

Advent of Pandemonium

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Ruining Ral

Staring down into the pulsating morass of slime below me, I hesitated, chest thumping.

“Would you risk losing your job, your apartment, even your friends and family, all to take on a new, bizarre, inhuman form? ‘Splicing’ offers a chance to do just that, subjects blending themselves with an animal of their choice, but social acceptance for the ‘spliced’ remains low, with many groups opposing the procedure.”

I bit my lip at the ominous warning, even as I felt the blood rushing to my loins.

All around, screens charted various measurements, while equipment beeped and hummed and the radio chattered, but the sounds of the laboratory, and of my own body, were all secondary to the wall of slopping, squishing and rustling noises that rose up from the tank at the center of the room.

“This irreversible form of ‘more-than-cosmetic’ body modification has come under more scrutiny today, with the publication of a research paper that may lead to multi-organism splices-”

Nude, my androgynous figure lingered atop the ladder, plain features twisted by the tension of the moment, as I watched the slugs undulate and intertwine. A shudder passed through me, as I saw how their bodies deformed against one another so sensually, like countless warm, wet tongues, stirred up together, and I squeezed my legs together tighter, my cock straining against the glass.

“-even the possibility of merging a human with a whole colony of creatures. A truly disturbing thought! Of course it’s doubtful that anyone would actually be so *depraved*-”

Scowling at the radio, I reached over to switch it off. I knew this was a bad idea already, without the daunting, melodramatic reminders. It was one thing to splice yourself with a rat or a shark or something like that, but what I was contemplating was far worse.

The university would certainly fire me, and there was no way I’d be able to get any normal job again. I’d never be able to go back, or live anything even close to a normal life.

I would be parasitized, corrupted and subsumed into those gross gastropods forever.

Yet I couldn’t get the degrading, humiliating, *masochistic* thought out of my head.

I was desperate to feed myself to these writhing bodies.

Adoration and revulsion mingled in my mind, as I watched them move, masturbating openly now to those seductive sounds and slick, slimy shapes.

Each bright pink blob was between an inch and a foot long, with a gooey, rubbery hide that squished audibly as they moved. Slug-like as they initially seemed, the creatures were fatter and rounder, lacking the 'foot' of a slug entirely. Their only visible features were the striations which indented their sides slightly at regular intervals, giving a suggestion of the maggot to them, and the bulbous 'antennae' with which they sensed the world, each shaped like a miniature of the actual creature, but tipped with darker purple tops.

Mouths were hidden usually, but whenever two of the creatures came together at the right angle they would emerge; thick lips puffing up as they parted, to reveal ever-ravenous toothless maws, thrown eagerly into sloppy, lustful smooches.

That was the main activity of my captive brood, their bodies smushing together in an unending orgy of parasites.

So sensual.

So degrading.

So alluring.

Every night I drifted off to sleep thinking about them, fantasizing, imagining these disgusting, grotesque creatures wriggling into my flesh, devouring and replacing my insides, *remaking* me into their new nest... an infested mass of slimy slugs.

I'd already taken the injections, to allow my body to combine with them... and as outrageous as the whole idea was, I had never wanted, *needed* anything like I did this.

Heart pounding, head spinning, I slung a leg over the edge.

Then another.

Waves of musk hit me, smells stronger than any human, yet oddly reminiscent, evoking cum and crotches, pussies and armpits, a pheromonal cocktail of all the best parts of the body, making my mouth water.

Lowering myself down, I shuddered as the wet, sticky creatures enveloped my feet in their warm embrace, but my cock was harder than I'd ever been in my life.

Immediately I was covered by them, the creatures crawling up my bare legs and torso curiously, playfully poking their blank snouts into every curve and crease in my skin and soaking me in their sludge.

It tingled as it absorbed into my flesh, staining my flesh the same pretty pink shade.

Shivering, I helped them up myself, guiding them over my skin, caressing them as they did me in turn. They were enveloping me, pulling me down into the pile of parasites, and groping at every part of me all at once.

Wet, sloppy lips smacked salaciously against my asshole, others finding my cockhead, nipples, navel, nose, ears and mouth, even my eyes, the slugs smooching me all over with rapacious passion. Squirming, horny and humiliated, I was already kissing back needily, groaning in horror and lust at the absurdity of what I was doing.

They tasted sweet, slimy tongues like worms pushing inside me to spread the taint and prepare my corrupting flesh for its new owners.

The potent throbbing, and the powerful sense of relaxation, proved that it was working. My newly-pink flesh was softening, *ripening* into a state almost gelatinous, perfectly converted from person into parasite-food. Primed for replacement. With that irreversible reformation, came an erogenous explosion, sensory information multiplying exponentially, as every part of me seemed to glow, to radiate erotic awareness and that desperate, wanton *throb*.

Not far behind was the shocking sensation of *stretching*. Tongues were followed by heads, wriggling, *worming* their way inside me, through every possible orifice, to make me gasp and grind against those erogenous invaders. Parasites were pumping themselves inside my body, packing into every opening.

Then they started to feast.

Hundreds of mouths kissed into me, and with gentle, sucking, squishing insistence, started taking me apart.

Eating me.

It was so much more atrocious than anything I'd imagined, and I shook with disgust at the erotic violation, crying out, every part of my body quaking in masochistic, orgasmic bliss.

Cumming uncontrollably from being infested, I writhed and groaned, feeling ever single slug burrowing into my body, tunneling, kissing, munching into me, rustling and squishing into my skull, through my chest and into my crotch, packing themselves into my stretching orifices, fucking me senseless with their bodies as they feasted.

Each bite was a fresh throb of erogenous horror, the sensation spreading throughout my body, my organs, my very brain, itching with incredible pleasure as they were eaten.

It was ecstasy.

Every mouthful they consumed bonded them to me, and me to them. Each chunk of Ral they gorged on became a part of them, just as they were becoming part of me.

Permanently.

Beyond mere orgasm, the exquisite depravity violated my being to the core with every tender, loving bite. I could feel the slugs inside me, not just by their movements or those playful, perverse kisses and suckling bites, but through their shared wills, their minds, and the intoxicating sensations of their slick bodies, turning their meal into more gorgeous maggots.

I could feel every worming body, as they became detached islands of me, archipelagos of erotic awareness spreading throughout my form, all hard at work digesting me into more of them.

Nothing could stop it now.

My parasites hungered for me, just as I so dearly desired them.

Quivering at the grotesque, gorgeous feeling of feeling myself to these sickening slugs, I groaned aloud, shuddering into their bites and kisses grabbing handfuls of the smaller maggots and pushing them into myself, guiding, coaxing, imploring them inside, *pleading* for more as they burrowed into every part of me.

Infesting every inch of my bowels, they began breaking down and digesting *me* from the inside out, remaking my internal organs into their breeding grounds.

Pouring down my throat, they took my breath away as slime flooded my lungs, the slugs close behind to consume those choice cuts of me.

More were slithering into my throbbing brain, their slops and pops and munching music to my ears, emanating from inside my own throbbing skull as they fucked my brain to bits in their orgy of consumption. Each new slug squished another hole in my mind. A fresh burst of orgasmic bliss, as they obliterated my cerebrum, and took more parts of me to be *them*.

Invaders whispered to me, as they ate their way through my cortex, coring my brain like an apple, devouring and becoming my self, transforming my mind into a wriggling mass of sluggy parasites, breeding inside my head.

I was thinking with the very parasites that were consuming my mind, becoming me just as I became them, sharing my thoughts and emitting my emotions... shame and desire, disgust and adoration all inseparably intertwined just as I was with these wondrous, repulsive worms.

‘There’s no going back now....’

‘You can never show your face to the humans again....’

‘We’re part of you forever....’

‘You’re just a big, disgusting ball of slugs and slime....’

They were telling me the horrific truth; everything I so desperately needed to hear.

My brain was a tangled burrow of parasites, utterly besotted with being eaten by them.

Quaking with erogenous overload and masochistic thrill, I thrust my erection into the waiting maw of the largest worm, pressing my glans pleadingly to those lips. They closed, pressing though my horribly soft shaft, and with a single bite my cock was beheaded, coming away with a rush of sensation beyond anything sex had ever offered, as I fed my own genitals to my lover.

Bite by bite my phallus was vanishing, the penile form of the fat, squishy slug wracking my body with bliss even as it denied me release, the coiling form masturbating my shrinking shaft as it fed on me.

In turn, as my erection disappeared, digested to nothing, the parasite itself lit up in my perception.

Howling aloud, through a throat-full of parasites, I vented my final breath into a gurgling, guttural gush of sludge and slugs as that tender, loving mouth sank through my sex, tunneling down inside my foreskin to devour and usurp the very root of my pleasure.

Glowing, radiant, achingly tender, I could feel every ridge and curve of that gorgeous slug, more clear and real than my body had ever been. My cock seemed like a shadow, a mere idea, nebulous as a dream, but this was real, vividly, *viscerally* so, resonating within my perception. Each movement of the repulsive creature was a fresh surge of disgusting, slimy sensation, making me tremble as it tunneled down through my foreskin, hollowing my crotch out into a warped, pathetic, perverse sheath... a new home for the parasite that had eaten my penis.

Still my splicing was far from done.

All over, my corrupted flesh was changing, shifting, kneaded and massaged from without even as slugs burrowed through to twist it from within. Redistributing mass, the invaders were sculpting me inside and out, reshaping me from a human into the perfect form for them... for me....

Curves, absurdly exaggerated, thickening into a figure from my wildest dreams, a licentious embodiment of twisted sexuality; petite hands and feet, a fat, jiggling rear, hourglass curves... swelling, blossoming breasts, nipples riddled with worms, wriggling out even as they inflated my bosom.

Too-thick thighs squished together on either side of that shockingly sensitive new slug nesting in my crotch, and I felt the piled up folds of my foreskin packing together, merging and condensing, while the burrow below was expanding, puffing up into thick, fat tongues of flesh... of parasites, growing directly from the walls of my new passage, like the tendrils of

an anemone, antennae all twitching as they groped and smooched and tasted one another – tasted me – flooding my mind with not just pleasure, but the taste of sex, as they twisted and danced together.

My crotch was an orgy of maggots, a newly-sculpted parasite-pussy, drooling slime and worms, steaming, stinking with musk, more wriggling in and out of my agonizingly erogenous lining with every moment, merging and detaching, and hugging the vast ovipositor which was filling my womanhood, that very same overgrown slug that had replaced my phallus.

It beamed up at me from my overstimulated new organ, antennae reaching out to caress my face, and I whimpered at the horrendous, overwhelming burden of sheer bliss, as my own parasite made out with my swelling, sluggish lips. Her maw was enormous, an erogenous opening more sensitive than the urethra she replaced, and I felt every inch of it, as clearly as if it was part of me. She was filling me with the stimulation of both slimy mouths meeting, of enjoying every sensation of *two* tongues, flooding my face with more worms through every sloppy kiss.

Despite being a detached, conscious creature, this giant slug was part of me, now and always, our pleasure, our personalities, our minds, all merging together irreversibly, into this orgy of infestation.

My own body was making love to me.

Ruling me.

Ruining me.

Worms were wriggling down my digits as I made out with my second mouth, consuming my fingers with their squishy, soft jaws.

Swallowed, processed, churned and digested, bone turned to more pliant, playful parasites, the slugs merging with their meals, extremities broken down and absorbed by the parasites fusing to my palms, coming alive in my awareness as they took root.

Adorable antennae pushed out where nails used to be, my new digits oozing slime as bands formed, lengths fattening into the shapes of rows of sensual, slick slugs, growing directly from my palms, rooted in my flesh.

My hands ended in sets of five slugs, replacing my fingers with the wriggling tendrils of their disgusting bodies, drooling, smooching and squishing together as they groped one another.

Holding my arms up, I tried to flex them.

Unsteady at first, the new creatures moved to my will, uncoiling into roughly-digital distributions, grinning up at me as I experimented with these replacements for fingers, by making them caress one another.

It felt divine.

And fingers were only forerunners.

My toes were similarly converted, and as I let my focus wane, all twenty extremities were all too eager to return to their masturbatory make-outs, my hands and feet hosting their endless orgies and filling me with still-more arousal as the alien creatures taking over my flesh did as they pleased with their new home.

Another slug, slithered up out of my ovipositor, swallowed my tongue whole. I groaned and writhed as I felt it fusing into place there, replacing the former part of me with yet another outrageously slimy, sloppy, sensual parasite, rooted right there in my mouth, wracking my squirming mind with olfaction beyond imagination. The taste of slime, of slug, of my new self, flooding my senses relentlessly.

More slugs were pushing in elsewhere too, penetrating through my skin with the caressing kisses of lovers, feasting on me, filling, fusing to my body in countless places. Palms and soles, navel, tailbone, asshole, chest, and in decadent spirals that lined my limbs and torso and trailed up into my scalp, worms hugging me all over as they fused into my flesh.

Fat, gooey lips were opening up everywhere as they became parts of me, filling each palm and the soles of my feet, another becoming the puffy, drooling, muscular ring of my anus, more lining the gorgeous curves of my newly feminine figure. My body was peppered with parasitic mouths all over, sucking in air and scent, antennae twitching as they licked themselves, long, slimy tongues making me shiver as I tasted, felt, smelt my pussy, my anus, my hands and feet, armpits, every inch of my skin.

Others among these new additions bulged out further.

My breasts were subsumed, enhanced, *perfected* by my parasites, as the huge domes of perky skin grew ridged, antennae emerging over nipples that expanded out, opening into drooling mouths, a pair of slugs my new boobs, sloppily snogging one another as I shook with the masochistic bliss of my defilement.

Two grew from the slimy rings of drooling flesh they had made of my ears; a pair of worm-riddled pussies.

Four more lined my back, clustered around the shoulders like perverse wings, pulsating as they massaged my skin and planted kisses up and down my sides.

Another pushed out over my bountiful butt, rubbing against squishy cheeks as it formed my new tail.

Two more emerged at my forehead, two big slugs standing upright, antennae of my own, each licking their lips as they brought my world to life in ever-more vivid detail.

At the same time, I watched two more mouths reached up, to plant slick, impossibly soft kisses directly on my eyes, glazing all in the pink haze of those sensual smooches.

Masochism and fervor fuelled my burning delight, as I felt those twin slugs sink their lips into my eyesockets, smooching, licking, caressing... *slurping*.

With an intoxicating sound of squishing slops, I felt those divinely disgusting lips suck the eyes from my head, sight leaving me as my ocular organs were swallowed, remade irreversibly into a rotund pair of gorgeously gross slugs.

Nests already prepared, they wriggled eagerly into their new homes, the soft, plush linings of the two newest orifices on my head, their mouths grinning out from my sockets, antennae waving at me as they remodeled those openings from functional to fuckable holes, as sensitive and soft as my slug-pussy.

Thousands of antennae were how I saw... smelled... tasted the world now, and without the limitation of human vision, it was shocking how brilliant and beautiful everything had become. I could perceive everything in detail too exquisite for a mere brain to comprehend.

Even my own mind, remade as a ball of slimy slugs, struggled to process beauty so radiant and grand.

And the most beautiful sight of all... was me.

A walking colony of parasites, wearing the rough shape of a human, as if I was a mere costume.

Yet no human had ever been so salacious.

Shining glass reflected back my new visage, seen, *felt* in intricate, euphoric detail, by the slugs which formed my senses; a divinely sculpted face, an Aphrodite of infestation, beaming back at me with multiple mouths.

I was a six-foot goddess of grotesquery, flesh wholly converted to slugs, pressed together into a skin of lewd, slime-slicked pink, the tips of my many protruding antennae and my parasitized digits all marked with that pretty darker purple highlighting.

Groping at my own form, I groaned in lust, my digits wriggling giddily, planting kisses along my voluptuous new curves. Every touch was the caress of a lover, every taste the sweet flavor of my soulmate. My new selves. My parasites *were* me now, an endless orgy of self-love, whispering doting adoration from every corner of *our* body.

Thousands of lips met, tongues entwined, innumerable slimy, slick bodies squelching in my skull and squishing in my every opening. The divine throb of wriggling slugs filled my new womanhood, itself entirely made of merged parasites, a divine infestation in my crotch, every tendril caressing and masturbating one another as my sex writhed in lust, filling me with squirming life as it oozed with fresh baby slugs.

Endlessly they poured out, more emerging every moment from the linings of each orifice, my anus, mouth, nipples, and many more beside, all drooling with worms.

Pleasure shook me with every movement, every bounce and squish, my gorgeous female form alive with the endless parts of me that were each as utterly devoted to me as I was to them.

Every touch and taste filled me with adoration, for my self and my parasites.

Mere will was all it took, to rouse the perverse lining of slugs which grew from my every internal surface, stirring my pussy into a swirling tangle of tendrils, my own genitals kneading and stroking themselves internally, as ever more worms wriggled out through my sex.

They were birthing every moment, through every opening, squirming out through my remade orifices, covering my skin as I stood there in the emptied tank, filling my tummy, tail and teats with a budding brood, ready and eager to infest more people.

I was the broodmother, the queen.

Time to begin my reign.