

First chapter

Pain. That was the first sensation. It flashed for but a moment but it was certainly memorable. Next came nausea, hot flashes, then cold flashes. Finally awareness came to him as the beep of a heart monitor came through the haze. The weight of an elephant was keeping his eyes shut. The haze was starting to lift, though, and with it his eyelids slowly rose. Darkness veiled the room but the outlines were still visible. The dim screen of the monitor was reading out boring information and he could just make out an automatic drip machine. Suddenly it cycled and darkness claimed him once again.

He didn't know how long he was out but the sun was starting to peek in through the window. The haze was lighter this time and dissipating quickly. A glance around told him he was alone and the room was silent aside from the heart monitor's steady beep. Strange cloth covered half of his face and draped over parts of his limbs. It was easier to move now and he pulled off the strange cloth.

Moving around made a certain body part of his pull. A quick glance confirmed that they had catheterized him. That was not something he wanted to deal with at the moment. A pull, tug, and a cringe later and the dreaded device was free. With the tube gone, a sudden and fierce urge struck him and his priority changed to number one. Sam slid out of the bed and grabbed the rack holding bags of fluids. Having those pull out of his arm did not sound like a good idea for the moment. Why they were there, he was unsure of, though.

Pulling the gown aside, Sam sat down and reflected on the past 24 hours to figure out what was going on. He had been out with friends, taking care of their sound equipment while they performed in a bar. They weren't very good but when you're playing songs the group of drunks, it didn't matter. As per California rules, they didn't shut down the bar until almost 2AM. Not that bad of a deal unless you'd been up since 4AM and had a rough day at work. Clean up took another two hours since he had to do the job himself; the band had gotten completely wasted by the end of their show and could hardly stand, let alone handle thousand dollar equipment. The band members had to go home to their respective loved ones and Sam hauled the equipment to the singer's house for storage. By 5AM he was finally on his way home when he slowed down in a dense patch of fog. Sam almost stood up mid stream when he remembered getting in the accident. He was rammed from behind by a truck. Shaken but not stirred,

he had gotten out to make sure the truck driver had been okay since both vehicles took some good damage. That was the last he could remember. That and a bright flash of light.

That bright flash of light confused Sam. What had happened that caused that? The only thing he could think of was an explosion but at that range he should be dead or at least severely injured. Last he checked there were just a few sore spots on his body. Oddly enough he actually looked a little thinner than he had before. Ok so he wasn't thin by a long shot. He was actually quite obese. But fat and happy was fine with him. Better to enjoy that Twinkie than suffer trying to lose the weight. No one would agree with him though.

Sam realized he'd been sitting there thinking for a while and was still going a steady stream. It was unnerving. How full had his bladder been? Finally after a solid six minutes his stream tapered off. Suddenly he felt more exhausted than any time in his life. His eyes started to close but he forced them open and stood up. He was wobbly on his feet and started to lean over on a couple occasions and it was only five feet to his bed. He crawled into the bed face down but couldn't keep his eyes open long enough to turn over. He promptly passed back into the oblivion he had woken from not long ago. A few minutes later a nurse came in to check on him only to be thoroughly confused by him being face down and with his catheter out. She called for help to flip him back over and get him situated since she was never going to be able to move the 450 pound man herself.

The next time Sam woke up, the same beep of the heart monitor was going off but it was like waking from a restful sleep rather than a drugged hell. Everything felt light and airy though. He wasn't sure if it was drugs or he'd been out long enough to be completely thrown off balance. His eyes opened to a bright room and daylight outside through the window. A glance around showed it was still the same room he was in before which meant he couldn't have been there that long. A nurse walked in and jumped when she noticed Sam looking around. Before Sam could even get a word in she had run out and started calling for the doctor.

"Well that was weird." Sam clapped his hands over his mouth, aghast at what he had heard. Was that really his voice? He sounded like a girl! He tested his voice a

little to see if it was a fluke but his voice was high pitched. In fact even his hands were small now! In a panic he ripped off the bed sheets and saw a tiny body in place where his used to be. Tiny! Where did his weight go? Why did he have boobs?! Ok to be fair they're still smaller than they were when he was fat but that's besides the point.

Before he could continue his examination the doctor walked in with a couple nurses behind him, "awake at last I see! How are you feeling?"

"Don't start with me! What the hell happened?! I'm skinny, I sound like a girl, actually," he flipped the hospital gown over not caring who was in the room, "I am a girl!! Explain!!"

"Ok first, we don't know. From what we've been told you should be dead, not a girl. That explosion was bad enough but the chemicals on that truck are supposedly classified. The FBI wouldn't tell me what they were. As it is, you're also under investigation in regards to the "send them home" act of 1991."

"Whoa whoa whoa! I'm being investigated as an alien? This is bull crap!"

"Sorry sir.... ma'am? Anyways, I'm just letting you know. We would love to hold you for testing but that is up to you."

"Testing? You want to hold me like some lab rat?! What do I look like, a rabbit?"

"Whoa whoa, calm down. It was just a question. You are free to leave. We already couldn't find anything wrong with you and you've been off sedatives for a while now. The truck agency paid for everything medical wise but would like to have you out of the hospital ASAP."

"I really don't want to stay here. I hate hospitals. Where are my clothes?"

"Actually all of your clothes were completely destroyed. You've been here a week. Technically you should have been dead. You had 5 broken ribs, three shattered vertebrae, broken arm, broken leg, multiple fractures in your skull, a concussion, and serious burns from both chemical and fire. Like I said, you should have been dead, if not bedridden for the rest of your life. Just yesterday I pulled out the stitches that had

covered the lacerations from flying debris. I also took X-rays and every broken bone was healed, if not reshaped to fit your current physique.”

“You’re kidding... right?”

“No. Would you like to see the records?”

“Oh, no. No no no. I’d rather just take your word as is. This is freaky enough.”

“Do you think you could walk?”

Sam immediately sat up and swung his legs over the side of the bed, hopping to his feet before the nurse could reach him to steady him, “what? I have a brown belt in jiu jitsu. I know when my body is too frail to get up.”

The doctor just cringed, “warn us next time! I guess you probably want to leave soon, right? I’ll see what we can arrange as far as clothes.”

“Thank you. Oh and one request. Seeing as how I’m no longer the same gender. Could you make a video with me for my phone so I can show people that I’m not stealing my identity?”

“That’s... actually a good idea given the circumstances. Sure.”

A nurse helped them record the video as well as take a couple selfies since Sam was a bit of a celebrity in the ward. How often do you meet someone who changes gender without surgery? The hospital supplied a set of scrubs so he could go home but he had to go commando and still didn’t have shoes. He at least had money in his account and could shop for new clothes. Speaking of, he was going to have to call an Uber to get home and go shopping. Small problem but at least he had his phone and wallet on him.

The trip home was uneventful and neither was the trip to Kohl’s. Once inside the store, however, he noticed a problem. He couldn’t wear guys clothes any more. Well, he COULD but he shouldn’t if he wanted to blend in, and blending in is exactly what he wanted to do right now, especially with the government eye on him. He was 30 years

old, he shouldn't be having this problem right now. That is only something that young kids go through. Progeny of aliens and humans.

Picking out some clothes was easy enough. Tshirts, jeans, socks, and a wind-breaker. Then came the hard part: underwear. Sam really didn't want to wear panties but he knew they were designed to fit around his new and lack thereof junk. And everything had to be in pastel or white! Why couldn't girls wear blue or green. The only darker colors were thongs and that was not going to fly with him.

With a sigh he picked up the pack of bikini cuts and headed towards bras. That was when Sam knew he was screwed. He didn't know his dimensions. That was when his luck went up and dropped at the same time.

"Hey there kiddo. Looking for your first bra?"

The very obviously gay attendant thankfully had a tape measure around his neck but thought Sam was just a kid. What a drag.

"Something like that. I don't know my size."

"Not a problem! Let's set down your stack right here and lift your arms so I can measure."

Sam handed off his stack of clothes and raised an eyebrow at the attendants slight struggle to handle it but kept it to himself. Lifting his arms, he allowed the attendant to get his measurements. And he was not impressed.

"Looks like you're a 32 A. Don't worry sweetie you'll fill out eventually."

Sam grumbled to himself as the attendant walked away to help other customers and picked a couple nude colored bras from the rack. Jeez he was tiny! A mere 32 and an A? He knew he was tiny but not that bad. "Wait, why do I even care about my size?!"

Slightly mortified about his line of thought he headed to the checkout to head home. Thankfully he had enough cash on him to cover the wardrobe so he didn't have to bother with credit cards and showing his ID. That just would not have gone well. Crisis

averted thanks to paper money though. Now just to wait for the uber to come take him home.

Sam opened the door to his apartment cautiously. It's been a week since he's been home. The air smelled old and stale. He locked the door behind him, dumped the clothes on the couch, and quickly did a sweep of his place. Everything was where he left it and nothing looked disturbed. With a little peace of mind, Sam started working on a little peace of spirit. In each of the three rooms he lit sandalwood incense, breathing in the smoke as they started. He felt tension leaving his body as he relaxed into the smell. His couch was inviting him in so he plopped down into the cushions next to the clothes for a rest. He sat there for a few minutes before there was a knock at his door.

Begrudgingly he got up to check the door. An unknown woman was standing there with an irritated expression. She pulled back to knock on the door again so Sam opened the door before she could, "can I help you?"

Looking a little out of sorts, she straightened her jacket before addressing Sam, "uh, hi. I'm looking for Sam Pedersen. I am told this is his apartment?"

"You're looking at him. So what do you need?"

"Oh. According to your file, I was expecting someone a little... more? And male."

"Yeah well, shit happens. Again, what do you want?"

"Alright, well, I'm Agent Woodrow with the FBI. I'm here to initiate an extraterrestrial investigation into you. Seeing as how you no longer look like you did a week ago according to your photos from the band performance, I can assume that you are not human. There will be an extraction team sent in soon to take you where you need to go."

"Whoa whoa whoa! Just like that you are going to strip me away from my life? I'm human! I've been human my whole life! My parents are human, and I even have the video of my birth! There has to be some mistake!"

"Nope. No mistaking. That chemical you were exposed to kills humans. Dissolves them really. So again. You are being investigated. If you play nice and don't attract too

much attention to yourself, we can allow you to say goodbye to your friends and such before you go.”

“This is such bullshit!” Sam punched the door frame, splintering the wood. Surprised by his own strength, he gawked at the spot his fist was imprinted into the frame. The agent started backing away, “I’m going to need backup at my location. Individual being assessed is enhanced, I repeat, they are enhanced!”

“Wait! No no no. hold on. Just... just give me a couple weeks to set my affairs in order. I need to tell everyone something. Just.... I’ll be good, I promise.”

Agent Woodrow paused, seeing the crestfallen look on Sam. She lifted her collar and spoke into it, “cancel that backup.” She took a deep breath and looked at Sam gravely, “we can give you three weeks. After that we are coming to get you. Try to stay under the radar or we cut that short. We take this very seriously but we understand that this is hard on people. We will keep in touch.”

Agent Woodrow walked away, speaking into her collar again about allowing “last goodbyes”. Sam walked tiredly back to his spot on the couch. Three weeks. He had three weeks left then who knows what was going to happen. Flopping down, he figured a nap before tackling his problems was in order.