

Advent of Pandemonium

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Infesting Ari

With Ral working late at the lab, I was having a quiet evening in.

Delightfully soft, malleable skin gave a rubbery 'sqrrk' as I pushed myself down onto my oversized dildo, feeling my hips spread, stretching out around the shaft. My erection jerked and wobbled as I started to buck, my tummy bulging out in a cute blue bump, as if I was pregnant with the plaything.

This was about as quiet as my evenings ever were, post-splicing.

Boneless and stretchy, my plastic body was a bizarre and sensual amalgam of meat and rubber, an organic latex that was absurdly erogenous all over.

There was no wasted space inside for silly things like human organs. Instead my throat and ass led simply to one stomach chamber, amid solid bio-plastic. My airway went to two more tanks, but all three of those cavities would absorb the necessary substances directly through their lining, without any need for things like flesh or organs. Even my heart had been reduced to so much blank latex inside my chest. Only my brain remained, an elastic toy of organic rubber throbbing inside my head, the last vestige of my humanity.

The passages into my core were not blank, however – each was lined with rings of muscle, sphincters that would grip and squeeze anything inserted. Every opening of my new form was made to be fucked.

At first I'd been shocked by just how far Ral's tests had gone. I still was, every time I felt myself, or saw my reflection.

It had been a lot to adjust to.

Most of my friends had been creeped out, even disgusted, while others just hit on me now, or asked to use me for sexual relief.

Ral had ordered me to obey all such requests.

Never good at saying no to my ambiguously-affectionate boss, I couldn't resist any command from Ral at all now... as if even my mind had been altered, reshaped to naturally, *willingly* submit. Small wonder that I spent most lunchtimes and evenings riding that cock.

There was also no chance of me getting any job other than splicing assistant. Even places that could look past my frilly, curvaceous sextoy shape, would balk at hiring an employee who couldn't even write his own name or work a keyboard.

But hardest of all to acclimate to was the intense sensory experience of my spliced form. It was impossible to get used to being so *squishy* and *sensitive*, my rounded bio-latex body exquisitely malleable and silky. It was equally impossible not to love it.

I did miss hands, at times, especially when trying to work in the lab or failing to write, but there was a beauty to the animal design I had now, despite the challenges of arms ending in uselessly stubby paws, and a face that pushed out into a cute little muzzle.

Ral had re-designed me from scratch, mingling aquatic and canine creatures with tree sap, in a perverse exploration of just how far a human body could be reshaped by the new splicing technology we were developing.

Ostensibly I was an experiment of sorts, but it was hard not to see myself as a furry fantasy, come to life.

My body was made for pleasure.

I felt an odd kinship with the cock stretching my aching tailhole.

We were both Ral's sextoys.

Imagining it move, I gave a whine, my body longing to feel the length of latex come to life... to squirm... to *wriggle* inside me.

Like a big, gross parasite....

I bit my lip as I squirted precum, tensing with the excitement of that most taboo, twisted fantasy.

I'd never had such viscerally disgusting thoughts before my splicing, yet now... I couldn't stop imagining such horrors... fantasizing... yearning to feel worming bodies inside me as I drifted off to sleep each night, and shuddering with desire every time I saw an especially disgusting maggot or slug. Such as when I squished my clumsy paws against my keyboard just right, and managed to bring up certain videos on my computer.

Running my soft, stubby digits over my chest, I sighed at the sensation, still so new and surreal, even after all these months.

Pressing my animalistic extremities to my face, I caressed my short, rounded snout, snuffling at my own paw-pads, then brushing those extra-soft bumps on down my sides, and back up over the cluster of short, chubby tendrils that stood up like hair.

Nine inches of erection twitched, and I shivered at the intense sensation, my frills wobbling eagerly.

My oversized, cartoonish paws smushed at those squishy, sensitive decorations, which lined my sides and limbs, splitting my darker blue 'top' from the softer, lighter tummy and undersides, and my chunky tail wiggled, the short extension rubbing sensual surfaces together at my rear.

No-one had to know that I had agreed to becoming Ral's 'toy'... even if I hadn't quite realized what that meant in advance.

It would be far too embarrassing to admit to anyone that I'd volunteered to become this... perverse animal person, driven by sensation from my heightened senses, spending all my free time groping and rubbing and playing with myself.

Except Ral, that was.

Ral had understood my kinky need all too well.

When you lived *and* worked together, it was hard to hide that sort of thing. My pleas to help with the research more, my offer to become a test subject... well that had also given the game away rather clearly to my boss-cum-keeper.

My owner.

A sound outside announced Ral's return with dinner.

Pulling myself up off the toy, I groaned as it sprang loose from my onahole-anus with a wet pop, my jiggly, rounded buttocks wobbling.

Shameless, or at least acting so, I waddled out, pliant penis bouncing between my thighs as I went.

Self-conscious of my own erotically-interrupted state, and the recent nudity mandate I was acting under, I was less attentive to Ral's own state than usual, although I certainly noticed the takeout food in a gloved hand.

The food carried a strange scent... thick and musky, yet sweet too.... It made my mouth water, my oversized tongue slipping out to lick thick lips as I took a sniff, yet it also stirred my nethers. Padded loins inflated, frills swelling as my play-parts prepared themselves for prospective use.

Whatever was in those bags must taste *amazing*.

Still, before I indulged entirely in olfaction I did at least look towards my owner.

The lights were off, only a small table lamp illuminating the room, but even in shadow Ral was a strange sight.

Normally people didn't wear a full trench-coat, winter mittens, scarf, facemask, sunglasses and hat during the summer, especially all at once.

"You okay?" I asked, looking that outline over a little closer.

Most people didn't bulge in strange places, or seem to shift and squish as they walked, either... and guys didn't usually have such a sway to their... visibly flared hips... let alone that much bounce to their bulging bust.

"Oh yes... wonderful," came the purred reply.

Barely more than a whisper, it still managed to sound nothing like the Ral I knew.

It didn't seem to come from anywhere particular, either, but rather from all over, muffled yet somehow echoing at the same time.

I raised a ridge, the closest thing my body had to eyebrows in my post-follicle form.

"Really, I'm fine. Just... a bit of a cold," Ral insisted, reaching over to stroke my cheek with a mitt.

"What a cutie you are."

Those fingers seemed to... squirm somehow, wriggling almost like worms within the fabric, and the mitten was oddly moist, sticky even, but the touch perfectly teased at my squeaky skin, rubbing in a little circle, just the way I liked. I was soon purring as my dick stood to attention, my suspicions disarmed and my mind thoroughly distracted from the odd, pungent stickiness, smearing over my face, as I was given my much-desired pets.

After that I was too focused on filling my belly with delicious food to think about just how odd the appearance of my owner really was.

Whatever the tingling fluid on my face might be, it tasted divine – some new Thai restaurant, Ral said, which made amazing food, but didn't seal the containers so well.

It felt strange that my owner wasn't eating, yet I couldn't help but gorge myself, finishing off every bite of the meal, and even licking the boxes clean.

"Thanks Ral, that was... amazing.... Sorry about not leaving you any leftovers...." I said, feeling abashed as I realized I'd devoured enough food for multiple people.

"Oh, that's more than fine," came that low, husky voice, so unlike the one I was accustomed to, "I was thinking I'd fill up with something else anyway...."

Ral leaned in, and the facemask seemed to slide down on its own, to uncover huge, plush lips, even more sensual than my own.

For a moment I wondered if my boss was having an allergic reaction to something, but that thought evaporated in a second, as the heat rose throughout my body.

Ral's lips met my own, and parted in a deep, tender kiss, filling me with that same gorgeous flavor that had permeated my meal. It was stronger now, carried on slimy saliva, yet as gross as it should have been, I couldn't think to do anything but kiss back.

Groaning aloud, I shuddered as a tongue slid into my mouth, slithering past my lips and gushing with that gorgeous goo.

It was like making out with a slug.

As Ral's hands massaged my tender body, I leaned into the kiss, shivering at the perverse thought, and the erotic sensations, imagining somehow that my roommate was squirming all over as we touched... as if I was making out with a pile of parasites, instead of a person.

Flushed, breathless and bashful in the wake of that amazing makeout, I barely processed Ral announcing that it was time for bed.

I went to my own soon after, but I couldn't sleep.

That alluring scent was still all over me, and the accompanying taste lingered on my lips and tongue, tingling like too much spice, my mouth longing for more. So too was my body, more sensitive than ever, twitchy and on-edge as I imagined that odd hallucination again. In dream my mind delved into the horrific, revolting pleasure of slimy slugs, squirming inside me, just like Ral's tongue.

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Waking the following morning I felt my slick, cephalopodic hide creak with moisture, a thin layer of sweat gluing me to the sheets. Breathless, I rubbed myself as I recalled the strange dreams of that night, the odd tingles and twitches, phantom touches running over my skin, as I imagined things moving under it.

Such depraved, shameful thoughts... yet I couldn't escape them. My whole body was throbbing at the memory of that kiss, and the surreal way Ral's tongue seemed to *invade* me.

Without thinking I headed for the room next door, my paw-pads squishing silently on the floor and my tail wagging.

Within Ral's room I could hear movement, but there was a delay before anyone answered my knock.

When the door did open, I found the room was in darkness, the blinds closed, silhouetting a figure wrapped in a blanket.

Ral's face was in shadow, yet my owner cast an unmistakably abnormal outline.

"Hey, uh... I just wanted to make sure you were doing okay," I mumbled.

Vaguely, at the back of my mind, I knew I was acting oddly, but Ral just smiled at me.

It was a big, glistening, wet smile, just visible in the shadow of the blanket. I stared, my own mouth watering at the memory of the night before. Those lips were much too large to belong to a normal human guy... weren't they?

"We're wonderful," came the soft, breathless answer, "and you will be too."

It was a totally different voice to the one I was accustomed.

Then there were those eyes.

Ral moved forwards, and through the gloom I saw them shine, big round ovals glowing faintly, somehow *twitching*. It was as though they were whispering to me, calling me, pulling me in to the black pits at their centers.

Light was emerging all over the figure, I realized, faint purple glows bleeding though Ral's skin, brightening as my roommate stepped closer.

"B-bro, what are you doing?"

Somehow the epithet felt singularly ill-suited to the curvaceous outline before me, but I assured myself it was just the folds of the blanket.

"Just helping you out, sweetie," answered that silken, sensual chorus of whispers. "But from now on, call us 'sis'.... Or mommy...."

Shuddering from head to tail, I felt the breath catch in my chest at that surreal, dreamlike command.

If he- if she would kiss me again, like last night, I'd do anything Ral liked.

"That's it, what a good boy you are," she crooned, "so eager for my squirmy smooches already...."

Ral knew exactly what I longed for.

A hand reached up and caressed my snout, just the way I liked, and I shuddered as I felt lips on my skin. Tender kisses, mouths sucking on my surface with playful insistence. Yet Ral's

mouth was there, a few inches from my face, still, faintly lit by the surreal purple glow as that long, thick... ribbed tongue slithered out.

I could feel the digits of her hand, and the surface of her palm, but they undulated and pulsed, squirming as they oozed slime directly onto my face. It wasn't fingers kneading my skin... it felt more like a handful of worms, perhaps slugs, gooey and sensual in their affections, kissing and licking, brushing over my cheek and up... to the triangular point of my ear.

Ral stepped into the light.

Blanket cast off, a figure of shocking curves was revealed, tall and voluptuous, with ridged growths coating her form. Her bodyparts were alive and aware, their mouths blowing kisses and playfully licking their lips. A forest of countless antennae were aglow, reaching, groping towards me. Rendered in stunning pinks and purples, her body was slick, slimy, rubbery flesh made of slugs, more growing from every part of her.

Ral was a walking mass of parasites, wearing the shape of a person.

"Oh gods, Ral, y-you spliced yourself? With... with all these gross slugs?!"

"With all these gorgeous, grotesque, glorious parasites," she purred back, eyes smiling at me.

Because in place of eyeballs, were the mouths of two more slugs.

"We're a nest of wormy slugs now, sweetie!"

"But this is... permanent," I groaned, even as they caressed my throbbing face, "your whole life is totally ruined! You can't even go out in public!"

"Of course! Just like you, cutie-toy! You did plead so sincerely, and you've taken so well to being our plaything...."

I moaned at their humiliating words, but there was no lie there.

"Why do you think we made you such a lovely, fuckable latex fur, dear? We need a good nest for our babies... a breeding ground and a nurse, a mommy for more of our brood...."

Slopping sounds reverberated wetly through my head as a tongue slid inside, evoking a surreal wave of pleasure from my sensitive new form as I felt something akin to a maggot burrowing directly into my ear. Pushing though, it pressed up against my achingly erogenous brain. The ridges, like ribbing, stimulated my ear canal wonderfully. Better yet were the slimy squishes and squelches of the tip, so obscenely exciting, the luscious lips and teasing tongue tunneling into my defenseless mind.

"This is what you were made for."

I could feel the shape of each murmuring mouth perfectly, as they penetrated my cortex, mantle yielding with dreadful willingness to the creatures burrowing inside, each scrambling my thoughts even as they wracked my body with that atrocious, orgasmic bliss.

Parasites were infesting, *fucking* my brain.

“You’re going to be part of our family, Ari, our gorgeous new daughter, an adorable infested incubator onahole for our sluggy babies!”

They were pumping into my skull, more with every moment, spreading out, soaking everything in that aching, amazing sludge as they bored into my cerebrum, squishing, smushing, slopping within my skull, pops and squelches echoing between my ears as my body was riddled with maggots, slithering into, merging with my mind.

“Isn’t that better, sweetie? No more sorry silence in your head....”

As they spoke, I could feel my arousal surging, but the images, the sensations, the longing that burned in my loins... all revolved around that squirming, slimy sensation, the disgustingly delicious feeling of something wrong in my head, something alien, penetrating into the core of my being to corrupt me, soaking my grey matter in strange sludge.

I gurgled in wordless, humiliating lust, at this surreal invasion of my body.

Ral’s kiss was divine, that taste coating my tongue as theirs wormed inside me, the scent, the sensations all running rampant as we made out. More mouths were planting wet, slimy kisses all over me, slugs like tentacles enclosing my body, seeking out every orifice to smooch. My knees thudded together and my dick leapt up, to bump into Ral’s hips, and impossibly, thrillingly, perversely, I felt another mouth there. All of them were Ral, and Ral was every one of those repugnant, revolting slugs, all intent on corrupting me into their new plaything.

Largest of all was that nether-slug. She was Ral, just as each was, and this part of my owner had a huge, fat body, impossibly soft, silken lips slurping my dick inside her slug-lined maw to make her sexpet squeal with lust. I shuddered against her, pushing inside, melting into her smooches. Inside her mouth, her tongue kissed my cockhead too, another slug, another self of the infestation of parasites I was so infatuated with. That sluggy appendage made love to my urethra, pumping her babies into me, wriggling bodies gushing down my stretching, throbbing shaft, each one like an ember of burning sensory overload, stoking fresh sparks of grotesque euphoria as they licked their way down my dick.

Being fucked in the cock by a whole nest of parasites was divinely disgusting.

They were *impregnating* my crotch and cranium.

“We’ll get rid of all those silly old human hang-ups for you.”

The words were reassuring, comforting even, as they emerged from inside my own head, Ral's original mouth never needing to break from mine.

Pulling my head back, gasping for air, I stared into that breathtaking visage, as the slugs making up my owner's face smiled so very beautifully at me, Ral's hands cupping my cheeks... still pushing slugs into my ears.

"W-we can't," I whimpered weakly, "I-I have a life! Friends! A job! If you i-infest me it'll be irreversible! There's no way to undo it!"

"That's right. It's time to throw it all away," she replied simply. "From now on you'll always be filled with our slugs, whispering in your brain, licking and kissing your insides as they fill you up with more and more babies.... Our beautifully defiled daughter."

I'd never needed anything more.

The parasites in my brain were telling me so.

That magnificent phallus between Ral's legs slid out with a squelch, their ovipositor-self crawling from her nest, stray slugs tumbling down along with a shower of thick, gooey slime, as Ral's real sex was revealed.

A puffy, slime-soaked pussy, opening wide like jaws to peel back sopping plush folds of silky pink flesh, and expose the nest of worms within, walls alive with squirming, wriggling slugs, growing from every inch of her folds.

Ovipositor, coiled tenderly around me, guided me in, as did their hands, leading me by my protruding, snuffling snout.

"Good girl! Time to get filled up with sluggies, sweetie!"

Face-first, she pushed me inside, and I groaned into the welcoming embrace of innumerable tongues.

"When you come out, you'll be a new broodmother... a bulging and bloated womb for our squirmy little ones."

The words were spoken by the parasites Ral had become, whispering so sweetly inside my skull.

Slick parasitic licks pulled me, my whole head rapidly engulfed as I shuddered in lust.

Soon even my shoulders and torso were following, then hips and legs, as I was raised up, submerged in the ocean of crawling, writhing creatures, which was their ruinous, revolting womb.

“You’re going to be such a wonderful nest for my little ones, my devoted, darling daughter, a broodmother permanently pregnant with parasites, all busily birthing even more of us!”

Floating there, I shuddered, rubbing myself, twisting and bending my pliant body as it yielded so eagerly to the maggots. I had never needed to cum more, but as hard as I raked my paws up and down my shaft, there was no release to be found. Instead, thousands of bodies were gleefully burrowing in, joining those already inside. Pushing, spilling into me, infesting me all over.

They were spreading throughout every part of my innards, inching through every passage, caressing my lining and penetrating each onahole opening in turn, spreading up throughout my chest to make every part of me come alive with motion and sensation, as if my entire body was my genitals now.

The parasites were making love to me, inside and out. Serenading me with those gorgeous, ghastly slurps and squishes, and the itching, throbbing aches of pleasure within my head. My body was an orgy of horrendous organisms, violating all that I was with their orgasmic affections.

“Good girl! Mommy knows what you need. You need a head full of us slugs to sing to you, forever.”

All I could do was groan in my agreement as I kissed back, at that beautiful ovipositor still cradling me, smooching those slug-filled lips as dozens more parasites made out with my every opening.

As their slime tainted me forever, corrupting my thoughts and perverting my body.

“You need this, my darling, you need to be a gooey girltoy filled with parasites. You always have. We’re just helping make it happen, honey.”

I could feel them eating away all my inhibitions, even as they secreted twisted, depraved new fantasies into my ruined brain.

No... as they liberated them.

My deepest, darkest desires were unbound.

My greatest need revealed.

My owner knew best.

“Oh goddess yes, infest me, Mommy!” I whimpered at last.

Heeding my plea, bigger slugs pressed to my nipples, to the smooth skin of my chest, my forehead, my tail and more, smooching their way inside.

Writhing to that tantalizing tell-tale throbbing of fusing forms, I pressed against them, surrendering to the sensations of nerves interknitting, cells conjoining, all against the overwhelming orgy of depraved degradation which my body had become.

Finally, my cock too was engulfed. A fat, pulsating parasite, thick as my thighs, was rooting her head into my crotch. Testicles melted away into more maggots as the divine gift from my new mother absorbed my former manhood, remaking my penis into a prehensile, powerful tube, hollow and gushing with slime and slugs, aching to be put to use, as the mouth at the tip gasped with desire. She sucked breath through soft, plush folds of gooey girlparts, the enticing aroma of femininity blending with Ral's parasitic pheromones, in this vast new vaginal maw.

"Ohhhh yes, I'm going to love being your womanhood," sang my deliciously depraved new ovipositor.

Feeling her antennae wave towards me, I couldn't resist. She made out with me as I massaged those beautiful bands, lining her body, and we both shook with the intense loop of sensory feedback created. It was the most perverse, perfect moment, as this alien thing, merged forever with my phallus, smooched me senseless.

She was sucking my tongue even as another slug bonded to it. My tastebuds were growing bands, the muscles starting to ripple and flex without my will. At the tip, new antennae pushed out, two more squat little slug-shapes which were extra sensitive to the slime infusing my mouth. It was the essence of Mommy's infection, the noxious, intoxicating taste of parasites coming from within my own tongue, as she kissed my lips from the *inside*.

More mouths were opening up elsewhere too, as my *four* new slug-breasts licked their lips, snuggling together to let each feel the pleasurable pulsing of the others. They were so full of slugs that they seemed to undulate and shake, pressure growing as I filled up with my new young.

Maws parted on my forehead, as two more formed fresh antennae of my own, themselves playfully smushing together, smooching as they assailed my slug-addled mind with new senses.

All over, Ral's plush bodies were working my skin, malleable hide remodeled, pressed and hugged into shape by so many tongues, each nerve firing in endless cacophony, as every part of my body was corrupted.

Deep in my hips, a new chamber was forming, inflating, achingly sensitive and perversely bulged out by all the sluggies squishing up into it through my pussy.

I had a womb.

There was no way this could ever be fixed now, no possibility, however remote, of getting those slugs out of my brain, or expelling them from my pulsating innards.

“That’s right,” came the voices, as they squished through layers of my brain, “you’re totally infested now, forever!”

My overriding emotion was exultation.

Joy and relief, to realize, to know, that this ecstasy was for all time.

I was permanently pregnant with the parasites of my sluggy goddess.

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When I was finally released, it was with a slimefall of slugs, gushing out of Ral’s infested pussy, to deposit me drenched and coated in her babies on the carpet.

For a surreal moment I lamented the loss of our security deposit... but then that was the whole idea.

As I glimpsed my reflection in the bedroom mirror, I understood that clearly.

Pink, cephalopodic rings stared out at me, glowing with neon joy in the sable orbs of my eyes.

My beautiful blues had ceded to shocking pinks and purples, my face just barely recognizable, yet my figure utterly alien. Exaggeratedly curvaceous, even elegant in that excessive manner. Rustling, wriggling head-strands rubbed up against the groping of my own antennae. A field of mouths made out on my chest. A vast blob of squishing slug grew from my groin, my new genitals drooling as *we* admired *ourselves*.

Female.

Fertile.

Festering with fecund mollusks, making love to every part of my insides, squirming out of my ears and mouth, crawling from my nipples and crotch, even pouring out of the giant paraslug mouth which had occupied my anus.

I had lost everything that made up my old life and self. All sacrificed, eagerly, for this new, twisted existence, as a bloated, quaking ball of slugs, belly extended, bulging, truly *pregnant* with my parasites, as were my breasts and ovipositor.

“Oh godsh,” I slurred, speaking past my tongue, who had a mind of her own now.

Indeed, I found I had no power over any of the parasites which had infested me. They were Ral, after all. I could only receive their endless affections in impotent ecstasy, shuddering as parts of me pulsed, groped and stroked me, and one another. It was intoxicating, to be so utterly infected and corrupted, totally at their mercy.

"You're gorgeous, our daughter."

Mommy's voice was a summer breeze, invigorating me as it stirred my bodymates, Ral's kiss a divine felicity that set my brains squirming and my torso rustling and squelching, as my innards wriggled with salacious slugs, smooching and stroking me all over.

"I'm perfect," I murmured, tongue cooperating voluntarily to vocalize that shared sentiment.

Ral pulled me into their arms, and our breasts met, swapping parasites in big gooey kisses.

My ovipositor slurped up into their exquisite, slug-lined pussyfolds as we made out, tongues intertwining in turn.

"You always will be," was the whispered promise of their uncountable mouths, closing in around me to make love to my own new openings.

Slugfingers slid into my ears once more, penetrated my brain to violate my mind... to make love to Ral's new daughter-womb.

I could feel their adoration, permeating my thoughts, as the offspring of my multiplicity of mothers did my rubbery body, and I arched and tensed against them, thrusting my pussy-slug deep into that heavenly maw of squirming parasites. Each caressed with a touch light as a feather, tantalizingly gentle, and the great round bulge of my former penis pulsated with need as she floated in that embrace, her own rubbery surface seeming to melt into those coaxing touches, subsumed by thousandfold fellatio as she wriggled and pushed and pumped herself into our Mommy.

In turn, my goddess was fingerfucking my brains, even as our tongues, tits, tails and assholes shared in depraved dalliances of their own, every opening on my body kissing them, holding Ral as the Ral-slugs did me, thanking them endlessly for the bounty of bulging round babies they were was pumping inside, to make me ever more pregnant with parasites.

Clinging tight to them, I thrust my hips, howling out in climax and grinding my ovipositor into that original womb, as an orgasmic load of gastropods gushed out of my every opening, and more pumped in through my vulva to refill me. My wonderful new ovarian crotch-ophidian suckled on the endless slugs, my new pussy flooding with our babies as our vaginas made love.

Every part of me was cumming slugs, all at once, my inhabitants abuzz inside, stirring my organs to a new symphony of euphoria, a bliss beyond mere orgasm, every parasite inside my brain, filling my tummy and bulging out my womb and breasts, all united in our shared glimpse into true nirvana.

A taste into my new life, my unending future.

The lovemaking would never stop.

Mommy's parasites would be inside me, be part of me, always.