

Advent of Pandemonium

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Losing Will

"Heya cutie," growled a young woman with the muzzle and ears of a labrador, glowbands around her fingerless paws, her tail wagging as she gyrated towards me. "Wanna ride my red rocket?"

Blushing, I muttered an excuse, inaudible over the music, as I weaved past the spliced dancer.

The club was heaving with inhuman bodies, bizarre and depraved forms belonging to former humans who had made the irreversible, absurd mistake of splicing themselves with animals.

Not that I had anything against the spliced. Really. It was just... unwise. Most people still didn't accept splicing, and even if you could get a job and apartment, who would want everyone to know you were so... perverted... as to transform yourself like that. It was so embarrassing.

Shameless.

Another figure blocked the way, a long, fleshy tail streaming behind her, large ears adorned with glittering piercings, her long snout sniffing the air with interest.

"You're a little plain for this scene," spoke the rat-punk, claws brushing over her immaculately-styled afro, "perhaps I can hook you up with something? I've got cat... bat... *pig* would be so cute on you, a lovely snout.... Or maybe cow?"

"No thank you," I blurted out, a little too loudly.

"Well if you want something spicier, I hear the management here are selling splices with *actual sextoys*."

I shuddered at the glimmer in her eyes, the twitching of those rodent whiskers, so eager at the thought of ruining me with black-market body modifications.

Pushing through the crowd, I practically ran from the room.

As I went I adjusted my briefs, struggling with the ridiculous tightness.

That was a natural response, when surreal and beautiful people were all around me, even if they weren't my type.

I would never have come to a place like this normally. It was run by criminals after all, not to mention packed with perverts. Someone could have *seen* me. But my little brother was missing, and as ever it fell to me to look after Joshua when he got himself into some sort of trouble.

The back rooms were a welcome respite, an escape from that chaotic den of carnal indulgence.

Here the music was reduced to a dull throb, rumbling through the walls and rattling the various kegs and bottles of the storeroom. It was a strange place to seek a missing sibling, but this club was the last place Joshua's phone could be traced to.

Several hundred dollars were all it had taken to get me in here, and to loosen a few lips enough for one of the barmen to admit to seeing several strange figures hanging around.

Hauling open the hatch down to the basement, a musky, animal smell wafted up, tingling in my sinuses.

The chamber I descended into was hot and damp, concrete walls **slimy** to the touch, old crates and barrels of various forgotten liquors forming a gloomy labyrinth, lit only by a single hazy lamp overhead.

I wandered for a few minutes in the gloom, but it seemed impossible that Joshua could be down here.

Why would a college graduate, one with a degree and a job, want to hang around a place like this?

I was about to give up and move on, when I heard a soft thud.

Looking around, I stared at the strange sight behind me.

A section of floor, raised up on a pink tongue of material that looked somewhere between flesh and bubblegum, gleaming with a rubbery finish in the half-light.

Setting aside the surreal mechanism, no-one had mentioned there being a second basement here, yet there were steps leading down, carved out of that same odd substance.

"Joshua?"

Calling down yielded no answer.

The first step *squished* underfoot.

Descending into that stairway I felt the temperature rise, humid, pungent air flowing up past my face with regular intervals, while the walls, floor, even the ceiling seemed almost to undulate with the 'breaths'.

It had to be some sort of... growth. An invasive plant species, growing out of control.... Or maybe some experiment Joshua was involved in. His boss, 'Ral', had vanished at the same time, and this seemed like the sort of mess that a spicing researcher might create. My brother would surely be just down these unsettlingly soft stairs, in some odd underground lab, perfectly suited to whatever harebrained experiment he was conducting.

But as much as I tried to imagine that, I could only sense that I was walking down the gullet of a giant, demonic creature.

As I emerged into the chamber beyond my mind went blank with disbelief.

With awe.

The space was huge, a vaulted ceiling rising up two stories, but every surface was moving, *squirming* with life, giant, slug-like growths emerging all over the pillars and walls, hanging down from the ceiling and even pushing up from the floor, almost like a coating of oversized fur, which groped and caught at my feet as I stepped inside.

I was forcibly reminded of various biological diagrams and pictures my brother used to show me.

The whole place was like a giant womb... one infected with atrocious, disgusting parasites.

At the middle was a raised platform.

An altar.

Atop it, two figures were moving, clinging, caressing, kissing as they gyrated together. Goopy slops and squishes filled the air, as tentacles from one filled the other, their bodies intermingling in a grotesque parody of lovemaking.

The larger of the two was a woman, at least in shape, yet she was covered in writhing bodies, *made* from them, like a horrific amalgamation of parasites, all wearing the shape of a former person. Slugs, not fingers, gripped her lover, those worming digits joined by countless tendrils emerging from her voluptuous figure, whole parts of her entirely remade into giant, slimy gastropods, smooching and sucking and groping everything in range. More emerged from her flesh each moment, wriggling out of her head, through drooling eyesockets and ear-slits, pouring from nipple-mouths and gushing out of her crotch and rear. The parasites were *nesting* in her every orifice, babies spreading out like a carpet all around her as she shuddered atop the phallus of her smaller partner.

She too was a nightmare to behold, equally unrecognizable as anything human, for while she retained her own body – a face, eyes, digits and the like – they were gleaming, squeaking rubber, a creature spliced so extremely that I couldn't even identify a single species!

Her clumsy, fingerless paws were almost canine, but the frills that accentuated her feminine curves hinted at the aquatic, as did the thick, wavy tendrils that crowned her head like hair.

Distinct as she was, from the horrible hive caressing her, she was also thoroughly infested with slugs. They grew from her head as antennae, and her rear like a huge tail, more nesting on her chest as disgusting parodies of breasts. Even her phallus was a squishing slimy tendril, a huge slug growing from her hips, pumping into her moaning partner.

All around them was a gathering, a congregation of infestation, figures of all shapes, some human, others spliced, all visibly infected.

Some were walking piles of slugs, barely recognizable as former people, yet others had only a few such parts.

A man with the lower body of an octopus was pumping the slugs which had displaced his tentacles into the gaping maws of the dozens of slug-breasts which had totally replaced the torso and limbs of the woman in his arms, the two making out as their parasites made love.

“Infesting you was the best idea I ever had, sis,” he gasped out, as his limbless sex-blob of a sister squirmed against him.

These two were *related*. The realization was almost as revolting as the perverse, parasitized forms themselves, and I shuddered as, unbidden, I imagined me and Joshua, together like that.

I whimpered, as my cock strained against my underwear, soaking the fabric.

It was so *wrong*.

Worse still, was the shocking realization that they had done this to themselves *deliberately*.

It must feel... incredible... to have part of yourself come to life like that, a sickening slug, *nesting* in your flesh, replacing part of you, becoming a piece of your body....

Staring about in dismay, fighting to keep the twisted, degrading thoughts at bay, I realized that I could see more groups that matched. Faces that looked alike, twisted into expressions of incestuous depravity and desire.

An orca-girl with her entire lover body turned into a naga-tail made of slug was grinding herself against the legs of her mostly-human father, smooching the slugmouth which had replaced his asshole, while her cowgirl sister was mooing, kissing and encouraging her slugified limbs to grope clumsily at the orca’s parasite-pussy.

Two busty young brothers were letting their slug-tits smooch as the drooling parasite-mouths which bulged from their crotches locked tongues.

Another girl was gulping down the creatures hungrily, as what could only be her own mother fed her slugs from her bulging, infested sex.

Next to them, a mom was tending to her three sons and daughters, caressing, kissing their heads and feeding them parasites from her pussy and asshole as they wriggled helplessly. The torso of each was reduced to a limbless blob, inflated like a beach ball, bulging with the outlines of wriggling slugs, the three college-age siblings reduced to immobile incubators for the infestation.

A sharkgirl snogged her moaning mouse-sister, as the puffy-haired younger woman snuffled at her snout, their two heads emerging from a fused body, rodent and selachian features merged by the writhing parasites that riddled their single torso, each using their own hand to caress the infested breast of the other as they fucked themselves with their slugtail.

Growling and whining in lust, a woman was rutting her own son, her paws hugging him to her fluffy chest as she thrust a slugcock inside his drooling, worm-filled pussy, his tummy a pregnant ball, their human heads making out as their fully canine bodies gyrated together on all four paws, tails wagging with incestuous euphoria.

Dozens more were there too, some so warped and intermingled that I couldn't even separate them into distinct people, yet as grotesque as they had become, all were clearly, deeply in love, even as they infested and fucked their own families.

The two on the altar turned towards me, an intruder into this surreal scene of perverse pandemonium.

My head was throbbing at the sight, blood rushing to all the wrong places as I met the eyes of that absurd toy-girl.

And recognized my brother.

"Joshua?"

I gasped out the name, singularly ill-suited to that vision of all things voluptuous and disgusting, visibly pregnant, belly bulging with parasites, more wriggling out of every opening as my transformed sibling twisted to look at me.

"Oh gods, what *happened?! Is this splicing?!"*

Disgust was plain to see on my face, yet so too was that impossible, outrageous desire again... as I imagined what my brother must feel like to hold now... how it would be to kiss those lips, so different, yet still my own flesh and blood.

Not that Joshua was made of either now.

"This is so much more than splicing."

The voices emerged from the central shape, that woman who seemed, more than any other, to have *become* those parasitic slugs. She was beaming down at me, the slugs that were her eyes glowing with delight.

“But she isn’t ‘Joshua’ any more. Her name is Ari, and she is the first of our daughters.”

The voice was reminiscent of Ral, but the form was that of a goddess of the grotesque, obscenely infested, her bulging sex drooling slugs as she caressed herself with her own parasite-tentacles.

“Now, our beautiful breeding-ground, go, induct our brother here into the bliss of our infestation.”

The salacious plaything obeyed, descending towards me through the chaos.

“Is that... really you, bro?” I gasped out. “How could you do this to yourself?!”

“Sis now,” she spoke, with a beaming grin, “and don’t worry, the sluggies will make you love it, they just need to tinker with your brains a little!”

I was backing away, yet she closed in faster than my legs would move.

“Can’t we... turn you back somehow? Get these... awful creatures out of you?”

“No silly, they’re part of me now!” she laughed, as if it was the most obvious thing in the world. “Infestation is utterly irreversible, just like all splices are! My head’s gonna be a squishy, slimy mess forever! Now let’s get you nice and *gooey* inside.”

Transfixed, I could only watch, as *Ari* pulled me into her arms, paws stroking my back clumsily.

“It feels wonderful when they wriggle through my cerebrum,” she moaned out, “they’re so excited to add another sibling! Welcome to the family, Will! Permanently of course!”

Her kiss flooded my mouth with slime and the squirming shapes of slugs, and I shuddered as they spread out over my tongue.

It was so degrading, to indulge in such perverse pleasure, before all those eyes and antennae. It felt revolting to make out with my own sister, *repugnant* to swallow these writhing parasites, and feel them wriggling down my throat... yet somehow I couldn’t stop her.

I had to have more.

Her mouth was rubbery, like a top-quality onahole, yet her taste reminded me of mom.

Shuddering against her, my hands went to her curves, cupping her pulsating layers of breasts as they worked to peel back my shirt.

A slug like an ovipositor slid down, into my jeans, and I quivered, groaning in humiliation as I realized... I was pushing my cock into that hot, gooey mouth, inviting, *welcoming* the corruption into myself.

Already, bodies were soaking my urethra with sludge, tingling slime pushing down through my genitals, inflating my balls and prostate, and making way for something so much worse.

"That's it," she murmured, paws squishing my cheeks, "welcome Mommy into your body."

"Wh-why are you doing this?" I gurgled the words out, past a mouthful of revolting slugs, yet Ral only beamed at me.

It was Ari who answered.

"Mommy loves us so much that they want us to be happy with them forever! That's why they're welcoming all of *our* loved ones into the infestation too!"

I saw mom, her mouth and crotch pulsing with squirming slugs....

Shaking in humiliating, degrading desire, I kissed Ari anew.

Whimpering around the slug sucking my tongue, I smooched my sister deeper than ever, clinging to her as I fucked her pussy-slug, pushing my dick up through clenching rubber rings and grinding myself into the gorgeous fuckpet she had become, even as she was pumping parasites down my dick.

One after another, they wormed their way through my shaft, and from there spread up and out, burrowing around my organs, nesting in my testicles. Kissing and caressing, spreading Ari's love for me to even my insides.

My sextoy sister was laying sluggy babies into my body, but I couldn't stop, couldn't resist – I needed her too badly. Her taste, her touch, even that repulsive, squishing undulation of her parasitic parts was a twisted new thrill.

She was infesting me as I made love to her.

It was so much worse than I could have imagined, and it felt infinitely better.

Slugs weren't just passing through me, fucking me from the inside out, they were lingering, burrowing into my aching shaft and melting together with my flesh, an incredible, intoxicating new sensation of abject ruin wrought in my genitals as they were infused, impregnated with her babies.

I was fucking my sister as her slugs fused with my sex and riddled my innards, bodies burrowing, wriggling into my brain with squishes and itching pops.

My defiled dick was coming to life, remodeled into a womb for wormy slugs, squirming and pulsating like the parasites all around it, eagerly using Ari as the onahole she had become.

At some point I blacked out, from the sheer overload of abject disgust and incestuous ecstasy.

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All eyes were on me, as I lurched unsteadily down the street.

They probably took me for a drunk, staggering home after a long night of drinking.

Hopefully.

The alternative was too hard to believe.

I was still struggling to believe it myself, but the ridiculous bulge pushing my legs apart ensure that there could be no doubt.

Every step made me shudder, as I felt the slug in my underwear, huge and gooey and impossibly sensitive, growing directly from my crotch.

A giant parasite, totally and irreversibly replacing my penis, my manhood remade into a breeding tank for slugs.

That was my sister's 'gift' to me, as commanded by Mommy.

Ral had insisted. All of their new children would carry part of them, their gift... even those who were sent back out of the Temple, the workers like I, who were conscripted to secure resources and recruit others into the cult.

The parasites named Ral were part of me too, now.

Even if I could resist the allure of my gorgeously grotesque sister and her gruesome goddess, there was no escape. No undoing this.

Even if I could bring myself to want to.

That was the greatest degradation of all... how good it felt, to be defiled and corrupted by Mommy's parasites. To be infested and pregnant, my cock transformed into a parasitic gastropod, alien and perverse, my balls wriggling wombs growing more sluggy babies... and to be so incoherently aroused by it all.

"That's right," she murmured, from my underwear, "you should forget about going to work, and just give your new partner a biiiig smooch right here in the street!"

Her voice was feminine, playful, yet not unlike my own, and the sensations of her speech, passing through my former urethra, made me gasp every time.

"Y-you're not my- my partner," I hissed, "you're a parasite!"

People were definitely looking now.

"Your loving parasite mommy, now and always... and I know how much you adore me, Will, I'm your genitals after all! So from now on, be a good boy and do as Mommy tells you."

Whining in frustrated lust, I pushed the overgrown mound down lower, between my legs.

"Okay, I will! Just stay quiet, o-or we really will get caught," I muttered, face bright pink.

"Okay what?" she asked.

Tears in my eyes, I gasped out the words, so exquisitely embarrassing, intoxicating in their taboo....

"Okay... Mommy!"

A couple had stopped in front of me, staring at this strange young man, seeming to bicker with his own dick, yet to me they were a blur, only their eyes distinct, peering over at me, seeming to look into my very soul as I lurched forwards.

The humiliation was agonizing, yet it made my former phallus quiver all the more eagerly as my physiology gave away my perversion.

They knew I was infested.

They knew I loved it.

My former manhood was throbbing, soft yet engorged, squishy body undulating in time with my own heartbeat, her oversized mouth drooling with wanton delight, her antennae tickling and soaking my thighs. Those lips were thick and luscious, with the smell of Ari about them, and even as I tried to navigate the crowded city streets they were eagerly kissing and nibbling at my swollen testicles.

Every person on the street had stopped to stare now.

They were all looking at me, as I waddled down the street, a sluggish ovipositor for a dick, undulating and dripping slime down my legs.

My head was spinning with that special kind of mortification which comes only once or twice in an entire lifetime.

Through tunnel vision I steered my legs towards work in a stupor.

All I could think was a single hope – that mom wouldn't notice when I got to the bakery.

Fortunately there were a few backstreets, quieter and semi-private, in which I could hide for a while, until I'd calmed down a little.

It also helped that when I arrived I found the shop packed, mom already serving customers.

"You're late, is everything okay?" she asked, eyes lingering on the sweat that beaded at my forehead, and the flush on my cheeks. "Come here, sweetie."

She pressed a hand to my forehead, leaning over me, the other on my cheek, gently stroking my face.

I heard her breath, felt it on my cheek... and even as I breathed her scent, I could hear a sniff from her as well.

"You're hotter than usual," mused the goddess who had raised me, rubbing my lips with her thumb as she brushed back my hair.

"I'm fine, mom, honestly!" I answered, wondering how it could be that she didn't hear the squishes and moans coming from my underwear.

Fortunately Saturdays were always hectic, and so Tessa couldn't dally long.

"Okay sweetie, if you're sure, but come let mommy know if you need anything...."

Her kiss was only on my cheek, but it made my whole body go weak.

Just in time I crossed my legs, to stifle an especially loud groan from my bulging crotch.

I felt foolishly dispirited as she moved away again. All those fantasies that ever lingered at the back of my mind were stirred up by the absurd sexual haze of my infested crotch.

It was especially bad when cute customers came over to the register, my former cock whispering perversely at a procession of beauties and boytoys, telling me just how I should infest them and drooling parasites into my pants.

Then there was the mixing of new dough. My sluggy new mistress insisted that she help with the kneading, actually slithering out of my pants to work the flour with my prehensile phallus, adding copious volumes of slime to the mix as we worked it.

I tried to argue at first – we couldn't serve people tainted bread, after all – yet the products it made smelled so very... alluring... fragrant, with traces of perfume, of musk, they reminded me of mom, when she came back from the gym without a shower....

And the Temple still needed new acolytes after all, especially with Ral's plans to expand, to open more churches to their corrupted corpus.

In the end I was powerless to deny my defiled genitalia. It felt too good, to birth my meaty slugs into all manner of meals. Third of my growing gaggle of dommy mommy figures, my ovipositor knew exactly how to reduce me to a shuddering, moaning mess.

Fortunately no-one seemed to notice the adulterated desserts I was producing.

Not even mom, as she eagerly devoured several in a row, complimenting me on my dramatically improved baking abilities.

"I'm so proud of you, baby!" she said, giggling, lips scattered with an adorable dusting of crumbs after a mouthful of muffin, "my little boy's turning into such a talented, *handsome* young man...."

Her mouth pressed to mine, the taste of her kiss setting off a chain reaction through my body as I returned it far too eagerly.

For a second I was kissing my mom, my hand reaching for, gripping hers as she shared the flavor of baked goods and the taste of her tongue.

It was a painful relief when, all too soon, a customer called over to us.

Mom pulled away, looking embarrassed, surprised at herself.

"S-sorry sweetie, I uh... I better go...."

As she rushed off, I was left with a crotch that burned with need for her, my heart racing and my head throbbing as I tried to process what had passed between us.

It had always been difficult working with a woman as beautiful as mom. She was blonde and buxom, still young and in great shape, but more than anything she had a playful, affectionate, motherly persona that I had never been able to resist.

Not in her, and not in Ari.

It was twisted, perverse and utterly wrong, yet Tessa had been my first crush, the first woman to make my heart flutter and my head woozy, and even now just a look or a word from her could reduce me to a burbling, embarrassed mess. As could the sight of that big, round succulent ass, as she bent over the ovens.

But even if I wanted that – even if it was possible, which it certainly wasn't – no-one would ever think of me like that now, with my body so disgustingly, degradingly defiled. I didn't even have a cock, I had a slime-filled womb, and a breeding-tube that spewed infectious slugs.

My masochistic shudder seemed too much for my parasite.

"No wonder you're obsessed," my cock exclaimed, "we should fuck that pussy so full of slugs!"

Several faces from the other side of the counter turned my way, and mom straightened up, looking shocked.

"I just, uh... I should... check on the peach tarts, make sure they're... fluffy.... A-and... clean out the measuring jugs!"

Mom tilted her head, looking at me as if I was speaking Greek, but we were too busy for her to probe further... as unconvinced as she looked as I rushed out of the room, making for the bathroom.

I was too pent up, too horny by far, and there was only one way I could possibly release the tension, before it got me caught.

My slugsex's lips tasted divine, just as mom's had.

She undulated in my hands, massaging herself against me as we made out, twin voices raising in bliss as I finally gave in to her demands.

"Good boy," she groaned into my lips, her tongue, itself a squirming slug, playfully sucking my own as we shuddered together, "this is what you needed, a loving, infested slugsex mommy, to take charge for you."

Whimpering at those degrading words, I was nodding, sucking the slime from the lips of the parasite that had replaced my penis permanently.

As mom opened the door.

As she saw her son, frozen in horror, an undulating parasite growing from his clean-shaven crotch, huge and thick and squishy, dripping with slime as it smooched him senseless.

"W-Will?" She asked, sounding faint. "What *is* that awful thing?!"

I was caught.

Hopelessly, and utterly exposed, my balls wriggling before mom's eyes, as they churned with my infestation, my dick drooling as she waved her antennae towards the woman who birthed me.

If the scene on the street had been painful, this was torture. Mom was watching me debase myself, groping and kissing the slug that had replaced my sex.

And I couldn't stop rubbing her, pressing my thighs against her sides and my bulging balls as I squirmed with want, even as I tried to think, to find some way to explain all this.

"I... got spliced last night," I admitted at last.

"Spliced... you mean... you mean this is permanent?!" Tessa asked, aghast. "How did- why would you do this? How could you want a... a slug growing out of you... replacing your... parts?!"

"Oh there are many benefits," my parasite announced.

Mom's eyes widened, as she realized that my addition was more than a mere appendage.

"You're... *alive*?"

"All genitals are," mine answered, "I'm a lot more than that. His lover, his sex, his new mistress, and his doting, indulgent third mommy."

The sensual kiss she blew to Tessa made all three people present shiver.

"You really... *like* this?" Mom asked, looking nauseated.

"Ask his sister if you want to – by the end of last night he was *begging* her to turn his crotch into her sluggy breeding ground!"

Gasping at the shocking bluntness of that awful admission, I shivered as a blob of slime and slugs squirted up out of my ruined sex, perfectly proving my atrocious adoration of this twisted transformation.

"Will adores being an infested parasite-mommy," she went on, "don't you sweetie?"

With those lips waving next to mine, it was impossible to resist... and I swallowed a mouthful of squirmy little ones as I smooched my slugsex, nodding in my anguished, masochistic adoration for my own infested form.

Only the sound of mom closing the door brought me back to the moment.

Utterly humiliated, ashamed and impossibly horny as I was... at least she hadn't run out screaming at seeing what a sex-crazed pervert her son was.

"Perhaps you'd like to meet some of your new grandchildren?" my genitals asked cheerfully.

"Will can't wait to infest you with them too!"

"No, I-"

"He's desperate to pump parasites into your pussy, to turn you into a breeding tank of big, slimy slugs!"

Paralyzed with horror, I could only stare at these two utterly unlike women, as they looked over at one another.

Mom's eyes weren't moving from those waving antennae, her lips quivering, as gazed at those of my phallus, licking themselves with the smaller slugtongue within.

"I... I understand," she said at last.

Color was filling her cheeks, as she and my sex stared at one another, through radically different senses, and in the enclosed space I detected a second musky scent, an erotic fragrance that reminded me of a lifetime of longing....

Mom's crotch was soaking wet, seeping through the front of her jeans.

"My baby boy has his needs... I haven't been giving you enough attention... enough affection.... I didn't even realize that this was who my little Will was now...."

She took my hands, pulling me up to my feet, then reached down to fondle my engorged sack... the womb where my babies were brewing, bodies visibly bulging out through the skin as they played within.

I stared in awe, into mom's eyes, wondering if this was all some parasite-induced dream.

As her lips met mine, I knew better.

Tongues met, our arms entwining as I made out with my own mother, moaning into her lips and clinging to her curves as she undressed us both.

Overloaded with pleasure and want as I was, before I knew it our pants were discarded, my naked, shameful sluggy sex planting a big wet kiss on mom's puffy, mature, motherly netherlips.

The very pussy which had made me.

This was my mom, who raised and cared for me, who loved me utterly and adored everything I did....

With a thrust, I pushed inch after inch of squishing, puffy parasite into her folds, gasping against her lips as I spread slime throughout her womanhood, slicking her innards with that corrupting sludge, setting her squirming just like my slugcock as I filled her.

It was so very wrong, but I needed it all the more for that very reason.

"I love you mom!"

"I love you, baby!"

I was pumping parasites into mom's pussy.

Shuddering together, we smooched as we felt those endless new sluggy shapes infesting her every fold, wriggling into the walls of her sex, squirming up into her womb and ovaries. More were flowing in with every pump of my crotch, my own womb emptying into hers, irreversibly corrupting her precious pussy into a defiled, depraved nest of slugs.

Her baby was birthing his own little babies into their grandmother's sex, turning her body into a breeding tank for squirmy grandkids.

"You're doing it, sweetie," she gasped out, as the wet, gooey slurps and pops filled the air, "You're infesting me! Turn my womb into your slug sextoy!"

Her legs wrapped around me, locking in place, and she bounced atop my hips as we made out, grinding herself down on my ovipositor, and I came load after load of parasites into her as we made love, infesting one another over and over again.

I'd never seen such love, such *pride* in mom's eyes.

At least, until I took her back to the Temple of Pandemonium, to meet the rest of our family.