

Sam Kaminski

Containment Unit Manager

for the

Bureau for the Unilateral Testing, Training, and Housing of Otherworldly Lewd Entities

A Choose-Your-Own Story by Bo Blackstar

Sam grunted as she was slammed against the pristine metal wall, her monstrous adversary holding her with its forearm across her neck and its sinuous body pressed against hers. The creature was jet black from head to toe, humanoid except for the slug-like lower body in place of legs. Its bald head had no eyes and a wide mouth, which it opened with a hiss. It leaned in, drool spattering down and quickly soaking Sam's green tank top and black sports bra.

Gritting her teeth, Sam wriggled for space while reaching a hand to the back of her belt, straining to get hold of her backup pistol. The creature seemed to grin, and a long tongue extended from its wide maw. The pale pink organ traced a line of hot saliva across Sam's neck. At the same time, more tongues emerged from the extra orifices in the creature's palms and began sliding across the woman's arm and beneath her shirt.

Sam shuddered, then issued a curse at her employer. She was distracted imagining the horrible and wonderful things those inhuman tongues could do to her. The urge to just surrender and let it happen was hard to resist. Sam told herself this was entirely because of the arousal-inducing pheromones her boss kept pumping through the facility's air systems for "important" reasons. In any case, they made her job much harder than it needed to be.

Thankfully, Sam was very good at her job. With a final arch of her back she pulled her pistol free and pressed it into the creature's midsection. She blasted it with several of the specialized stun rounds, driving the thing back. It howled in pain and collapsed to the ground in a slimy heap. Sam took a deep breath, which unfortunately drew in more of the tainted air and gave her a pang of lust. Shaking it off, she quickly slapped her adaptive restraints onto the creature, which formed themselves into a perfect seal around its wrists. She bitched to herself about the lack of lethal options for the umpteenth time as she dragged the creature back to its enclosure and sealed it in.

“Miss Kaminski?” a flat, feminine voice chimed over the intercom. “Is everything under control?”

“Yeah Doc,” Sam answered, wiping monster saliva off of herself.

A magnetic door slid open in one of the far walls, and janitorial robots zipped out to start cleaning up the area, nozzles and brushes whirring. Kaminski watched them with pursed lips, once more wondering why the Bureau couldn’t get her security robots.

“Don’t suppose you plan to actually fix the power fluctuation issue this time?” Sam asked. “Or maybe hire some more people to handle containment?”

“I have hired several,” the doctor retorted.

“I mean *competent* ones, who might actually last awhile before quitting or becoming experiments?”

“You are handling your position sufficiently. I will attempt to address your concerns over the stability of the power grid. Again. I do not believe you understand the complexity of this facility’s systems.”

Kaminski waved her hand dismissively. “Yeah yeah, whatever you say Doc. If you need me, I’ll be in the shower.”

There was a pause before the doctor chimed in again. “Are you certain you will be returning directly to your quarters? I imagine you could do with relieving some... stress.”

Sam stepped into the elevator and hesitated. There were a lot of buttons. Most of them led to floors where dozens of creatures like the one she’d just recaptured were housed. That was the whole point of the HOLE, the Housing for Otherworldly Lewd Entities, key facility for the Bureau.

The Bureau. That was a laugh. The Bureau for the Unilateral Testing, Training, and Housing of Otherworldly Lewd Entities. That was the “organization” she worked for, on paper. As far as Sam could tell the only member of the Bureau was the good doctor, and the only sentient employee was herself. Just her. Her and a whole subterranean tower of horny beasts in every shape and size imaginable. Sam knew from experience that some subjects were quite... pleasant.

This wasn’t the first time the doctor had encouraged her to go fuck one of the subjects, but Sam was feeling particularly obstinate at the moment.

“No, I’m good,” Sam answered, and hit the button for Level One.

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In the shower, Sam panted under the hot jets of water. Her short, sandy brown hair clung to her face and neck. One hand supported her against the tile wall, while the other worked furiously between her legs. Fingers pumping and palm rubbing, she kept her eyes closed and thought of those monstrous tongues caressing every inch of her, tasting her and plunging into her. Her need rising, she slid to her knees and bucked against her own hand. The feel of the warm rivulets of water trailing down her body added to the fantasy, and she felt the tightening in her core, building... building...

Everything went pitch black. The background hum of the massive facility spun down to silence.

“Are you fucking kidding me?” Sam spat.

A moment later the power whirred back to life, but only the red emergency lights came on. Sam hesitated for a minute, then snapped off the water and started toweling herself dry. She was pulling on a fresh pair of panties when the walkie-talkie on her dresser crackled.

“Miss Kaminski?” the doctor’s voice came through. Sam noted the mild edge of urgency in her tone.

Sam picked up the walkie. “Kaminski here. What the fuck happened? Over.”

“I was attempting modifications to the power grid. There was... an unintended consequence.”

“Yeah, no shit,” Sam responded. “How bad is it? Over.”

“Several systems will require manual, local reboots to be brought back online. Including containment on levels three through seven.”

“Jesus fuck,” Sam cursed to herself, and hauled on her brown tactical pants.

The walkie crackled again. “Elevators are down as well,” the doctor reported. “I would appreciate an expedient extraction.”

Sam furrowed her brow and picked up the walkie again. “Extraction? Where are you, Doc? Over.”

“I am in the lab on Level Seven,” the doctor responded, and this time Sam could hear a heavy banging on metal in the background. “The Z-72 subjects are out of containment.”

Sam’s blood ran cold. “Doc, can you get out of there? Over.”

“I am afraid that the facility has been put on automatic lockdown. All alternative means of traversing the levels have been sealed. I am barricaded safely for the moment, however... Miss Kaminski, the matter is somewhat urgent. Please get here as quickly as possible.”

Sam pulled at her hair. “I don’t suppose the fucking pheromones have stopped? Over.”

There was a long pause before the doctor replied. “Ventilation systems are operating as normal.”

“Of course they are,” Sam grumbled to herself before lifting the walkie again. “Hang tight, Doc. I’m gonna have to make my way to you one level at a time. Do what you can to discourage them or hide yourself. Just don’t do anything stupid. Over and out.”

Sam pulled on a fresh sports bra, tank top, and her boots. In the emergency lighting she equipped herself with her pistol, stun baton, restraints, custom MP5, and as many stun rounds as she could carry. With the walkie on her hip just in case, she headed for the stairs.

The HOLE was designed so that each set of stairs between levels was separated, and on opposite sides of the level in alternation. In order to get to the next staircase, she would have to cross a level entirely. It was going to be a slog, especially when she hit the levels with containment failure.

Still aching with unfulfilled need, Sam stood at the entrance to Level Three and chambered a round in the SMG.

“Time to go to work.”

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First Encounter: Blugs

[bloodless violence, shorties, con, non-con, slapping, hair pulling, gangbang, multiple penetration, threat of discovery, soft bad end, losing self in lust]

The heavy door to Level Three slid open, and Sam lifted her MP5 in preparation. The only illumination was the red emergency lights, casting the whole area in a dim and eerie glow. Giving the room a quick scan, Sam saw only rows of databanks full of blinking LEDs. No movement. No sound. She waited a moment longer, then entered the room with a cautious gait. There was a definite urge to move quickly, but Sam knew better than to run around carelessly while the subjects were on the loose. One misstep and she was likely to end up pinned against a databank and fucked senseless by some monstrosity.

A thrill ran up Sam's spine at the thought. The constant presence of the pheromones in the air was bad enough on a normal day, but she'd been *so close* in the shower before this latest crisis interrupted her. The tough specialist took a slow breath to refocus and moved on. She swept her SMG first left, then right at each intersection of the huge databanks and kept moving, balancing caution and urgency.

At the other end of the room, Sam punched the keypad and opened the door to the next area. Several rows of laboratory stations waited, all solid top to bottom to accommodate storage space. Some were set up with chemistry equipment, some with advanced microscopes, and others laid out as dissection tables. The room was bathed in dim, red light, save for the left wall. That wall was almost entirely taken up by thick glass. On the other side was a moss-covered, rocky environment full of small caves and tunnels. The designation "NSE-31" was stenciled onto the large doorway of the enclosure, which was wide open.

Sam quickly ducked behind the nearest station. She had spotted them before they'd seen her. Uneven footfalls headed toward the door she'd just come in from, and she moved around to another table to avoid being spotted. The door closed before the

specimens reached it, and they seemed to stare at the entryway in confusion for a minute. Peeking around and over her hiding place, Sam got a good look at them all.

Subjects NSE-31, also known as “blugs.” There were about a dozen of them throughout the lab. Roughly three feet tall, with hairless humanoid bodies in asymmetric proportions. Their pinkish-purple skin was bizarrely smooth, like plastic. Their hands, feet, and heads were proportionately large, and those weren’t the only things. The blugs had surprisingly big dicks, all hanging free and half-hard as they milled about the room poking at the equipment or fighting over tools in gibbering squawks.

Sam considered her options. Ideally, she could get the little goblins back into their enclosure. If not, she would just have to deal with them again on the way back with the doctor, which would be both a pain and a risk. She could just blast away at them with her stun ammo, but she was outnumbered and the little beasts weren’t helpless. They had a limited shapeshifting ability that could make their hands or other extremities swell to enormous size, and getting punched by a watermelon-sized fist sounded like a bad time. They weren’t terribly smart, however. She could just try to sneak by and leave them as a problem for the future.

A shudder ran through Sam, and she licked her lips. She caught herself staring at one of the blug’s cocks, imagining what it would be like to have it inside her. Could they swell those, too? There was another option for dealing with the creatures, she realized. Most of the subjects became docile after getting off. Could she handle a dozen, though? It would be risky. Sam cursed herself for letting the idea of being overwhelmed by blug cock get her even more worked up.

Gritting her teeth, Sam tried to shake her head clear. Sitting here wasn’t going to solve anything. It was time to act.

[\[Subdue the Blugs by Force\]](#)

[\[Sneak Past the Blugs\]](#)

[\[Fuck the Blugs into Docility\]](#)

Shoot the Bug

Sam shook away her pheromone-amplified hesitation and pulled the trigger. A burst of stun rounds caught the lone bug in the chest, knocking it to its back and making it go limp.

All at once the room filled with squawks of alarm and anger. Sam rose and turned toward the oncoming group. She hadn't made as much distance as she would have preferred, so she continued to back toward the wall as she fired. Controlled bursts from her SMG stung at the enraged blugs, putting a few down and merely hobbling others. They rushed at her in a stooped sprint, making them hard to target around the lab stations.

A few of the creatures came around the corners of stations on either side of her, and Sam found herself pressed. She turned one way to unload on the nearest little monsters, but before she put them down her legs were taken out from behind. She kicked and whipped out her baton with her left hand, swiping and rolling away from the blugs while firing the last of her MP5's magazine one-handed. She drove them back enough to rise to one knee, then dropped the SMG and went for her pistol.

Before she could grab it, one of the blugs jumped on top of the station behind her. Its hands swelled to over a foot long, with girth to match, as it brought them around in a powerful clap to either side of Sam's head. The specialist reeled, her head spinning as she stumbled to her side. Then they were all over her, grabbing and wrestling her as she fought, pinning her down, pulling her hair, striking her in the head and slapping her face. The small creatures' big hands grabbed at her tank top and pulled until they ripped both it and her sports bra off, her breasts spilling free atop a heaving chest. She continued to struggle as they contended with her belt, finally tearing her pants down to her ankles.

Pinned and helpless, Sam screamed as thick fingers were shoved into her shamefully wet pussy. While that bug pumped away at her, others explored the rest of their thrashing prize. Her breasts were squeezed, her nipples tweaked and suckled on.

They gripped her ample backside and prodded curiously at her asshole. Others simply stroked and petted her when not holding her still, one seeming to take a special interest in her toned thighs. Sam bit back a whimper, tightening up and trying to deny how strongly her trembling body was responding. The pumping fingers in her pussy felt like heaven after the day she'd had, and she desperately wanted more in spite of her predicament. She thrashed less and writhed more, struggling to keep up the will to resist.

The fingers were pulled out of her, and Sam watched with wide eyes as a despicable little bug positioned itself between her legs. She screamed again and kicked harder, flailing wildly in their grasp. The bugs responded with more rough slaps to her face, midsection, and thighs. They bore their combined weight on her, keeping her pinned until the first bug could ram his thick cock into her steamy cunt. Sam's scream trailed off into a moan, and her resistance faded to half-hearted straining as the three-foot monster started to thrust. It hit her deep, and Sam went dizzy from how good it felt to be filled. Her eyes lost focus, her mouth open in fevered panting. She still squirmed, pulling and pushing at the grasp of the gathered bugs, but when a cock was pushed past her lips Sam accepted it into her mouth with a defeated moan.

Spit roasted on bug dick, Sam arched and contorted under the pawing hands and slurping mouths of the gathered gang. She winced when one of them started to roughly roll her stiff nipple between its blunted teeth. It caused her to jerk and momentarily choke on the smooth cock pushing into her mouth. She tried to pull away, but the bug swelled its hands to fully encompass her head in a tight grip and forced its girth into her throat. Sam fought against the choking violation, but there was no escaping the grasp of the bugs. She forced herself to calm and accept the face fucking to keep from gagging, stealing breaths through her nose whenever possible. After that it was easy enough to take, and with lungs still full of aphrodisiac, her body sang at the blessed stimulation.

A whole new kind of blissful torment was forced upon Sam when she felt the cock plundering her pussy start to swell. It throbbed and grew within her, straining the limits of her elasticity. Sam wailed over the dick in her throat and bucked in the bugs' grip, her eyes wide and her hands balled into tight fists at the stretching sensation. With another great tremble, the swollen bug cock gushed its gooey payload into the

restrained woman's depths. She could feel the liquid warmth spreading inside her and filling her beyond capacity. There was a rush of spunk when the spent blug pulled out and stumbled away. Before Sam could take even a moment to recover, another of the little wretches took its place and picked up right where the last one had left off.

Sam's inevitable climax was a brutal and thundering thing. Combined with the limited access to air, it was enough to drown her senses in darkness and shunt her from consciousness. She came to, hacking up cum. During her blackout she had been shifted. She was now on her hands and knees, legs spread wide as she straddled a blug that worked its cock around inside her from below. The pants that had been around her ankles were gone. They only gave her enough time for one gasping breath before another of the dozen blugs grabbed her head in its over-large hands and filled her throat once more. She tried to push away at it, but the gathered mob continued to hold her arms and render her struggles utterly ineffectual.

The exhausted specialist was just starting to calm herself back into a comfortable rhythm when a new assault began. A blug grabbed her by the hips, and with mindless urgency started pressing its hard cock into her backside. Sam screamed and choked over the dick in her throat while the latest blug forced its way into her unprepared asshole one forceful inch at a time. Her thrashing was met with a new round of rough slaps and tightened grips, the blugs beneath and in front of her never slowing in their violations. Tears streamed down her face by the time the blug bottomed out in her butt, and that was just the beginning. It fucked her ass with animalistic determination, seemingly only spurred on by the difficulty of the penetration. When this one thickened before cumming, Sam blacked out again.

Sam faded in and out under the depredations of the blug mob. The next ones to take her cum-filled ass had an easier time, but every one of her violators made sure to swell themselves inside her to maximize their pleasure and push her limits. Every hole was pumped full of blug spunk until it oozed from her, smearing her toned body with a slick sheen. There were so many that by the time the last ones had their turn, the first were ready for round two or three. Over the hours Sam fought less and less, her abuse and shameful orgasms leaving her spent and incoherent.

Eventually the blugs dragged the ragged woman back into their enclosure, to the small tunnels and caves. They found the perfect spot to wedge her in, trapping her in place such that blugs on one side could access her ass and pussy, while blugs on the other side could still ravage her throat. Sam was theirs, the whimpering fuckpuppet of the blugs, for as long as she would last.

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Bad End

[\[Back to Encounter Start\]](#)

Subdue the Blugs by Force

Sam eyed the little monsters from behind her cover, and made her call. She swept out and fired on the three by the door first. Controlled bursts pelted the unprepared blugs with stun rounds until they dropped. A squawking cry of alarm filled the room, and the rest of the batch started to rush at their attacker. They ran between the stations in a hunched gait, their large hands nearly dragging on the ground. Some hopped onto the stations and took the high road in a screeching fury.

The ones on the stations were the next to get put down. Sam moved around the perimeter of the room while firing, making short work of the few blugs that made targets of themselves. She popped a couple that got into the same aisle as her, each taking a couple bursts from the SMG before they fell. The remaining goblin-things were closing in fast from around the cover of the lab tables.

One surprised Sam by vaulting up onto the dissection table right beside her and throwing itself at her in a blind tackle. She lit it up, but the now-unconscious blug crashed into her and knocked her against the wall. It took Sam a moment to right herself, and by then she was facing three of the creatures in close range. The nearest caught a face full of stun rounds just as it was rearing back for a swipe. The next swung an arm at her legs, and as the blow traveled the blug's arm and hand suddenly swelled in size until its palm was the size of its own torso. The unexpectedly heavy impact took Sam's legs out from under her. Moving quick, Sam rolled to her back and emptied her clip into the nearest blug that tried to pile on top of her. By then the last of them had arrived, and she was on the ground facing off against four of the three-foot monsters.

One of the blugs grabbed Sam by the ankle and pulled her toward itself, raising and enlarging its fist for a heavy hammerblow. Sam rolled out of the way of the smash, drawing her pistol in the same motion. She put two rounds into the side of the blug's head, and it collapsed. The other three came in. Sam popped a couple rounds into the face of the one angling for a two-fisted slam, letting the other two throw themselves on

top of her in a grapple. In their frantic grabbing, one of the blug's pressed its big hand right against Sam's aching cunt, causing her to moan in shock and want.

Focusing through the distraction, Sam easily out-wrestled the first clumsy monster and blasted two stun rounds into its temple, delivering the same to the final blug a moment later.

Taking a minute to catch her breath, Sam squirmed in frustration under the unconscious bodies of the two blugs. The weight on top of her felt good, and her body was screaming for release. It took her a bit to calm herself down, but she knew she didn't have long. After reloading her weapons, she dragged all of the slumped subjects back into their enclosure and flipped the manual reset breaker, sealing them back in their habitat.

Sam did one more check on her equipment and the enclosure lock, then steeled herself and moved on to the next section of the level.

* * *

Continue

Sneak Past the Blugs

After a moment's thought, Sam decided it was best not to engage such a large group so early. She thought she had plenty of ammo, but it was always best to conserve when possible. After another quick survey of the area from her hiding place, Sam moved quietly from one station to the next and started making her way across the room. She picked her spots carefully, listening for the blugs' movements and guttural interactions. Her heart beat faster as she got halfway across the room and realized that if she was discovered now, she would be in a bad spot for a group engagement. Another peek, another silent dash. More squawks from nearby. Sam decided to take a quick detour and move toward the side of the room, hoping to get further from the biggest concentration of them even if it took her longer to reach the exit.

Making distance at a tense, deliberate pace, Sam ducked around the next lab station and pulled up short. She stifled a gasp as she came face to face with a lone blug who had been lounging in her intended hiding spot. The three-foot creature sat up and stared at her with just as much surprise.

Sam lifted her MP5, cringing at the thought of letting out a shot and giving herself away. She hesitated, and then couldn't help but notice the blug's cock swell and stiffen as it blinked at her. Her mouth watered at the sight, her sex giving a pang of desire. It was risky, but maybe there was a way to get past the creature without alerting the others.

[\[Shoot the Bug\]](#)

[\[Blow the Bug\]](#)

Fuck the Blugs into Docility

Sam took a deep breath. Her sex ached with need and anticipation. There were two things she wanted to avoid: needing to get past the blugs twice, and wasting all her ammo getting past them once. Thinking about it, she realized that one option stood out as the best.

Working quickly but deliberately, Sam set her weapons on the table she was hiding behind. She removed her boots and socks. Then her pants and panties, baring her toned legs and firm posterior. Finally, she stripped off her tank top and sports bra, leaving her tits hanging free and her fit physique fully exposed. She placed all her things into a neat pile on the table, then stood up. It was time to get this going.

Sam strode from behind cover and toward the largest cluster of the blugs. They squawked and jumped into a defensive position, but she just kept approaching. Seeming confused, the three-foot creatures took half-steps back, but their cocks twitched and swelled at the sight of the naked woman. Sam's breath quickened. She could hardly believe she was really doing this, but it was too late to back out now. The sight of all of them throbbing in anticipation sent a shiver up her spine.

Once in their midst, Sam sank to her knees and beckoned them closer, her mouth watering. Their apprehension evaporated by her welcoming gesture, the blugs crowded around the specialist with eager curiosity. The group proceeded to prod and grope at Sam's athletic body, much to her delight. She made a mental note to remember how good it felt to be surrounded, and to possibly look into getting a gangbang going in her off time. For now, she reached with both hands to grip two engorged bug dicks and start to stroke them. She savored the feel of them pulsing warmly against her palms, the sensation of being felt up by a dozen hands, the way she could hardly see anything past the crowd, and the odd, musky scent of so many of the creatures in close proximity.

Sam pulled one of the blugs closer and leaned down, giving its rod a quick lick before opening wide and doing her best to swallow it deeply. Once she worked into a comfortable rhythm bobbing her head up and down, her hands returned to their

stroking and pumping. She did her best to spread the love, moving her mouth and hands from cock to cock among the murmuring bunch of blugs. At first she was methodical, planning her moves and measuring time, but as it continued she started to get swept away. Some of the misshapen goblins squeezed and suckled at her tits, while others massaged her thighs or reached in to pluck at her slick pussy. Sam found herself totally lost, letting the blugs dictate where her attentions went as they squabbled jealously over her deft hands and soft lips. She didn't much care anymore who got what, as long as she was getting all the dick she possibly could.

One enterprising bug got on the floor and scooted beneath Sam. It gripped her hips and mashed its face into her crotch, driving its thick tongue up into her. Sam moaned and arched her back, and immediately began to roll her hips into the wonderful oral attention. The bug's tongue was large and irregular, with bumps here and there across its muscular surface. Sam could feel every contour as it swirled and pumped within her. It pushed far deeper than she would have expected, filling her out every bit as much as a cock might. Then she let out another long, high-pitched moan as the tongue swelled inside her tight channel, stuffing her completely. The bug kept thrashing its tongue inside her, the enlarging ability of the creature assuring that it could reach every last crevice and sensitive spot.

Sam found herself distracted from her own work, especially a few minutes later when they repositioned around her and a second bug pushed its hot, slimy tongue into her ass. The two blugs crammed her holes full of wriggling, swelling tongue, while Sam sucked and stroked at their fellows. She was getting dizzy, and soon felt the building tightness in her core.

Pulling her face away from fellating for a moment, Sam sucked in a huge breath. She flopped to her side, dislodging herself from the blugs, and quickly rolled onto her back. She pulled her legs up and apart, rubbing her clit and groping at herself with a desperate need.

"Come on, fuck me!" she barked at them.

One bug was faster than the others, and positioned itself between Sam's legs in a second flat. With no preamble, the creature hunched up and then hilted itself in her with

a single, urgent thrust. Sam cried out and let her head fall back, the room spinning with the satisfaction of being thusly filled. The blug set to a needy pace right away, slamming itself into the specialist with a bestial speed and fervor.

The gathered group wasn't about to remain idle. They crowded around, insistently drawing her hands to their cocks, rubbing their dicks against her soft flesh, or just stroking themselves nearby. Her mouth was filled again, now with the blug setting the depth and pace, but Sam hardly minded. She was finally getting properly fucked, and she surrendered to it eagerly. Her legs closed around the blug plundering her pussy, her back arched, and her toes curled as a wave of quaking pulses took hold. Sam moaned through her orgasm, and it seemed to spur on the blugs even more. A minute later, she felt the blug inside her spasm, and a liquid heat oozed into her cunt. She smiled around the dick in her mouth as the spent critter pulled away.

One down, she thought. Mm, and so many more to go...

Before the next blug could mount her, Sam rose and pushed one onto its back. She straddled the small monster and sank down onto its cock with a drawn-out hiss. While she proceeded to grind herself on the supine blug, another pulled her forward onto her hands and knees. Once she was there, monster cock was once more shoved down her throat. Even better, it didn't take long at all before an enterprising blug got up behind her and pressed its cockhead into her puckered backdoor. It took a little doing, but the tongue action earlier had her well prepared. Sam's head spun and her clit sang as her last hole was claimed.

The blugs sawed into her with mindless enthusiasm, apparently seeing no reason to try and draw anything out. Her mouth was filled with spunk, the portion she didn't gulp down instead dribbling from her chin. The creature beneath her blew its load, and was replaced in an awkward shuffle while the one pounding her ass refused to slow. Those who couldn't get direct access rubbed their needy cocks against Sam's sides, thighs, and feet; anywhere they could get at her. She lost count of how many of them had cum after her second orgasm sent her crashing against the edge of coherent thought.

Sam found herself on her back atop a blug who was grinding itself up into her taugt little asshole. Another was between her legs, bucking into her cunt with abandon. Her

head was tilted back, another bug holding her head still while it fucked her face with an expression of ecstasy. Another was atop her, holding fast to her breasts while it thrust its cock between them. Any coordination for her had gone out the window, so instead of waiting for her to stroke them properly a couple of bugs had simply wrapped her fingers around their cocks and were doing the pumping themselves. Overwhelmed, Sam squirmed among the seemingly endless crowd of goblinoids. She arched her back and lifted her legs for a different angle, her feet bouncing helplessly out above the pile.

After the eighth change of position, Sam's grasp on time and space started to slip. One moment she was screaming through another bone-shaking climax, and the next she was face-down with her ass propped up for another bug to hammer without regard for her pleasure or participation. Larger periods of blackness filled her memory, soreness and exhaustion taking its toll but always leaving her enough to coo and moan at every new grip or penetration. Just when things might have started to get mundane, the bugs used their expansion abilities to stretch Sam to her limits, and then expand those limits in a titanic feat of elasticity. She screamed, cried, and laughed in the ceaseless cavalcade of carnal need.

Sam woke up. She pushed herself up onto one shoulder and looked around. Eyes bleary, she took several large breaths. The room reeked of sex, and at the edge there was the very subtle, floral tang of the omnipresent aphrodisiacs. Several bugs were slumped around her, asleep or merely collapsed. Sam licked her lips and tasted their cum. She shuddered and licked again. Forcing herself up onto her hands and knees, the specialist took a minute to steady herself. One of the bugs nearby was leaned up against a lab station. It roused from sleep with a large yawn, and scratched its belly. Upon seeing Sam, it grinned and started to stroke its half-hard cock.

Sam crawled toward it, eyes set on her prize. There was no introduction or foreplay before she lowered her mouth over the stiffening cock and started to suck hungrily. From its taste she could tell it had been inside her earlier.

A bit more, Sam thought. No harm in that.

Another bug, seeing the action starting again, stepped up behind Sam and set straight to stuffing her cunt once more. Sam cooed and let her shoulders drop, panting for a moment before going back to her wanton slurping.

Yeah, fuck the doctor. Fuck everything. It's so good here. So good...

Soon the rest of the bugs recovered, and Sam once more found herself at the center of a gangbang fueled by raw, animalistic lust. Both casually and urgently, they took her time and time again, and the fuck-addled specialist welcomed every one with a moan and a deep breath of aphrodisiac-filled air, until she lost the capacity to even think of anything else.

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Bad End

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Blow the Blug

She couldn't help it. Sam told herself this was the best way to keep from being ganged up on. Without another second of hesitation, she set her weapon down and reached out to grip the growing cock of the lone blug. The creature blinked in surprise but didn't protest as she started to stroke it. She crawled closer, her eyes focused on the stiffening tool of the little monster. She got both hands on it, squeezing and caressing the smooth cock to full hardness while the blug burred its quiet approval.

Sam shuddered, leaning in. Her head felt heavy. She was salivating. She told herself again that this was a tactical decision, but deep down she knew the truth: she wanted this. Closing her eyes, Sam lowered her head and took the tip of the blug's cock into her mouth. She swirled her tongue around it, tasting the oddly plasticky flesh. The blug took in a sharp breath and then let it out slow when she started to bob her head in its lap. She kept one hand working around the base of the inhuman cock. The other she jammed into her pants, fingering her sodden slit furiously. Sam's eyes fluttered as she took the creature deeper with every bob of her head, quickly working up to a full swallow. She kept her gag reflex in check, her lips pressed into the blug's hairless crotch, and held there for as long as she could stand it while humping against her hand.

The lone blug let its head lean back, its mouth open in a soft, gurgling moan of approval. Its moans were getting louder. Sam heard a noise from the other blugs, and realized she needed a way to keep her loner quiet while she finished him off. Moving quickly, but taking care not to startle it, Sam pulled her mouth away and pushed the creature flat onto its back. She undid her belt and buttons with one hand while continuing to stroke the creature, then yanked her pants and underwear down to her ankles. The blug was confused, but compliant as she moved herself over it and sat her drooling pussy right onto its face.

With the blug well silenced, Sam returned to her work with more eagerness than she was willing to admit. The angle was a little more awkward, but she didn't let that stop

her. Her hands worked the shaft while her head bobbed up and down. Her tongue traced hungry lines along the blug's cock whenever she took a break from swallowing it.

The work got harder to concentrate on, however. The blug was not idle underneath her. It gripped her ass and craned its neck to force its face up into her, at first lapping with its bulbous tongue and then pushing it into her folds. Sam had to swallow her moans and gasps as the fleshy organ swirled inside her, dragging along every sensitive spot and questing deeper. She was taking a breath with the blug's dick held against her face when the creature's tongue started to swell. It warped and expanded in Sam's cunt, filling her out and lightly stretching as it continued to plunge in and out as if the blug were dying of thirst. Sam bit back a scream and returned to her ministrations, gobbling the monster's cock with a new fervor. A little peep of a moan would make it out now and then, from both her and the enthusiastic goblinoid. Sam could still hear the rest of the blugs milling about not twenty feet away, and she doubled her efforts to get this done before she was discovered.

Sam's biggest obstacle was her own distracting pleasure. The blug had begun to thrust up into her mouth, its own need growing, but Sam was getting there just as quickly. She fumbled and shuddered, finding it a monumental task to stay focused on what she was doing and remain silent at the same time. The blug's engorged tongue twisted and flicked at the very depths of her, and Sam was pushed over the edge. She arched, legs quaking, and choked her scream down to a hoarse little squeak. It was the most tight-wound climax of her life, but she made it through.

Then, unable to help herself, she gasped at the next flick of the tongue.

Sam froze. It hasn't been a loud sound, but it had surely been noticeable. She heard footfalls nearby, slowly approaching. She forced herself to be absolutely quiet, but the blug beneath her wasn't going to cooperate. It kept up its tongue action in her sensitive channel, and started to impatiently thrust its hips and give little grunts now that she'd stopped. Cursing herself, Sam resumed her urgent blowjob, but she also picked up her pistol and held it at the ready. She was as quiet as she could be, barely moving except to keep the blug under her docile. The footsteps approached, but in a seemingly aimless

way. The creature nearby wasn't sure what it had heard, or exactly where it had come from.

Sam worked her mouth over a big blug dick. The footsteps got closer. Sam raised her gun. The tongue inside her pumped and curled. The footsteps wandered to one side. The gun shook in her grasp. The specialist pumped more urgently at the blug's shaft with her free hand. With a sudden spasm, the stiff cock gushed a wash a silky spunk into Sam's throat. Sam gagged once, forcing herself to be silent, and after a reflexing gulp she pulled away. She kept stroking, squeezing her thighs around the blug's head to muffle its moans even more. Cum shot over her chin, down her neck, and ran into the valley of her tits before the little creature was finished.

Nearby, the footsteps stopped. Sam raised her gun again. After a minute, the steps resumed and headed back to the larger group. Sam let herself collapse for a moment onto the exhausted blug to catch her breath. She soon dismounted, pulled her pants back into place, and continued her stealthy trek through the rest of the room. The blug she left behind simply laid there with a pleased grin, scratching its belly and dozing a bit.

A few minutes later, Sam finally made it to the exit door. She sprang up, hit the door open panel, then rushed through and closed it behind her before the blugs could realize what had just happened.

Between this room and the next was a decontamination chamber. She quickly washed, then some proprietary technology dried her body and clothes in a few seconds. It didn't do great things to her hair, but that wasn't much of a concern at the moment. It was time to continue through the levels toward the doctor. Sam just hoped the next subjects she encountered would be as simple to deal with.

* * *

[Continue](#)

Second Encounter: Infested Human

[parasite, rape, four-armed sex, girl-on-infested-girl, oral sex, tit fucking, anilingus, parasite pseudo-dick, anal penetration, womb penetration, infestation/corruption]

Proceeding deeper into the facility, Kaminski passed through a short corridor and found herself in a specimen growth chamber. A dozen huge tubes held odd specimens in various stages of development, suspended within different mixtures of nutrient fluids. These rooms always gave Sam the creeps. She made her way through with haste and unease. This was essentially a room where the doctor dropped biological matter into the vats just to see what would grow, but Sam always felt like the eclectic collection of organic masses were watching her. Some were just fungal blobs, but with odd features that could have been mistaken for faces. Some were clearly a developing creature of some sort, hanging unconscious in the nutrient fluid, twitching now and then. One of the tubes had been almost completely overgrown by a viny plant of some kind with large ochre bulbs.

Sam thought she saw movement from a tube to her left, and spun on her heels to raise her SMG at it. In the tube was a green, egg-like thing covered in thick, dark veins around lighter-colored bulges. It did nothing but bob slightly in the suspension fluid, and after a minute Sam shook her head and hurried out of the room.

The next chamber was relatively small. Only a few tables set up with analysis equipment and a desk in the corner with a computer for... logging data, Sam assumed. The lack of staff once again tugged at the security officer's mind. This place was huge, but the doctor seemed to run it by herself. Had it always been like this? If there used to be more people working here, what happened to them? In Sam's limited experience with other personnel, people didn't last. For one reason or another.

Besides a door to a restroom, there was one other key feature. Another specimen chamber along one wall. This one was primarily smooth, pastel blue surfaces and soft curves. Off to one side was a small pool, and there was a little hallway that led into a back section. Hung from the ceiling were “specimen stimulation structures,” which were essentially little toys for them to play with to pass the time for slightly more intelligent specimens. The doorway to the specimen chamber was, of course, wide open. And standing in it was the specimen itself.

Sam took in a sharp breath. The specimen was humanoid, mostly. Androgynous and, Sam had to admit, unearthly beautiful. Tall and proportionately slim, it had long limbs and a slightly elongated neck. Its skin was alabaster white with bright red markings that looked like formless tattoos, and it was completely hairless. It had four arms that, like the rest of it, showed off impressive muscle definition. It supported itself on two fit legs, and between them hung a cock that was impressive without being intimidating. It looked at Kaminski with pale eyes and smiled with its hauntingly attractive face. It beckoned too her with one hand, and its cock rose to perfect attention.

With a shudder, Sam realized she was nearly drooling. The specimen was what an angel would look like if angels were supposed to be hot; otherworldly but in the best way. She couldn't remember this one's name, but it had always seemed friendly from the other side of the glass. It would smile and wave at her as she passed. Now, standing in the open doorway to its chamber, it seemed perfectly personable. Not making attempts to flee or attacking, or even showing any fear. It was just inviting. And enticing. Very enticing.

Kaminski swallowed hard and considered. The creature wasn't hostile, yet, so there was no need for her guns. She figured she could just walk up, push it back a little into the chamber, and then seal the door. Just put her hand against its perfectly toned chest, feel the heat of its body, run her fingers across its skin, and...

Her heart thumped in her chest. Surely there wasn't any danger here, she told herself. What would be the harm in a little break? A quick indulgence with something beautiful, instead of the nasty blugs or whatever thing would try to get at her next. The doctor would be fine for a little while, right?

[Lock the specimen up and move on]

[Have some fun before moving on]

Have Some Fun Before Moving On

Sam was aching for attention, and the beautiful creature standing in the doorway and beckoning her over was too tempting. She walked toward the specimen with a nervous grin and open arms. The two met in a heedless embrace, Sam's arms wrapping around the specimen's lithely muscular back as they slowly eased into the enclosure. He leaned down to kiss her at the same time all four of his hands reached to hold her. The lower hands gripped her hips, then one began to snake under her top as the other reached lower to give her generous backside a hefty squeeze. One of his upper hands held her close, while the other brushed her cheek before winding into her sandy hair to emphasize their kiss. The kiss was furtive and excited, the two different species tasting and testing each other with smirking nips and little flicks of their tongues.

Kaminski deepened the kiss as their exploratory groping steadily increased in intensity. She put her hands behind his hairless head and pulled him in hard, mashing their lips together and inviting his odd blue tongue into her mouth. The brush of his long-fingered hand against her breast through the material of her shirt was a clear sign to the specialist that the time for clothes had long since passed.

Breaking away, Sam turned to face the smooth wall of glass and quickly placed her weapons down before tearing her tank top off and dropping it on them. Her hands were on her belt when the specimen reached around to cup her breasts. She gasped as he played with them, bouncing and squeezing, soon discovering and toying with her pert nipples. Sam's hands fumbled with her belt as one of his hands gently turned her head up and back so that they could kiss again, his firm body pressed against her from behind.

One hand caressed her cheek and neck while they kissed. Two more fondled her tits, and the fourth moved around her toned belly and curvy hips. He pulled at her pants while she struggled with the belt and fastenings. When those were finally undone and she dropped her pants to her knees, the fourth hand knew exactly where to go. Long, strong fingers caressed the length of her slit before two pushed their way into her slick

channel. Sam moaned against the specimen's lips, quaking in his embrace. She struggled to find something to do with her own hands, at first just reaching up to grip an arm or shoulder while this gorgeous creature worked her over. At last she reached back and took hold of his cock, pumping at it the best she could with the odd angle.

The specimen shuddered at her touch, and she grinned into their deep kiss. She was going to make this thing moan just as much as she was. That was the plan, anyway. It was difficult to do her best work with their height difference, and she kept being distracted by the depth and intensity of his fingers between her legs. Still, she had him panting and trembling well enough as she gave herself to his attentions.

After a good long while, his hands repositioned. His lower hands gripped her hips, his upper hands tucked under her arms, and Sam gasped as she was lifted into the air. She kicked her feet, her pants still stuck around her ankles and hung awkwardly off her boots. That annoyance took a back seat once again when she felt herself lowered, and then felt the press of the beautiful creature's perfect cock into her pussy. It was hot and hard, and Sam swooned for a moment as he started moving inside her.

The specimen held her close against his narrow, muscular chest and ground his hips upward while softly bouncing her on his dick. His hands were on her breasts against, rubbing her stiff nipples between his long fingers. The lower pair were under her thighs, holding her easily with their svelte strength. They kissed again, Sam sucking greedily on his black tongue while one of her arms reached up and behind his pale, bald head. She closed her eyes, giving in to the physical feel of it all, and distantly wishing she could get her damned pants all the way off.

Distractions aside, Sam didn't hold out long. She lowered her free hand to her throbbing clit and rubbed furiously, feeling herself on the rise. Seeming to sense her urgency, the specimen increased the tempo but thankfully kept a steady rhythm afterward. Kaminski broke the kiss and let out a guttural scream as her pleasure peaked. Her partner held her trembling form aloft as she groaned and whimpered through it, dousing his cock with her bliss.

Sam caught her breath, and urged the specimen to put her down. He complied, and she immediately rolled to her back. She tugged furiously until she finally got her pants

over one boot. Not bothering to disentangle them from the other, she spread her legs and beckoned the angelic specimen back to her. He approached like a snake, white skin and red markings swaying hypnotically, until finally settling over her and pushing back into place with a breathless sigh. He fucked her evenly at first, then urgently. Sam cooed and encouraged him to go harder if he wanted to. Two hands pushed her knees up toward her chest, two more gripping her tits as the specimen fucked her with all he had. Sam moaned loud, her boots bouncing clumsily from the deep, rapid thrusts, until the specimen finally groaned to the ceiling. His hips bucked a few more times, and Sam felt the throb in his cock followed by the warm flood of sticky spunk inside her.

They laid together and kissed awhile, until responsibility nagged at Sam's mind. She picked up her things, leaving the specimen grinning and resting. She hurriedly cleaned herself up in the nearby bathroom, and slapped her face a few times to get the stupid smirk off of it. There was no shortage of very serious danger ahead of her, whatever pleasantness she might manage to find along the way. It was hard to frown with the beautiful creature once more standing in the doorway and smiling at her, however.

* * *

Moving On

Moving On

Sam needed to get going. She pushed the lovely specimen back into his chamber and sealed him in. If he was upset, it didn't show. After a deep breath, Sam tried to set her mind back to the task at hand: making her way to her imperiled employer.

Heading into the next room, Kaminski spared a frown at the non-functional elevator along one wall. She didn't even know where the reset mechanisms for that were. Other than the elevator, it was a vacant chamber. She paused at the next door, raising her SMG and deciding to forgo trigger discipline for a moment. If she was where she thought she was, there was something extra dangerous nearby.

After a push to the opening panel, the door slid open with a soft hiss. Sam immediately slipped in at a crouch, weapon ready. She checked her corners and moved further in. The room was fully illuminated, which either meant that this room's systems had reset themselves, or someone else already had. Sam made her way toward a small room set into the far corner, listening carefully.

There were voices coming from the small room. One was the feminine, robotic voice used by most of the facility's interactive systems.

"Systems lockdown in effect. Weapons cache sealed," said the synthetic voice.

"Clearance code Norris-8495-Bravo," responded a second voice, this one still feminine but with a strange, gruff subtone beneath it, as if two voices were speaking at once.

"Voice ID recognized," the robot voice confirmed. "Security clearances revoked. Access denied."

Sam heard the slamming of a hard impact against metal as she got close.

"Emergency override Epsilon-7691-Red," the double-voice hissed.

"Invalid override. Access denied. Please contact Containment Unit Manager."

There was a lot more slamming as the dual-voice screamed. “You dumb AI piece of trash! Give me a fucking gun goddammit!”

Sam tensed. Guilt and regret flashed by. She chased those thoughts away, reminding herself of the immediate danger nearby. With another deep breath, she swept up and raised her SMG into position, stepping in front of the doorway to the weapons cache. The escaped subject was already facing her; tensed, naked, and ready for a fight.

“Hey there, Boss,” she said, her tone dripping malice.

Sarah Norris, former security agent. During a transport accident, she had been infested by a large parasitic organism, and had to be contained for study and safety. Sarah’s freckled skin had dark lines where her black blood showed in her veins. Besides that, she seemed perfectly human. Medium-length red hair. A cute, round face. Muscular shoulders and arms. A rack that had at one point made Sam a little jealous. A toned figure down to her legs. Sam could see fluid running down her thighs from the apparently constant state of arousal Sarah lived in now. Also, now that Kaminski was looking closely, there were odd undulations around Sarah’s abdomen now and then, with one running up into her neck.

Sam forced herself to breathe. She’d always liked Sarah. Had found her to be competent, agreeable, and hot as hell. Looking now, Sam had to remind herself that this wasn’t Sarah anymore. Not completely at least. There was something hungry and dangerous inside her.

“How you been?” Sarah asked with a wicked grin. “Comfortable? I bet it beats living in a *fucking cell!*”

Sarah took a menacing step forward, and Sam’s finger readied on the trigger. It was time to make a call. Was she going to shoot, or find another way out of this that didn’t involve violence against her old coworker?

[Shoot Her!]

[Talk to Her]

[Kiss the Girl]

Shoot Her!

No use talking. Sarah wasn't Sarah anymore. Sam blasted with her with an opening salvo from her weapon. The stun bullets pounded Sarah's soft skin with force, but the stunning effect seemed to be dulled. The infested woman ducked to one side, then to the other faster than a normal person could have, closing the distance between her and Sam frighteningly fast.

Sam backed away as she fired in more controlled bursts, trying to land her shots center-mass but mostly managing grazing shots. Sarah dove to try and take Sam to the ground, but the specialist was ready. Sam spun out of the way and dove onto the infested woman's back, pinning her down. She let her weapon hang by its strap and began scrambling to get control of Sarah's arms, but the other woman was also trained and had the advantage of superhuman strength and agility. Even still, Sam used her position and managed to get one of Sarah's arms pinned behind her back. She was about to secure the second when something wrapped around her neck from behind.

It was thick and slimy, warm, and veiny, and it yanked with surprising force. Sam choked as she was ripped off the infested woman. She grasped at the sturdy, purplish tendril to relieve the pressure around her throat. As Sarah got up and loomed over her, Sam could see that the unnatural appendage came from between Sarah's legs; an extension of the parasite within. Sarah jumped on top of Kaminski and started grabbing at her arms, trying to pull them away and pin them. She grinned down at the security specialist and licked her lips with a thick, dark blue tongue. Then she opened her mouth and another bruise-colored tendril extended out and down toward Sam's face.

Sam was struggling against the choking and the hold of Sarah's parasite-enhanced strength. The mouth tendril loomed lower, sliding along Sam's face and over her tightly-pursed lips. In a sudden shift, Sarah shifted her attention from trying to pin Sam's arms to prying her jaw open. Sam tried to pry the hands away from her face, but the constant, painful squeeze of the choking tendril begged her attention and made it difficult to coordinate her movements. Her vision started to darken, her lungs burning, and in a move of desperation she reached for her pistol. Pulling it free of its holster, Sam stuck

the barrel into Sarah's midsection and pulled the trigger several times. The infested woman's body jerked, and she winced, but the stunning effect seemed almost entirely lost.

Worse, without both hands available to resist, Sam's jaw was pried open and the mouth tendril shot in and down her throat. Sam's eyes widened and she cried out, kicking furiously beneath her former subordinate. The thing tasted weirdly sweet and herbal as it slid across her tongue. She dropped the gun and brought both hands up to shove away at Sarah while clenching her throat and biting down with all her strength to keep the thing from getting deeper. Sarah's eyes glistened with sadistic glee and what appeared to be very pronounced arousal. The tendril pumped and pushed, trying to force its way fully down Sam's throat, and the specialist didn't want to think about what might happen if it succeeded.

Sam lungs still ached for air, and in a last-ditch effort she reached for her pistol again. This time she didn't aim at Sarah. Instead she pushed the barrel into the thick tendril coming out of Sarah's nethers and fired. The effect was instantaneous. Sarah shuddered and frost, her assault halted. Sam fired again and again, emptying her magazine into the exposed parasitic flesh. Sarah choked and thrashed and fell away, her mouth tendril pulling free from Sam's throat with a nauseating slurp. By the time Sam's pistol was empty, Sarah was left twitching and dazed on the floor, the tendrils weakly starting to draw themselves back into her body.

After wiping her mouth, Sam quickly dragged Sarah into her containment chamber. It was made up like a sparse apartment. She put the infested woman on the bed, then sealed her in. Kaminski took a minute to wipe parasite slime off of herself and catch her breath. She accessed the weapon's cache Sarah had been trying to get into to refill her ammo stores, then pressed on thinking about how nice it would be to have her ex-employee at her side for the rest of this shit show.

* * *

Continue On

Talk to Her

Sam's finger tightened on the trigger, but froze before she squeezed enough to fire. She just didn't want to do it like this. The infested woman took another step toward her, muscles coiled to pounce.

"Sarah," Sam said, sighing sadly. She lowered her weapon and put up a hand. "Take it easy. I don't want to hurt you. I know you're... sharing room with the parasite now, but Sarah is still in there. Just calm down. Let's talk."

Sarah's bloodshot eyes narrowed. She shifted her weight from one foot to another, at last relaxing her stance while she thought. A grin spread across her lips.

"You've kept me locked up for a long time," Sarah hissed. "Pretty cruel, don't you think, *Boss?*"

Kaminski took a deep breath. "Yes. We thought it was necessary."

"We!? Who is 'we,' exactly? You mean you and that psycho doctor agreed, or did you just do what she said and trusted her word?"

Sam's cheeks warmed. "I'm not exactly a mad scientist, I had no way of knowing what was best! Look, I can make it up to you. I--"

"Yes," Sarah smiled. "You can. *Right* now." She moved closer, a swagger in her step and a gleam in her eyes.

Sam took a half-step back, having second thoughts. "Hey, easy now..."

The infested woman chuckled, slowing her approach but still coming on. "I've been alone for a long time, Sam. I think the least you could do is share a little company with the woman you *abandoned*." She licked her lips and closed to within arm's reach.

Sam's eyes widened. It wasn't like she would be opposed under normal circumstances, but with how the parasite spread itself that would be taking a truly stupid risk. But... maybe Sarah really was in control?

[\[Give Her What She Wants\]](#)

[\[Refuse\]](#)

Give Her What She Wants

Sam's breath caught in her throat. She'd always thought Sarah was easy on the eyes. A little parasitic infestation couldn't remove that completely. To be honest, the containment specialist was a little curious just how intense Sarah's elevated lust would be.

"The least I could do," Sam breathed, and hurried to set her weapons on the ground.

Sarah was on her before she finished discarding her pistol. The infested woman threaded her fingers through Sam's hair and behind her neck, pulling her into an immediate, deep kiss. Their tongues wrestled and explored, Sarah's being unnaturally warm. Sam noted that she tasted sweet, almost like a diluted sugar syrup with an unplaceable floral note. Their hands worked in concert to tackle Sam's clothing, her pants being tugged down and her boots being torn off until she was naked from the belly down. Instead of breaking their kiss to remove the tank top, Sarah just pulled Sam's breasts out and fondled them all the way to the cool floor.

They explored each other with clumsy urgency, Sam finding her former compatriot softer and smoother than she thought was normal. When her fingers found Sarah's sex, she gasped as just how warm and wet the infested woman was. Sarah pushed her fingers into Sam's dampening channel and the two played each other for a long while, moaning into one another's mouths.

Sam's head was starting to really swim from heat and physical exhilaration of it all, and from the lack of air she was getting through their kiss. The first time something bumped the fingers that were busy between Sarah's legs she didn't notice, but the repeated and increasingly fervent pumps quickly shocked her enough to break their make-out session.

Something from inside Sarah was brushing against Sam's fingers, pushing to escape, and Sam pulled her hand back to see. Emerging from the plump, wet pussy of the infested woman came a fleshy limb, like a stiff tentacle, deep purple in color and undulating rapidly.

Sam looked up at Sarah, uncertain, but the ex-guard simply laughed before claiming Sam's lips with another kiss and pushing her to her back. She was quickly in position, and Sam gasped at the feeling of the hot, slimy tentacle brushing her vulva. The specialist reached down to grab the pseudo-cock and hold it back, at which Sarah shuddered, but the slimy thing just slipped through her grasp and plunged into her depths, filling her in a single stroke.

With a groan and a shudder, Sam arched her back and opened her legs. The hot, hard, throbbing muscle of the parasitic pseudo-cock felt incredible. Above her, Sarah whimpered with bliss and started to rock her hips. Moans and breathless cries filled the room as the infested woman made little adjustments so she could fuck her former boss as deeply and as firmly as possible with her inhuman rod. It started out slow and hard, but sped up as the pleasure surpassed Sarah's ability to hold back. She raised her head in a cry of passion, and Sam couldn't see as the infested woman's eyes rolled back and changed, becoming purple orbs with yellow irises and slit pupils. Sarah grinned so wide that it stretched the skin on her face near to splitting.

Sarah's hands grabbed Sam's hips and squeezed in a death grip. Sam winced, but was too far gone to truly protest. Instead she focused on her building climax, moving one hand to stroke furiously at her clit while the other gripped Sarah's plush breast for dear life. While Sam careened toward orgasm, Sarah started letting out low, rhythmic grunts that could have been confused for a slow chuckle.

At last, Kaminski crested the ridge and sailed into a thrashing orgasm that sent her limbs quaking. She screamed at the peak, shocked to find her cry silenced by an abrupt, crushing kiss from Sarah. The infested woman tightened her grip on Sam's hips, and with one more long pull back thrust her pseudo-cock tentacle deeper into Sam than ever before. It battered past the barrier and plunged into the specialist's womb. Sam screamed again as stars flashed behind her eyes, the sound muffled into a choking gurgle when a second parasitic tentacle shot out of Sarah's mouth and down Sam's throat.

Sarah held firmly, ignoring the thrashing and scratching and kicking of her victim. She looked down with her purple and yellow eyes, relishing the terror on Sam's face. The

tendrils penetrating Sam's womb continued to push in, slithering and questing. The panicking specialist didn't have the wherewithal to notice that it had sprouted tiny feelers which now scraped her deepest reaches and started to take hold. She struggled and cried until the parasite's alien digits tapped her nervous system and forcefully calmed her. It was the start of the takeover.

Sam continued to whimper and squirm as she felt the invading tentacle's tail slide into her, the parasite having separated from the parent. It coiled itself up inside her womb, tapping with more feelers to begin merging itself with her physiology. The second tentacle shoved down her throat did the same, making a home in her gut and leaving her face smeared with slime, drool, and tears.

"Welcome to the family, *Boss*," Sarah whispered. She caressed Sam's face and abdomen, carefully observing the transformation from the outside for the first time.

The first time, but now that she had Sam, certainly not the last.

* * *

Bad End

Refuse

“I’m not doing that,” Sam said. She took a step back and gripped her SMG again. “We can work something out, but I’m not going to just let you infect me with that thing.”

“Oh, come on,” Sarah replied. A grin spread across the infested woman’s face. “You’ll love it. I’ll show you!”

The infested woman dove at Sam in a tackle. The security specialist hip-fired her weapon the best she could to intercept. The stun bullets thumped into Sarah’s midsection, but failed to live up to their name. Sarah barreled into Sam and bore her to the ground. They wrestled. Sam struggled to get out from under the infested woman, but found her skill matched Sarah’s enhanced strength. After a minute locked in a stalemate, Sam managed to get the grip and leverage she needed to flip them over.

Now straddling Sarah, Kaminski posted up and rained a few blows down at her former subordinate, which Sarah brought her arms up to block. Sam then quickly pulled her pistol free and fired several times into Sarah’s chest, each close-range impact leaving a mark and causing the infested woman’s soft breasts to bounce and jiggle. With two quick shots to Sarah’s forehead, the parasite-riddled woman went limp.

Sam heaved a sigh of relief. She closed her eyes and took a few deep breaths, trying to slow her heartrate. When she opened her eyes again, Sarah was grinning at her.

Something moved up from between Sam’s legs and wrapped around her arms. A thick, purple tentacle with veiny ridges tightened and bound her elbows together. It then yanked down and back, and Sarah slid to the side at the same time, causing Sam’s face to slam against the hard floor. During the few following seconds of disorientation, Sarah pulled herself fully out from under Sam, and the tentacle snaked around Sam’s knees as well. All of the specialist’s limbs were held taut. Her face was on the floor, her arms pulled down beneath her, and her knees hiked up closer to her elbows on either side. She strained against the biological binding, but it only caused the parasite tentacle to tighten its grip.

Sam gritted her teeth and craned her head to see Sarah. The tentacle was coming from between the infested woman's legs, an extension of the internal parasite.

"You just relax," Sarah encouraged with glee. "Let me show you what you've been missing out on."

"Don't you dare!" Sam shouted.

Sarah just ignored her. She was already working off Sam's belt, which was quickly followed by the specialist's pants being tugged down just enough to expose her backside and dewy mound.

"Thank god for the aphrodisiacs in the air," Sarah said, leaning close to inspect. "You're practically ready, and I haven't even started yet!"

"Sarah, stop it!" Sam shouted. "Think about this! Just let me go, and we can both get out of here!"

"And back to my cell?" Sarah sneered. "I don't think so. Now, just relax. I'll take care of everything."

The infested woman reached down and dragged her middle finger along Sam's slit a few times, back and forth before pushing in with her middle and ring fingers. Kaminski continued to shout and growl her protests, but Sarah didn't respond at all. She just kept working, doing everything in her power to make her former superior moan.

Once Sam's complaints and threats had mostly calmed down, Sarah leaned in and licked Sam's exposed pucker, lashing it several times before pushing her tongue past the ring of resistance. Sam cried out and tried to withdraw, but she was held too firmly by the tentacle. Sarah laughed and then attacked Sam's asshole with merciless aggression. Her tongue swirled and plunged, a mad dance on Sam's ass while another finger was added to the efforts in her now-dripping pussy.

Sam tried to strain and clench, but there was no escape. No escape from her inhuman captor, and no escape from how amazing the attention she was receiving felt. In all her continued struggles to get free, stray thoughts of turning and reciprocating flitted through her mind. Without thinking, Sam started squirming her hips into Sarah's ministrations, and soon after that she was nakedly moaning with pleasure.

That was when Sam felt something new. Sarah's tongue plugged into her backside, then deeper, then there was a pause. What came next was the swift thrust of a thick, slimy tentacle that poured out of Sarah's throat and forced itself into Sam's ass without warning. The sudden violation knocked the wind out of Sam, and she was left to gasp and grunt while the new tentacle worked itself into an undulating rhythm of slow thrusts.

The thing was easily thicker than some dicks Sam had taken, but Sarah continued to use it like a tongue. Long strokes, curling and twisting in Sam's backside. The infested woman fingered her victim harder, adding firm but rapid circles around the sensitive bead. She didn't allow even a moment for Kaminski to catch her breath, and Sam was quickly going dizzy from all the stimulation.

Through all the desperation, Sam's coiling need continued to tighten. Helpless against the unrelenting torrent of forced pleasure, she could hardly form a coherent thought. Soon enough, she choked out a cry as she mounted her peak. Her body shook in her bonds, and it was at that moment that she felt the thing in her ass narrow and slide fully inside her, no longer connected to Sarah.

Sam groaned, feeling it squirm inside her. Unseen, tiny feelers sprouted from the parasite and spilled forth pacifying chemicals. The feelers also attached themselves, and started tapping into Sam's nervous system. She was reduced to a drooling, whimpering mess as her climax was artificially extended by the invading creature.

The tentacle binding Sam loosened and withdrew, pulling itself back up into Sarah. Not completely, however. A good length still protruded from her puffy pussy, stiff and eager. The infested woman helped her newest convert up onto her knees. Sam looked up at her, head floating as the parasite flooded her with debilitating bliss so that it could complete its conversion of the host in peace.

"Well, I did that for you," Sarah said, stroking Sam's face. "I think you should do something for me now." She prodded her parasitic pseudo-cock against Sam's lips, and the drugged specialist readily opened for it.

Trembling from the changes happening inside her, Sam sucked Sarah's pseudo-cock slavishly. She ran her tongue along the undulating length, bobbed her head, and took it

deep in her throat. Her hands pumped the base of the inhuman rod, and all the while her hips rocked with a need to be fucked. Sarah moaned and panted, nearly swooning with pleasure as the sensations of the parasite flesh were sent directly to her brain.

Sam guzzled away, even as her skin began to pale a little. Tiny black veins started showing here and there beneath her skin, but all she could think of was how good it felt to have that pseudo-cock in her mouth, and how badly she wanted more. Sarah started grunting, and gripping Sam by the head. She tightened her grip and thrust forward, fucking Sam's throat with the parasitic phallus. Her vulva smashed into Sam's face as the pace increased. Surrendering to it, Sam moved her hands to touch herself. She looked up at Sarah with bloodshot eyes, adrift in a sloppy haze of gagging bliss.

Sarah shuddered and pulled Sam's lips hard against her. Once more the parasite split, and slithered down Sam's throat. Drool and monstrous slime dripped from the specialist's mouth. Sam sat there on her knees, quivering as the second parasite took hold and pushed all thought of continuing her mission aside.

Only one thing mattered now. The need to escape. To fuck. To spread her wonderful progeny to as many humans as she could reach.

* * *

Bad End

Kiss the Girl

Sam lowered her weapon. The woman standing before her had been afflicted by something alien and dangerous, but she was still a person. A person who remembered her name and past. A person who had been essentially imprisoned for over a year due to an accident, and treated like just another test subject.

It was pretty clear to the containment officer exactly what Sarah's first priority would be. It was the same as everything else in this facility.

Sarah took a step forward and tensed, ready to pounce. Sam let her gun fall to the floor and beat her to it. Their lips met, and Sarah's eyes widened. Sam cradled her face and kissed her affectionately, pushing the infested woman back a few paces until she was pressed against the wall separating the weapons cache from the larger room. Sarah's surprise gave way one slip at a time, soon relenting so that she could return Sam's kiss with a shudder and sigh. They wrapped each other in a firm embrace and simply kissed for a few minutes.

"Sarah," Sam said, pulling back for a moment. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry we didn't do more for you." She pressed her thigh into the infested woman's crotch, drawing a moan from Sarah and quickly soaking through Sam's pant leg. "I know what you need. Let's take care of that, first."

Sam returned to their kiss, deeper and more urgently than before. Sarah moaned as Sam worked her hand down the infested woman's body with plying caresses before settling over Sarah's mound. Sam moved her kisses down Sarah's jawline and black-veined neck before pushing her fingers into Sarah's abnormally hot, wet pussy.

"Sam..." Sarah sighed, then gasped as the fingers began to move. There wasn't much for the parasitized woman to do in this position besides roll her hips and awkwardly grope at Sam while she was being fingered. Her head was still spinning from the utterly unexpected affection, but she didn't dare disrupt it with any questions or resistance.

Kaminski split her time between kissing Sarah's neck and lips, offering little nips regardless. The thought of suckling on Sarah's soft tits was enticing, but Sam was worried some kind of infected aphrodisiac milk or something would come out. They were definitely heavier than before Sarah's infestation. All the while Sam's fingers worked harder and deeper, the overproduced lubrication letting her get four fingers in with hardly any effort at all. Her palm maintained a heavy, gyrating pressure over Sarah's clit while her fingers pumped and flexed deep inside her.

Sarah started to grunt, and Sam felt something new. Something was poking out from inside Sarah's depths, and each time it bumped her fingers Sarah would gasp. Sam pulled her hand away, and following it came a thick, swaying, purple tentacle sticking a foot out from Sarah's cunt, an extension of the internal parasite.

Curious, Sam gripped the slimy protrusion and tried working it like a cock. Sarah wailed and slumped against the wall. Sam kept up her pumping and twisting on the parasitic extension, now wearing a smile, but Sarah grabbed her by the shoulders.

"Sam..." the infested woman panted, looking at Sam with a half-crazed intensity. "I... I *need* to fuck you..." She tightened her grip, and Sam was reminded that her ex-employee now possessed enhanced physical strength.

"Easy," Sam cooed as she pressed a gentle kiss to Sarah's lips and eased off her ministrations to the sensitive pseudo-cock. "You know I can't do that, but..." The security officer squeezed her breasts together with her arms, immediately drawing Sarah's attention. "How about you fuck my tits, instead?"

Sarah closed her eyes and pulled at her hair. The inhuman flesh rod in Sam's hand throbbed and writhed. After another moment Sarah looked back at Sam and nodded. "Now. Now, now, now!"

Sam couldn't help but grin a bit as she ripped off her tank top. She got down on her knees, but Sarah pushed her fully onto her back before straddling her chest. The wriggling pseudo-cock stiffened as it came to rest in the valley between Sam's breasts, and Sarah shuddered in anticipation.

Sam pushed her tits in tight around the thick tendril-dick and smiled up at Sarah. “Come on,” she encouraged. “Fuck me.”

Sarah didn't need to be told twice. She rocked her hips in a desperate rush, fucking the purple pseudo-cock between Sam's supple tits with abandon. The thick length of parasite flesh thrust on its own as well, lengthening each stroke as it slid in and out of Sarah's drooling pussy in time with the movement of her bucking.

Sam cooed and urged the infested woman on, panting with a rising urge to get properly railed. She held her breasts together with one arm, and used her other hand to push a thumb firmly against Sarah's clit so she could rub it with every needy roll of her hips. The pseudo-cock was thrusting so far that its tip easily reached Sam's chin. The containment specialist lifted her head to drag her tongue across the underside of the slimy, unnatural appendage. It tasted like overbrewed herbal tea with too much sugar to compensate. The act caused Sarah to lift her head and let out a guttural cry, so Sam threw herself into it more, worshipping the false phallus and even teasing its tip with her tongue.

After a few minutes of that, Sarah began to grunt and twitch. In a sudden rush, she grabbed Sam's head and pulled it toward her, the parasitic extension snaking into Sam's throat before there was a moment to react. Sam tried to grab the slime-covered cock-thing, but it slid through her tight grasp and fucked into her throat with thrusts that deepened uncomfortably every second. Looking up, Sam saw that Sarah's eyes were now purple orbs with yellow irises, a flat affect on her face.

Sarah grunted faster and faster, and finally groaned out a trembling climax. Sam bucked from below, throwing the infested woman off of her. The pseudo-cock in her throat had separated from Sarah and was attempting to slither down Sam's gullet. No longer pinned, Sam flipped onto her knees and leaned over, digging her nails into the slithering monster and wrenching it out of her throat before it could find purchase.

The exposed, worm-like parasite flipped around angrily, attempting to flee. Sam crawled over to her pistol and blasted the thing with several rounds until it went still. Then she went over and crushed it several times under her boot, until it was mostly a

saccharine-smelling paste. Then she went back to Sarah, who was panting and writhing on the floor. The infested woman's eyes had returned to normal.

"Hey," Sam said, helping Sarah to sit up. "Come on, let's get you to your room."

Sarah furrowed her brow. "I... what? I'm not going back in there!"

Sam cradled her face and looked at her, leaning close. "Sarah, please trust me. I want you with me, but you know we can't trust the parasite. This containment breach is... big. I need to deal with it. Then, I am coming back for you. Understand? I promise. I'm going to get you out of there and figure this thing out somehow. But right now, I need you to trust me and let me finish things."

Sarah frowned, and bulges swelled in her neck and abdomen. "You... You're right. Okay. Okay. But you'd better come back for me, or I swear to god..."

"I will."

Once Sarah was back in her spartan specimen chamber, Sam cleaned herself up and restocked her ammo at the weapons cache. That was enough "visiting old friends." It was time to move on.

* * *

[Continue On](#)

Coming Soon!