm jealous of

an octopus! That's just fucked up, man."

A selfish part of me preens at his jealousy. "I am also not inclined."

"You better not be. I'm your human. Don't be greedy."

My human. Yes, that's exactly what Travis is. Mine. I feel a warm glow inside me that Charles refuses to elucidate. Nevertheless I bask in it.

"I have enjoyed this very much," I say.

"Do you want to go home or are you up for more walking outside? There'll be hot chocolate," Travis says in a coaxing voice.

I have no idea what hot chocolate is, but I can see how eager my human is and I wish to indulge him. "Lead the way."

We get into a car that Travis calls a ride share. It drops us off in a place teeming with humans. It's a bit intimidating.

"Good luck," the driver says. "It looks mobbed."

"Thanks. We'll be okay," Travis tells him as we exit the vehicle.

"There are lights everywhere," I say.

"Oh, this is nothing. Wait until we get in."

"In where?"

"The Lincoln Park Zoo for the Christmas Zoo Lights."

Christmas. There is that word again. It's a word heavy with meaning that I do not understand, but lights must be part of it. Charles seems to agree.

I am dazzled by all the brilliant colors draped and wound around every surface. I've never seen anything like it. I have no mind pictures that could have prepared me. Music plays through unseen devices and Travis tells me it's Christmas carols. A carol, Charles supplies, is a fancy word for song because Christmas is fancy.

I listen to the words, but they confuse me. There is a baby of great holiness, although Charles can't really explain what that means beyond being important to some people but not to others. There is a Santa Claus and a Saint Nick. Charles assures me these are the same person, but he has no idea why he has two names. Presents seem to figure in greatly. It's all very informative but not particularly elucidating.

My favorite part is the promised hot chocolate. It might be more delicious than chicken.

"Is it more delicious than me?" Travis asks with a grin.

I kiss him to check. "No," I say. "You're still the most delicious thing of all."

Later, after we get back to my home, Travis has me bring my laptop into the inner nest. We are going to Netflix and chill.

"But by chill," Travis says, "I mean watch some Christmas specials then end up having sex after we get bored."

"What if I'm bored now?" I ask.

Travis rolls his eyes and types quickly on the keyboard. "Too bad. And this is actually gonna be YouTube and cuddle."

“I like cuddling,” I say, and prepare to become bored shortly.

“I know,” Travis says. “First up is something pretty basic. It’s called Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer.”

“Why was it wrong for the elf to be a dentist?” I ask after we’ve finished watching.

“Because elves make toys.”

“But what if they want to do something else?”

“Look, it ended okay. Dude got to be a dentist.”

I’m not done, however. “And Santa seems cruel for not stopping the other reindeer from bullying Rudolph. In fact, I think he encouraged it. Then he only finds Rudolph important when he is useful.”

“Preach,” Travis says. “Let’s try A Charlie Brown Christmas.”

Inside me, Charles groans. Right away I understand. “Why does the girl do that with the football? Why does the boy keep trying?”

Charles goes on about human nature and the futility of expecting better outcomes using the same data.

“Because people suck and other people refuse to see that.”

“There’s that girl again. Leaning on that tiny piano. And she’s making overtures to the boy playing it. Is that sexual harassment?”

Travis snorts a laugh. “Actually, yeah, I think it is.”

“And this is what Christmas is about?”

“Hush,” Travis says, giving me a swat on my chest. “We’re getting to the good part.”

I keep watching but understanding does not follow. “What they do to that tree violates the laws of physics.”

“Shut up,” Travis says. He hits me with a pillow. “Okay, you have to watch one more then we can chill.” He taps away and then says, “This is The Grinch Who Stole Christmas. Maybe you’ll like this one.”

Despite having many questions, I force myself to be quiet and to focus on what I’m watching. When it’s over, I turn it around in my head, trying to piece it together.

“So Christmas is associated with decorations and food and presents, correct?”

“Sure,” Travis says.

“But Christmas is more than that. It’s being close to family and people you love.”

Travis shoots me with a finger gun. “Bingo.”

“But there’s an underlying sadness. I get that from Charles as well. Why is there sadness on a day to celebrate family and love?”

“Because not everyone has them,” Travis says. “And also ‘it’s the thought that counts,’ when it comes to presents is absolute BS. Santa isn’t real. The people providing presents are your parents, and they buy what they can afford. It’s set up to seem like a fair system but it’s really not.”

“Were your parents too poor to buy you the presents you wanted from Santa?” I ask.

Travis leans into me with a sigh. “My parents never bought me a thing. All my presents were bought by personal shoppers. Everything was professionally wrapped, and we had a Christmas tree that was decorated perfectly. None of the ornaments I made in school ever got hung on that tree. Sometimes my parents weren’t even there when I opened my presents. It was just Julia, the housekeeper, and whatever nanny was around. They’re gone this year, too. It’s why I’m not going home next week. There’s no point. The ‘rents are in Fiji or some shit and Julia has the week off. But it’s cool. I’m used to it. The plan is to hole up with my PlayStation and eat nothing but junk food. I’ll pay for it afterward, but that’s what exercise is for.”

“That’s sad,” I say. “Christmas is sad. I don’t think I like it.”

“No, it’s not sad! Well, maybe a little. But it can be awesome. It depends on who you’re with.”

“I’ll be with you,” I say. “We will be not sad together for Christmas.”

Travis gives me a smile that causes a pang to reverberate in my chest. “Okay. We can be not sad together.”

Travis Takes a Break

Chuck isn't happy when I insist on going back to the dorm Sunday night. He puts up all these arguments explaining why my leaving him was bad. I feel like a huge asshole, but I leave. I can't just start living with my Statistics professor.

To be honest, come Monday morning, I still feel like an asshole. It doesn't help any that when I get to Statistics class that afternoon, Chuck looks like a kicked puppy. He still teaches class okay, though. I even understand the lecture. Well, a little. Maybe it's osmosis from all the alien jizz. That's as likely an explanation as any.

On the way out of class he says, "Mr. Pritzker, I'd like a word."

I shake my head at him. "No can do, Dr. Foster. I can't be late for Ethics. Email me." Then I slip out of the room and try to ignore the piercing green stare I can feel all over me.

He doesn't send me an email, but he does call me at five, after my last class is over. He launches right in on me.

"I refuse to conduct a courtship over email," he says, not even bothering with a hello or anything.

"Oh my god, Chuck, you can't just say things like that."

“I don’t understand why not. I am courting you and I refuse to do so over an electronic message. What is there not to understand?”

I take a deep breath. “Chuck. You’re my professor. You can’t be dating me or whatever. You’ll get fired and I’ll get expelled.”

“How would the administration know?”

“People talk, Chuck. It’s what we do. We gossip and we’re petty little shits. If we’re seen together, someone’s gonna rat us out.”

“I refuse to exist without you,” Chuck declares. Drama queen. But I can’t help the warm feeling that spreads through my chest. No one’s ever told me they can’t exist without me. It’s extra as fuck, but not gonna lie, I kinda like it.

“We can be all official and shit after the end of the semester. Until then, we’re only student and professor, got it?”

“But I don’t care what happens to me if we’re caught.”

“Good for you, but I’d like to stay on the football team. That’s not gonna happen if I get expelled for banging my professor. The final is on Friday, Chuck. Pretty sure you can exist without me until then.”

“I demand kissing!”

“I’ll kiss the shit out of you once I pass the class, okay?”

“I hate this,” Chuck grumbles.

“I know, baby, but we gotta do it. Just trust me.”

“I am not your baby or larva,” he says huffily.

“Are you my Chuck, then?” I ask.

“Yes. I am your Chuck. You are my Travis. This is understood.”

“Yeah, it’s understood. It’s just a week, Chuck. You’ll live.”

“I don’t have to be happy about it.”

“No,” I acknowledge. “You don’t. If it helps any, I don’t like it either. I miss you and your tentacles.”

“It does help that you don’t like it. We can suffer together. That’s romantic. I know this from watching movies.”

A laugh forces its way out of my chest. “Yeah, Chuck, you bet. That’s definitely romance. When the semester is over, get ready for me to rock your world.”

“Rock my world how?”

“With my dick,” I say.

“I’m not sure how that will work,” Chuck says, “but I look forward to it.”

Me too, babe, I think. Me too.

“Joey saw you out with some hot older guy last weekend. He was with his girl at the Zoo Lights. He said the guy held your hand the whole time. You. Held hands with a dude.” Cody puts a hand on my forehead. “Do you have a fever? Are you a pod person?”

That last one makes me laugh as I knock his arm away. “It’s nothing.”

“Did you find a Daddy? You were supposed to be sucking Dr. Foster’s cock. Do you have a thing for old dudes now?”

It occurs to me I have no idea how old Dr. Foster is, but it can’t be more than mid-thirties. He doesn’t seem old when I’m with him.

I could deny everything, but let’s be real. Chuck and I are a thing. He’d probably hunt me down if I dumped him, but even the idea of dumping him makes me feel kinda sick inside. I want to be there as he learns to human. I want to find new and even kinkier ways to use his tentacles. And if this is the dawn of an alien invasion, Chuck is the alien I want claiming me. Nobody else gets him. He’s my alien pod person tentacle monster and everyone else can just step off.

“I have a thing for that old dude,” I say. “And he’s not my Daddy. Don’t be ignorant. Do I look like a twink-ass sugar baby to you? I have a trust fund. What the fuck would I need a Daddy for?”

Cody stares at me. “Except for the trust fund part, I don’t understand any of that.”

“All you need to know is that his name is Chuck and he’s not going anywhere. And if you say he’s my Daddy I will end you.”

Cody backs away a step with his hands up. “Chill, dude. He’s not your Daddy. Got it.”

“But he is a body-snatching alien.”

“What?”

I grin at Codes and pat his cheek. “Don’t stress. You’ll figure it out. But once you go alien, you don’t go back.”

“You are so weird, dude,” Cody says.

“You have no idea.”

Somehow, we make it to the end of the week without Chuck giving us away, but that’s all due to me. Dude has zero chill, but for some reason I like it.

On Friday, I make him go home alone and tell him I’ll meet him at his apartment later. I want to pack a bag to last all of winter break. After I’m all geared up, I take an Uber to his place. I am not prepared, however, for what I see when I get there.

14

Chuck Is Extra

“What the actual fuck, dude?”

“You do not like it?” This causes an uncomfortable sensation inside me that I do not care for.

“No, no. It’s not that I don’t like it. I was just not prepared. Like even a little.”

Over the past week I have learned many things, primarily that I do not care to exist without my chosen human. Without him I was both bored and agitated, the combination of which, perhaps, made me go temporarily insane. But with Travis here, I feel much better. I also can see that maybe I went a little too far.

“There were songs,” I say, trying to justify myself, “with instructions. Halls require boughs of holly.”

“Uh huh,” Travis says, looking around. “This is way more than holly.” Then he says something that makes everything okay. “I like it, though.”

My lips curve into a huge grin. “Then it was worth the effort.”

I have covered all the floors with a fluffy material that is supposed to simulate snow. There is a forest of pine trees in here of various sizes, but artificial ones. Charles wouldn’t let me get any of the real pine trees that had been cut down for this purpose

and in the end, this was less expensive, anyway. I decorated every single tree, stringing lights, hanging ornaments, and swathing them with beads and ribbons and bows. The hot tub is flanked on one side by a family of penguins and the other by a polar bear wearing Santa's hat. Presumably after he'd eaten that jolly old elf, the bear had stolen his hat. I hung stars from the ceiling and everything is lit with small, twinkling lights.

"Tell me you didn't go this far in the kitchen."

I keep my mouth shut and lead Travis there.

"Well, it's a good thing we have food delivery," Travis says, "because there won't be any cooking in here."

He has a point. The countertops are loaded down with gingerbread houses, jars of candy canes, tiny trees, more lights, pine and holly boughs, and each cabinet door has a wreath.

"But you have to admit it's festive."

Travis kisses my cheek. "It's festive dialed to eleven. Show me the rest."

It occurs to me that having a mannequin with a beard and a Santa hat in the shower might have been going a little too far, so I steer Travis to the inner nest. "Per your suggestion, I obtained a bed."

"It's a sleigh bed," Travis says.

"Yes."

"That looks like an actual Santa sleigh."

“That was the idea, yes.”

“Chuck?”

“Yes, Travis?”

“I don’t think we’ll both fit on it.”

I frown at the sleigh bed. “It is smaller than I’d imagined,” I concede.

“I think it’s for a pet, Chuck. Like a cat or a small dog. Not two men. Not even if we cuddle really close.”

“I did keep all the stuffed cloth bags,” I point out.

“That you did.”

“You don’t like it,” I say, feeling crushed. All that work. All that hope that I’d figured out Christmas. All for nothing.

“Hey, my dude. Chuck. No. I do like it. I think it’s crazy and amazing and beautiful. And kinda goofy. It’s awesome. But we can’t really live in it, you know?”

Sadly, I nod my head. “I have failed.”

Travis leans his forehead against mine. “No, you didn’t fail. You did great. Well, except for the bed, but that’s hilarious. That is something we’ll talk about every Christmas and laugh our asses off about it.”

“We will?” I feel like doing that very human act of crying and I don’t know why.

“We totes will. Every single year. I promise. Now, you did all this work and I don’t want to mess it up. How about you let me play Santa now? I’ll put us up in a hotel but we’ll sleep here Christmas Eve and open presents in the morning. But until then, how do you feel about a nice suite with a view of the lake? We can go ice skating and whatever other Christmasy shit you wanna do. Or we can lie in bed all day and watch Christmas movies. Or fuck.”

“That all sounds nice. Especially the third option. I would like to partake in the third option as soon as possible.”

“Okay, my horny alien. Let’s see what Santa can pull out of his sack.”

Later that evening we’re in a large hotel suite at the top floor of a hotel downtown. I look out the window at all the shining lights below us and see that it’s started to snow. Travis sits in a cushioned chair and I get myself ready for him while he watches.

“That’s it,” he croons at me. “Deeper now.” I can hear the wet sounds of him stroking his cock and I want to turn around, but I promised I’d keep looking out the window. “Work in the second one. Slowly, now. You can do it, baby.”

Carefully I start fucking myself with two tentacles instead of just one. I wonder if any of my people have discovered the same pleasure and joy that I have with my human. I hope so. Even Charles is content, loving the thickness stretching us wide.

“Show me your hole, baby,” Travis says, his voice raspy. “I want to see.”

I spread my cheeks wide and show Travis my hole. “Am I ready?” I ask.

He stands and walks over to me. When he’s close behind me, he fingers my rim. “Oh, yeah. Put your hands on the glass.” I do and he positions my body where he wants it

then surges inside me with one deep stroke. “Fuck yeah,” he groans, burrowing his face against my neck and biting me there.

I’m so close to coming that I have to grab my organ and squeeze it until the urge goes away.

“That’s it, baby. Milk my cock dry.”

I reach back with my lateral tentacles and find Travis’ ass.

“What’re you up to, Chuck?” he asks, his voice gone raspy.

“Getting you ready,” I say, as my tentacle finds his hole, “for me.” I produce more lubrication fluid then slide inside him.

He cries out and pushes harder into me. We fuck each other, rocking back and forth, until Travis comes hotly inside me. I give him a moment then I pull away and swap our positions.

“Fuck, it’s snowing,” he says, then cries out, “Fuuuuuck,” when I push my cock or dick inside him.

“Do you like that?” I ask.

“Fuck yeah,” he says, then, “Harder. Wreck me.”

I thrust into him as hard and deep as I can. I feel his spend dribble out of me and down my leg. I pinch his nipples until he whimpers and suck on the tender skin at the bend of his neck. It’s perfect. Completely perfect.

Travis cries out, coming again, and I let myself fall right after him. Just perfect.

He drags me into the bathing room where I see a large tub full of dihydrogen monoxide. It's no longer hot but it's the work of a moment to bring it up to a pleasant temperature. We sink into it, kissing lazily, and that, too, is perfect.

"Thank you," Travis says after we've been soaking for some time.

"For what?"

"For you. For this. For being with me. For making this the best Christmas ever."

"I believe Christmas is still two days away, is it not?"

Travis splashes me. "Know-it-all. Christmas, Chuck, is a state of mind. It's not just presents and food and decorations. Christmas is... love." His face, pink from the heat, turns pinker. "And don't tell anyone ever that I said that. Get it?"

I don't. There is so much I don't understand and maybe never will. Love included. But now that I have it I'll never let it go.

"I have you," I say, "And that's good enough for me."

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:16 am

Travis Relates the Meaning Of Christmas

Many years later

As the years went by the world slowly changed around us, day by day. A lot fewer humans got eaten than I'd first predicted. As it turned out, the aliens—who have a name and fuck me if I can say it, let alone spell it—have found that like Charles, what they really like to eat is chicken. This was a great savings to humanity but not to chickens. Sucks to be a chicken, I guess.

I never did ripen, no matter how much sex we had. Or, as Chuck likes to tell me, in that prissy-ass way of his, I did ripen then spoiled when he wasn't paying attention, rather like an avocado. He thinks he's hilarious.

We don't try to “ripen” me as much as we used to. I mean, don't get me wrong, we haven't stopped , but even with their alien technology bullshit, my heart isn't what it used to be. And, honestly, being one-hundred and one years old seems too old for still getting freaky, but Chuck assures me that I have many years left to me. When we met I was just a larva, as Chuck loves to remind me. There are humans who are nearing their century-and-a-half mark. In comparison to that, I'm still a larva.

Chuck is way more gentle than he used to be, and my bones are grateful. I sometimes wonder what he still sees in me. My hair is thinner and white now, I'm all wrinkly, and a little poochy in the gut. When I let my beard grow out, he says I look just like Santa Clause. He, on the other hand, is still as beautiful as he was when he took over Charles' body. It isn't fair, but doesn't ever seem interested in any human other than myself.

He says that no human will ever compare to me because I am the one who nurtured his young. Even now, decades after the technology became available, I still find it insane that I became pregnant. Not once, mind you, but three times. The hybrids are like Chuck, only they are born into those bodies. They have tentacles, and racial memories, and can be taught to manipulate atoms and any number of scientific things I will never understand. I never thought I wanted to be a father, let alone a kind of mother as well, but I wouldn't trade any of our children or grandchildren for anything in this world.

I have lived a good life and it's not over yet. Chuck still takes me to bed and loves me until I lose my mind. Love isn't a concept that Chuck's people had before coming to Earth. They gave us peace and prosperity and longer lives. We have given them children and love and concepts they still struggle to understand. Like Christmas.

Chuck still over-decorates and we end up having to stay in a hotel to escape it all. Every year we eat fried chicken and watch Christmas movies and fuck until neither one of us can walk properly. It might not make sense to most people, but that's what Christmas has come to mean for us. It will always be our favorite time of year because that's when we fell in love.

And Christmas is, when you get down to it, love.