

Parasite 2 – The Hive

By dariomindus@hotmail.co.uk www.damnd1.org

This story was inspired by Tha King's story "The Parasite" I thought his story had a few great ideas, but it didn't pursue them far enough for me.

This story carries on exactly where his finishes...

Parasite 2 – The Hive

When the two youths staggered into hospital, the police returned to the place in the mine that they had described and were stunned to discover the corpse of the 5-foot insect! The bug was sent off to be examined, and experts from the government were brought in. After exhaustive DNA testing, the shock result returned that the creature did not even use the same genetic base pairs as the rest of life on Earth – it was an alien! The whole matter was hushed up and the army was brought in to take over. Search and Capture teams were sent into the mine system, but it quickly became apparent that the available maps only covered a small area within the vast system of tunnels and caverns. In spite of that, two more bugs were captured – one alive, and one dead, and they were taken to a secret research lab for detailed examination. Meanwhile, the increased activity did not go unnoticed, and one night a few days after the army arrived, a swarm of giant insects left the mines via another exit for a safer home...

Two years later...

Far out in the backwoods, four young men walked up a concrete culvert and carefully slid through the bars designed to deny access to the storm drain system within. The entrance was remote; designed to dump storm overflow water into a large lake choked with weeds and rushes, which itself flowed out into the local river system. It was mid-summer and the youths had come prepared for an underground excursion with flashlights and spare batteries. They also had food, drinks and the other things that they considered essential for their adventure.

They walked boldly into the tunnels, and 22-year-old Mitch, who'd had the foresight to bring chalk, made careful marks at each intersection they encountered to ensure that they'd be able to find their way back out. The young men chattered aimlessly, excited at their boldness, and they were about half a mile into the tunnels when they encountered a large hole in one of the walls, where it looked as though there had been a landslide. They cautiously peered inside and were surprised to discover that the hole led to another tunnel, this time lined with earth. Mitch took the lead and they entered the new tunnel, but this time there was almost no talk at all. This was a genuine mystery, and the adventure suddenly ceased to feel as safe as before.

The walls of the tunnel were smooth with compressed mud, and the floor was covered in small

indentations the width of a metal chair leg. For the first few hundred yards, the tunnel rose gradually, but then it descended steeply and the young men had to be careful not to lose their balance. Unlike the storm drains, there were no intersections or branches from this tunnel, just a single continuous, occasionally meandering route.

Eventually the tunnel opened out into a large low-roofed cavern and the boys walked into it timidly. Looking around, Mitch realised that there were over a dozen exits from this cavern and all looked pretty similar, so he turned back to the tunnel that they'd emerged from and etched a large arrow into the mud wall with the handle of his flashlight. He returned to join his companions, and there was brief debate about whether or not they should continue. In the end, adolescent bravado won out and they decided to press on, but they decided first to stay and have something to eat. They sat down by the entrance of one of tunnels unaware of the quiet activity around them. It was only after a few minutes that Jack said,

“Shhh, can you hear something?”

They stopped talking and it was obvious that they were indeed surrounded by noise. It was hard to pin down a single distinct sound, but it was more like a continuous ripple of light thuds, almost like drum music. The group rose to their feet nervously and started to pack, suddenly aware of how far they were from help if something bad happened. Mitch turned towards the original tunnel but before he could do anything, a huge bug stepped out of an adjacent tunnel and barred his way.

Mitch jumped backwards a clear five feet, and said,

“Oh shit!!!”

The guys went nuts. Screaming and shouting in a disorganised melee. Cody turned to flee blindly into the unknown tunnel ahead and ran headlong into another bug. A sharp point on its nose, the size of a pencil punctured his stomach and he staggered backwards, collapsing onto the floor and holding himself. He started to shake violently, and his twin Steven ran over to help. It was only five paces but by the time he'd arrived Cody was already still, lying there staring up at the roof. Steven dropped to his knees, to check that Cody was still breathing. Meanwhile more bugs scuttled out of every tunnel, and Mitch and Jack backed towards the others, terrified beyond all rational action. Mitch tripped over Cody's motionless form, and before he could rise, the bug that had stung Cody, stuck him in the neck with its snout. Mitch clutched at his neck, but he quickly felt himself losing control over his limbs and he fell face down to the floor. The bugs advanced, and Jack and Steven stood to meet them. Jack said,

“Let's stand back to...”

He didn't get the chance to finish as one of the bugs rushed forward and stabbed him in the side. Steven turned to see what had happened and as he did so, another bug got him in the kidneys. As he fell to the floor paralysed, he saw the bugs crowding in around them...

The giant creatures looked like huge leatherback or earwig beetles, with long articulated abdomens, and hard, shiny shells. Each had eight legs, every one of which ended in a pincer claw. The foremost pair were greatly enlarged and could be used to decapitate enemies or rivals, whilst the other three pairs, though still large, were not as formidable. The claws closed by passing by each other like scissors, and they had serrated inner edges, like giant pliers. This enabled them to pick up objects provided they didn't use too much power.

Four drones moved in on the immobile victims. It had been a while since they'd had fresh stock and these were to be returned to the hive where they could be used. Each of the workers picked up a young man by scooping its front pair of claws beneath him. Then the group moved off into the tunnels, leaving the victim's bags, and their flashlights which slowly dimmed to darkness over the next six hours.

The young men were aware of their surroundings but completely unable to move. Even if they had been *able* to move, it's doubtful that they would have had the mental capacity to do so.

The bugs carried them onwards to the heart of their hive, and the youths became aware that the darkness was gradually becoming lighter. They entered a massive cavern, and every inch of it seemed to glow with a strange, blue-green phosphorescent light. There were dozens of bugs moving around in the cavern, and they paid minimal heed to the returning party.

The young men were taken to a small chamber off the main cavern and unceremoniously dumped on the floor. Their clothes were ripped from them using the smaller pincers and even though the bugs were careful not to damage the stock, Mitch and Cody were gashed on the legs as their jeans were removed. The naked youths were dumped close to each other on the mud floor, and the bugs left the chamber.

Mitch was the first one to regain his mobility. He could feel tingling in the tips of his fingers and toes, and as it spread along his limbs, he found himself once more able to move. He got up from the floor and looked warily towards the door, then he turned his attention to his friends. He put them into more comfortable positions and listened to each to check that he was breathing. Over the next hour, the other three also regained their movement. None had to ask where their clothes had gone because they'd all been fully conscious when the bugs had stripped them, and the tattered remains lay around them. Modesty seemed pointless under the circumstances, so none of them bothered to try and cover up. Cody reached down to nurse the gash in his leg. It was still bleeding.

Automatically deferring to the eldest person Jack whispered, "Mitch where are we? What were those bugs?"

Mitch shrugged,

"I don't know. I never heard of anything like that before."

Cody's eyes were wet. The gash on his leg was deep but it was plain miserable fear that drew his

glistening tears. His brother saw immediately and tried to console him.

“We’ll be okay Code. We’ll get out of this somehow.”

He put his arm around his brother’s shoulder, offering emotional support. The other two saw, and came over and joined them in a four-way group hug. It was an act of simple human contact, yet it gave them strength, and after 30 seconds the group moved apart with each of them feeling slightly braver.

Mitch tip-toed towards the tunnel connecting the chamber to the main cavern, and the others crowded close at his shoulder. If there was going to be an escape bid they all wanted to be ready. As Mitch moved close, a guard bug stepped out and hissed. Then an antennae-like appendage with a round flat disc on the end, whipped out from underneath one side of the creature’s mouth, rising between Mitch’s legs, and hit him hard in the testicles before he could react. Mitch recoiled in shock, banging the back of his head into Jacks’ cheekbone. He clutched at his balls and collapsed to the floor gasping for breath. The other youths recoiled too, and the guard returned to his out-of-sight position. The message was clear – “Don’t try to leave.” The guys huddled around Mitch sympathetically, whilst he cradled his balls and groaned. It was 15 minutes before he could even talk again.

The bugs had learned thousands of years ago that human males could be instantly immobilised if you struck them hard in the tiny pouch that hung between their legs. They’d also learned that the contents made for a rare delicacy if eaten. However, the drone that had eaten the young humans’ eggs in their last hive had been a rogue, and his actions could have brought destruction upon the entire swarm. These humans would not have their tiny lumps harvested for food; instead they would be used for a different purpose...

The young men huddled together miserably for hours, until eventually Jack could bear it no more. Standing well away from the entrance, he tip-toed across the room and peered carefully into the small tunnel. The guard was still standing there implacably, and the second Jack’s head peeked around the corner, the guard rushed toward him. Jack backed away towards the others, his hands covering his genitals but the bug pulled his arms away with its two main claws. Rising onto its back two pairs of legs, the creature suspended Jack in the air hissing at him, then it grabbed his feet with the next pair of claws and pulled Jack’s arms and legs apart, holding him spread-eagled a foot above the floor. The appendage snaked out again, but this time it didn’t strike immediately. Instead, it touched Jack’s balls, then moved slowly downwards to let him know what was about to happen. Jack tensed his stomach against the impending pain and the creature struck even harder than it had hit Mitch. Jack screamed and writhed but the creature held him firmly. The youth urinated uncontrollably. The creature held on, looking at the howling teenager with black multi-faceted eyes, any expression completely unreadable.

Mitch ran over to help and the bug released one of Jack’s arms and caught Mitch, holding him by the throat, keeping him at arm’s length. Mitch choked and struggled against the insect limb, but it was

like fighting against an iron bar. The guard threw Mitch back towards Cody and Steven, and he fell gasping for breath, then the bug threw Jack on top of him and returned to his position. Jack lay groaning and Mitch did his best to regain his composure so that he could comfort his friend. The message from the bug was clear; each escape would be punished with a hit to the balls, and each hit would be harder than the previous one!

By 2am they had been held captive for over 15 hours, and in spite of their terror, they curled up close to each other for body heat, and fell into a fitful sleep. In the morning, they were wakened by one of the bugs nudging them roughly with its claw. The young men cringed away from it. The bug advanced, separating Jack from the group. He covered his groin and the creature again moved his arms away, but instead of striking him, this time the bug gripped his penis between the pincer of its second pair of claws. Jack had visions that the bug was going to cut off his dick and he howled plaintively for mercy. But that was not the creature's intent. It only held Jack's penis firmly enough to stop him from pulling it free, then it released his arms and stood waiting. Three other bugs entered, and each took hold of one of the young men by the penis, then using the boy's cocks as leashes, the bugs lead them from the chamber and the youths hurried compliantly behind.

They bugs lead them across the giant cavern to a nook on the other side, where water was bubbling through the mud. They released the group, who stood waiting to see what to do next. The bug controlling Cody pressed onto the young man's shoulder, forcing him onto his hands and knees near the water. Cody looked up uncertainly, and the bug forced Cody's face near to the water. Cody complied and waited frightened to see what next. The bug reached between Cody's legs and lightly tapped him in the balls. Cody jumped and the bug literally forced the youth's face into the water. Cody got the message and started to drink. The other bugs pushed their charges down, and the youths drank without further prompting.

Next the bugs guided the young men to another part of the cavern where fungus was growing, and forced the youths to eat. When they were fed and watered, they were led to another set of caverns, and via a series pushes and ball taps, they were shown that they had to pick up a strange glowing moss that grew there. Then they were returned to the main cavern where they were directed to stick it to the damp walls. The young men were used to transport moss to the main cavern, where it was used to provide light. The four males worked ceaselessly for 14 hours, and when they wanted to pee they had to do it on the move. At the end of the day, they were fed and given water again, then led to another part of the cave. Using the same combination of pushing and pats between the legs, the group was made to squat, and they eventually realised that they were expected to crap in this place. They did as they were told, and afterwards they were returned to their own chamber for the night. They huddled close to each other, spooning up for warmth against the cold. The routine continued for a fortnight, during which time no opportunity was ever provided to escape. The captives were allowed to talk as they worked, and Mitch tried to keep their spirits high by discussing plans for escape should an opportunity present itself.

On the 17th day of captivity, after they had taken their nightly crap, there was a change in the routine and they were led to a totally new place. It was another chamber off the main cave, but this

one was much larger. Within it was nestled a huge, fat bug, perhaps four or five times as large as the others. It was surrounded by many other bugs, and they looked somehow meaner than the ones the boys had encountered so far.

The young men were nudged towards her, and they shuffled forwards terrified about the meaning of this new event. A bug moved up behind Mitch and lifted him from the floor with arms and legs spread wide. Mitch arched his back, and craned his neck to look over his shoulder, expecting a hit in the nuts and frantically wondering what he'd done to deserve it. Instead, his captor moved closer to the queen and waited. A long, muscular tube of pale flesh snaked from beneath the queen's bloated body. It was about an inch or so across, and coated in slimy mucus. Mitch recoiled in disgust. The tip looked like a light pink mouth making a puckered kiss. It moved down between his legs, sliding almost sensuously against his genitals and coating them in goo, before turning upwards towards his clenched anus. It pushed against the entrance to his ass, and he resisted, but it curled and slid and wormed its way into his hole penetrating deep into his bowels. Mitch moaned in revulsion and terror but there was nothing he could do. Then a series of ripples passed along the tube as objects moved within. They went up the tube into Mitch's body, dozens of them. And he could feel his ring stretching momentarily as each one passed into him, and there was nothing he could do to resist. He felt his bowels filling, but before it became uncomfortable, the queen stopped and withdrew her ovipositor. Mitch gasped with relief, but it was short-lived as his rectum was swiftly penetrated by a different organ from one of the evil-looking concubines. It was smaller than the queen's appendage, and looked little like a human's organ, but there was no mistaking the resemblance to a penis. Mitch felt his bowels filling and his stomach visibly expanded as more than a litre of bug sperm was pumped into him. The organ was removed and thick white soup with the consistency of syrup oozed out of Mitch's ass. It was freezing cold and dribbled slowly down the back of his balls and dripped from them in ropey strands. His guard put him down and Mitch immediately dropped to the ground to evacuate his bowels. The moment he squatted he was pulled roughly to his feet and smacked hard in the balls. He tried again and was immediately punished even harder. It was clear that he was not permitted to clear the foul concoction from his bowels.

One by one, the other three were similarly impregnated and fertilised, before being returned to their sleeping chamber. This time however, a guard stayed in with them, ensuring that they could not shit the eggs away.

The next morning the group were awoken as usual, but instead of being taken to their normal work detail, they were taken to yet another new chamber. Each of them was feeling nauseous from the thought of the payload that they were being forced to carry, and they were more sluggish than usual. The centre of the new chamber held a bubbling hot spring, and the floor was coated in some sort of soft fungus. Steven was guided to a place near the spring and forced to squat. He was nervous, remembering the ball-bashing that Mitch had taken the night before, but after an increasingly firm series of taps on the nuts by his minder, he started to take a dump. Much of the bug sperm has been absorbed through the wall of his bowels, or into the eggs, but even so what remained was slimy, making the eggs look as though they were coated in pale grey grease. It was difficult to get started, as his ring had to stretch to allow the eggs to exit, but once the first ones

were out, the others followed in rapid succession. They looked like ping-pong balls and they landed in the soft moss, dozens of them. Steven remembered seeing turtles laying eggs on a sandy beach in a nature programme, and he knew now, exactly how they felt. When the pressure to shit the greasy eggs out lessened, he remained squatting, straining to ensure that every last one was out of him. After a few more minutes, he rose to his feet, but his guard swiftly tapped him in the nuts and forced him to remain squatting. He obeyed.

Meanwhile, the others were also “laying” their eggs at different places around the spring following the directions of their guards. The party was forced to remain squatting for a full fifteen minutes, and as their bowels relaxed in the hot, steamy atmosphere, and each delivered a few more eggs. Mitch looked down between his legs, astonished to see 20 or more balls resting there. Finally, satisfied that there were no more to come, the guards led their charges from the chamber to feed and water them ready for the day’s work.

The bugs had a hybrid life cycle that was not entirely dissimilar to a human’s. The queen produced a few hundred eggs each week, and normally she would mate with half a dozen of the strongest males. Their sperm would combine within her, and she would then deposit eggs coated in it. The eggs would be taken by the drones to a suitably warm incubation chamber where the sperm would slowly penetrate each large egg. However, the transport and incubation was a difficult and costly process that resulted in the majority of the eggs failing to be fertilised.

The bugs had discovered by chance long ago, that humans made far better incubation and transport vessels. Thus, whenever any were available, they were used. The eggs and sperm remained in close contact within the host’s warm bowels for a number of hours, which was enough to ensure almost a one hundred percent success rate. Then, the eggs were transferred to the main incubation chamber, where they could complete the rest of their short growth cycle. After just a few days, grubs would emerge and feed upon the nutritious moss, before being taken to the crèche where they would be raised safely. For the next few months the young men were impregnated on a weekly basis, and they continued to serve as valuable incubation vessels. Although the routine grew familiar, the victims never grew comfortable with their role as bug incubators.

Over the months, it became increasingly obvious that they were never going to be presented with an unguarded moment in which to escape. Moreover, because they’d told no one where they’d gone on the day of their expedition, there was no realistic chance of rescue. As a result, out of sheer desperation they formulated their escape plan. They rolled clumps of mud from their sleeping chamber into balls, which they left to dry over a few days. Then in the middle of the night, they each took a hardened mud ball to try to fight their way out of the sleeping chamber. There was only one guard, and although he was strong, they hoped that by aiming for his large eyes with the mud balls, that they would be able to overwhelm him and run from the cavern.

They crept to the entrance and leapt upon the guard, smashing towards its eyes. He swung at them with his claws, hitting Steven and breaking half a dozen ribs down one side of his body as the youth

was sent smashing into the wall. However, the plan was successful and the others managed to smash the bug's eyes with their mud rocks. Supporting Steven, they ran out into the cavern towards the exit and there was almost no activity. But no sooner were they a few paces into the exit tunnel than they realised the fatal flaw in their plan - they were running blind! There was no luminous moss here to see by, and nobody had thought to grab some. The young men used their hands against the walls to feel their way along the tunnel, but they couldn't move fast enough like this, so it was a hopeless cause. Despite their preference for illumination, the bugs also had sonar sense, so they moved much faster in the darker, and one by one, each of the youths was grabbed in the darkness and recaptured.

The humans were often like this. The bugs had captured thousands over the years, and they knew how to control them. They knew that the ones with the flesh mounds on their chests tended to be more docile than the ones with the little lumps hanging between their legs. However, they'd hoped that because these ones were younger with smaller lumps, that they could be controlled less harshly.

The humans that had to be pacified were more docile but they were also weaker, with less stamina. Still, these ones had proven themselves to be dangerous, and a member of the swarm had been blinded. He would have to be killed and eaten because it was almost impossible to maintain a blind comrade. Although it was sad to see the death of a comrade, the humans were a more valuable commodity. Their dextrous hands enabled them to perform tasks that the bugs couldn't, and of course, since they'd been taken captive, each had incubated many hundreds of new swarm members.

The humans would be dealt with one at a time. That way, the other three could still be productive and they could help the fourth one to recover. The humans were returned to the main cave, where many bugs surrounded them. One of the humans was badly hurt; he was struggling to breathe and there was blood coming from his side. He would already take time to recover so he would be the first. That way he could recover from two things at the same time.

A bug picked up Steven by his arms and legs and held him spread-eagled a few feet off the floor. With his broken ribs, the position was agony, and the youth struggled to breathe; air coming to him in painful, staccato gasps. The appendage snaked out from the side of the bug's mouth and Steven feared the worst – that he was the first to be punished for the escape bid. Tears rolled down his face in anticipation of the strike that was to follow, but it didn't come. Instead, another identical appendage appeared from the other side of the bug's mouth. Steven looked down at them both apprehensively. They moved between his legs slowly, and he literally shook with terror. Although he and Cody were twins, he had considerably smaller genitals than his brother. His penis was short with a puckered foreskin, but his two small balls hung well down in their soft bag. One of the "tentacles" moved behind Steven's scrotum, and turned so that the two-inch round disc-like plate at its tip, faced forwards. Then the other tentacle moved up to meet it, with the two plates facing towards each other. They closed carefully, lightly trapping Steven's left testicle between their slightly indented surfaces. When they had the testicle held immobile, they closed slowly together, crushing

the soft testicle. Steven let out a piercing scream; as shrill as any girl's. The two plates met, and the creature ground them around in a circle, ensuring that the testicle within was ground utterly into nothing. Steven's piercing scream continued ceaselessly in the abject misery of his excruciating agony.

The bug opened its tentacles and gripped the other testicle. It closed the plates together as slowly as possible, grinding them against each other in circular movements with deliberate, sadistic precision. It wanted the humans to understand that their escape attempt held a heavy penalty. The human had loosed its bladder and liquid fell from its tiny meat. The creature in its grip was starting to choke – its screams had taken on a gurgling quality. The bug finished the job with satisfaction, but it did not want the human to die, so it brought the creature back to the ground and pushed its hysterical form toward the other one that looked like it. Normally when a human had its pouch emptied, the bugs would first force it to gorge on narcotic mould that rendered the creature unconscious, but the crime committed against the swarm by these ones merited the most painful possible punishment.

The other humans looked on in paralysed terror, but as Steven had started to scream, Cody jumped forwards to help. A bug grabbed him by the neck and effortlessly stopped him from interfering. When Steven's balls had been ground to nothing, and the young man was thrown back to Cody, the bug holding him, let go of his neck and Cody caught his brother.

The remaining humans expected to be similarly punished, and Jack and Cody both unconsciously peed themselves in fear. However, the bugs didn't pick up another one of them. Instead, they were returned to their sleeping chamber, where two guards entered with them and stood watching them as they huddled in the corner.

Steven was sobbing and groaning; his breathing was laboured. Cody held him in his arms and both of them lay on the floor. Cody didn't know what to do. He could see the bones of his brother's broken ribs sticking out, and even in the dim light, he could tell that his brother's ballbag was bruised black. He gently felt between his brother's legs and Steven tensed in terror, then relaxed again, too hurt to maintain the effort. Cody very gently probed his brother's bag with his fingertips, but it was clear that Steven's balls were gone, replaced instead by a thin lumpy sludge with the texture of tapioca. Cody draped his arms over his brother's chest, and gently held him, occasionally stroking his sides and hair to soothe him. Wracked with pain, Steven shuddered and gasped for a few hours before finally drifting into a fitful sleep. Jack and Mitch curled up close by for support, but none of them had an easy night.

The next day, Cody, Jack and Mitch were forced to their feet and taken to the food and water place. They ate, and Cody was directed to take food for his brother. They were returned to the sleep chamber where Steven was given his food, then left alone as the others returned to work as usual. In the evening, all three workers also carried water in their mouths for Steven. The routine returned to normal, except for the additional feeding cycle, with Steven being left on his own to recuperate. Two weeks later, the bugs decided he was well enough, and was forced to join the others. He was far from fully healed but the bruising on his bag had gone, and he was able to carry small amounts of moss.

Two weeks after that, the boys were returned to their sleep chamber as usual and one of the bugs picked Jack up. Jack screamed in terror and struggled pointlessly. As the tentacles positioned themselves around his hairy right testicle he begged,

“What have I done? What have I done? I haven’t done nothing wrong!”

His testicle was popped like a grape and the remains were mulched between the plates. Then the other one went the same way and he cried and wailed like a five-year-old. He was returned to the others and Mitch took care of him. For the next two weeks, the other three boys were directed to take care of him as they had Steven. Mitch and Cody lived in permanent terror now, suspecting that they were both going to lose their nuts in the same way sooner or later.

A month after Jack, it was Cody’s turn, and Steven wailed with him. He knew his brother’s pain, and it hurt him to be powerless to help. After Cody, Mitch started to have nightmares every night. He knew it was only a matter of time, and there was nothing he could do about it.

When his turn finally came, he fought hard to avoid being held, and even as he was lifted from the floor, he struggled and writhed against the pincers that held him. It was futile, and all he succeeded in doing was lacerating his ankles and wrists. He was by far the largest of the four young men. He had man-sized penis, and big balls that that hung heavy in his fat bag.

The bug recognised this one as the ring leader, so it crushed his lumps as slowly as possible, grinding them with particular care to ensure that absolutely no trace of their soft flesh remained within the skin bag. Then it gripped the tip of its meat tube and squeezed that as hard as it could too. The bugs knew that small tube was important to humans and even after they’d lost their lumps, they spent a lot of time touching the tube. It seemed to give them pleasure, and the bugs saw no reason to deny it usually. No human ever tried to escape when it was rubbing its meat tube. But this creature had caused the death of a comrade and the bug wanted it to pay the highest price, so it squeezed the end of the tube until it squashed, then it twisted what was left right off its body.

Mitch passed out cold from the sheer pain, and when he was returned to the others, he was bleeding profusely from what was left of his penis. They didn’t know what to do. They tried holding it to stem the blood, but it was too slippery and they couldn’t maintain a grip. In the end, the only thing that they could think of was to smother his entire groin with thick mud to staunch the flow. It worked, and remarkably, Mitch’s wounds didn’t become infected.

Eventually he healed, although it was a long and very painful process. Half of his penis was missing, leaving a ragged stump through which he had to urinate.

Six months later, all of them had healed. There was no trace that Steven or Cody had ever had balls. Both of their pale scrotums had shrivelled away completely. Steven’s short penis jutted straight from his body, looking like a tiny finger poking out of his pubic hair, whilst Cody’s larger one hung down.

Jack had a residual flap of skin that showed it had once held something, but there was no trace of his balls at all. Mitch still had a large pouch, which looked all the bigger now that his penis had been mutilated.

Over the next year, the victim became accustomed to their fate and thoughts of escape passed from their minds. They grew used to the weekly cycles of impregnation and evacuation, and the constant cold of the caves. They grew lean and strong, and the bugs even occasionally allowed them to splash in the hot spring.

There was no hope and little pleasure in their lives, so they took what they could, jerking off whenever the opportunity presented itself. Although their balls were missing, they still spurted watery fluid from their prostates. Jack, Steven and Cody were sympathetic to Mitch's inability to jack off, but there was nothing they could do. Over time their sex play turned to mutual masturbation, and with their inhibitions completely gone, it was inevitable that nocturnal spooning would eventually turn to something else, until one night, Steven felt Jack's cock going where the bugs' had been going week after week. He turned and saw that Jack was thoroughly enjoying the experience so he allowed it to continue. When Jack was finished, they turned around and reversed roles. From that point on, they fucked each other regularly, and even Mitch discovered, after reluctantly letting Jack bone him, that he could still attain orgasm when he was taken that way.

And that's how the parasites acquired four little pets. For all I know, the guys are still down there, working by day, crapping out eggs every week, and fucking and sucking every night. It's not much of a life, but hey – everyone makes the best of what they got!