

Parasite 3 – Incubators

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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.

Four young men are captured by giant bugs who use their bodies in new and unsettling ways.

Parasite 3 – Incubators

Arizona. The high buzzing sound of small two stroke motorcycle engines grew in the hot desert air, and four bikes rapidly expanded from specks on the horizon as their riders approached the mesa walls. The lead rider suddenly slammed his bike onto its side, and skidded across the dusty floor. He and his bike stopped just short of a large sinkhole that wasn't there the day before.

Two hours later, the four riders returned. This time, in their backpacks, in addition to emergency tools, food and water, batteries and a rope. They also carried flashlights.

They left their helmets with their bikes, and clambered carefully down into the sinkhole, but they were disappointed to discover that, although the bottom was in dark shadow, it was barely 40 feet deep. They looked around, curious as to the cause of the hole, and Ryan spotted an opening on one side of the hole.

"Hey guys look; a tunnel."

This far under the sand, the ground was made of hard packed mud.

The others looked where he pointed, then they walked over to investigate. Lucas shone his torch down the tunnel: it continued for some distance before sloping downwards out of sight. The adventurers walked into the tunnel without needing to stoop, following it for a few hundred feet. It opened into chamber with multiple tunnels leading off it.

"Man, this is so weird," Ryan said.

"Yeah," Brandon agreed. "What do you think dug all these tunnels out?"

"I dunno, but I don't see how it can be natural, with all these branches."

"I don't like it. I think we should go back."

"Don't be a pussy Austin. So long as we're careful, we should be okay."

Austin was as cautious as his brother Brandon was reckless. A good deal of Brandon's behaviour was bravado, playing up for his younger brother, but there was still a distinct difference between their willingness to take risks.

Ryan said, "Let's mark the tunnel we came in so we don't get lost on the way out."

He took out a screwdriver from his pack and gouged a circle into the dirt wall next to the tunnel they'd just exited.

"Which one shall we go down?" he asked.

Ever the leader, Brandon said, "Let's keep on going straight."

There was no reason to disagree. There was nothing to commend any of the tunnels over any other. The party continued down the tunnel, and as they walked, they noticed that other tunnels joined their tunnel at an angle. Facing the opposite direction, the pattern was like branches of a tree, and they were heading down the trunk towards the roots.

There was a strange rustling noise behind them.

"What's that?" Lucas said.

They stopped moving and listened. The noise was getting louder, moving towards them. It sounded like someone rubbing his hands together loudly, but there was also another noise mixed in with it; a kind of scratching sound like a dog's claws on concrete as it tried to run.

"I don't know but whatever it is, I don't like it. Let's hide."

They stepped into side tunnel moving back a few yards. The noise got louder and louder.

"Turn your flashlights off!" Brandon said.

Everyone complied, except him. He put his hand over the lens.

"What are you doing?!" his brother asked.

"We've got to see what it is. We can't stand here in the dark."

Something large and dark skittered past the opening without stopping.

"Oh shit, what was that?" Ryan asked.

"I don't know but it was big," Lucas answered.

"Let's get out of here," Brandon said, and nobody disagreed.

They turned their flashlights back on, and moved back into the main tunnel, and headed back where they'd come, but they barely got a dozen paces before they heard the noise ahead of them.

Suddenly ahead was an insect. A huge dark insect that stood over four feet tall.

"Oh shit!" Ryan said.

The guys skidded to a stop.

"Run!" Brandon said.

They started racing in the opposite direction, their flashlights bouncing wildly off the walls ahead.

Lucas was bringing up the rear.

“It’s following us!” he screamed, terrified.

The sound got louder, as more insects were drawn to the noise from side passages. Suddenly the group emerged into another chamber, and the insect hurtled in behind them. Their way ahead was blocked by more insects, some much larger than the first. More insects poured in from the tunnel that they had come from. The group huddled in a circle, back-to-back, but before anyone could offer a plan, the insects jumped onto them, knocking them to the ground with their weight. Austin dropped his torch, as one of the insects landed on his chest. He held up his hands to ward the creature away from his face, but he saw its tail curling between them. It stabbed him in the stomach with its venomous tip and in moments, he was paralysed. He could hear his friends screaming. Even his brother, four years older than him at 22, was screaming in terror. That scared him the most. And then silence. Or at least, silent of human voices...

The group lay paralysed on the floor. Lucas was on his back, staring up at the chamber roof. The bugs continued to move around them, and Lucas realised that they were tearing at his clothes with their razor-sharp mandibles. Soon, all four young men were completely naked.

Austin felt himself being lifted in the mandibles of one of the creatures. He expected that they would start to tear at him as they had his clothes, but the creature was surprisingly gentle. He was carried along a long series of pitch-black tunnels, and he wondered what the insects had planned for him. In his experience of nature programs, any time a colony of creatures captured another, the victim ended up being eaten. Lucas was terrified beyond reasonable thought. He felt himself urinating as he was carried.

He gradually detected light ahead, and he hoped it was daylight. If he was going to die, he didn’t want to do it underground. The light grew brighter, but instead of daylight, the bugs emerged into a huge cavern, with glowing blue bioluminescent walls.

In the middle of the chamber, was a huge queen bug, some thirty feet tall. She looked like a giant leatherback bug, but she had a distended, almost transparent belly.

The worker bugs deposited the victims in front of her, then waited attentively nearby. Austin could see the queen dragging Brandon towards her by his legs. His eyes were open, and Austin presumed that his brother was wide awake and aware, just as he was. The queen spread Brandon’s legs apart, and forced them over his head, exposing his anus. Then, she extended a slimy ovipositor over two yards long, and forced it into his rectum. Austin could see as six objects the size of billiard balls passed along the ovipositor, and into his brother.

When she had delivered her eggs into Brandon’s bowels, the queen extended a different organ. This one had a slender spike on the end. She drew it up behind the young man’s scrotum, and slowly punctured it, injecting Brandon’s sack with something.

When she was finished, she withdrew her spike and dark brown ichor oozed from the half inch hole. She turned to Lucas and repeated the procedure, whilst a drone carried Brandon away.

After she had finished with Lucas, it was Austin's turn. To his surprise, it didn't hurt as the slimy ovipositor entered his butthole, but as the eggs were passed into him, his eyes watered. They were soft, but it still felt like some was ripping his hole open. He felt a horrible sense of bloated fullness as the last of them was deposited.

And then he had the ball spike to look forwards to. To his surprise, it didn't actually puncture his balls, instead, it just filled his sac with warm ooze. He wondered what the purpose was.

He could feel a warm tingling feeling on his balls as he was carried away, and the familiar sensation of his dick hardening.

He thought to himself, "What the fuck?! Now! Of all places!"

But his dick wasn't interested in reason. It just got harder and harder. It was throbbing. Achingly hard.

He was carried into an adjacent chamber, where Lucas and Brandon had already been deposited. It was no larger than his living room at home – a rough circle perhaps 20 feet in diameter. Water trickled down one wall, and there was the same blue glow. Austin realised it was coming from a kind of fungus that was growing plentifully near the water.

The bug lowered him onto his back, where he lay, looking up, his head facing the roof. A few minutes later, Ryan was also delivered to the chamber, then the bug that had delivered him, withdrew from the chamber leaving them in silence.

Although he was terrified, Austin's breathing was infuriatingly even. Somehow the venom from the giant bug had severed his conscious control over his body, without affecting his autonomic systems. He couldn't hear the others breathing and he wondered if they were alive. He could just make out Lucas's body in his peripheral vision, but he couldn't make out if his friend was breathing or not. Then he noticed that there was something sticking out in front of the teenager's body. It was his dick. Lucas was as hard as he was! If he could have moved, Austin would have sniggered, in spite of the seriousness of their situation. Instead, all he could do was lay there, with his dick standing up like a sundial, awaiting his fate.

At some point Austin fell asleep, and when he awoke, he was still paralysed. He was aware that Ryan was up and moving around. He was leaning over Brandon shaking him. Brandon didn't respond. Ryan put his ear to Brandon's mouth. At least he was breathing.

"Brandon, can you hear me? If you can, you've got to get up!" Ryan whispered urgently.

Brandon remained unresponsive, so Ryan came over to Austin and tried to rouse him. Austin could hear and feel everything that Ryan was doing and saying; he just couldn't show it.

Ryan moved on to Lucas, with equally little response, before sitting on the ground with his head in his hands.

Austin was unsure how long he continued to lay there – it seemed like hours - when Lucas started to move; slowly at first. He started to sit up, and as soon as he did, Ryan noticed and came over to help him.

“What time is? How are the others?” Lucas whispered.

“I don’t know. I fell asleep, and it feels like I’ve been waiting for you to wake up for hours.”

“I wasn’t asleep. I just couldn’t move.”

“Yeah. Me neither.”

They looked at Austin and his brother.

“I wonder how much longer they’re going to be out for.”

Brandon was already starting to move his toes. Ryan scooted over to him.

“Hey Brandon, you’re alright. We’re all still alive.”

Brandon spoke slowly, just regaining his muscle control.

“How’s my brother?”

“He’s still not moving, but he’s breathing, and...”

“And what?!” Brandon demanded.

“Well, he’s got a boner, so I guess he’s alright.”

Brandon sniggered.

“He always does, so what else is new?!”

Brandon took about ten minutes to regain full movement, and it was a further two hours before Austin regained his faculties fully. Meanwhile, Brandon took control of the situation.

“Has anyone checked if there’s a way out?” he asked.

Ryan shook his head.

“Nope. I didn’t want to run into any more of those bugs, especially on my own, and without a flashlight, I thought it would be suicide sneaking around the tunnels.”

“Yeah, good point,” Brandon agreed. The last thing we need it is to get separated, or for one of us to get killed.”

He voiced a reality that none of them wanted to say out loud: the fact that they were all in mortal danger.

“Why do you think they haven’t killed us already Brandon?” Lucas asked.

“I don’t know. Usually when bugs carry animals back to their nest, I thought they eat them right away.”

“Not always,” Ryan said. “Sometimes they lay their eggs in them and then the little ones eat their way out.”

Brandon put his hand to his asshole.

“That big bug put something in my asshole. Did she...”

The other two nodded.

“Oh shit. We’ve got to get them out. How long do you think we’ve got?”

“I don’t know,” Ryan mused. “Days, weeks?”

Brandon felt his belly. It was bloated like he’d just eaten the biggest dinner ever. He pressed the skin, and he could just make out the shape of some of the eggs.

“I’m getting rid of these right now!” he said.

He went to the edge of the cave and squatted, ready to take a shit. He had a sense of bloated fullness, as though he was ready for one. He pushed, and could feel one of the eggs in his bowels. He squeezed, but it wouldn’t come out. He squeezed harder. He could feel it right at the lips of his hole, but it was too big. His asshole had contracted since the queen had removed her slime-coated ovipositor, and without the lubrication, there was no way he was going to force such a large orb back out of him. He strained, and he could feel his hole stretching. It was so tight that it burned. But his hole wasn’t even half as big as it needed to be. He felt into his hole with his finger, and he could feel the smooth surface of the egg. It was leathery. Brandon thought that maybe he could poke his finger through it and pull it out in pieces but he couldn’t even puncture it. He tried to relax so that his hole would spread more, like he did when he had to pass an epic turd, then he tried again, with no success. Finally, he pushed as hard as he could, straining so hard that the veins on his forehead stood out.

“You’re gonna bust a blood vessel if you keep that up,” Ryan warned him.

“It’s too big,” he told the others, “I can’t get it out. I wish I’d been a faggot now, then my asshole would have no problem stretching.”

The other two sniggered at his joke.

“And while we’re on the subject,” Brandon said, rejoining the others, “what’s with these goddamned boners?!” He swatted at his rigid dick. The others were all still hard as nails too.

“I figured it’s the stuff that bug squirted into our balls,” Lucas said. “I can still feel it tingling.”

Ryan clutched at his own nuts, yeah me too.

Brandon examined his bag. It was swollen to twice its normal size. He palpated it, and it was tender. He lifted his testicles gingerly to see the hole where the insect had injected him. It had almost closed, but there was a little bit of brown liquid oozing from it.

“Has anyone else got sore nuts?” he asked. “Not just where that goddamned thing stabbed you but like, all over?”

The others touched their balls.

“Yeah, me,” Ryan acknowledged.

“Me too,” Lucas agreed.

“What do you think that shit is that thing injected us with?” Brandon asked.

“I don’t have a fucking clue,” Ryan said.

Lucas shook his head.

Ryan said, “I mean, I’ve seen plenty of insects that lay their eggs in other insects – wasps and spiders and shit, and I’ve seen loads of spiders that paralyse their prey, but I never heard of anything that injected them in the nut sack!”

“I watched this TED talk on youtube,” Lucas said, “it was about parasites. And there were these worms that get into shrimps, and they castrate them. Maybe it’s like that?”

“Castrating us? Hell no! It’s bad enough if we gotta die, but I’m not going out without any balls!” Brandon said. “I’m getting that shit out right now.”

He grabbed his bloated sack between his fingers, careful to avoid his testicles, and squeezed, hard, hoping to force the liquid back out of the hole it had been injected through. It was as though someone had stamped on his nuts, even though he wasn’t actually touching them. Brandon doubled over in agony.

“I wasn’t saying that was DEFINITELY the reason,” Lucas said. “It was just an idea.”

Brandon looked up from where he was groaning.

“Now you fucking tell me.”

Even though he was paralysed, Austin couldn’t help but be amused by his dumb ass brother.

“Yeah, I mean, if we’re being castrated, what’s with the hard-ons?” Ryan asked.

The party continued discussing their situation until Austin eventually regained his ability to move. Once Brandon had assured himself that his younger brother was okay, they started discussing a plan of action.

Ryan said, “I think we should take some of that blue fungus for light, then try to find our way out of here.”

“Agreed. But I wish we had some kind of weapon.” Brandon added.

They looked around the chamber. The floor and walls were made of dirt. There was literally nothing that could be improvised as a weapon. Even the mud was too hard to break off.

“I guess we’ll just have to take our chances,” he said.

Each of them grabbed a handful of the blue fungus, and holding it out in front they walked forwards quietly, erect penises pointing the way like arrows. They walked into a tunnel, and as they reached the point where it rejoined the main chamber, there were three big bugs, each heavily armoured, and at least six feet tall, waiting for them. The lead soldier bug hissed at them menacingly, and advanced on them. The guys backed away. The bug advanced still further, making clicking sounds and a scissor motion with its mandibles. The humans hastily returned to their chamber. The soldier followed them a few more steps, just to ensure that they returned, then it returned to its post.

“Fuck, well that rules that out then,” Lucas said. “Now what do we do?”

“I don’t know. Maybe those guards don’t stay there all the time, and even bugs have got to sleep,” Ryan said.

“I’m thirsty,” Austin said. “I didn’t drink before we came out.”

“That was dumb,” his brother said.

“I brought something, but I didn’t know we were gonna get kidnapped by fucking bugs Brandon!” Austin snapped.

“Fair enough,” Brandon conceded. “I wonder how long till someone notices we’re missing. They’re gonna start searching for us eventually.”

“Yeah!” Austin agreed, “And I told dad where we were gonna be riding. As soon as they find our bikes, they’re going to know where to look.”

Lucas brightened.

“They might even be looking for us already. How long do you figure we’ve been gone?”

“Hard to tell,” Ryan said. “We were all asleep. We could have slept for days.”

“Well, that explains one thing,” Brandon chipped in.

“What’s that?” Ryan asked.

Brandon gestured towards their fiercely hard erections.

“Morning wood.”

The others snickered.

"I dunno," Austin said seriously, "mine got hard before I fell asleep. Didn't yours?"

"Yeah," Lucas agreed.

"Anyway, the point is," Ryan said, "all we've got to do is stay alive till they find our bikes and rescue us. There's no point doing anything stupid."

"Good point," Brandon agreed.

On the surface, the bugs had already collapsed the sandy desert beneath the motorcycles, and a team of worker drones was busy filling their former funnel trap so that no sign remained that it had ever existed. The hive had all it needed, and these incubators would serve them for a long time to come.

Austin dipped his finger into the water running down the wall, then put it into his mouth.

"Tastes okay," he told the others. "I'm gonna risk it. No point of dying of dehydration."

"Or water poisoning," Lucas added.

"Dude, do you *have* to be so negative? I'd sooner die of poisoning than dehydration. At least it's quick. If we're going to survive, we *have* to drink something. I've already got a headache."

"You're right man. Sorry. I'm just going out of my mind down doing nothing here, and this boner is driving me nuts."

"Well go over there and jack it or something. I'm trying the water."

There was actually quite a good stream of water running down the walls. Austin put his lips to it and started to drink. A couple of minutes later, he'd had his fill.

"Seems okay. No cramps, and I can still see."

The others took turns afterwards, each drinking until they'd slaked their thirst.

After they'd drunk, Brandon walked to the other side of the cave away from the others.

"What are you doing?" Austin asked.

"I'm taking your advice," his brother replied. "My nuts are churning and this boner is driving me mad. I'm gonna beat it till it goes."

The others laughed, and he sat on the dirt floor and started to beat off. Ryan went over and joined him. Neither Lucas nor Austin were that comfortable with themselves, so they sat near the water

talking, and glancing over at the others every so often. In under three minutes Ryan came, squirting a big load, and Brandon did likewise almost immediately after. They both kept jacking.

After three more ejaculations, Ryan quit.

“My dick’s getting sore. And I’m still horny.”

Brandon stopped mid-stroke.

“Yeah, mine too.”

Part 2

For the next fourteen hours, the group intermittently sneaked along the passage, only to find the guards were always present. Eventually the adventurers fell asleep.

When they awoke, Lucas said, "I'm starving. It's got to be two days now since we ate."

"Yeah," Austin said. He looked at the fungus. "You think that stuff's safe to eat?"

"Fungus? I don't know. That can be pretty poisonous can't it?"

"I don't know, but I know if I don't get something to eat soon, I'm going to pass out."

Lucas spoke to Ryan, the group's de facto biologist.

"Hey Ry, how long can humans last without food?"

"Without food? Quite a long time. A week. Several weeks. Depends how much fat you have on you."

All four of them were normally pretty lean, although the eggs were distending their stomachs now.

"I thought it was just a few days?" Austin queried.

"Nah, that's water. We've got plenty of that."

"Hey bro; not worth poisoning yourself if you don't have to huh?" Brandon said.

"I guess not," Austin agreed. "But at least it might poison the fucking eggs inside us!"

Ryan said, "Yeah, has anyone taken a shit since we got here? I haven't and I'm bursting for one."

The others acknowledged that they hadn't had one either, which hardly came as a revelation as they were together in such a small chamber.

"I wonder how long we can go without taking a dump?" Lucas mused.

"Not long I imagine," Brandon replied.

Some time later, Ryan asked, "Am I the only one, or are your nuts getting bigger?"

Lucas *had* noticed that his scrotum was significantly bigger than the day before, but he had been embarrassed to mention it.

"Yeah, I thought it was just me."

Austin agreed.

"Yeah, I think mine are like, nearly twice their normal size."

Brandon glanced at his brother's balls.

“Which isn’t saying much!” he jibed.

“Fucking great,” Ryan said, “I wonder what the fuck that’s all about?”

All four of them still had their rigid erections, and Ryan and Brandon intermittently amused themselves throughout the third day by masturbating. Lucas and Austin were feeling increasingly horny just seeing the other two jacking off. Austin was the first to overcome his inhibitions, and he went to another part of the cave, and started beating off. Once he got into it, he quickly lost himself in the feeling, and started going at it fast and furious like a little zoo monkey. Lucas gave in and went and joined him, taking odd comfort from the company of a guy who shared his shyness.

Austin came in less than 30 seconds, and it felt incredible. Lucas barely took longer, but within minutes, they were both horny and ready to go again.

Like Brandon and Ryan before, they both continued masturbating, ejaculating three, four, five more times. Then three bugs entered the chamber; two giant soldiers, accompanied by a nurse drone. Austin and Lucas were already sitting by the furthest wall, and Brandon and Ryan quickly scooted over to join them, their masturbation forgotten, but their hard penises still bouncing.

One of the soldiers stopped by the entranceway, completely blocking it, and the other advanced with the drone. The soldier reached out lightning fast with its front leg, and pinned Austin against the cave wall, pressing his chest so that he couldn’t escape. The smaller nurse bug palpated Austin’s swollen stomach, checking the eggs, then it palpated his scrotum. He reached down and tried to stop it, but the creature gripped his arms with its middle legs and pulled them out of the way. Then it continued squeezing Austin’s ball bag. He squirmed against the pain, especially when the creature gripped his enlarged and tender testicles in the rough leathery claw and started squeezing them too.

The drone released him and went over to the fungus, where it ripped up a small piece, then returned to Austin. Forcing his mouth open with one claw, it pushed the fungus into his mouth and down his throat with the other. Austin gagged against the fungus, but was powerless to resist.

The drone moved away, and the soldier released Austin. The teenager quickly scurried away in the opposite direction of the fungus patch, and huddled against the chamber wall.

The nurse drone and soldier continued, performing the same examination and forced feeding routine on Lucas and Ryan. When it was Brandon’s turn, he grabbed at the soldier’s antennae. The creature laid them flat against its head and hissed at him. Then its head moved forwards in a flash, and it severed Brandon’s arm above the elbow with its powerful mandibles, taking his forearm clean off. Brandon looked at the wound wide eyed as blood gushed from the wound. The others cowered in terror. Brandon looked at his bleeding arm, paralysed by shock, but the soldier calmly grabbed the arm. Bringing its tail forwards between its legs, the giant insect sprayed clear fluid onto the stump. The liquid was a potent exothermic concoction with a temperature of over 1000 degrees. It was formed by mixing two instantly catalysing chemicals in the soldier’s spray tubes. The superheated fluid cauterised the wound instantly, preventing further bleeding or infection. Brandon started screaming shrilly, but the soldier was unmoved by his distress, and held him down whilst the nurse

drone completed its duties. Then all three bugs scuttled from the room, taking the severed arm with them and leaving the young men alone once more.

Austin and the others ran over to Brandon. He was rolling around on the floor, groaning in agony, and grabbing his arm just above the seared stump. Austin looked at the stump in dismay, then went to the water and brought some over in his cupped hands. He poured it over scalding wound, repeating over and over until the stump was cool to the touch. The final delivery of water, he held to his brother's mouth, but Brandon was too distressed to drink it.

Austin stayed with him, and they sat, Brandon leaning against his younger brother for physical and emotional support. He groaned for seven more hours until the pain subsided enough for him to talk.

During that period, two important things happened: their erections finally disappeared, and none of them died of food poisoning.

Brandon was the first to notice it.

"I guess at least it's safe to eat the fungus," he said laconically.

"I suppose so," his brother agreed glumly.

Lucas said, "I don't wanna give anyone any more bad news, but my ass is leaking since we had those mushrooms. It's like disgusting green diarrhoea, and it just keeps dripping out all the time."

"I wasn't gonna say anything," added Ryan. "I thought it was just me."

"Me too," agreed Austin.

"I wonder if that's why they made us eat the fungus?" Lucas offered.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, we couldn't take a normal dump with these eggs inside us, and we needed food as well. Maybe that was their way of making sure we don't hurt the eggs, or die from not being able to take a shit?"

"Yeah," agreed Ryan again. "That makes a lot of sense. They're obviously keeping us alive for a reason. It wouldn't make sense if they just let us die."

"I've got more important things to worry about. Like my fucking arm!" Brandon said.

"Yeah man," Austin said, hugging his bro from behind.

For a few more days, they continued drinking the water and eating the fungus.

On the sixth day, Lucas said, "How big are your balls getting because mine are enormous!"

The others looked at him.

“Are you fucking kidding?” Brandon asked.

Before they’d got captured, Brandon’s balls were average size for his age. After the queen had injected him, his sack had swollen enormously; to the size of a grapefruit. Now it was almost twice as big, and everyone else’s was just as big. Lucas could see at a glance how huge everyone balls had grown.

“No, you don’t understand,” he clarified, “it’s not just my sack. I felt inside, and my actual nuts are like two oranges!”

“Mine are just as bad,” Ryan acknowledged. “But at least they don’t hurt. I wonder what’s happening to them?”

Brandon, Ryan and Austin felt their testicles. They were all equally enlarged.

“I don’t know, but I fucking HATE it!” Lucas snarled.

A week later, they all had scrotums the size of volleyballs, and although they were not growing as quickly, their penises were also getting larger. They all agreed to sit on the opposite side of the cavern to the water supply, so that the disgusting ooze leaking from their holes didn’t contaminate the water or food.

Whenever one of them walked over to take a drink or to eat something, he had to stoop, his legs wide apart, as he carried a scrotum weighing over 20 pounds. They were losing hope of rescue, but their nuts were now so large that they couldn’t have run even if they had to.

The nurse bugs visited daily to attend to the captives, but now that it was obvious that they were eating and drinking without prompting, the visits consisted of nothing more than checking the eggs and palpating their scrotums.

The eggs grew larger, distending the guy’s stomachs far beyond that of any woman’s pregnancy. The young men looked monstrously bloated, and none of them could see his own penis any more, enlarged though they were, without lifting it out at right angles. Austin looked the penises of the other three, and all three looked hideously swollen and malformed, like 10-inch drowned bloater-corpse dicks, hanging down between their legs. His looked no better...

At first, they tried lying on their backs so that they didn’t have to support the growing weight of the eggs, but the eggs rested on their internal organs, making them feel violently nauseous. They tried resting on their sides, but that was uncomfortable too. In the end, they discovered that the only comfortable position was on their hands and knees, their vast stomachs hanging down like the udders of a massive cow.

“I don’t wanna scare anybody, but I can feel something moving inside my sack,” Austin said.

“What do you mean ‘moving’?” His brother asked, alarmed.

"I dunno, like a tingling feeling. Not like before."

"Let me feel," Brandon said.

Normally Austin wouldn't have let his brother within a million miles of his nuts, but this was different. He knelt quietly whilst Brandon shuffled over and carefully probed his immense scrotum. After 30 seconds, without a word, Brandon examined his own scrotum even more thoroughly. He visibly swallowed, then said, "Guys, I don't want to freak you out, but there's something alive in our nut sacks, and it feels like some kind of maggots."

"Oh fucking great!" Ryan said flatly.

Lucas's eyes widened, then he fainted flat onto his face.

When he came around 15 seconds later, Austin and Brandon were standing over him with serious expressions, and feet and knees wide apart like cowboys about to start a gunfight. Ryan was kneeling beside him.

"Are you okay," Ryan asked.

Lucas looked squeamishly in the direction of his enormous balls and nodded solemnly.

"What the fuck are we gonna do Brandon?" Austin asked.

Brandon looked at Ryan, and Ryan shrugged his shoulders.

"We could squash them all," Austin offered.

"Then what?" Ryan asked. "Then you'll have a sack full of dead, rotting maggots."

Lucas blanched.

"The way I see it, is that we have two choices: we can leave them there and see what happens, or we can try to get them out," Brandon said.

"What about the bugs?" Lucas asked.

"Fuck the bugs!" Brandon said.

Ryan said, "Wait, he's got a point Brand. Look what they did to you when you tried to fight back last time. Maybe they might not like it if you start killing whatever they put into our sacks?"

Brandon looked at the cauterised stump of his arm.

"Yeah, and they might not stop with just an arm next time," Austin chipped in.

Brandon weighed their words.

"Look, I don't know what these *fucking* bugs have in store for us, and I don't even want to think about what these things in our stomachs are going to do, but there's no fucking way I want to sit

around while they use my goddamned balls as a motherfucking swimming pool! Now I'm gonna cut these things out of me, or die trying. Now help me find something to cut my sack open."

30 seconds later, it was obvious that there was nothing available to cut him open with. The cave walls were made of mud, and even if it was hard enough to cut with, it was too hard to crack a piece off the walls to make a blade using just their bare hands or feet.

"Well that's just fucking great!" Brandon said, unconsciously mimicking a line he'd heard whiny space marine Gorman use in the movie *Aliens* a few months before.

He waddled to a part of the cave that was far from the water and where they slept, then sat with his back against the clay with his legs splayed wide. His enormous stomach rested on his groin, pressing the top of his penis down between his thighs. It lay on the floor like a wilted salami. His scrotum was so huge that he could still see it past the beachball that his stomach had become. He reached down and gripped his sack. The skin was stretched tight. He gripped it between the index finger and thumb of each hand, gritted his teeth against the coming pain, then tugged at the skin. Nothing happened. He tried again, but the skin wouldn't tear. He dug his nails in, trying to make a cutting surface and tried once more, growling as he tore at the skin of his scrotum, but it refused to give. He let out a huge sigh and said, "Austin, you're going to have to use your teeth."

"You what?!" Austin exclaimed, disgusted at the thought.

"It's the only way bro. This is no time to be pussy."

Austin looked at his brother's sack with disdain, but started to waddle towards him. Brandon rolled onto his hands and knees with his back towards his brother.

"Do it at the back, I think the skin is softer there. Do it on the seam, it might tear easier."

Austin's expression of sceptical distaste deepened, but he moved into place behind his brother. Gripping Brandon's scrotum on either side of the seam that bisected it, Austin, lowered his head and carefully positioned his left incisors against the flesh, then he ripped at the flesh, whilst keeping the skin taut. A three-centimetre gash appeared and immediately, viscous black liquid gushed from the tear, hitting Austin in the face. He recoiled in disgust, yelling in surprise. His brother also screamed at the pain. Austin instinctively wiped at his face, only to discover there were indeed thousands of maggots in the foul liquid – the first stage of the new drone bugs. He fell onto his side, mortified and trying to move away from the carnage in front of him.

Before either of them could regain his senses, a nurse drone came charging into the chamber, attracted by the noise, closely followed by a soldier bug. The bug took one glance at the scene and instantly realised what the captives had been attempting. It hissed, then let out a loud sound partway between a scream and a monkey chitter. Moments later two more soldiers thundered into the cave. The bug made some quieter chattering noises, and the original soldier approached Brandon and Austin. Before the younger brother could even try to roll away, the soldier bent down and bit his right leg off above the knee, quickly sealing the wound, as it had with his brother. Austin screamed in pain, and tried to roll away, but the bug gripped him with a claw and severed his left leg just as

unceremoniously, then sealed that too. Austin passed out from the pain, but the bug wasn't done yet. It cut off both of his arms as well, leaving him with nothing but four stumps.

Brandon tried to turn to see what was happening, but he was trapped against the wall by his brother's unconscious body. He felt the soldier's claw on his calf, and before he knew it, he too had lost a leg.

Meanwhile, Ryan and Lucas cowered in mortal terror, retreating as best they could with their massive ballbags and spacehopper stomachs. But it was to no avail. The other two soldiers approached, and two minutes later all four explorers lay unconscious and minus their limbs.

The nurse bug approached Brandon from beside, and raised its far smaller tail, then like a surgeon, it carefully and precisely resealed the young man's torn scrotum.

Picking up the severed limbs, all four bugs left the cave, where the victims lay in silence...

Part 3 – Conclusion

Austin woke up with a start; the pain in his severed stumps forcing him to make the transition from unconsciousness to full alertness in an instant. Lucas and Brandon were already conscious and groaning at their own pain, and just a couple of minutes later, Ryan regained consciousness and joined them.

They were each in too much pain to speak. Their limbs had all been removed above the knees and elbows, and whilst the searing fluid sprayed on the stumps by the soldiers cauterised the wounds, it did nothing to reduce the pain.

Then Lucas lost it. A mixture of pain and fear pushed him over the edge, and he started yelling and babbling, raging at the now-absent bugs and screaming deliriously.

At the noise, a bug appeared and stood guard, implacably watching.

Lucas continued screaming for over 15 minutes until he was too hoarse to make much sound. Then he collapsed exhausted, and rolled into as much of a foetal position as his massively enlarged scrotum and distended stomach would allow.

Many hours later, Austin was the first one to speak coherently. His voice strained, he said to his brother, "We're going to die down here Brandon."

It was not a question.

"Yeah Austin, I think you're right," Brandon replied.

The admission drew no panic, and no denials from the others, just silence as they listened to the exchange. It was obvious.

"I don't want to wait while these things eat me from the inside or burst my nut sack," Austin said.

His brother considered the statement.

"Maybe that's not what they're going to do," he offered weakly.

Ryan joined the conversation.

"Nah, he's right. When did you ever hear about an animal that laid its eggs inside another one and they DIDN'T eat their way out?"

"I'm not going to let that happen Brandon."

Through the pain, there was quiet resolve in Austin's voice.

"What are you thinking bro?"

"I'm going to kill myself. It can't be more painful than what they already did, let alone what's going to happen."

Brandon's instinct was to oppose his brother: to immediately tell him that he was being ridiculous, but after just the briefest consideration, he realised that Austin was right.

"How you gonna do it? No weapons, no arms, not enough water to drown in."

Lucas was listening intently to the conversation.

"You could bite the vein in my neck?"

"It's an artery," Ryan corrected.

"Yeah thanks for that Ryan. Does it really matter at this point?!" Austin said, irritated.

"I'm not saying that to be a dick. Arteries have a faster blood flow. The one in your neck is a good choice."

"Oh, okay."

Austin looked at his brother.

"So, are you going to do it?"

Brandon looked at the guard bug.

"What about that?"

"You'll have to do it quick then."

Brandon sighed heavily.

"I guess so."

"Hold a minute," Ryan said, "that's okay for you, but what about the rest of us?"

Austin looked at him and tilted his head.

"What do you mean?"

"I don't want to be eaten alive either, and I certainly don't want to be the only one alive with the rest of you dead. The bugs are hardly going to just stand there whilst we kill each other are they? They went crazy enough when you bit his sack open."

He looked towards Brandon.

"Yeah, fair point," Austin said.

"So, we've all got to do it together, but how?" Brandon asked.

"We could break our own necks," Austin offered.

"I don't think that would be easy if we still had arms and legs, now, I don't see how we could possibly..."

Without warning, they heard a loud thud from the place that Lucas was laying. He'd rolled onto his stomach, and had violently smashed his forehead into the hard mud floor. The others were stunned, and Lucas lifted his neck and smashed his head into the floor again. The bug by the door screeched, and ran towards him. Lucas smashed his head again even harder, and even as the bug reached him, he was sliding unconscious to the ground.

The bug screeched in rage as three others rushed into the chamber. Before the other guys could even come to their senses, the bugs knocked them to the floor, standing firmly on their skulls, and preventing them from harming themselves.

Lucas was twitching and there was blood oozing from a split on the front of his head.

A nurse bug entered the cave. There were many much smaller bugs crawling over its head, each the size of a tarantula spider. The nurse leaned its head towards Ryan's pinned skull and one of the bugs crawled off the nurse's body, and onto Ryan's. It made its way to the back of his neck and clamped on with all six legs, burying its claws in the flesh. Then it inserted a probe. Ryan struggled futilely as he felt the bug crawling over him, then a few moments after it punctured his neck, he stopped moving. The bug standing on him lifted its foot and the nurse continued to the other two conscious guys, and delivered bugs to them too.

When it was Austin's turn, he felt the bug's claws embedding themselves in the skin of his neck, but the pain was trivial compared to the pain in his severed limbs. Nevertheless, he wriggled and thrashed against the soldier that held him down. His bloated stomach beneath him, and the stumps of his arms and legs barely able to reach the ground. Then the small bug inserted its stinger and Austin felt the tip drilling up through his brain until it reached his motor cortex. And then, his body was no longer his own to control. He had all the same feelings: the same anger, pain and fear, but his body's movements were not his to command. The bug on his neck was riding him, like some kind of pilot.

The nurse bug continued on to Lucas. It examined his unconscious body before chattering at the soldier bugs. One of them moved behind the unconscious young man, and with its mandibles, it started biting at the top of his scrotum. Ryan and Brandon could see from their peripheral vision, and they saw with horror as the giant insect severed Lucas's genitals from his body and carried the massive lump of flesh out of the cave. Another soldier lifted the young man who was now bleeding profusely from the tattered wound where his penis and testicles had formerly been attached, and followed the first bug.

Ryan and Brandon's hearts were thudding in their chests, horrified at what they had seen, and fearful that they were going to be next. Their breathing was elevated, but other than that, there was no outward sign that they were afraid.

The nurse bug made a chattering sound that the guys had come to recognise as orders to the lower-ranked soldier bugs and one of them approached Brandon. His terror rose to new heights, but the bug did not emasculate him. Rather, it lifted him, careful to avoid placing pressure on his stomach, and deposited him right next to water and fungus wall. The soldier returned and brought over the other two guys one at a time. The nurse clicked and squeaked one more time, and all three victims found their limbs moving, as their riders controlled their actions.

Ryan felt the stumps of his legs reaching down to the ground and pushing, tilting his face towards the trickling water. At the same time his arm stumps reached forwards to support his face. He leaned forwards and started lapping at the water. The other two guys did likewise, after which they all started eating the glowing fungus.

Satisfied that the pilot bugs were controlling their victims, the nurse and the other bugs left the cave.

For weeks, the guys lay, facing the wall, under the complete control of their puppet-masters. Each day Austin could feel the movement inside him grow more and more pronounced as the things inside him matured.

He could feel a constant churning in his stomach, as though a boa constrictor had somehow worked its way into him and was building a nest. He could feel his organs being rearranged and displaced as whatever was inside him shifted and twisted, like a restless insomniac trying to get comfortable. He'd never experienced his intestines and kidneys and liver being touched from the inside before, and now that he did, it was deeply disconcerting. The pressure upwards on his diaphragm was making it harder to breath, and his respiration was reduced to a constant stream of panting half breaths.

But that wasn't the thing that freaked him out the most. There was a constant wriggling sensation in his scrotum, as though he had lowered it into a large fishing bait bucket. He could feel it against his testicles, and he could even feel the surface of his scrotum writhing and rippling where it touched his penis and the inside of his legs. There was no pain, apart from the occasional pinching or nipping sensation against his testicle, but the feeling of being infested was almost driving him out of his mind.

After seven weeks, Austin became aware of yet another new sensation: the head of his penis touching the mud floor. He had felt the weight of his penis growing over the past month, and although he couldn't see it, the heft of it between his legs seemed enormous. He knew that thanks to his bloated stomach, his groin had to be over 18 inches off the floor, so when he felt the top of his cock first touching the ground, and then with each passing day, extend further onto it, he could only wonder how enormous his penis had become.

At nine weeks, three soldiers and the nurse bug arrived in the cave. The guys felt themselves being lifted and carried into the queen's chamber, but rather than being placed in front of her, they were taken to the back and put down facing a cave wall again. There was a long pool of water, like a trough, and more edible fungus.

As they were carried to their places, they could see in the blue bioluminescent light that there were rows of other males already there, all with their own controller bugs, and all minus their limbs. Austin could not tell for certain how old the other victims were, but from their bodies, they

appeared to range in age from adolescents right up to elderly aged men. But even the very youngest had penises over two feet long, and scrotums larger than a soccer ball. The best endowed had two-meter-long cocks thicker than a muscular man's thigh, and scrotums the size of a large bean bag chair.

As they saw their future, the guys would have gasped, but of course, they had absolutely no control over their actions. They remained silent, like each of the other two dozen victims, and the only sound was the clicking of the bugs' feet against the floor.

They continued to eat and drink against their will, and at eleven weeks, they finally shed their burdens. Ryan was the first. He felt a painful sensation in his left spermatic cord, and then a wriggling within. The wriggling continued, working its way along the cord, as the thing within worked its way towards freedom. Then a fat maggot, the size of his thumb plopped from the enlarged head of his massive penis. Even before it had fully completed its journey, it was followed by another, then another and another. Thousands of fat white, glistening maggots, finally exiting his body, and he could feel each one as it slowly squirmed its way along his urethra to freedom. As they emerged, they were quickly picked up one at a time by a swarm of smaller drones, and taken away to another chamber.

The young men's minds were torn between the visceral horror of feeling thousands of maggots proceeding through their penises, tempered only mildly and the relief that at least they were not eating their way out.

The maggot exodus continued constantly for 17 hours, after which a soldier reached down and sliced a 6-inch gash into the back of each young man's scrotum. Black fluid and dead maggots gushed out onto the ground. The soldier palpated the outside and scraped the inside of the scrotum to ensure that it was cleared completely of its former contents, then it used its searing spray to reseal the gash.

Ryan's now-leathery scrotum hung between his thighs like a beach ball that had lost most of its air. Within, were testicles the size of melons.

A day later, the other residents of their bodies were ready to evacuate. Brandon was the first this time. He felt one squirming making its way lower inside his intestines, and then into his rectum. Then his anus was stretching, stretching, stretching as something the thickness of his bicep forced its way into the opening. His sphincter widened as the creature painfully turned his starfish into a gaping hole. He was fortunate that the emerging maggot had a soft body. If it had been solid, it would have torn his hole to shreds. As it was, its muscular formed stretched his hole agonisingly beyond its comfortable limits. When the maggot that would form the queen of a new colony eventually slumped free, it was streaked with his blood.

Brandon had little respite as another giant maggot was already following the first. It was followed by four more, until eventually all six new queens had forced their way from his bowels, and been carried off carefully by drones to a maturation chamber elsewhere.

When the last of the huge maggots left him, a torrent of black and brown crap and ichor burst from him like an over-filled enema. In spite of the stench, the relief he felt at finally losing his parasites was immense. His stomach contracted, his intestines and scrotum were finally still, and his fear about the pain of being eaten alive diminished.

Brandon and his two remaining friends remained in the chamber for a few days, eating and drinking in silence with all of the other incubation cattle, and then the queen approached. Each of them received six new eggs and their permanently enlarged scrotums were filled with more larval broth ready to start the process all over again.

However, there was one important difference. Immediately after receiving the new batch of larvae, the nurse bug carefully lifted the head of Austin's penis and placed it as close to the water pool as it would go. Then the bug began to massage Austin's enormous testicles gently with its claws. At the same time, the bug riding him, started to stimulate the pleasure centre of the teenager's brain and he felt an orgasm building. It was the last thing he wanted, but it was unstoppable. When it came, it was not what he expected. Not that he was in any rational state to analyse the incongruity. His mind was overcome by the most overwhelming orgasm ever. It literally wiped his ability to think of anything else. But instead of receding, it just continued on and on, for over 30 minutes. All the while a steady flow of semen oozed from his still growing elephant trunk penis, and flowed stickily into the water pool before him. When his orgasm finally abated, Austin's pilot made him drink from the pool that he and the other males had pumped so much semen into, re-ingesting the protein.

The nurse moved constantly between the cattle massaging their enormous nuts whilst their pilots triggered 30-minute orgasms, one after another, after another.

Austin, Brandon and Ryan grew used to their new routines, which were at least less mind-numbingly tedious than the past months. Every day consisted of non-stop orgasms, briefly punctuated by food and semen water breaks. Their scrotums grew so large that their leg stumps were forced open like gymnasts doing the splits. Their scrotums continued to grow and grow over the coming years, until they were so enormous that they were many times larger than the bodies they were attached to. The bugs carefully spread the gargantuan scrotums out behind their utterly immobile owners, making the victims look like honey ants with bloated thoraxes and tiny bodies.

And for each foot in diameter that their scrotums grew, their penises grew in length to match, laying in coils on the floor like pythons sunning themselves.

Over the years, the men, as they had now become, ceased to think of their previous lives, except in dreams. Their only thoughts along with the dozens of other cattle around them, were about the next orgasm...

NEWS

Jan 18th 2015 – Fountain Hills, Arizona

Six workmen were lost yesterday, when a site they were working on collapsed. The bodies have yet to be recovered.

April 4th 2015 – Tucson, Arizona

A party of 14 tourists have disappeared during a tour of the cave system in Kartchner Caverns State Park. Rescuers say that they are mystified at the disappearance, and surmise that the party may have lost their way and got swept away by a flash flood.

May 29th 2015 – Cañon City, Colorado

A disaster has occurred at Colorado Correctional Facility, which as yet remains unexplained. The north wing, which houses 170 category 3 inmates has collapsed, and so far there is no sign of any bodies. The Warden said that the likelihood of terrorist attack was low, dismissing rumors of sabotage by ISIS. The National Guard is assisting with the rescue efforts.

December 17th - 2015 Albuquerque, New Mexico

A subway tunnel collapsed yesterday trapping two trains. Rescuers have reached one of the trains, but were stunned to discover nobody onboard. They surmise that the passengers have tried to walk out in the other direction. The search continues, hampered by further collapses.

March 14th 2016 – Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

A 100-foot sinkhole opened beneath Northwest Classen High School today. 43 female bodies, including students and teachers, have been removed from the rubble, but so far, no males. Rescuers are hard at work, but authorities are not hopeful about saving any of the 1093 students.

The herd continues to grow...