

Infestival of Leucocytes

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Ajay felt the ground squish under her weight as she dropped down into the gloom.

The chamber was softer than any cavern ought be, and the pulsating surfaces of the walls and ceiling were entirely too animated, rippling with bioluminescence and dripping with slime where large, fat worms wriggled out of the many sphincter-like openings in the organic surfaces.

They were a hitherto unknown species, leucocytes of some form.

Evacuation had been the rational response when the new subterranean transit line hit this surreal pocket of ancient organisms. Especially after they had infected... *infested* several of the workers.

Ajay felt a shudder run over her tan skin as she recalled the footage she'd seen. The worm-like leucos had been *nesting* in the bodies of their human hosts, reproducing, spreading, even starting to convert and replace existing tissues.

Watching the oozing, writhing swarm approaching, her hand ran through her striking red hair, tidying the twin buns it was tied into. That was a poor substitute for pressing those fingers into the messy, twitching lips between her thighs, but it would suffice. She was there for a reason, after all, and it certainly wasn't to indulge any perverse, intrusive thoughts.

The outbreak had spread rapidly, but fortunately those afflicted were found in before they could start spreading the parasites to others. Now the nest was to be destroyed, burned up, for the sake of public safety.

It was a travesty.

Yes, the creatures were disgusting, grotesque even, but they couldn't just annihilate a totally new species like that.

Everyone was afraid, horrified by the unknown and the alien, yet the infested workers hadn't actually been harmed by the parasites. None had suffered any ill-health or pain, and all were predicted to make full recoveries.

In a way, Ajay felt sorrier for the creatures they had disturbed. She had to at least save a few specimens.

Gingerly, she let one inch and slither its way onto her hand.

The animal was featureless, perhaps six inches long with a bulbous blank 'head' end that tapered into a short tail. Overall the shape wasn't too far from a classical droplet, mottled

with light and dark greens, specks of darker brown and black dying the wider 'head' end. Every part of the worm was oozing pale green slime as it pulsated on her palm.

The slime was tingling wonderfully on her bare skin.

If not for its sinister nature, it would have been adorable.

And it couldn't be a more perfect shape for insertion....

Ajay realized with a strange, dull surprise, that she had forgotten to don the gloves she'd brought, and that her specimen bags were still up above, at the top of her rope.

Fortunately the creature seemed to have no desire to harm her. It just rubbed against the flesh of her hand. As if it were greeting a lover.

Captivating, hypnotic undulations in the pulsating parasite drew in her eyes as she cradled it in both palms. Her fingers brushed over the slick surface, and Ajay imagined how it must have been for the workers. What it would be like, to feel that slimy, throbbing beat of life *inside* her. To feel it inching into her pussy, or hear it squelching in her head.

Raising it up, she leaned in, to listen better.

Her ear pressed to the small bowl of her hands, and she shuddered as she heard the wet slurping of the glistening leuco moving over her fingers.

Ajay gasped aloud, as the sound rose into a hot, wet 'kiss', softness engulfing and filling her ear... pouring inside.

She had to pull the thing away, before it tried to infest her too.

Then there was a pop, and a rushing sensation.

Like a waterfall crashing down atop her, yet simultaneously welling up from deep within, erotic pleasure flooded through every part of her body as the worm's head penetrated through her ear, and pushed into her skull, preceded by thick squirts of slime.

She could feel every movement, hear every brushing smush and sloppy wet slurp as the parasite worked itself into her, the soft, defenseless matter of her ear canal parting painlessly, willingly welcoming it inside.

It was worming its way into her brain.

The parasite was burrowing into the core of her being, penetrating her mind with erogenous, pulsating, revolting eroticism. It was the most powerful, visceral sensation she had ever experienced.

She knew she had to stop the parasite, but as she listened to the disgusting squishes of the worm crawling into her head her hands went down instead, to ease the searing heat of her pussy – the one part of her granted no relief by those surreal, taboo sounds and sensations.

Each pulse drove the creature deeper, tunneling into her brain matter, and as it pushed through her yielding, pliant folds she felt new thoughts entering her head along with that new occupant, while old ones were somehow displaced, as if literally pushed out.

Mindlessly, she had stripped down, ripping her garments apart in the throes of her erotic infestation. Ajay was desperately horny, yet even ravishing her pussy and breasts offered no relief. Forcing fingers deep into her gushing sex only seemed to make her more painfully cognizant of what was wrong... what was missing.

Her eyes settled on the parasites squirming all about her.

“No,” she whispered, as her eyes screamed yes.

She couldn’t. Mustn’t.

Ajay had to get the parasite out of her head – it was fucking with her mind! Infesting her brain!

Her entire body shuddered at the blissful thought.

“You need this,” spoke a voice.

It was hers, yet not her.

She tried to picture a cock, or a mouth, or just the hands of a lover. Anything to help satisfy her. To give relief and return her reason. Yet those familiar images took on an alien edge. The idea, the fantasy of filing herself with a tongue or a cock made no sense. Those weren’t the forms of lovers, and they could never bring her the pleasure she needed.

The shapes twisted and morphed in her mind, dick and tongue, fingers and limbs all transforming into more leucocytes.

Ajay purred with passion, for the surreal, inviting vision.

“This is why you came.”

They were crawling up her legs, soaking her skin in tingling, gelatinous slime that dyed her flesh brown and green. Everywhere it touched, her flesh grew slick and shiny, softening and throbbing as it took on a texture not unlike the parasites themselves.

She ran her hand over her leg, and felt the flesh squish and ooze, gushing with endless tingling sludge as her digits sank into the welcoming morass... and in turn began to throb and soften. Holding up her hand to the light, she gasped as she saw the tan underside and

darkening brown top, new patterning taking form as the meat of her arm was remodeled into something else.

Impossible as it was, her flesh felt just like the smooth, squishy skin of a slug.

The natural hosts to many leucocytes.

There was no way that the docs could revert *that*. The worms were permanently staining, corrupting her body as they engulfed her, remaking her beyond any technological salvation.

Ajay had never conceived of anything so erotic.

"This feels so wroooiight," she whimpered aloud. "They're turning me... into a... sluggirl... to use as their new breeding ground!"

Nothing could possibly be sexier than a slimy, pulsating leucocyte... except perhaps, a whole nest of them... living inside her head....

Her body and mind were screaming to her to give in... to fill herself with worms.

"You... I... we need this," Ajay whispered to herself... and to her parasites.

A bulbous 'face' reached her drooling sex, and she trembled as she felt her womanhood parting. Felt herself yielding. It barely had its head part her lips when a tremor shook her, and her pelvic muscles sucked, pulled desperately at the creature. Ajay groaned as her new lover filled her, squishing up into her crotch, diving deep inside her as she twitched and clenched and shook.

She was lying on the gooey bedrock floor, but she had no memory of falling.

Her skin felt clammy against the warm stone, but all her focus was on the creatures wriggling atop her, on the sounds of squishing inside her skull and on the throbbing pleasure permeating her rubbery body, radiating out from her head and crotch.

More gathered at her nipples, and they too yielded, stretching open to beg the vile infestation into her. Small specimens came first, then ever larger. Each one entering her stretched and bulged her tits out a little more, her transforming flesh giving way until her breasts were gaping, undulating and shaking with the growing nests, the slime within bleeding through to the surface in dazzling green and brown striping as she felt her breasts changing into something else entirely.

Others were heading for her navel, or joining the leuco still burrowing through her brains. Hundreds were squirming into her ears and nose, her nipples and navel, her pussy and anus – all her holes were being so sensually, tenderly violated at once, as her body was taken and twisted, defiled by these depraved monstrosities.

At her urgent request.

“Gods, I can feel them in my womb! They’re gonna push my pussy inside out!”

As if heeding her prognostication, the worms in her sex moved as one, to push and expel the swollen folds of vaginal flesh.

This was better than any sex. Ajay could only wail and quiver and arch in the throes of her ecstasy. All past pleasures lay abandoned, incoherent and nonsensical next to the utter euphoria of infestation. This *was* sex, the only sex she could imagine now, and it was diabolically divine.

Labial folds parted, spreading and pushing out. Engorged as she was, her pussy kept growing, slick squirting folds spilling forth as her genitals were invaded and corrupted by the slimy infestation, turning into bulging blue balloons, inflated with slime and worms and spilling through her gaping crotch.

“S-stop, you’re prolapsing my pussy! You’re gonna ruin it! You’ve got to- you- we! Please! *Ruin me!*”

The woman howled with a drawn, gurgling wail of sheer need as more leucos pushed into her, and more vulva pushed out, slopping wetly from her crotch in a huge, twitching pile of inverted folds.

Lust run rampant and head drowning in ooze, her eyes fixed on the grotesque tube, so smooth and soft, shaped just like a huge blue slug and ever slimier. It felt as squishy as the worms infesting it, lined with enchanting flesh frills more erogenous than even her clit, and the sight was irresistible. Her hands wrapped around it, and she tensed at the electric jolt that passed through her as she felt the growing ovipositor.

Something large seemed to be moving down it, out instead of in, and Ajay screamed out at the intense sensations as the mass neared her new ‘tip’ and stuck there.

It took a push to dislodge the knot of flesh, and Ajay watched with a horrified, taboo thrill as her very womb burst out, remade into an undulating cockhead for her new, prehensile genitalia, stubby tendrils of flesh waving and twitching in the air.

The force made her anus slop out too, expelled with a gooey series of slurps and squirts, disgorging dozens of worms with it. She felt a pang of woe at their loss, but they were quick to find new entrances – many going for her defenseless new parasite-dick, pouring into her urethra, reveling in the embrace of the soft fleshy tube as they infested her all over again.

Yet that was nothing next to the orgy inside her head.

“Yes... yes! Fuck my brain! Turn my mind into your fucktoy!”

They heeded her plea.

Dozens of leucos were worming their way into her brains, and as they filled and fucked her cerebral folds those defenseless, gelatinous creases of grey matter started to wriggle and pulsate too, infused with the jelly of her bodymates and moving in time with their worming dance. Caressing and embracing them, intermingling and tangling together, until they were indistinguishable.

Her brain was made of worms too, and her parasites were fucking and groping and licking every part of it inside her skull.

Amid the cacophony of her cranial orgy and her own giddy, gleeful giggles, Ajay felt not just the orgasmic stimulation of having her very brain fucked, but the surreal, impossible thrill of it fucking her infestation back.

Disgusting, abominable, impossible as it was, Ajay's brain was turning into leucocytes.

Worst, best of all, she could never have wanted, needed anything more than this.

Little mouths at the 'heads' of each parted, and she felt her mind opening as it became more slimy, squishing parasites, making such sweet love to her new bodymates.

"No more human thoughts," she gurgled, as her fingers roved over the slug-skin of her remade body, "only sluggish nesting grounds in my head now!"

This was an intimacy beyond 'sex'.

A corruption beyond 'infestation'.

She could *feel* parasites invading her organs, tunneling through all her innards, those vital parts of her human body infused with that toxic slime, all breaking down just as her mind and pussy had. Every part of her insides was turning into more leucos, while her flesh and blood became their gastropodic nesting ground.

Ajay was becoming their host, their home, impregnated with hundreds of gorgeous, twisted offspring. Her own body was being rebirthed into more of them, even her bones softening and squirming as she was remade into their slugmother. They were as much a part of her as her own limbs, utterly inseparable, and wholly heavenly. She was a grotesque, exquisite bacchanalia of slopping, squishing worms, barely contained by undulating outer layers of stretchy, squishy flesh.

Massaging her breasts, she marveled at how they too were alive with intent now – each was a mottled green giant parasite, growing from her chest, leuco nests harboring hundreds more inside.

At her crotch, a rippling worm was pushing up above her pussy, crowning the ring of waving tendrils that was her former pussylips, as her clitoris transformed into a huge, engorged leucocyte.

Her breasts and sex were parasites themselves now, and they waved towards her hungrily.

Ajay was all too grateful to plunge her hand into those drooping nipple-lips and wrap her fingers around that blissfully soft clitworm.

The leucos had engulfed every part of her in their infectious essence, and as she made love to her new body she could feel how much it loved her back, in how every part of her was transforming, becoming leuco and slug.

Her former hair waved and rippled with her surging passions, a crown of slimy tentacles like those of an anemone reflecting her emotions, while her fingers and toes deformed and curved with her rampant pleasure, digits deformed into wriggling brown parasites, all too eager to serve her in their shared masturbation.

A moment of lucidity struck her, as Ajay felt her lucid-warped extremities teasing at her flesh.

Looking down over herself, she realized that not a trace of humanity remained.

Her body was a beautiful brown, gleaming as it oozed slime, with paler tan coloration on her tummy and inner thighs, and on her soles and palms, and every part of her was pulsing with life, with leucos, filling her up, replacing what was once human with something utterly alien.

The parasites were part of her now.

They were her breasts, her pussy, her *brain*.

There was no going back now.

She was a sluggirl, infested and corrupted into a walking leucocyte colony.

What shocked her more than anything was the thrill she felt at that thought.

Licking her lips, Ajay realized that the tongue she was moving was impossibly sensitive – as all her parasites were – it was a long, prehensile tendril, forked and diabolically erogenous, rooted in her mouth.

Ajay giggled with giddy glee as she massaged herself with the new appendage, and plunged her hands back into the nest her worm-lovers had created from her body.

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“Ajay? Are you down here?”

Tressa’s voice shook as she called out into the darkness of the cavern.

“You didn’t get infected too, did you? I told you to stay away!”

It should have been crawling with leucocytes, yet the place was silent and deserted.

"Come on, I know you came down here, so stop jerking me off!"

The words echoed against distant walls, and the slim young woman felt a chill despite the warmth.

Green points glowed to life far ahead.

Two orbs, floating slowly towards her.

"I was hoping you'd come," purred an inhuman, echoing voice.

"Ajay?"

Tressa whispered the name.

The pupils glimmered brighter, illuminating the dark sclera around them, then Ajay stepped into the light.

Gorgeous, thick and curvaceous, the figure revealed commanded an utterly alien, inhuman beauty. She jiggled as she moved, and tentacles bounced around her face, others standing up like antennae atop a head of red worm-hair.

That was nothing set beside the slimy leucocytes spilling out of thick, brown nipple-lips, the captivating slug-woman dropping worms everywhere as she moved. Big, brown, revolting slugs were adhering to her too, and seemed to be birthing from the vast, hanging mass of flesh that bobbed between her legs.

One oozed up to her shoulder, and the figure licked along its undulating top, with a tongue many times too long. As though overcome by her own twisted eroticism, she moaned with a familiar tone, and a fresh wave of slugs and leucocytes started to wriggle out of her many openings.

"Yesssss," the sluggirl sighed, in the midst of her rapture, as she pressed herself to her stupefied friend.

Her arms moved with a flexibility belying any skeletal constraints to guide coiling 'fingers' into the drooling mouths of the huge parasites on her chest.

Tressa's heart was pounding as Ajay planted a gooey, wet kiss on her lips, and the human woman tasted slime on that overgrown tongue as it poured insider her face... and felt the wriggling of other creatures in their locking mouths, squirming against her tongue.

It was all she could do to pull herself away.



“No....”

Tressa’s whimper made the transformed woman grin, and Ajay’s pussypositor rose up, rubbing against her leucit as it encircled the other figure’s hips.

Massaging her throbbing crotch.

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Her body was tingling all over, burning, with shame and desire, and the noxious, addictive sludge that her lover soaked her in.

Remade her with.

Tressa whined into Ajay’s lips as those incredible, awful, euphoric feelings swelled in her chest – along with a fresh wave of leucocytes, pushing inside her bulging, gaping nipples.

“Oh gods this is so wrong,” the freshly defiled slug muttered, as she tried once more to break away.

Ajay drew her back with the mere offer of another kiss, planting her lips to the smaller woman’s ear in a wet smooch, then whispering sensually to her.

“You want this just as much as I did, my love... maybe more. Life as humans was a mistake, this is how we were meant to be... nests for our new live-in lovers!”

Tressa could only tremble and quail with repulsive passion as she pressed her ear to Ajay’s lips, leaning back into the arms of her beloved ruination.

“They’re... in my head... in my brain.... I can feel them, my thoughts are- it’s-”

“Ecstasy.”

They two spoke in unison, as they shared their bodies and parasites.

Ajay’s tongues were worming into Tressa’s cortex, making love to her mind, remaking the core of her being into more worms.

Tressa was in heaven as she felt the slimy slugs and parasites oozing in and out of her head, kissing and groping one another, all her thoughts contained within those surreal creatures that used to be her most vital organ.

The rest of her was changing too, her innards remade into a writhing nest of sensual bliss, and as she leaned back into Ajay’s arms, their parasites plunged into one another as they pumped pussypositor, hands, anus, everything in and out of everywhere, all to the wet, sloppy music of their new occupants, playing a hundred erotic harmonies at once within their heads.

Amid that trance of symphonic sensuality the two found they were face to face again.

"P-please, pump me with your parasites," Tressa whined.

Ajay smirked a teasing grin. "You want this then? To be a corrupted, depraved slugservant for all your worms?"

They both knew the answer.

"I-I need this!"

Ajay pushed her wormhood into Tressa's expanding, swelling pussylips, and both women howled at the intense, aching softness, engorged parasitic genitalia mating together. Her squishing, prolapsed rear tendril pushed inside too as Ajay filled her new spawning pool up, pumping leucos into the smaller figure's expanding belly.

Their lips met in a hungry, desperate kiss, as she sucked on the worms spilling out of her lovers' mouth, gulping many down, while more pushed up through her nostrils and into her ears. Breast-lips were united too, and Ajay felt her new mate's lipples expanding and sucking greedily, as those expanding boobs pulsed with new life – newly birthed leucocytes blessing her chest.

Finally, Tressa felt her clit ballooning, twitching and squirming, and she quivered as she realized that feeling's meaning.

Staring down, each saw the faceless, writhing parasite that had replaced the clitoris that the doctors had so carefully shaped for her.

It wrapped around Ajay's own leucit, and the impossible intimacy combined with that intense, intoxicating pressure to spur her on.

She rammed her pussy harder, deeper into her partner, and both felt their fingers wriggling with bliss as they intertwined.

Every part of Tressa was being fucked senseless, ravaged into a rapturous carnival of delights most carnal, enchanting slops and pops and squishes echoing inside their heads and filling their torsos.

"We're one big leucocyte nest now-" Ajay murmured through their makeout.

"-and it's divine!" Tressa admitted, amid her awful euphoria.

Their eyes met, hair intertwining as hands had, to complete the consummation of this, the ultimate union.

Even their thoughts were conjoined, as they filled one another with the infestations birthed from their own minds, in an endless, full-body orgy of sheer nirvana.

They stopped only when the worms themselves were too exhausted to go on, slurping and squishing back inside their orifices to leave the transformed duo totally spent yet blissfully full, with a blend of one another's former bodyparts.

"You make a gorgeous parasite nest, my love," Ajay murmured as they lay together, amid a pile of lesser slugs.

"Almost as exquisite as you, my darling broodmother."