

One day, the Azeik Confederate invaded Earth. The pragmatic, logical aliens had come not on a mission of conquest, but rather one of discovery; their goal was to study human emotional responses. However, they were not a patient species and would do anything in their power to set up their strange and lewd experiments. And with their ability to merge with and transform humans to their liking, they could do just that...

Sam got out of the shower, feeling her body jiggle with every step she took. An unfamiliar feeling, no matter how long she had felt it. As she wiped herself down, she could only stare at her own reflection and lament her situation.

On the day the Azeiks had come, they selected Sam as one of their first test subjects. Just a mild-mannered man, his whole world had changed the moment one of those stupid little saucers appeared in front of him and ejected the alien being into his body.

The change was rough and turbulent, a commonality between the original batch of test subjects. He could feel the Azeik squirm around inside of him, changing and perverting his body as it pleased. A scrawny frame growing into a soft supple form. An average face that soon shifted into the visage of a goddess. Big, pillowy breasts that flopped upon her new chest. Nothing was left of Sam, now a stunning, curvy woman; completely unlike what he was before.

Her change wasn't unnoticed for long. As one of the first few Azeik test subjects, government officials apprehended and put her into quarantine, fearful of whatever kinds of horrific experiments were taking place with and within her body.

Life under quarantine wasn't bad. She was given a nice amount of amenities and, outside of being able to physically leave, she was free to do whatever she wanted. She spent the first few weeks just lazing about, hoping for the UN and the aliens to make a deal and let her out. Or better yet, if the Azeik got out of her body and turned her back to normal.

After the initial period, though, Sam started to feel... needy. Like an incessant itch, she felt the twangs of lust barrage her all day, slowly and steadily intensifying. Despite the fact that she was under surveillance, she tried to fulfil her newfound desires by herself. Under quarantine, she couldn't make contact with anyone, so she kept herself occupied by her lonesome. She spent the next few months exploring her body in its entirety as the UN dragged its feet in the negotiations.

As she wiped herself down, she shuddered at the touch of her towel. Even a few moments after a cold shower, she was already raring to go. She sighed to herself. After these few months, she had already gotten over her apprehension of fucking a man. It's probably her most wanted fantasy. And yet, with no hint of a treaty being signed, she knew she'd probably be left in quarantine for a long while. With nothing better to do, she decided to simply walk out and lie on her bed, planning for another lonely night of pleasuring herself.

From within Sam, the Azeik dutifully recorded its observations. "It has been 153 days since the experiment started," it logged. "Subject still has not tried to escape confinement to mate with a male of its species. Perhaps the 53rd increase in libido will finally urge her to find one."