

The Tusk Take Over

The programs were set, the incubators were set off on their mission. Acquire the strongest, healthiest, and most intelligent components, "through sexual relationships and the abilities to change anatomy by shape shifting" from all existing life forms. The job was designed to be straight forward and easy. As the first group of incubators were released from the government power of Tusk, they began their journey into the forest which is known for being the home to all the builders; also, known as the ogres.

Ogres were recognized as the builders, for they had the size of the tallest trees and the strength of over 100 men. They thrived in their communities with the help of their families. As the incubators arrived, they began to take shape. They began to grow as the roots of a tree and expanded as they grew tusks, large arms and legs, and hair as coarse as tree bark itself, down their backs.

In the mist of this change, as they tried to comprehend the sheer mass and components of this world that was unlike anything ever imagined, one incubator was left behind. "F6, you must come now," another incubator exclaimed. "You must change before we are unwelcomed, come it is time to find our prospects." As F6 began to morph, she began, for the first time, to take on not only the physical display of an ogre, but to also feel emotions for the first time. She began to see these creatures as more than a job but rather, as beings.

As the new group of ogres appeared, they were approached by men, women, and children of all sizes, classes, and status. F6, overwhelmed by this scene, noticed one ogre

crouched over the fire. He was laughing. Another concept that was new to F6, as she was programmed to believe all ogres were heartless, and incompetent barbarians. As her stare began to turn into a longing gaze, the ogre by the fire connected eyes and waved her over. Unsure of her next move, F6 quickly deterred her eyes, put her head down, and walked forward.

Approaching the fire, she felt the crisp cold air vanished from her breath and an overwhelming power of heat and acceptance came over her body. Mesmerized by the flame, F6 almost didn't notice the hand holding the intricately carved body decoration extended in front of her. "Hello," a deep, masculine voice at the other end of the hand stated. She looked up and there was the ogre from before. The one she had locked eyes with.

"My name is Roger," he said, "what's yours?" Quickly all of F6 training and programming came flooding back. "My name is Mya," she stated in hopes of making herself more personable. "Nice to meet you," Roger said. He placed the wooden trinket around her neck. "Any ogre is welcomed here, please accept this gift, I've been searching for the most beautiful ogre to give this to." It was spectacular, perhaps the most beautiful thing Mya had ever seen, and the only gift she was ever given.

This was a gift of love and endearment, exactly what she had been coded to receive. This form of **Ovid** was the ogre's way of choosing a life partner. Mya looked around and noticed within this community, gender had no influence. Some of the incubators took on the forms of both men and women; and both men and women were receiving gifts from different genders as their own.

The night continued, but time felt like it stood still as Mya tried to absorb every last moment of her new surroundings and relationships. Mya couldn't help but partake in the activities of drinking, laughing, and singing with Roger and the others. Finally, when all the stories were told, there was no liquor left to sip, and the camp was lit only by the stars in the sky, as the remanence of the fire died down. Roger extended his hand to Mya. She noticed all the other incubators had already gone home with the other ogres. Mya grabbed Rogers hand and followed him back to his home.

It was time. Time for all of Mya's programing to come to fruition and Rogers knew it too. He began by slowly kissing her lips and neck. He grabbed her and pulled her body closer to his. Mya felt nothing. Everything she had been told was wrong. She felt no excitement, no arousal, not even fear. Roger placed her gently on the bed and continued to kiss every inch of her body as she laid motionless in anticipation, waiting to begin her job. Mya could feel Roger press his body into hers, back and forth, back and forth. Several minutes of this passed as Mya blankly stared at the ceiling, wondering if each species she had sex with would be as boring as this. Finally, with one last forceful thrust, Roger had climaxed and Mya's job was complete.

Roger kissed her lightly one last time as if he were saying goodbye for the evening, rolled over and went to sleep. Mya, on the other hand, couldn't sleep. Her body was morphing back into its natural shape so the dissecting of genes could begin. In fear of being seen as her true self, Mya fled from Roger's home. Into the woods, she went where she found the others waiting for her so they could begin to embark on their next destination of the jungle. Unlike the forest and woods of the ogres, the jungle was filled with color, smells, and fairies.

Along the journey to the jungle, Mya noticed the other incubators discarding their hand made trinkets and gifts. Mya was beginning to feel a sense of guilt and sadness for the ogres who were unknowingly used. Left to be forgotten, and one day killed off by the new creation which would be made with pieces of them. As Mya crouched down to pick up the unwanted gifts left behind she exclaimed to the others, "This doesn't feel right!" This comment took the group by surprise as they were not supposed to feel any forms of right and wrong. "F6, catch up with the others, leave these items, and keep your feelings to yourself. We were not made to decide what is right and wrong; our job is to go into these communities, take the genes that make them so, and leave. If you're going to question this, you might as well stay in their shape, and die off like the rest of them."

Unclear of her position or what her next move should be, F6 put her head down, stood up and followed the group further into the jungle. As the sun began to rise, the flowers began to bloom along the trail. Some of the flowers already unveiled became small bassinets for what appeared to be infant fairies breathing in light and air for the first time. "It's time," stated the ring leader, F1. "Change now before the fairies' wake." After her last shift, Mya proceeded with caution to help gain more control over her physical being and state of mind. She began to feel light through her toes as she started to float over the ground. Mya also became aware of truly hearing everything around her for the first time. Her ears grew longer. The rustle of the air through the leaves created a crisp sense of smell which was heightened as the wafting aromas flooded the breeze. These new senses were miraculous! Unlike the ogres who take from the earth and build on top of it, the attributes of these fairies were becoming one with the earth.

Mya loved this feeling of connection to the earth, but became curious as to where the rest of the fairies were.

As the incubators began to disperse, there was a new noise of rustling coming from above. Without hesitation, Mya began to float up to the tree branches. There it was, the world of all things technological. Even the tree houses gleamed with flashing lights and buttons. It became clear to Mya as she looked around, she needed a task too busy before any of the others realized she didn't belong.

The fairies floated from task to task so quickly, it felt like if you blinked you would miss something. Mya began to feel overwhelmed, as she didn't know where to even begin. But, before she could retreat she bumped into a man whose hands were filled with books, wires, papers, and anything else he could hold. "Oomph," The man exclaimed, while trying to keep his pile balanced. "Get out of the way, this is vital work I've got here!" "May I help you?" Mya said as she had no other ideas of how to fit in. The man behind the pile scoffed and said, "If you can't keep up, you're done, now let's go!"

Mya was so excited to follow the man and began to understand how things in this world were created. For the fairies, looks were meaningless, but a beautiful mind was your most prized possession. Understanding a sapiosexual **pragma** was a new endeavor for Mya. This was the first time she had ever heard of sex through the mind. A relationship lacking love and passion, but rather, a relationship of mutual benefit.

"Come on now, make yourself useful and clear the desk," the man said. Mya began to look over all the prints, books, and designs on the desk hoping to retain some of what she saw,

so she could sound smart enough for the man. "My name is Mya," she said while uncovering the desk, "what is yours?" Still hidden behind a mountain of books a quiet voice says, "I'm Ricky." Longing for more; Mya began by asking questions regarding the project. It was then Ricky emerged from behind the clutter. He was a small young man who seemed awkward and uncomfortable with Mya's presence but gleamed with excitement to tell her of his new and enriching plans.

As the day turned into night, the combination of minds lit up the tree house! "Would you like to continue this discussion at my place?" Ricky asked. Without hesitation, Mya excitedly accepted the offer. She felt so empowered by her ideas and that her opinions finally mattered.

"Please take a seat Mya, I want to explore your mind further." It was time yet again for Mya to explore the enriching wonders of sex, except this time there would be no intimate touching like there was with Roger. Instead, Ricky placed an elaborate head dress on top of Mya's long, vibrant, red, beaded head. Unsure of what to do, Mya followed Ricky's lead. He then placed a large, elaborate piece on top of his head and took a seat next to her. Ricky laid his head back as if opening his soul to the room. As Mya, mimicked Ricky's actions, the head pieces began to twinkle with lights. Their minds were becoming one in front of them. Mya was about to see Ricky for his widely intricate mind as he explored her wondering and questioning thoughts. The two began to breath heavily as their most intimate and venerable minds combined. Again, Mya felt nothing. She was not aroused, excited, or fearful, rather she became more curious as to just how long this would take.

Several moments passed when all of a sudden both head dressed dimmed. As they removed the pieces a small seed appeared between them. That small seed was all Mya needed to carry out her job. All the genes she needed to retrieve were placed in front of her. "I'll find the perfect place to plant our seed," Mya said. Ricky, full of excitement, agreed to let her go and find the best spot in hopes that she would return again soon.

Shortly after returning to the ground, the shape shifting began again. Surrounded by the other incubators, time was of the essence. "We must go now," remarked F1. "We need to get to our final prospects home before the new day begins." Reluctantly, Mya followed the group again, this time to the land of the sea, also known as Valen.

The air was crisp and had a taste of salt on Mya's lips. They had arrived to the shore of Valen. "Ok everyone," F1 said, "this is our last job. Get in and out just as you have with the others. We will meet here again once the genes have been received." For the last time, Mya began to change. She grew beautiful long legs with fins at the end. Her body covered by coral, creatures, and gems, as she walked through the shallow cold water. This felt safe, this felt natural for this felt like home. As she began to submerge into the dark waters lit by the moon, Mya heard a noise. It vibrated through the water and encompassed her whole being.

Quickly, Mya swam as fast as she could in hopes of finding where this music of love was coming from. And then, all alone in the empty space of darkness SHE appeared. The most beautiful creature Mya had ever seen. Feelings of lust, excitement, arousal, fear, and passion flooded over her. It was a woman with beautiful olive skin, breasts exposed through strands of her long shimmering silver hair, and a voice that rang like bells from the gods. She was the one

that made Mya feel all that she had been told she would feel. Excitement, arousal and love. It was then that the two locked eyes for the first time and created a sense of being, and purpose for Mya.