

FIRST CONTACT

It was the season of storms, when huge clouds of dust blew fiercely across the planet's barren surface. In a shallow crater of parched and splintered rock the small domed building stood defiantly amid a swirling onslaught of sand and grit. The structure was made of iron and its foundations were deeply-rooted in the ground. It stood alone in a vast desert of wasteland and marked the only evidence of life on the entire planet.

Within the building and securely protected from the storm three tall figures stood in conversation around a table of bare steel. They were of humanoid form but their faces were alien and bestial. Their skin was a dull gray, with a rubbery texture, and it was completely hairless. At the sides of their heads their ears were mere holes in the flesh. Their eyes were black and cold and soulless. The front of their skulls tapered to a short muzzle with flaring nostrils and powerful jaws. To human eyes they resembled bald, earless dogs but their legs were straight and they stood upright. Their hands each had three long fingers and a thumb. Their feet were hidden by the long black robes that covered their bodies from neck to heel.

On the table lay a human prisoner: a young, slim woman with short blonde hair and soft blue eyes. She lay on her back in the shape of an X with her wrists and ankles bound to the corners by steel clasps. Her limbs were stretched and splayed, the sinews having been pulled so taut that her joints ached. She had been stripped completely naked. Upon her chest her pert bosom heaved and quivered as she struggled to draw breath. Her ribs were outlined starkly in the pale skin of her flanks while her belly was a flattened hollow between her hip-bones. At the apex of her thighs her feminine parts were lewdly exposed. Above the tight pink slit of her vagina a small triangle of wispy blond hairs gleamed like gold in the light of a lamp hanging down from the domed roof.

A smaller table stood nearby and on it lay an array of metal objects that looked like medical instruments. On a third table stood a box of black iron. It had levers, cables and a flickering computer screen, at which one of the tall gray figures was peering intently. Using special linguistic technology he and his companions were able to speak in English so that the human girl understood the reason for her capture. He spoke in a slow, deep voice that sounded vaguely mechanical to the terrified prisoner.

"The power device is almost ready, Lord Krexu," he observed, pointing at the black box.
"Shall I attach the cables?"

"Not yet, Zarth," said one of the others. "First, we must examine the prisoner closely." Turning to the third figure he picked up a syringe of green liquid and said: "Doctor Morik, you are familiar with human physiology, I hear?"

"Yes, Lord Krexu," the third alien replied. "I once examined a captured freighter-pilot of the Earth species: a strong male of great vigor who endured five hours of inspection before losing consciousness. But this specimen is the first human female I have ever seen. Her anatomy differs significantly from that of our own females, as you can see."

Lord Krexu nodded, twitching his gray muzzle while a strange glint flickered in his cold black eyes. "She has two mounds of flesh upon her upper torso," he observed. "What purpose they serve I cannot guess. Is there no data for this in our medical computers?"

Doctor Morik shook his head. "None at all," he answered. "She is the first human female to be subjected to a detailed examination. It is rumored, however, that Earth is home to many species whose offspring are born alive and writhing. Perhaps the humans share this type of reproduction? My preliminary scan revealed a cavity in this creature's abdomen which might indeed be a birthing sac rather than an egg-chamber."

"We must discover the truth," said Krexu, pressing the syringe to the bound captive's navel. She squirmed frantically, gasping in fear when the needle pricked her bellybutton. Sweat glistened on her naked skin as she tried to twist her slim hips away but her body was stretched so tightly that she could barely move.

"Wait!" said Morik, raising a three-fingered hand. "The strange knot of flesh on her belly is not necessarily an arterial orifice. The endurance potion might be wasted if we inject it there."

Krexu withdrew the syringe of green fluid and gave a frustrated hiss. "Any suggestions, Doctor?" he inquired.

"A softer area of flesh would be a better target," Morik replied. "When I gave endurance potion to the male human prisoner I injected it via the hole in his penis. His genitals looked similar to ours so I knew what I was doing, but this female is more of a puzzle. Maybe Zarth can inspect her genitalia to identify a suitable site for the needle?"

Zarth nodded enthusiastically and leaned over the table to peer between the girl's splayed thighs. Using two long gray fingers he stroked the smooth lips of her vagina before probing the pink flesh within. The helpless blonde writhed in horror and disgust, whimpering at the lewd penetration of her womanhood by a terrifying alien.

"Her flesh is very soft," Zarth remarked. "Quite warm, too, and slightly moist. Her egg-tube feels rather narrow but I reckon it could be stretched by our instruments. I see a hole for the excretion of urine and also a small fleshy stub of unknown function. The stub appears to be extremely sensitive when I prod it with my fingernail."

"Here," said Krexu, handing the syringe to Zarth. "Inject the potion at the root of the stub. Push the needle deeply into her flesh."

The girl screamed in agony as Zarth promptly obeyed the command. The needle drove forcefully into the base of her clitoris, inflicting so much pain that she almost fainted. It remained embedded in her vagina for a full minute, while Zarth slowly injected the strange green liquid into her body. She sobbed and squealed and begged for mercy but her alien tormentors gave no heed to her distress. Only when the syringe was empty did Zarth remove it, but the agonizing pain continued to rack her senses.

"There!" said Krexu, baring his teeth in a cold smile that stretched his dog-like muzzle. "The prisoner will now be able to endure the full rigors of our examination. The potion in her veins will guarantee that she remains conscious throughout the process, regardless of the level of discomfort inflicted by our instruments."

"Yes," said Doctor Morik. "Shall we begin by testing her endurance of a high voltage?"

"A good idea, Doctor," Krexu replied. "I suggest we attach the cables to those mysterious fleshy mounds on her chest. They are unlikely to be especially sensitive or she would have worn a protective garment over them. When my warriors stripped her they found no evidence of armor among her clothes."

"How much power should we divert to the flesh-mounds?" asked Morik.

"The full voltage," said Krexu, reaching down to pinch the Earthgirl's right nipple between his thumb and forefinger. "Attach the cables to these circular protuberances on top of each mound. They seem designed for this very purpose. See! The little pink nodules in each

circle become quite stiff when I squeeze them very hard. The clips on the cable-ends will get a good, firm grip with their sharp metal teeth."

"Clear fluid is trickling from her eyes," said Morik, as he watched a teardrop roll down the prisoner's face. "Some kind of perspiration, perhaps?"

"Make a note of it in the database," said Krexu, reaching towards the black metal box. A blue spark flashed suddenly and violently when he touched the cable-ends together.

"Increase the power-levels, Zarth," he ordered. "I want to see how those rounded mounds respond to a sudden blast of electricity. Turn the controls to maximum."

"As you wish, Lord," said Zarth. "There! The device is at the highest setting."

"Good," said Krexu. "Then let us begin the test."

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