Intergalactic Invitation

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

I have always been interested in aliens. Have you heard of the Fermi Paradox? It postulates that with all the known stars, and the probability that life exists on other planets around those stars, and that some life will have advanced to our stage of development or beyond given the short time frames of technological advancement, then why do we see no evidence of extraterrestrial life? It just does not make any sense.

I always thought that extraterrestrial life must be real and they must know we are here and be concealing themselves from us. That makes more sense than to believe that we are alone in the universe, given the likelihood calculated by this guy Fermi. Aliens must be here or have been here in the recent past. They must be watching us, like creatures in a zoo, from their undetected vantage points in space or in other dimensions right here on Earth. They must be.

There are a whole bunch of people online talking about the same thing. Where are the aliens? We all knew that they are observing us according to the principles of scientific knowledge - collecting data and trying to understand our biology and our cultures. We were all talking about all his amongst ourselves – people interested in understanding alien life forms that are present here. But how can we talk to them? Nobody knew. Nobody except Steve Starr.

Okay, so his surname was one he adopted. He said that our family names tie us to the past and tie us to this planet. His new name was to show that he lives in the universe. He said he took the name Steve for the same reason, but I don’t know what he means by that. He said we need to sever ties that hold us down. We need to look forward and up. We need to be ready to leave. We need to experience a new world. We need to emigrate to Pymadooka.

He told us that he had been in touch with the Pyma people from the planet Pymadooka. Our internet is nothing to them. They know it all. For some reason they picked Steve from all of us who were chattering, to be their spokesperson. He said that they have their reasons.

People have doubts when somebody says that, so to prove it he said that we could communicate with them directly, as he had done. We could ask three questions and they would judge us by the questions we asked. If they were good questions then they would be answered and the Pyma would consider taking us to their planet.

All that was required to be allowed direct access to them to ask the questions was to join Steve’s group and pay a joining fee. It was not a small amount, but Steve gave me and some others enough information about Pymadooka to persuade us to join.

He called his group HEP – Humans Emigrating to Pymadooka. Steve said that made us “Hep Cats”, but I did not really understand. He is an older guy and some things about him were weird, but he was the mouthpiece of the Pyma so I guess you overlook those things.

I wanted to be clever so my three questions were: (1) Is there life after death (because I was curious); (2) Is there a pattern to prime numbers (because I knew nobody knew); and (3) Is Pymadooka’s star visible from earth (because I knew that everything is visible if you can see far enough). I was not going to ask a flippant question like what the lotto numbers are because surely that would rule me out.

Steve took me around to his place put me online with his alien friends. I posed my questions and they said that they were happy to give me the answers.

The answers were: (1) No – life is biology and thought ceases on death; (2) Yes, there is a pattern, but it only becomes clear after 117th decimal; (3) No, because Pymadooka is in another dimension where it escaped the forthcoming destruction of our universe.

The first two answers seemed right to me, (1) because it made sense to anybody who was scientific and (2) because mathematics is hard to understand and I did not understand that. But the last answer was disturbing. Our universe was doomed.

Steve said: “Look, they are not telling us when it will happen, but they are saying that reproduction on earth is a waste of time. I guess that means it might be sooner than we think. What they are saying is that if we go to their planet, we can have a life and a future. I am going. I don’t know about you guys but when the ship comes, I am getting on it, and I am out of here.”

To be honest I was not really thinking about reproduction. I had sex every now and again but not with that in mind – the opposite really. But to be told that this is the end of the line is upsetting, to say the least.

“So, what do we need to do to get on this ship with you,” I said. I was actually wondering if maybe my sister might be able to get on board. I was closer to her than anybody else in my family, so I felt like asking for her too.

“Pymadooka needs the weaker sex but not women,” said Steve. That seemed to make no sense. “I will need to explain to you something about Pyma society. But you need to keep this secret.”

I would have got on a spaceship just out of curiosity or a lust for adventure, but now I had survival on my mind too. So, I sat down with a bunch of other guys to learn all about Pymadooka from Steve and to learn how I could get a place on their ship.

“Women on Pymadooka are solely for reproduction,” explain Steve. Males are humanoid just like us, but women have become also shapeless receptacles for receiving DNA from males, and it does not have to come in the form of sperm. In fact, Pyma semen is basically sterile. Sex is purely for pleasure. And they enjoy sex on Pymadooka.”

“Well, that sounds Okay,” I said. “But sex with a shapeless receptacle doesn’t sound too hot!”

“That would be right,” he said. “And that is why the males of Pymadooka need special women. Women who know all about sex from their perspective. Women who were once men.”

“So, are you telling me that these aliens are trolling the universe looking for T-girls?” I have to say that I was ready to accept almost anything, but this seemed a step too far.

“You have to understand that genetic women are treated as no more than a biological culture to develop and nurture embryos,” he said. That seemed to rule out my sister joining us. “Pyma males and immigrant humanoids both contribute to the gene pool without need of sperm, using the available eggs from the suspended females. So, they are interested in a wider gene pool. They want quality genes first and foremost – good health and intelligence, and attractive appearance, such as yourself.”

I said that Steve was a bit weird, but I could handle it, but there were moments like that when he looked you up and down and it was almost like he was looking through you. It was creepy.

“So, what do they expect of me?” I said. “Surely they are not expecting me to chop my own cock off?”

“Good God no,” he said. “They have the technology to do that. All they want is for you to prepare yourself to enter Pyma society in the form of a female. We all need to do that. You would be joining me and a few other volunteers who are going down the same path.”

“Hang on a minute, so you want me to dress up in women’s clothing – so do drag or something?”

“If you are not going to take this seriously then I will have to rule you out,” said Steve sternly. “This is about joining a new society in a female role, and learning it from the ground up. Do you want to be a part of this or not?”

You have to understand that I accepted this whole thing. I was curious and excited about being a part of a select few and exploring a new world, and now I was terrified of what would happen if I stayed on Planet Earth. There was only one answer – I was in – all in.

We had a year to get ready, me and Steve and 3 other guys.

Steve (or Steffie as ‘she’ now liked to be called) had arranged drugs for all of us to take. These were to block male hormones and introduce female hormones into our bodies, by injection and by epidermal patches on our chests and thighs, where we would be wearing brassieres and restraining underpants. We could start with this without letting anybody know, but it was not long before we needed to disclose that we were going to start looking very different.

“You all have to tell your families and workplaces that you are transgender,” said Steffie, who had started before us and was leading the way by now presenting as female full time. “You need to say that you have always felt female deep down, as if you were born into a body of the wrong sex. You need to explain that you can no longer bear living as a man and that you are transitioning to living as a woman.”

I had left my family behind so I didn’t bother telling them, but I told my boss and he said that their “gender inclusive” policy would ensure that my employer would support me, and I could use the unisex washroom in reception. It all seemed very easy. Even some of the women in the office who had never spoken to me took me out after my first day at work in “gender-neutral” clothes to welcome me to womanhood.

But Steffi said that we need to move away from neuter clothing as soon as we felt confident. She arranged for us to attend some courses on “how to present as female” and to go to a spa for facial and body hair removal, and to have the hair we would be keeping colored and styled.

It all seemed to be a bit of a whirlwind, but in fact it took months. I remember that everybody was getting excited, including Steffie, when they started to get a little bit of swelling on their chests. But the fact is that when they proudly showed me what they had I felt embarrassed to reveal that I already had a pair of fairly sizable breasts.

I suppose that I had the advantage of having more hair on my head than the others too, or at least it seemed to grow faster than theirs. And my whiskers never seemed to come back the way theirs did, and the shape of my body seemed to fit the female ideal a little better.

“Why is it that you are so naturally pretty,” one of the “girls” said, like it was a complaint.

It was not that I was doing anything different from all the others, it was just that I had the shape and I naturally seemed to acquire all the feminine gestures in a way that they didn’t – at least, not easily.

I suppose that the worst thing was that when the five of us went out together after work to work on our presentation and interaction skills, I used to get hit on by guys and the others didn’t. On one occasion we were out at a bar and a guy said to me, within the hearing of my whole team – “What’s a girl like you doing hanging around with all these trannies?” I was so embarrassed for all of them, but I didn’t know what to say to him. I just turned away.

I am not a fool so I started to realize that I was no longer part of the team. I guess they were envious of the ease with which I had transitioned, even though I think that made me more committed to encouraging them in what they were doing. We all wanted to be accepted as passengers on the ship that would take us to Pymadooka, and I hoped that my success might help us all.

Steffi said that the day was getting close, and we all got very excited.

Then one day I woke up and had my shower, styled my hair and did my makeup, put on some nice underwear and a pretty dress and headed into work, waiting for a call from Steffie but nothing came. I tried calling her and I got the “this number is no longer in service” message. I tried calling all the others and I got the same message. After work I went around to Steffie’s place and it was empty, yet everything was there. I knew where the others lived so I went to each place in turn, becoming increasingly desperate. I asked around, looking for them, but nobody could tell me anything.

In every place there was no indication that they had packed for a trip – it was just like they had all just walked out to go shopping, with just a handbag, phone and wallet. Even when after a fitful night I went back to each place and found it was the same. Only if they had been taken away to Pymadooka would that make any sense. Who would leave everything behind unless you were headed to a new world where none of that mattered?

Have you heard of the story of the Pied Piper? The mystery man freed a village of rats and then when the village didn’t pay the agreed price he came and took all their children away. All except one – a lame kid who could not keep up and he missed out. I used to think that I was that kid. I would look up at the sky and wonder why I was left behind. I would think about all those guys who became girls living on Pymadooka and having sex, while I stayed on Earth awaiting it’s destruction.

I suppose that that the thought of sex on Pymadooka was why I started having sex as a woman. I mean I still had my male genitals but I knew from all of the advice during my transition to living as a woman how I could receive sex, and I just thought that I needed to be close to somebody.

I met this guy called Perry. I ran into him at the planetarium where I started going regulary, thinking about where I should be. We got to talking about astronomy. He seemed intelligent and really nice and I just liked talking to him. When he asked me out on a date I said yes. I ended up telling him the whole story about Pymadooka and how I had come to live as a sort of female creature.

He was shocked to hear that I was not a real woman because he said that he had never dated anybody as pretty as I was. I have to say that I cried a bit, probably because I was still taking the hormones and stuff, but also because I could sense his disappointment and that made me sad. Anyway, he offered to cuddle me which he said was always the cure for tears, and he was right. He made me feel good. He still does.

I told him that I figured that I was next in line if Steve now Steffie Starr ever came back. Then I would be ready and maybe he could get himself sorted out to be ready to join us. But Perry said that he would rather die with the rest of humanity than change gender and live on an alien world. He suggested that maybe I should consider that future too, even if it meant dying together.

He also suggested that I consider whether this Steve Starr might have been just a transgender con artist who wanted company through his transition and got jealous when I succeeded where he fell short. But how does that explain the total disappearance of 4 people. Even now no trace of them has been found. The police looked into it and it is a total mystery.

Anyway, Perry says that he wants us to stay together. He started to suggest that maybe I should have the operation done to make me female downstairs. He said that I would be ready for Pymadooka but until that happened, we could live like a man and a woman in this doomed universe. I said that I was worried that the surgery might not be as good as what I would get on Pymadooka, but he took me to see some specialists and it all seemed doable. He said that he would pay for nothing but the best.

I agreed because I know that he loves me and I guess I love him back. It took a while to heal but ever since we have been having so much fun having sex and me being his woman.

I have started to worry about being separated from Perry if Steve/Steffie returns, and I have reminded him that if he wants to come with me he will have to become a transwoman like me. He just laughs and holds me close. It reminds me that if life on Earth is about to end, we should sure as hell enjoy it while it lasts. Like I said – he makes me feel good.

The End

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